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DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA

BY MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

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1837

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF

MIGUEL CERVANTES DE SAAVEDRA,

BY

CHARLES JARVIS, ESQ.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED.

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY JOHANNOT.

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THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

LOVING Reader, you may believe me without an oath, that I wish this book, as the child of my understanding, were the most beautiful, the most sprightly and the most ingenious, that can be imagined. But I could not control the order of nature, whereby each thing engenders its like; and, therefore, what could my sterile and uncultivated genius produce, but the history of a child, meagre, adust and whimsical, full of various wild imaginations never thought of before? like one you may suppose born in a prison, where every inconvenience

keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation. Doubtless repose of body, a desirable situation, unclouded skies, and, above all, a mind at ease, can make the most barren Muses fruitful, and produce such offspring to the world, as fill it with wonder and content. It often falls out, that a parent has an ugly child, without any good quality; and yet fatherly fondness claps such a bandage over his eyes, that he cannot see its defects: on the contrary, he takes them for wit and pleasantry, and recounts them to his friends for smartness and humour. But I, though I seem to be father, being really but the step-father of Don Quixote, will not go down with the stream of custom, nor beseech you, almost, as it were, with tears in my eyes, as others do, dearest reader, to pardon or dissemble the faults you shall discover in this my child. You are neither his kinsman nor friend; you have your soul in your body, and your will as free as the bravest of them all, and are as much lord and master of your own house, as the king of his subsidies, and know the common saying, "Under my cloak, a fig for the king." All this exempts and frees you from every regard and obligation; and therefore you may say of this history whatever you think fit, without apprehension of being calumniated for the evil, or hope of reward for the good you shall report.

I would fain give it you neat and naked, without the ornament of a preface, or the rabble and catalogue of the accustomed sonnets, epigrams, and encomiums, that are wont to be placed at the beginning of a book. For, let me tell you, though it cost me some pains to write the history, I reckoned none greater than the writing of what you are now reading. I often took pen in hand, and as often laid it down, not knowing what to say: and once upon a time, being in deep suspense, with the paper before me, the pen behind my ear, my elbow on the table, and my cheek on my hand, thinking what I should say, unexpectedly in came a friend of mine, a pleasant gentleman, and of a very good understanding; who, seeing me so pensive, asked me the cause of my thoughtfulness. Not willing to conceal it from him, I answered, that I was musing on what preface I should make to Don Quixote, and that I was so much at a stand about it, that I intended to make none at all, nor even to publish the achievements of that noble knight: for would you have me not be concerned at what that ancient law-giver, the vulgar, will say when they see me, at the end of so many years slept away in the silence of oblivion, appear, with all my years upon my back, with a legend as dry as a kex, empty of invention, the style flat, the conceits poor, and void of all learning and erudition; without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end of the book; seeing that other books, though fabulous and profane, are so full of sentences of Aristotle,

of Plato, and of all the tribe of philosophers, that the readers are in admiration, and take the authors of them for men of great reading learning and eloquence?

When they cite the Holy Scriptures, they pass for so many St. Thomas's and doctors of the church; observing herein a decorum so ingenious, that in one line they describe a raving lover, and in another give you a little scrap of a Christian homily, that it is a delight, and a perfect treat to hear or read it. All this my book is likely to want; for I have nothing to quote in the margin, nor to make notes on at the end; nor do I know what authors I have followed in it, to put

them at the beginning, as all others do, by the letters A, B, C, beginning with Aristotle, and ending at Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis, though the one was a railer and the other a painter. My book will also want sonnets at the beginning, at least sonnets whose authors are dukes, marquisses, earls, bishops, ladies, or celebrated poets; though, should I desire them of two or three obliging friends, I know would promptly furnish me, and with such, as those of greater reputation in our Spain could not equal. In short, my dear friend, continued I, it is resolved that signor Don Quixote remain buried in the records of La Mancha, until Heaven sends somebody to supply him with such ornaments as he wants; for I find myself incapable of helping him through my own insufficiency and want of learning; and because I am naturally too idle and lazy to hunt after authors, to say what I can say as well without them. Hence proceeds the suspense and thoughtfulness you found me in, sufficiently occasioned, you must own, by what I have told you.

My friend, at hearing this, striking his forehead with the palm of his hand, and setting up a loud laugh, said, "By Jove, brother, I am now perfectly undeceived of a mistake I have been in ever since I knew you, still taking you for a discreet and prudent person in all your actions; but now I see you are as far from being so, as heaven is from earth. For how is it possible that things of such little moment, and so easy to be remedied, can have the power to puzzle and confound a genius so ripe as yours, and so well made to break through and trample upon greater difficulties? In faith, this does not spring from want of ability, but from an excessive laziness, and penury of right reasoning. Will you see whether what I say be true? Then listen attentively, and you shall perceive, that, in the twinkling of an eye, I will confound all your difficulties, and remedy all the defects that you say suspend and deter you from introducing into the world the history of this your famous Don Quixote, the light and mirror of all knight-errantry."

"Say on," replied I, hearing what he said to me; "after what manner do you think to fill up the vacuity made by my fear, and reduce the chaos of my confusion to clearness?" He answered, "The first thing you seem to stick at, concerning the sonnets, epigrams, and eulogies, that are wanting for the beginning, and should be the work of grave personages and people of quality, may be remedied by taking some pains yourself to make them, and then baptizing them, giving them what names you please, fathering them on Prester John of the Indies, or on the emperor of Trebizond of whom I have certain intelligence that they are both famous poets; and though they were not such, and though some pedants and bachelors should backbite you, and murmur at this truth, value them not two

farthings; for, though they should convict you of a lie, they cannot cut off the hand that wrote it.

As to quoting, in the margin, the books and authors from whom you collected the sentences and sayings you have interspersed in your history, there is no more to do but to contrive it so that some sentences and phrases may fall in pat, which you have by heart, or at least which will cost you very little trouble to find: as, for example, treating of liberty and slavery,

'Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro.'

And then in the margin cite Horace, or whoever said it. If you are treating of the power of death, presently you have,

'Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede
Pauperum tabernas regumque turres.'

If of friendship and loving our enemies as God enjoins, go to the Holy Scripture, if you have never so little curiosity, and set down God's own words:

'Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros.'

If you are speaking of evil thoughts, bring in the Gospel again,

'De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ.'

On the instability of friends, Cato will lend you his distich,

'Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos;
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.'

And so, with these scraps of Latin, and the like, it is odds but people will take you for a great grammarian, which is a matter of no small honour and advantage in these days. As to clapping annotations at the end of the book, you may do it

safely in this manner: if you name any giant in your book, see that it be the giant Goliah; and with this alone, (which will cost almost nothing), you have a grand annotation: for you may put, The giant Golias, or Goliat, was a Philistine, whom the shepherd David slew with a great blow of a stone from a sling, in the valley of Terebinthus, as related in the book of Kings, in the chapter wherein you shall find it.

Then, to show yourself a great scholar, and skilful in cosmography, let the river Tagus be introduced into the history, and you will gain another notable annotation, thus: The river Tagus was so called from a certain king of Spain: it has its source in such a place, and is swallowed up in the ocean, first kissing the walls of the famous city of Lisbon; and some are of opinion its sands are of gold, &c. If you have occasion to treat of robbers, I will tell you the story of Cacus, for I have it by rote. If you write of courtezans, there is the bishop of Mondonedo will lend you a Lamia, Lais, and Flora; and this annotation must needs be very much to your credit. If you would tell of cruel women, Ovid will bring you acquainted with Medea. If enchanters and witches are your subject, Homer has a Calypso, and Virgil a Circe. If you would give us a history of valiant commanders, Julius Cæsar offers you himself in his Commentaries, and Plutarch will furnish you with a thousand Alexanders. If you treat of love, and have but two drams of the Tuscan tongue, you will light on Leon Hebreo, who will give you enough of it. And if you care not to visit foreign parts, you have at home Fonseca, "Of the love of God," where he describes all that you, or the most ingenious persons, can imagine upon that fruitful subject. In fine, there is no more to be done but using these names, or hinting these stories, in your text, and let me alone to settle the annotations and quotations; for I will warrant to fill the margins for you, and enrich the end of your book with half a dozen leaves into the bargain.

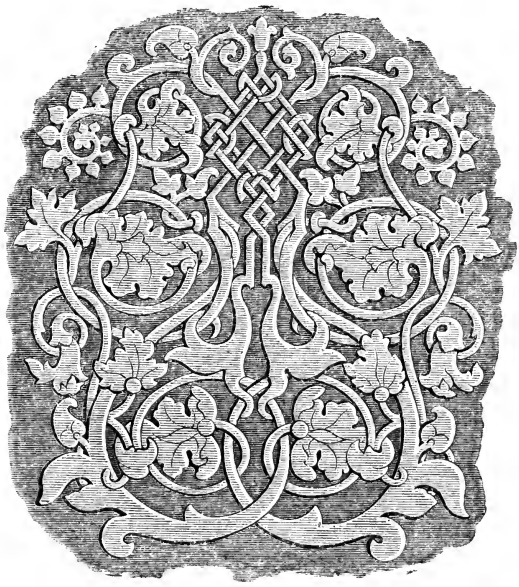
We come now to the catalogue of authors, set down in other works, that is wanting in yours; the remedy whereof is very easy; for you have nothing to do but to find a volume that has them all, from A down to Z, as you say, and then transcribe that very alphabet into your book. And suppose the falsehood be ever so apparent, from the little need you have to make use of them, it signifies nothing; and perhaps some will be so foolish as to believe you had occasion for them, all in your simple and sincere history. But, though it served for nothing else, that long catalogue of authors will, at the first sight, give some authority to the book. And

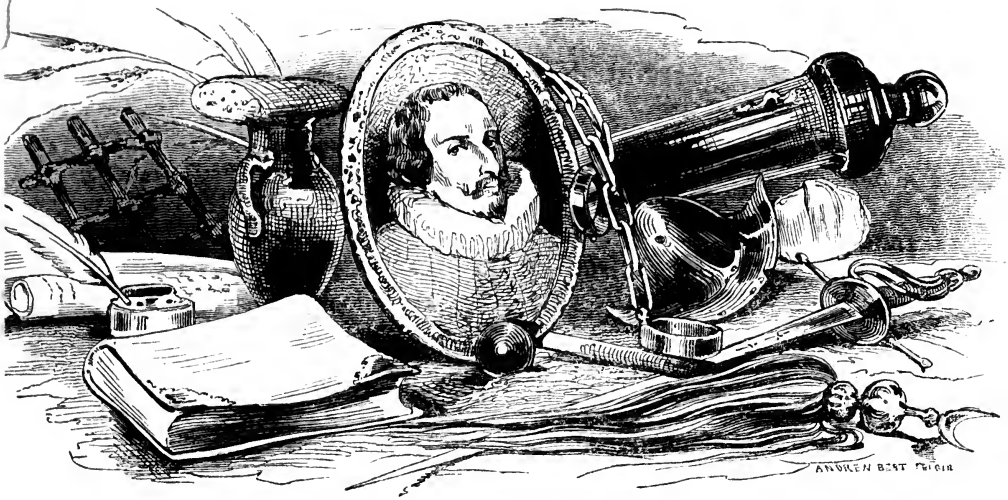
who will go about to disprove whether you follow them or not, seeing they can get nothing by it?

After all, if I take the thing right, this narrative of yours has no need of the ornaments you say it wants; for it is only an invective against the books of chivalry which sort of books Aristotle never dreamed of, Saint Basil never mentioned, nor Cicero once heard of. Nor does the relation of its fabulous extravagancies fall under the punctuality and preciseness of truth; nor do the observations of astronomy come within its sphere; nor have the dimensions of geometry, or the rhetorical arguments of logic, any thing to do with it; nor has it any concern with preaching, mixing the human with the divine, a kind of mixture which no Christian judgment should meddle with. All it has to do is to copy nature: imitation is the business, and the more perfect that is, so much the better what is written will be. Since this writing of yours aims at no more than to destroy the authority and acceptance the books of chivalry have had in the world, and among the vulgar, you have no business to go begging sentences of philosophers, passages of holy writ, poetical fables, rhetorical orations, or miracles of saints; but only to endeavour, by plainness, and significant, decent, and well-ordered words, to give your periods a pleasing and harmonious turn, expressing the design in all you advance, and, as much as possible, making your conceptions clearly understood. Endeavour, also, that, by reading your history, the melancholy may be provoked to laugh, the gay humoured be heightened, and the simple not tired; that the judicious may admire the invention, the grave not undervalue it, nor the wise forbear commending it. In conclusion, carry your aim steadily to overthrow that ill-compiled machine of books of chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more; and, if you carry this point, you gain one of considerable importance.

I listened with great silence to what my friend said to me, and his words made so strong an impression upon me, that I approved them without disputing, and out of them chose to compose this preface; wherein, sweet reader, you will discern the judgment of my friend, and my own good hap in finding such a counsellor at such a pinch, and your own ease in receiving, in so sincere and unostentatious a manner, the history of the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha; of whom it is clearly the opinion of all the inhabitants of the district of the field of Montiel that he was the chastest lover, and the most valiant knight, that has been seen in those parts for many years. I will not enhance the service I do you in bringing you acquainted with so notable and so worthy a knight; but I beg the favour of some small acknowledgment for the acquaintance of the famous Sancho Pança, his

squire, in whom, I think, I have decyphered all the squire-like graces that are scattered up and down in the whole mob of books of chivalry. And so God give you health, not forgetting me. Farewell.





MEMOIR OF CERVANTES,

WITH

A NOTICE OF HIS WORKS.

ONE passage in the admirable memoir of M. Viardot, which we are about to submit to the English reader, states, that many of the allusions to be found in the works of Cervantes, can only be understood by those who are acquainted with the events of his life. Those events are so varied in their character, and so deeply interesting, that we should feel great surprise at their being passed over so briefly as they have been when former editions of DON QUIXOTE were published, if we did not recollect what insuperable obstacles, present themselves to acquiring minute particulars of the course of eminent men, who have lived even within a few years of our own time, and how many of the greatest magnitude might, in the ordinary course of

things, be expected to baffle the industry which aspired to collect materials for the complete history of an author, who lived three centuries ago. A happy coincidence gave M. Viardot opportunities for prosecuting such an enquiry which were denied to his predecessors. Not only had he facilities for studying Spanish manners, in all the several grades which society can furnish, but, favoured by the highest political, as well as the highest literary authorities in the country, he was enabled to make an extended and successful search for documents, facts, and traditions, and the result is a most gratifying picture, in detail, of the Author of DON QUIXOTE.

He has rendered a worthy service to letters and to humanity, for the character of Cervantes well deserves to be known. Like our own Raleigh it was his fate to shine in strangely dissimilar situations. His was a life of awful vicissitude. But a noble and generous spirit made him great in all,—whether we look at him on the day of battle, in the gloom of a Moorish dungeon, or contending with the consuming cares of ordinary life—we must admire the warrior, the captive and the man.

It may generally be said, M. Viardot remarks, that the history of an author, like that of an artist, is confined to the works which survive him: that his writings are his actions, and that, in fine, the man is lost in the author. This is not so in the case of Cervantes. Distinguished as a man, before he became illustrious as a writer, he performed great actions before he gave to the world an immortal book. His history would interest without the superadded recommendation of a glorious name; and his life, not less than his work, is replete with entertainment and morality.

Unknown till his death, or indeed it may be said until long after that event, Cervantes had no biographers at that period when contemporary attention, fixed on a celebrated man, usually collects, with religious care, the peculiarities of a glorious existence. All the efforts of posthumous admiration, slow to arouse itself, were necessary to supply, with the aid of tradition as well as authentic documents, conjecture as well as certainty, a memoir, at last incomplete, of a long and active life. Many difficulties opposed the performance of the task, many doubts were to be cleared up, but that which is known as having been averred, and that which is shown to be probable, is sufficient to give us a just idea of what was the true destiny of one of the greatest minds that ever reflected lustre on the human race.

Even now, the place which contains the tomb of Cervantes is unknown, and the world was long ignorant of that which had seen his cradle. Eight cities claimed the distinction of being his birth-place, Madrid, Seville, Toledo, Lucena, Esquivias, Alcazar de San Juan, Consuegra, and Alcala de Henares. It is in the last that he was born and baptized in the parish church of St. Mary the Greater, October 9th, 1547. His family, originally of Galicia, afterwards established in Castile, without belonging to the titled nobility, was at least reckoned among those respectable houses, the members of which are called *sons of somebody (hijos de algo*, or *hidalgos*). From the thirteenth century, we find the name of Cervantes mentioned with honour in the annals of Spain. There were warriors who bore it at the time of the great conquests of Ferdinand,

at the taking of Baeza and Seville. They had a share in the territorial divisions then made, when they re-peopled with Christians the lands evacuated by the Moors. Others of his ancestors are celebrated among the conquerors of the new world, as having carried into those distant regions some branches of the ancient stock. Early in the sixteenth century, Juan de Cervantes was corregidor of Ossuna. His son, Rodrigo de Cervantes, married, about the year 1540, Donna Leonora de Cortinas, a lady of a noble family, from the village of Barajos. Two daughters were the fruits of that union, Donna Andrea and Donna Louisa, and afterwards two sons, Rodrigo and Miguel. This latter was the youngest of that family, poor as it was honourable.

Few incidents connected with the youth of Cervantes are known. It is probable, being born in a university city, to which the youth of Madrid repaired for purposes of study, the capital being distant but four leagues, that there his education was commenced. That which is known of him, and from himself, is, that he had, from his most tender years, a great taste for letters, and he was fond of reading to such a degree, that he would *collect scraps of paper in the street* to peruse them. His inclination for poetry and for the theatre showed itself in his admiration of the street-performances of the famous Lope de Rueda, an itinerant actor and founder of the Spanish theatre, whose performances Cervantes witnessed, at Segovia and Madrid, before he was eleven years of age.

The young Miguel, having reached adolescence, set out for Salamanca, where he passed two years, and matriculated among the students of that celebrated university. It is known that he lived in the street *Los Moros*. It was there that he became acquainted with the manners of the students, which he has so well depicted in some of his works, among others, in the second part of Don Quixote, and in two of his best novels, *Le Licencié Vidriera* (The Graduate Vidriera), and *La Tia Fingida* (The Feigned Aunt). Somewhat later, we find Cervantes at the school of a professor of considerable note, named Juan Lopez de Hoyos. This person, as Regent of the College, was directed, by the municipality of Madrid, to compose allegories and devices, which were to adorn in the church of *Las Descalzas Reales*, the mausoleum of Queen Elizabeth of Valois, on the occasion of the magnificent funeral ceremony celebrated there on the 24th of October, 1568. Hoyos required the assistance of some of his ablest pupils, and Cervantes is mentioned among the first. In the report which the Professor published, where he recounts, in detail, the sickness, the death, and the obsequies of the Queen, he mentions the work of Cervantes, whom he repeatedly terms "his dear and well-beloved disciple"—several pieces, the first an epitaph in the form of a sonnet, and, among the others, an elegy, composed in the name of all the class, and addressed to the Cardinal Don Diego de Espinosa, President of the Council of Castile, and Grand Inquisitor.

These first essays were applauded, and it was doubtless, at this time, encouraged by his success at school, that he composed the little pastoral poem of Filena, several sonnets and romances, and also some miscellaneous poetry. These he mentions, at a later period of his life, in his "Voyage to Parnassus," but none of them are now extant.

It was then that the mysterious and sanguinary drama was to be acted in the palace of Philip II., of which the double denoûment was the death of the Infant Don Carlos, and that of the Queen Elizabeth, who survived him but two months. Pope Pius V. sent immediately a nuncia to Madrid, to offer to the King of Spain his compliments of condolence, and to claim also, through the medium of this embassy of etiquette, certain rights of the church, which had been denied, by Phillip, to his Italian dominions. The nuncio was a Roman prelate, named Giulio Acquaviva, son of the Duke of Atri, who received the Cardinal's hat on his return from Spain. His mission was any thing but agreeable to Philip, who had peremptorily ordered that no one, prince or subject, should speak to him on the death of his son, and who, devout as he was, would never give way on any point to the court of Rome. In consequence of this state of things, the delegate of the Pope made but a short stay at Madrid. He received his passports on the 2nd of December, 1568, two months after his arrival, with orders to return immediately to Italy, by the route of Valencia and Barcelona. As Cervantes assures us himself that he served the Cardinal Acquaviva, at Rome, in quality of valet, it is probable that the nuncio, to whom the young Miguel had been presented among the poets who had celebrated the obsequies of the Queen, conceived a regard for him, and, feeling for his situation, and being struck with his talents, consented to admit him into what was then called the *family* of a great personage, which was not considered exactly the same as passing into his domestic service. It was, moreover, a very common practice for Spanish young gentlemen to accept of such situations, without being thought to degrade themselves, in the service of the Roman purple, either with the view of visiting Italy at little expense, or in the hope of gaining church preferment, from the favour and influence of their patrons.

It was in accompanying his new master, on his return to Rome, that Cervantes travelled, taking the road through Valencia and Barcelona, of which he repeatedly sounds the praise in his writings. He also visited the southern provinces of France, which he describes in his *Galatea*, for at no other period of his life could he have seen those countries.

Notwithstanding the luxurious indolence which the ante-chamber of the Roman Prelate might offer to him, and the opportunity, more delightful still, which it afforded him for indulging his taste for poetry, Cervantes did not remain long in this situation. In the following year, 1569, he enrolled his name among the Spanish troops, who then occupied part of Italy. For gentlemen in poor circumstances, no prospect of advancement was open, but that offered by the church or the army; Cervantes preferred arms, and became a private soldier. The word, by-the-way, had not exactly the same signification as at present, it meant the first step towards military rank, from which a youth could immediately be made an ensign, or even a captain. He did not, therefore, go for a common soldier, but, as the Spanish phrase runs, *asentar plaza de soldado*, took the place of a soldier or volunteer.

The moment was well chosen for a man of courage like Cervantes. At that period a great quarrel had just broken out, which arrayed Christianity and Islamism against each other, Selim the Second, violating treaties, invaded, in a

time of profound peace, the Isle of Cyprus, which belonged to the Venetians. The latter implored aid from Pope Pius the V., who immediately ordered his gallies to join those of Spain, under the order of Marc-Antony Colona, and the Venetian gallies. The combined fleet took its departure early in the summer of 1570 for the Levant, with a view of arresting the progress of the common enemy. But misunderstandings and indecision, on the part of the commanders, caused the first campaign to prove a failure. The Turks took Nicosie by assault, and extended their conquest over the whole island, while the Christian squadrons, separated by storms, were obliged severally to return to the ports from which they had started. Among the forty-nine Spanish gallies, which had united with the naval force of the Pope, under the superior orders of John André Dorea, were twenty Neapolitan gallies, commanded by the Marquis of Santa Cruz. These had reinforced their crews with five thousand Spanish soldiers, among which were comprehended the company of the brave Captain Diego de Urbina, which was detached from the regiment of Miguel de Moncada. It was in this company that Cervantes was then enrolled, and made the first trial of his new profession.

While he wintered with the fleet, in the Port of Naples, military preparations were carried on vigorously by the three maritime powers of the South of Europe, and the diplomacy of the times laid the basis of a strict alliance. Eventually, on the 20th May, 1571, the famous treaty of the League was signed, between the Pope, the King of Spain, and the Republic of Venice. In the same treaty the powers agreed to receive, for the general issimo of their combined forces, the natural son of Charles the V., Don Juan of Austria, who had just distinguished himself by his debut in arms, having put an end to the long revolt of the Moors in Grenada.

Don Juan collected, with all possible expedition, in Barcelona, the veterar troops, whose valour he had proved in the war of Alpuxarres, and, among others, the famous regiments of Don Miguel de Moncada, and of Don Lope de Figueroa; and setting sail for Italy without delay, he entered, on the 26th of June, the harbour of Genoa with forty-seven gallies. After distributing the troops and the crews in the different vessels of the squadron, he proceeded to the port of Messina, in Sicily, where the combined fleet reassembled. In this arrangement, the Italian gallies of Jean André Doria, then in the service of Spain, received two new companies of veterans, formed from the regiments of Moncada d' Urbina and Rodrigo de Mora: Cervantes followed his Captain on board the galley Marquesa, commanded by Francesco Santo-Pietro.

The fleet of the confederates, having succoured Corfu, and cleared for some time the enemy's squadron, discovered it on the morning of the 7th of October, at the entrance of the gulph of Lepanto. An action commenced shortly after noon by the wing of Barbarigo, extending itself nearly along the whole line, which terminated at the close of day, in one of the most signal and murderous, but at the same time one of the most useless victories, recorded in the annals of modern times.

Cervantes was then suffering from an intermitting fever, and when the battle was about to begin, his captain and comrades earnestly pressed him to withdraw

to the lower deck of the galley; but the generous descendant from the conquerors of Seville, though enfeebled by sickness, far from yielding to this prudent suggestion, begged, as a favour, that his captain would assign to him a post of the greatest peril. He was placed near the shollop, among twelve soldiers of the *élite*. His galley, the Marquesa, was one of those most distinguished in the action: she boarded *The Captain of Alexandria*, killed nearly five hundred Turks, with their commander, and captured the royal standard of Egypt. In the midst of this bloody struggle, Cervantes received three arquebuss-wounds, two in the breast and one in the left hand, which was broken, in consequence of which he remained maimed through all his future life. Justly proud of having acted so noble a part in that memorable combat, Cervantes never regretted the loss of his hand, but often declared that he applauded himself for having paid this price, that he might be counted among the soldiers of Lepanto; and in proof of his courage, which he prized himself for, much more than for his wit, he loved to show the wounds received, as he would say, "on the most glorious occasion which had occurred in that century, or in those which had preceded it, or which, it could reasonably be hoped, would be witnessed for ages to come,—a triumph, which was among the stars destined to guide future warriors to the Heaven of honour."

Don Juan could have wished to follow up his victory, to carry the castles of Lepanto and Saint Maure, and to blockade the Turks in the Dardanelles, but the advanced season of the year, the want of provisions, the great number of sick and wounded which he had under his charge, and the express commands of his brother Philip, obliged him to return to Messina, which he reached on the last day of October. The troops were distributed in winter quarters, and the regiment of Moncada was stationed in the south of Sicily. For Cervantes, sick and wounded as he was, he could not quit Messina, and was compelled to remain six months in the hospital of that place. Don Juan, who had taken the most lively interest in his fate since the day after the battle, when he visited the different camps of his naval force, did not forget Cervantes in his sad retreat. Mention is made of little pecuniary grants sent to him from the pay office of the fleet, under date of the 15th and 23rd of January, and the 9th and 17th of March, 1572. Subsequently, when Cervantes had regained his health, an order of the Generalissimo, addressed on the 29th of April to the official paymaster of the fleet, gave the high allowance of three crowns per month to the soldier Cervantes, who served in a company of the regiment of Figueroa.

The campaign which followed that distinguished by the battle of Lepanto, was far from presenting the grand results which had been expected from it. Pious the V., the soul of the league, was dead; the Venetians, whose interests suffered from the interruption of their commerce in the Levant, were no longer hearty in the cause; the Spaniards found themselves engaged almost single-handed against the Turks, who, strengthened by the diversion France made in their favour, against the Catholic king, the very year of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, threatening Spanish Flanders, had made great preparations, and threatened in their turn the coast of Sicily. Marc-Antony Colona, however, set sail on the 6th of June, for the Archipelago, with a portion of the confederate

fleet, and, among others, with thirty-six gallies of the squadron of the Marquis de Santa Cruz, with which was the company of the regiment of Figueroa, in which Cervantes had entered. Don Juan of Austria took his departure on the 9th of August with the rest of the fleet, but the two squadrons vainly sought to meet during the first part of the season. Afterwards, when they had at length joined, in the month of September, they lost, through the ignorance of the pilots, the opportunity for attacking, with advantage, the Turkish fleet, which had imprudently divided its forces in the ports of Navarin and Modon. After an useless attempt on the castle of Navarin, Don Juan was obliged to re-embark his troops, and to return at the commencement of November to the port of Messina. Cervantes recounts at length, in his history of "The Captive Captain," the details of the unsuccessful expedition of 1572, in which he had taken a part.

Philip the II., however, had not yet abandoned his design. He hoped to assemble, by the spring of the following year, three hundred gallies at Corfu, and to strike a blow against the Ottoman fleet which it should never recover. But the Venetians, who treated secretly with Selim, through the intervention of France, signed a treaty of peace in March, 1573. This unexpected defection broke up the league, and necessarily caused the projected attack on the Turks to be abandoned. To occupy the forces assembled by Spain, it was resolved to make a descent either on Algiers or Tunis: Philip and Don Juan both preferred attempting the latter, but the King only wished to overthrow the throne of the Turk Aluch-Aly, to place on it the Moor Muley-Mohammed, and to dismantle the fortresses which it cost so much to keep up, while the prince, his brother, to whom he denied the title of Infant of Spain, wished to make himself king of that country, in which the Spaniards, from the time of Charles V., had possessed the fort of Goletta.

The expedition was at first successful. After having landed his men at Goletta, Don Juan sent the Marquis of Santa Cruz at the head of several companies, the *élite* of his force, to take possession of Tunis, which had been abandoned by the Turkish garrison and nearly the whole of the inhabitants. Philip, however, not a little disturbed by the designs of the royal adventurer, sent an order for his immediate return into Lombardy. Don Juan obeyed, leaving but a weak garrison at Goletta and in the fort, which the Turks carried by assault towards the close of that year.

Cervantes, after being at Tunis with the Marquis of Santa Cruz, in the ranks of that famous regiment of Figueroa, which made, according to the historian Vander-Hamen, "the earth tremble at their muskets," returned to Palermo with the fleet. Thence he embarked under the Duke de Sesa, who attempted, but unsuccessfully, to relieve Goletta Afterwards he went into winter quarters at Sardinia, and was thence recalled into Italy, with the gallies of Marcel Doria. It was at that time that Cervantes obtained from Don Juan, who had returned to Naples in June 1575, permission to return to Spain, from which he had been absent seven years.

From his connection with these military expeditions, Cervantes was enabled to travel through Italy. He visited Florence, Venice, Rome, Naples, Palermo,

and the college of Bologna, founded for Spaniards by Cardinal Albornoz. He acquired the Italian language, and applied himself assiduously to the study of that literature which had formerly boasted the names of Boscan, Garcilaso, Hurtado de Mendoza, and which presented in his time those of Mesa, Virues, Mira de Amescua, and the brothers Leonardo de Argensola. This study had great influence on his subsequent labours, and on his general style, in which some of his contemporaries, belonging to the sect of *Anti-Petrarchists*, point out a number of Italianisms, which he took little care to disguise.

Cervantes, at that period twenty-eight years of age, lame, weakened by the fatigues of three campaigns, and having always served as a common soldier, resolved to visit his native country and his family. He might hope, in approaching the court, to gain a suitable recompense for his brilliant services. He obtained from his general more than a mere furlough: Don Juan of Austria gave him letters to the King, his brother, in which, warmly eulogising the soldier who was wounded at Lepanto, he entreated Philip immediately to confer on him the command of one of the companies, then in the course of being raised in Spain, to serve in Italy or Flanders. The viceroy of Sicily, Don Carlos of Arragon, Duke de Sesa, recommended also to the favour of the King and his ministers a soldier, till then neglected, who had won by his valour, his wit, and his exemplary conduct, the esteem of his comrades and also of his commanders.

Provided with such powerful recommendations, which promised a happy issue to his voyage, Cervantes embarked at Naples in the Spanish galley *El Sol* (the Sun), with his elder brother, Rodrigo, a soldier like himself, the general of artillery, Pero Diez Carrillo de Quesada, the late governor of Goletta, and many other military officers of distinction, who were, like himself, returning to their country. But new trials awaited Cervantes, and the period of repose had not yet arrived for him. On the 26th of September, 1575, the galley *El Sol* was surrounded by an Algerine squadron, under the command of Mami, an Albanian, who had gained the title of "Captain of the Sea." Three Turkish vessels boarded the Spanish galley, and, among others, a galleon, with twenty-two benches of rowers, commanded by Dali-Mami, a Greek renegade, who was called the Cripple. After a combat, as obstinate as it was unequal, in which Cervantes displayed his wonted bravery, the galley, obliged to strike her flag, was conducted in triumph to the port of Algiers, where the captives were divided among their conquerors. It was the lot of Cervantes to fall into the hands of Dali-Mami, who had acted so important a part in capturing the Christian ship.

This man was equally avaricious and cruel. As soon as he had read the letters addressed to the King by Don Juan of Austria and the Duke de Sesa, he supposed his prisoner to be a Spanish gentleman of the most noble family, and of the greatest importance in his own country. To obtain a high price and an early ransom, he loaded him with chains, threw him into prison, and subjected him to all kinds of privations and tortures. Such was the custom of those barbarous corsairs, when captives of distinction fell into their hands. They subjected them to the most cruel treatment, at least during the first period of their captivity, either to compel them to deny their faith, or to induce them to

consent that their relations and friends should be importuned to send promptly the price fixed for their redemption.

In this struggle against incessant persecution, Cervantes exhibited a high degree of heroism, more rare and more noble than mere courage, the heroism of patience—"that second description of valour," as it is called by Solis, "and the daughter of the heart, which the first inhabits." Far from yielding—far from sinking, Cervantes then conceived the project, afterwards repeatedly hazarded by him, of attempting to regain his liberty by his boldness and his perseverance. He wished also to restore all his companions to freedom, of whom he became the soul and the guide, by the superiority of his mind and his high character. Of these, the names of several have been preserved, and among them those of Don Francisco de Menesès, the ensigns Rios and Castaneda, a Serjeant named Navarrete, a certain Don Beltran del Salto y Castilla, and another gentleman named Osorio. Their first design, according to P. Haedo, was to proceed by land, as other captives had done, to Oran, which belonged at that time to Spain. They so far succeeded as to get out of Algiers with the assistance of a Moor of the country, who had been gained over by Cervantes to act as guide. This man, however, abandoned them on the second day, and the fugitives had no resource but to return to the houses of their masters, there to receive chastisement for their attempt to escape. Cervantes was considered the chief actor in the plot.

Some of his companions, among others the ensign Gabriel de Castaneda were ransomed about the middle of the year 1576, Castaneda took upon himself to carry letters to the parents of Cervantes—letters, in which the two brothers gave an account of their deplorable situation. Rodrigo de Cervantes, their father, sold or mortgaged the small patrimony of his son, his own property, which was little more considerable, and even the dowries of his two unmarried sisters; thus condemning the whole family to poverty. These affectionate efforts, alas! were all useless. When the produce of the sales and the mortgage had been sent to Cervantes, he wished to come to an arrangement with his master, Dali-Mami, but the renegade set too high a value on his captive to admit of his being ransomed on moderate terms. His demands were so exorbitant that Cervantes was obliged to renounce the hope of purchasing his liberty. He generously appropriated his share of the money to effect the redemption of his brother, which, a lower price being set upon him, was brought about in August, 1577. On leaving, he promised to fit out, from Valencia or the Balearic Isles, very speedily, an armed frigate, which should proceed to a certain indicated part of the African coast, to liberate his brother and the other Christians. He carried with him pressing letters, praying that this might be done, from many captives of high birth, to the viceroys of the maritime provinces.

This project was connected with a plan long since formed by Cervantes. Three miles from Algiers, on the eastern side of the town, there was a garden and summer-house belonging to Kaid Hassan, a renegade Greek. One of his slaves named Juan, a Spaniard, native of Navarre, had secretly dug in this garden, which he was employed to cultivate, a sort of cave, or subterranean apartment. Thither, in obedience to directions given by Cervantes, from the end of February, 1577, the captive Christians successively repaired, as oppor-

tunity offered, and made it their residence. Their number, when Rodrigo left for Spain, already amounted to fourteen or fifteen. Cervantes then, without quitting his master, governed this little subterranean republic, providing for the wants and the safety of its members. This fact, which proves the great resources of his mind, might be somewhat doubted, if it were not proved by a multitude of testimonies and documents. He had, for his principal assistants in this enterprise, Juan, the Navarrese above mentioned, who kept the wicket, and would not suffer any one to approach Hassan's garden; and, afterwards, another slave called el Dorador (the Gilder), who, when very young, had forsaken his religion, and who had recently again become a Christian. The latter was charged with the task of carrying food to the cavern, which no one was allowed to leave but in the darkness of night. When Cervantes thought the arrival of the frigate might be expected, which his brother had undertaken to get sent, he made his escape from the house of Dali-Mami, and, on the 20th of September, after taking leave of his friend, the Doctor Antonio de Sosa, who was too ill to accompany or follow him, he proceeded to take up his abode in the subterranean retreat.

His calculation was correct. In the interval which had passed, a ship was fitted out from Valencia or Majorca, under the command of an officer named Viana, who had but lately been ransomed; a man, active, brave, and well acquainted with the coast of Barbary. The frigate arrived within sight of Algiers on the 28th of September; and, after keeping the high sea all day, she approached at night the spot agreed upon, near the garden, to communicate with the captives, whence they might be embarked in a few moments. Unfortunately, some fishermen, who had not yet left their vessel, perceived, notwithstanding the gloom of night, the Christian frigate. They gave the alarm, collected a force to act against it, and Viana was obliged to retire to the open sea. He subsequently attempted to approach the shore a second time, but his attempt had a disastrous issue. The Moors were on their guard; they surprised the frigate where it was intended to effect a landing, made prisoners of all on board, and thus defeated the projected escape.

Up to that period, Cervantes and his companions had patiently endured, in the hope of regaining their liberty, all the privations, annoyances, and even the sickness, which had been created among them by a long residence in their humid and gloomy cave. But that hope now failed them. The morning after the capture of the frigate, the Gilder, the renegade, who had been reconciled to the Church, and in whom Cervantes had reposed the utmost confidence, abjured it again, and hastened to make known to the Dey of Algiers, Hassan-Aga, the retreat of the captives whom Viana had purposed to carry off. The Dey, delighted with such intelligence, which enabled him, according to the custom of that country, to appropriate all those Christians, as lost slaves, to himself, sent the commandant of his guards, with thirty Turkish soldiers, to arrest the fugitives, and the gardener who concealed them. The soldiers, conducted by the treacherous informer, made their appearance unexpectedly, sword in hand, in the cavern. While they were securing the astonished Christians, Cervantes raised his voice, and, with a noble firmness, declared that "none of his companions were at all to

blame; that he alone had induced them to fly, had concealed them; and that, as he alone was the author of the plot, he alone ought to suffer for it." Astonished at conduct so generous, which went to draw down on the head of Cervantes all the wrath of Hassan-Aga, the Turks sent a messenger to their master, to make him acquainted with what had occurred. The Dey ordered that the captives should be conducted to a building reserved for his slaves, and that their chief should be immediately brought before him: Cervantes, loaded with chains, was conducted from the cavern, on foot, to the palace of Hassan, amidst the angry hootings of the excited populace.

The Dey interrogated him many times, and employed alternately the most flattering promises and the most terrible threats, to induce him to betray his accomplices. Cervantes, deaf to all he could urge, inaccessible to fear, persisted in accusing himself alone. The Dey, tired of attempting to shake his resolution, and doubtless in some degree touched by his magnanimity, contented himself with ordering him to be chained in his slave-house, or prison.

Kaïd Hassan, from the garden in which the fugitives had been taken, ran to the Dey to demand that severe punishment should be awarded to all the captives; and, beginning with his slave Juan, the gardener, he hanged him with his own hands. The same fate would undoubtedly have been shared by Cervantes and his companions, had not the avarice of the Dey abated in some measure his natural cruelty. But the greater part of the prisoners were claimed by their former masters, and Cervantes himself was again placed in the power of Dali-Mami. Whether he had given the Dey some offence, or whether the latter thought this particular captive would be likely to be ransomed at a high price, is not known; but he, (the Dey), purchased him shortly afterwards, paying for him five hundred crowns.

Hassan-Aga, who was of Venetian origin, and whose real name was Andreta, was one of the most ferocious wretches who had given Barbary an infamous celebrity by their monstrous crimes. What P. Haedo recounts of the atrocities, committed during his government, surpasses all belief, and makes the reader shudder with horror. He was not less terrible to his Christian slaves, of whom the number amounted to nearly two thousand, than he was to his Mussulman subjects. On this subject Cervantes says, in his "Captive Captain"—"Nothing caused us so much torment as the witnessing of the stupid cruelties which my master perpetrated on the Christians. Every day he ordered one to be hanged. One he impaled; he cut the ears off another, and that for nothing at all, or for offences so trifling, that the Turks themselves acknowledged that he committed crime merely for the pleasure of being criminal, and because his natural instinct led him to act the part of butcher to the human race."

Cervantes was purchased by Hassan-Aga about the end of February, 1577. Notwithstanding the rigour of his captivity, notwithstanding the imminent peril which threatened him on each attempt to escape, he never ceased using, to that end, all the means which circumstances offered, or which could be gained by his own address. In the course of the year 1578, he contrived to send a Moor to Oran, with letters addressed to Don Martin de Cordova, governor of the fortress; but this emissary was arrested, at the moment the object of his expedition was

on the point of being attained, and he, with his dispatches, was brought back to the Dey of Algiers. Hassan-Aga caused the unfortunate messenger to be impaled; and condemned Cervantes, whose signature was attached to the letters, to receive two thousand lashes. Some friends, however, who at the time surrounded the Dey, interposed their good offices, and once more the pitiless Hassan pardoned him. His clemency in this case was the more remarkable, as, at this period, the barbarian caused three Spanish captives to be beaten to death in his presence, whose crime was, that they had attempted to fly by the same road, and who had been seized, and brought back to Algiers by the natives.

So much misfortune, and such repeated disasters, could not, however, conquer the resolution of Cervantes, and his mind was unceasingly occupied with plans for effecting his own emancipation, and that of the companions most dear to him. About September, 1579, he formed an acquaintance with a Spanish renegade, who was a native of Grenada, where he called himself the licentiate Giron, but who had assumed with the turban the name of Abd-al-Rhamen. This person seemed to repent the course he had pursued, and manifested a desire to return to his own country, and to seek a reconciliation with the Catholic Church: in concert with him, Cervantes formed a new project for effecting his escape. They applied to two Valencian merchants, established in Algiers, whose names were Onofre Exarque, and Balthazar de Torres. Both favoured the scheme; and the former gave about fifteen hundred doubloons to buy an armed frigate, with twelve benches of rowers, which the renegade Abd-al-Rhamen purchased, under the pretence of going on a cruise. The crew was engaged, and many persons of distinction, apprized by Cervantes of what was in contemplation, only waited for the signal to embark. One contemptible wretch sold them all; the Doctor Juan Blanco de Paz, a Dominican monk, went, like another Judas, attracted by the vile hope of gain, and betrayed to the Dey the scheme of his countrymen.

Hassan-Aga chose at first to dissemble. He wished, by seizing on the parties at the moment of making their attempt, to acquire the right of appropriating them to himself, as slaves condemned to death. Notwithstanding this, news of the perfidious betrayal got abroad, and the Valencian merchants could not doubt but the Dey was well acquainted with the arrangement in which they had participated, and had been the moving instruments. Trembling for his fortune and for his life, Onofre Exarque desired that Cervantes should escape by himself, as of his evidence he stood greatly in fear, expecting that confession would be extorted from him on the rack. He offered to ransom him at any price, and to send him immediately to Spain. But Cervantes, incapable of flight while impending danger was about to fall on his friends, rejected this offer, but he consoled the merchant, by swearing to him that neither torture, nor the dread of death, should induce him to accuse any one.

At this time, being ready to leave Algiers in the renegade's frigate, he had concealed himself in the dwelling of one of his old companions in arms, the ensign Diego Castellano. An order, issued by the Dey, was soon proclaimed in the streets, demanding the slave Cervantes, and threatening whoever should harbour him, with the severest punishment. Always generous, Cervantes

promptly relieved his friend from this dangerous responsibility; and voluntarily presented himself before the Dey, in some measure protected by the intercession of a renegade from Murcia, named Morato Raez Maltrapillo, who had gained the good graces of Hassan-Aga. The latter demanded from Cervantes the names of all his accomplices; and, in order to intimidate him the more, caused his hands to be tied behind his back, a rope being passed round his neck, giving him to understand that, failing to comply, he should be instantly conducted to the gallows. Cervantes manifested the same firmness of soul for which he had been distinguished before: he accused no one but himself; and declared that he had no accomplices but four Spanish gentlemen, who had recently obtained their liberty. His answers were so noble, and so ingenious, that Hassan-Aga was again moved. He contented himself with exiling the licentiate Giron to the kingdom of Fez; and with sending Cervantes to a cell in the prison of the Moors, where the sufferer languished for five whole months, shackled and chained. Such was the price of that magnanimous act which procured for him, in the words of an ocular witness, the ensign Louis de Pedroso, "renown, honour, and a crown of glory, among his fellow Christians."

These several adventures, of which, Cervantes says, "that they would long remain in the recollection of the people of that country;" and P. Haedo likewise tells us, that "they would form a history by themselves," gave our author so much credit, both with the Christians and the Moors, that Hassan lived in constant apprehension of some enterprise being undertaken of a more general and more important character. Previously, two brave Spaniards had attempted to bring about an insurrection in Algiers. Cervantes, looked up to by twenty thousand captives then in the capital of the regency, might very well have entertained the same idea. One of his later historians, Fernandez-Navarrete, makes him do so; and even affirms that the attempt might have succeeded, but for the malevolence and ingratitude of which he was so often the victim. Be that as it may, Hassan-Aga stood so much in fear of his courage, his address, and the influence which he had gained over his companions in captivity, that he said of him, "while I keep this Spanish cripple under a secure guard, my capital, my slaves, and my gallies are safe." Nevertheless, (such is the power of true greatness,) Cervantes, was the only prisoner whom the barbarian treated with forbearance and moderation. This is proved by the latter; who, speaking of himself in "The Captive Captain," says, "One only got on well with him. This was a Spanish soldier, named Saavedra; who performed actions which will long be remembered in that country, the object of them all being to recover his liberty. Hassan-Aga, however, never gave him a blow with the stick, nor caused him to be struck by others, nor addressed to him one injurious word; while each of the numerous attempts made by this captive to escape, made us all fear that he would be impaled; and he himself expected, more than once, that such would be his fate."

Cervantes, chained in his cell, had little more to lament than the slaves, who were said to be free, and whose condition now became intolerable. By monopolising the commerce in grain, and all kinds of provisions, Hassan-Aga caused such a famine, that the streets of the city were strewed with the dead

bodies of the native inhabitants who died from hunger and disease. The Christians, fed from avarice rather than from compassion, did not receive from the Turks, their masters, more than was absolutely necessary to sustain life; notwithstanding they were still, without intermission, overwhelmed with the most severe tasks; for the great preparations which Philip the Second, was then making against Portugal, while announcing an expedition against Algiers, had alarmed the regency; and they compelled the prisoners to work day and night, to repair the fortifications, and to re-fit the fleet.

While Cervantes was making so many useless attempts in Algiers to win his liberty, his parents had recourse to every effort at Madrid, to procure it for him by the ordinary means of ransom. Having exhausted all their resources in 1577, to procure the release of his elder brother, they now caused an enquiry to be instituted, before one of the alcaldes of the court, under date of March 17th, 1578; at which many witnesses came forward to prove the honourable services of Cervantes, in the campaigns of the Levant, and the great distress of his family, which put it out of their power to effect his liberation by their own means. To this document, which was transmitted to the king, the Duke de Sesa, the late viceroy of Sicily, added a sort of certificate, in which he warmly recommended his old soldier to the benevolence of the monarch.

The death of the father of Cervantes interrupted these proceedings, and overwhelmed the unhappy family with the deepest affliction. In the following year Philip the Second resolved to send to Algiers, commissioners of ransom. The father Fray Juan Gil, procurator-general to the order of the Holy Trinity, and who had besides the title of *Redeemer for the crown of Castile*, was entrusted with this mission, to which they joined another monk of the same order, named Fray Antonio de la Bella. Before these religious functionaries, on the 31st July, 1579, Donna Leonora de Cortinas and her daughter, Donna Andrea de Cervantes, presented themselves, bringing with them three hundred ducats, to be applied towards the ransom of Miguel de Cervantes, their son and brother. Two hundred and fifty ducats were offered by the poor widow, and fifty by the daughter.

The redeemers set out on their journey, and reached Algiers, May 29th, 1580. They immediately commenced their honorable labours. But great difficulties for a long time opposed the liberation of Cervantes. The Dey, his master, demanded a thousand crowns for his freedom, being double the sum he had given for him; and threatened, if this were not paid immediately, to carry his slave to Constantinople. In effect, a firman from the Grand-Seignior, having been received, appointing a successor to the Government of the Regency, Hassan-Aga, prepared to carry off with him his wealth, and had already chained Cervantes to one of his gallies. The father Juan Gil, moved with compassion, and trembling lest this interesting prisoner should lose for ever the opportunity of regaining his liberty, used such earnest prayers and entreaties, that he at length effected his ransom, on paying five hundred crowns in Spanish gold. To raise this sum, he had found it necessary to borrow from several European merchants; and, at the same time, to draw heavily on the general redemption fund. At length, after having paid nine doubloons, as a compliment

to the officers of the galley, in which he had been placed as a rower, Cervantes was permitted to go on shore on the 19th Sept., 1580; at the very moment when Hassan-Aga, set sail for Constantinople. Thus was Cervantes preserved for his country and the world.

The first use which he made of his liberty, was to refute, in the most public and most convincing manner, the calumnies of which he had lately been the victim. His infamous traducer, the monk Juan Blanco de Paz, who falsely arrogated to himself the dignity of Commissary to the Holy office, had taken advantage of the close confinement of Cervantes, to attribute to him the exile of the renegade Giron; and also the failure of the last attempt of the captives to escape. Cervantes was no sooner free than he prayed the father Juan Gil to institute an enquiry into the facts. Eventually, the apostolical notary received the declarations of eleven Spanish gentlemen, of the highest distinction, among the captives, in answer to twenty-five questions which were submitted to them. This proceeding, in connection with which are found, minutely recounted, all the circumstances of the captivity of Cervantes, furnishes, besides, interesting details relating to his wit, his character, the purity of his manners, and that noble devotion to the cause of the unhappy, which gained him so many friends. Among the testimonials thus obtained, may be mentioned one by Don Diego de Benavides; which states, that, on his arrival at Algiers, desiring to be informed who were the principal Christian captives, Cervantes was named to him in the first rank, because he was loyal, noble, virtuous, of excellent character, and beloved by the other gentlemen. This Benavides sought for the friendship of Cervantes; and he was so cordially received, that he describes himself as having found in him a father and mother. The carmelite monk, Fray Feliciano, likewise declares, that, after detecting the falsehood of a calumnious accusation circulated against Cervantes, he had become his friend; like all the other captives who envied the reputation he enjoyed for his noble conduct, his Christian, honourable and virtuous character. In addition to what has already been stated, Louis de Pedrosa declares, that, of all the gentlemen residing in Algiers, no one had rendered more good than Cervantes had done to the other prisoners, or been more distinguished by unsullied honour. Signalized above all the rest, there was an indescribable grace attached to his actions; and for high-minded feeling, prudence and reflection, few men could be compared with him.

Is it matter of astonishment, when the strange events of his captivity are considered, that Cervantes preserved the memory of them in his after life, and found in his own adventures, subjects for dramas and novels, and that he made, in almost all his works, allusions not easily to be understood, without a previous acquaintance with the course of his eventful life? He never forgot the manner in which he had been restored to freedom, and gratitude dictated to him, in the tale called the Anglo-Spaniard, a just eulogium on the good redeemers. Provided with the minutes of the inquiry made by the notary Pedro de Ribera, and the individual certificate of father Juan Gil, he, about the end of October, 1580, experienced, to use his own expression, "one of the greatest joys a human being can taste in this world; that of returning, after a long period of slavery, safe and sound to

his native land"——"for, on earth," he adds in another place, "there is no good which can equal that of regaining lost liberty."

Misfortune soon drove him from the bosom of his family. At the period of his return, Philip II. remained convalescent at Badajoz, after the death of his second wife, Anne of Austria. That monarch entered Portugal on the 5th of December, which the Duke of Alba had recently conquered and tranquilized. The Spanish army, however, still occupied the country, as well to secure its submission, as to pave the way for an attack on the Azores, where the friends of the Prior of Ocrato continued to hold out. Rodrigo de Cervantes, after his ransom, had re-entered the service, and had probably re-joined his old corps, the regiment of the Camp Major General, Don Lope de Figueroa. Our author determined to do the same; and the man whom the Dey of Algiers had feared, though chained in his slave prison-house, resumed, with his mutilated hand, the musket of a private soldier. Cervantes embarked, in the summer of 1581, in the squadron of Don Pedro Valdes, who had orders to make a descent on the Azores, and to protect the commerce of the Indies. He made the campaign in the following year, under the orders of the Marquis de Santa Cruz; and was in the naval battle which that admiral gained on the 25th of July, within sight of the island of Terceira, over the French fleet which had taken part with the insurgents of Portugal. The galeon San-Mateo, which carried the veterans of Figueroa, among which Cervantes was unquestionably to be found, took a most conspicuous part in this victory. Afterwards, the two brothers made the campaign of 1583, and were at the taking of Terceira, which was captured by assault. Rodrigo de Cervantes distinguished himself in this affair, and was one of the first to spring on shore, for which he received the rank of ensign, on the return of the fleet.

Notwithstanding his humble rank in the army, from which merit only could redeem him, in the absence of fortune, Cervantes boasts, on his return to Portugal, where he went into winter quarters, that he was admitted into the most distinguished circles. He had there, by a lady of Lisbon, a natural daughter named Donna Isabel de Saavedra, who continued with him the remainder of his life, even after his marriage, as he never had another child.

It was love that caused Cervantes to devote himself to the study of letters. In the interval between his campaigns, he made the acquaintance of a young lady of a noble family of the little town of Esquivias, in Castile: her name was Donna Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano. He became passionately in love with her, and found means, in the midst of a soldier's stormy life, to write in her honour the poem called the Galatea. This poem, which he calls an eclogue, is a pastoral novel, wholly in the manner of that time, in which he contrived to recount, as a tale of fiction, part of his own adventures; to praise the leading wits of the day; and, above all, to offer the lady, the object of his affection, a delicate but impassioned homage. It cannot be doubted, from the example of Rodrigo de Cota, author of the Celestina—of Jorge de Montemayor, author of the Diana; and from the direct testimony of Lope de Vega, that Cervantes, under the name of *Elicia*, a shepherd on the shores of the Tagus, represented

the story of his own love for Galatea, a shepherdess, *born on the shores of the same river*. Nor can it be doubted, that the other shepherds introduced into the fable, Tircis, Damon, Meliso, Siralvo, Lauso, Larsileo, Artidoro, are intended to image Francisco de Figueroa, Pedro Lainez, Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, Luis Galvez de Montalvo, Luis Barahona de Soto, Don Alonzo de Ercilla, Andres Rey de Artieda, his own friends, all writers, more or less celebrated in their day. The *Galatea*, of which we have but the first part, is remarkable for the purity of its style, the beauty of the descriptions, and the delicacy of its pictures of love. But the shepherds of Cervantes are too erudite, too philosophical, too eloquent; and the somewhat ill-regulated fecundity of his genius, led him to heap up episode upon episode, with too little order, and with but indifferent taste. These are the defects of which Cervantes accuses himself in the prologue to his pastoral; and which he would, doubtless, have avoided in the second part, which he often promised, but never made the promise good.

The *Galatea*, dedicated to the abbot of Saint Sophia, Ascanio Colona, son of Marc Antonio Colona, the admiral under whom he had formerly served, was published at the close of 1584; and on the 14th of December, in that year, Cervantes, then thirty-seven years of age, married the heroine of his poem. The father of Donna Catalina de Palacios Salazar was dead, and the widow promised, when her daughter was affianced, to give her a moderate dower, in moveable goods and other property. This was done two years afterwards; and in the contract of marriage, dated August the 9th, 1586, before the notary Alonzo de Aguilera, Cervantes, in like manner, settles on his wife one hundred ducats, which are stated to be the tenth part of his property.

Having left the army, after so many years of service, a private soldier as he had entered it, and become a citizen of Esquivias, the monotonous dullness of which life ill-accorded with the activity of his mind, Cervantes, urged by his circumstances to seek for some addition to his very moderate means, recalled his earlier dreams, and resumed the first occupation of his youth. The proximity of Madrid enabled him to visit the capital frequently, and, indeed, almost to reside there. It was there that he again became intimate with many authors of the time, and, among others, with Juan Rufo, Lopez Maldonado, and, above all, with Vicente Espinel, the author of the romance of *Marcos de Obregon*, which Le Sage has turned to such good account in his Gil Blas. It is even probable, that Cervantes was admitted to a sort of academy, which a nobleman had just opened in his house at Madrid; who thus did, near the court of Philip II., what had made Ferdinand Cortes illustrious at that of Charles V. Cervantes, at least, speaking in one of his novels of the Italian academies, mentions the *imitatorial academy* of Madrid.

During the four years immediately following his marriage, Cervantes again became a man of letters, as well as a citizen of Esquivias, and gave up pastoral poetry, which brought him nothing, to devote himself exclusively to the theatre. It was while he was yet a child, that the Spanish theatre, emancipated from the church and *secularized*, if such an expression may be used, began to exhibit in public the entertainments of Lope de Rueda, a wandering Æschylus, author as well as actor, the humble, but the undoubted founder of the stage which was

subsequently to be illustrated by Lope de Vega, Calderon, Moreto, Tirso de Molina, and Solis, whence Corneille and Molière were to derive their inspiration. The court of Spain, which had always been accustomed to move from the capital of one province to another, fixed its residence permanently at Madrid in 1561; and, about the year 1580, the two theatres, *de la Cruz* and *del Principe*, which still exist, were erected. At that time, there were some superior minds, who did not disdain to labour for the scene, which till then had been neglected or abandoned to the heads of strolling companies, who composed for themselves the farces, which formed their stock list. Cervantes was one of the earliest to enter on this new career, and his first production was a comedy, written in six acts, founded on his own adventures, and entitled *Los Tratos de Argel*. This was followed by more than twenty others, among which he himself mentions, with satisfaction and with praise, *La Numancia, La Batalla Naval, La Gran-Turquesca, La Entretenida, La Casa de los zelos, La Jerusalen, La Amaranta o la del Mayo, El Bosque amoroso, La Unica y bizarra Arsinda*, and, above all, *La Confusia*, which appeared, as he thought, to admirable advantage on the stage. "I," said he, "did not hesitate to reduce comedies to three acts from five, in which they had been written till then. I was the first who represented imagination and the secret thoughts of the soul; giving moral impersonations to the theatre, for the gratification of the public, who received them with general applause. I wrote, at this period, from twenty to thirty comedies, which were all well received, wthout having a single cucumber or projectile thrown at them; and each had its run, without encountering hisses, hootings, or groanings."

All these pieces, as part of our author's writings, were long known but by name; and their loss was much regretted. It was thought that, with an imagination so rich, so much vivacity, an understanding of so high an order, and a taste so pure,—that with his knowledge of the rules of the drama, as displayed in many parts of Don Quixote,—and after the praises which he so ingenuously bestows on himself, as a comic playwright, together with the singular talent which he has really displayed in his interludes;—it was thought, all these things borne in mind, that his so lauded dramatic compositions must be pre-eminent. Unfortunately for his theatrical renown, three or four of them have been recovered; and, among others, *La Numancia, La Entretenida*, and *Los Tratos de Argel*. These pieces are far from justifying the regrets which their loss had excited; and the reputation of their author would assuredly have gained by their only being known from the parental judgment which he had pronounced upon them. It is a curious instance, and not the only one which he furnishes, of the incapacity of a man of superior genius to form a just estimate of his own works.

Of the plays, above mentioned as regained, the best is, unquestionably, the *Numancia*. Though far removed from perfection, it is incomparably better than the tragedies of Lupercio de Argensola, on which Cervantes is prodigal of eulogium. (vide Don Quixote, part I. chap. 48;) a circumstance very remarkable, coming, as it does, from a pen so little accustomed to flattery. In the heroic sentiments of a people who devote themselves to death, rather

than submit to lose their liberty; in the touching episodes which grow out of a catastrophe so immense; in the enthusiasm, the friendship, the love, and the maternal fondness displayed in connection with it—he displays all the energy and delicacy of a soul so noble, and yet so tender. But still, taken altogether, the drama is defective; the plan vague and unconnected, the details incoherent, and the interest, being too much divided, fatigues attention and exhausts itself. Upon the whole, the best productions which Cervantes has given to the stage, are his interludes, little pieces called *saïnétès*, farcical entertainments; which were acted then, not after a regular play, but between the acts of more important performances. Nine interludes, by Cervantes, have been discovered, *El Juez de los divorcios, El Ruffian viudo, La Eleccion de los alcaldes, &c.* which are, for the most part, models of whimsical buffoonery.

Poor Cervantes did not long find, in theatrical success, the profit and glory which he had expected. That source of emolument was soon dried up. "Comedies," as he himself says, in his prologue, "have their times and seasons." It was at this period, that that prodigy of nature, the great Lope de Vega came to claim the comic monarchy as his own; to bring under his jurisdiction all actors, and to fill the world with his plays." Driven from the theatre, like many others, by the unheard of fecundity of Lope de Vega, Cervantes was compelled to seek another occupation—one, undoubtedly, less to his taste, less brilliant, and less noble; but which might give him bread, More than forty years of age, without patrimony, unrecompensed for his twenty years of service and suffering, he had to sustain the burthen of a family, which was increased by two sisters and his natural daughter. A counsellor of finance, Antonio de Guevara, was appointed, in 1588, as Commissary at Seville to victual ships and fleets sailing to the Indies; with the right of naming four commissioners to assist in the performance of his duty. At this time he was engaged in completing the equipment of that *invincible Armada*, which the English and the tempests destroyed. Guevara offered one of these situations to Cervantes, who, in consequence, set out for Andalusia, accompanied by all his family, with the exception of his brother Rodrigo, who was still serving with the army in Flanders.

Here then we see the author of 'Galatea,' the dramatist twenty times successful, compelled to become clerk to a victualler of the navy! But this was not all: he solicited from the king by a petition dated May 1590, some employment as paymaster in New Grenada, or as corregidor in the little town of Goetemala. He, in fact, wished to go to America, which he mentions as "the common refuge for desperate Spaniards." Happily his petition was buried among the papers of the Council of the Indies.

The abode of Cervantes at Seville was of long duration. Excepting several excursions into Andalusia and a single journey to Madrid he remained there ten consecutive years. After having been clerk to the victualler of the fleet, Guevara, up to 1590, he filled the same situation for the ensuing two years, under Pedro de Isunza, the successor of Guevara. Afterwards, when this subordinate situation failed him, by the suppression of the superior office, he became a business agent, and lived for many years by the commissions given him by municipal bodies, and rich individuals, among whom may be named Don Her-

nando de Toledo of Cigales, whose affairs he managed, and made a friend of his employer.

In the midst of occupations so unworthy of him, and so uncongenial to his taste, Cervantes, would not bid the muses a last adieu: he still secretly worshipped at their shrine, and carefully kept alive the sacred fire of his genius. The house of the celebrated painter Francisco Pacheco, master and father-in-law of the great Velasquez, was open then to every variety of merit. The studio of the artist, who likewise cultivated poetry, was, to use the words of Rodrigo Caro, the regularly established academy or rendezvous for all men of genius in Seville. Cervantes was among its most constant visitors, and his portrait figures in that invaluable gallery, containing more than a hundred distinguished persons, who had been painted and brought together by the pencil of its proprietor. In that academy he contracted a friendship with the illustrious lyric poet Fernando de Herrera, whose memory has been almost suffered to perish by his countrymen; as they neither know the date of his birth nor that of his death, nor any particulars of his life, and whose works, or rather the few of them which remain, were found in fragment in the portfolios or scrap books of his friends. Cervantes wrote a sonnet on the death of Herrera, but was equally the friend of another poet, Juan de Jauregui; the elegant translator of the Aminta of Tasso, whose translation, equalling the original, has the rare privilege of being so accounted among classic works. The painter Pacheco, studied poetry; the poet Jauregui, practised painting, and, as well as his friend, produced a portrait of Cervantes.

It was during his abode at Seville, that Cervantes wrote most of his novels; which successively increased in number, were collected and published long afterwards, between the two parts of Don Quixote. The adventures of two celebrated robbers, who were apprehended at Seville, in 1569; and of whom the history was still generally known, furnished matter for his *Rinconete y Cortadillo*. The plunder of Cadiz, where on the 1st July, 1596, an English force was landed from the fleet, commanded by Admiral Howard and the Earl of Essex, suggested to him the idea of the *Anglo Spaniard*. He also wrote at Seville *El Curioso impertinente*, which he inserted in the first part of Don Quixote; *El Zeloto Estremeno*, and *La Tia fingida*, founded on recollections of his abode at Salamanca, of which, for a long period the title only was known, and which has but lately been discovered in manuscript.

Up to the time of Cervantes, since the wars of Charles the Vth., which opened to Spain a knowledge of Italian literature, Spanish writers had confined themselves to translating the licentious tales of the Decameron, and to imitations of Boccacio. Cervantes, therefore, is justified in saying in his prologue, "I present myself as the first who has written novels in Spanish, for though there are a great number printed and circulated in our language, they are all borrowed from foreign authors. Those which I have produced are mine; they are neither imitations nor thefts; my mind engendered and my pen gave them birth." He termed them *Novelas ejemplares*, "example novels," to distinguish them from Italian tales, and because, as he said, there was no one of them from which some useful example might not be drawn. They are further divided into two classes, *serious* and *jocose*. Of the former there are seven, and eight of the latter.

On the occasion of the death of Philip II., which occurred on 13th September, 1598, a magnificent catafalque was erected in the cathedral of Seville, "the most wonderful funereal monument," writes one who saw and recorded the ceremony, "that human eyes had ever the happiness to behold." It was on this occasion, that Cervantes wrote that famous burlesque sonnet, in which he ridicules with so much humour the bombast of the Andalusians, the Gascons of Spain, and which he calls, in one of his late works, "The Journey to Parnassus," the *principal* honour of his writings. The date of that sonnet serves to fix the time of his residence at Seville, which he left shortly afterwards never to return. The cause of this was as follows.

Cervantes, who in many respects resembled Camoens, experienced the worst misfortune which embittered the life of that great man, when he was accused of malversations, in his office of commissioner of the victualling department at Macao, thrown into prison, and brought before the tribunal of accounts. Like the poet of the Lusiad, Cervantes remained poor, and clearly proved his innocence. Towards the close of 1594, when engaged at Seville, in settling the accounts of his commissariat, and when he was recovering with difficulty some arrears, Cervantes transmitted repeatedly sums of money to the treasurer at Madrid, in bills of exchange drawn from Seville. One remittance arising from the taxation of the district of Velez-Malaga, and amounting to 7,400 reals was sent by him in specie to a merchant at Seville, named Simon Freire de Lima, who undertook to convey it to the treasury in Madrid. It was then that Cervantes made a journey to the capital, and not finding there the cash which he had transmitted, he reclaimed from the merchant the sum which he had confided to him, but, in the mean time, Freire had failed, and fled from Spain. Cervantes returned immediately to Seville, where he found that all the goods of his debtor had been seized by other creditors. He upon this, addressed a petition to the king, and a decree of the 7th August, 1595, ordered doctor Bernardo de Olmedilla, judge of *los grados*, at Seville, to take by privilege from the assets of Freire, the sum which had been remitted by Cervantes. That judge effectually enforced the claim, and forwarded the amount to the Treasurer General, Don Pedro Mesia de Tobar, by a bill of exchange drawn November 22, 1596.

The tribunal of the Treasury exerted the greatest severity in adjusting the accounts of all connected with the Exchequer, which had been completely drained by the conquests of Portugal and Terceira, by the campaigns in Flanders, the destruction of the invincible Armada, and the ruinous experiments made by certain charlatans in finance, who were called at that time *arbitristas*. The inspector general, to whom Cervantes had been but the agent, was conducted to Madrid to make up his accounts. He represented, that all the documents necessary as vouchers, were at Seville in the hands of Cervantes. A royal order dated Sept. 6, 1597, directed in a summary way, the judge Gaspar de Vallejo, to arrest, and to send Cervantes under a proper escort to the prison of the capital, there to be dealt with by the tribunal of accounts. He was in consequence, forthwith committed to prison, but, having offered security for the payment of 2,641 reals, to which the alleged deficiency was reduced, he was released under a second order dated December 1st, of the same year, on condition

that he presented himself before the court within thirty days to pay the balance.

It is not exactly known how this first proceeding against Cervantes terminated; but, some years afterwards, he was again disturbed on account of this paltry claim for 2,641 reals. The inspector of Baza, Gaspar Osorio de Tejada, presented in his accounts, at the end of 1602, an acknowledgement from Cervantes, proving, that that sum had been received by him in 1594, when he was commissioned to recover arrears of claims on that city and district. Having consulted on this point, the judges of the court of the Treasury, made a report dated Valladolid Jan. 24th, 1603, in which they gave an account of the arrest of Cervantes in 1597, for this same sum, and of his conditional enlargement, adding, that since he had not appeared before them. It was on this occasion that Cervantes went with all his family to Valladolid, where for two years Philip the III., had held his Court. Proof has been obtained, that, on the 8th February 1603, his sister Donna Andrea was engaged in superintending the household and wardrobe of a certain Don Pedro de Toledo Osorio, Marquis de Villafranca, who had returned from the expedition to Algiers. Among the papers found there are house-keeping accounts, which prove the distress of Cervantes, and of his family and many notes and bills, in his hand writing. He settled his affairs with the tribunal of accounts either by proving an anterior payment, or by satisfying the claim at this period, for the suit commenced against him ceased, and he passed the rest of his life peaceably in the vicinity of that tribunal by which he had been so sharply treated. The honour of Cervantes requires that these minute details should thus be stated; but if it were necessary to prove by other evidence that his probity stood above all suspicion, it would suffice to recall the fact, that he himself mentions in a spirit of gaiety, his numerous imprisonments. It would have been too much for effrontery itself to do this, if he had been subjected to them by any disgraceful action; and his enemies, those who envied his talents and detracted from his merit in every possible way, and reproached him even with his crippled hand, would not have failed to wound, in the most vulnerable part, the self-love of the gifted writer.

The materials for tracing the course of Cervantes here present a serious hiatus. Nothing is known of him with certainty from 1598, when he wrote at Seville the sonnet on the tomb of Philip II, till 1603, when he had returned to Valladolid where the court then resided. It is, however, during this interval of five years, that he conceived, commenced, and nearly finished the first part of Don Quixote. Many circumstances render it probable that he quitted Seville with his family about the year 1599, and that he settled in some village of La Mancha, a province where he had relations established, and where he had a variety of engagements. The promptitude with which he appeared before the tribunal of accounts held at Valladolid, in 1603, seems to prove that be must have been residing at some place nearer than Andalusia; and the perfect knowledge which he shows in his romance of the localities, and manners of La Mancha, likewise prove, that he must have remained there for a considerable period. It is probable that he had fixed his abode at Argamasilla de Alba, and that, in placing himself there, the country of his insane gentleman, he designed to ridicule the inhabitants of

that village, who precisely at that date were carrying on, for certain claims to pre-eminence, quarrels so disgraceful, and law-suits so obstinate, that, according to the chronicles of the time, they had, from the ruin they caused, and the constant collision of individuals, the effect of diminishing the numbers of the population not a little.

When we see it announced by Cervantes, in his prologue to Don Quixote, that the offspring of his genius was "The history of a child, meagre, adust, and whimsical————born in a prison, where every inconvenience keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation;" we ask, with eager curiosity, on what occasion, at what period, and in what country, did he obtain the sad leisure for his mind to give birth to one of the finest efforts of human wit? It has generally been the opinion out of Spain, for a long time, that he conceived and begun his work in the cells of the Holy Inquisition. It would be difficult, as Voltaire says, for any one to calumniate the Holy Inquisition whatever he might say; but, in the midst of all his troubles, Cervantes had at least the happiness to avoid any quarrel with that fraternity. On the subject of his imprisonment in La Mancha, a thousand conjectures have been hazarded; but all is still uncertainty: some believe that this misfortune befel him in the village of Toboso, in consequence of a bitter sarcasm, addressed to a female, whose offended relatives took this method of avenging the insult. It is, however, almost generally admitted, that it was the inhabitants of the village of Argamasilla de Alba, who threw Cervantes into a gaol, being exasperated against him, either because he exacted from them the arrears of tithes claimed by the grand priory of San Juan, or because that he deprived them of the small rills that irrigated their lands, which they had drawn from the waters of the Guadiana, to carry on the Government salt-petre works. It is certain that they show to this day, in that village, an ancient edifice called the *Casa de Medrano*, which the immemorial tradition of the country has distinguished as the prison of Cervantes. It is equally certain that the poor commissioner of tithes, or of gunpowder, remained there a very long time; and in so miserable a condition, that he was obliged to have recourse to his uncle, Don Juan Barnabe de Saavedra, citizen of Alcazar de San Juan, to solicit protection and assistance. The recollection of a letter, written by Cervantes at that time to his uncle, is preserved, which commenced with these words, "Long days and short, or rather sleepless nights fatigue me in this prison, or, to speak more correctly, this cavern." It is in reference to this severe treatment, that he begins Don Quixote with an expression of mild resentment. "Domiciled in a village of La Mancha, the name of which I purposely omit."

Returned, after an absence of thirteen years, from what was called the Court, that is to say to the city in which the residence of the king was established, Cervantes found himself as in a foreign country. Another prince, and other favorites governed the state, and his former friends were dead, or widely dispersed. If the soldier of Lepanto, if the author of Galatea, had found neither justice nor protection while his titles to consideration were fresh in the minds of men, what could he hope for from the successors of Philip the second, and his ministers, after being forgotten for so many years. Notwithstanding the discouragements of his situation, pressed by the necessities of his family, Cervan-

tes resolved on a last effort. He presented himself at the levee of the duke of Lerma, the Atlas, as he was called, who thus sustained the whole weight of the monarchy, who was, in other words, the omnipotent dispenser of court patronage. The proud favorite treated him with contempt; and Cervantes, wounded to the bottom of his proud but susceptible soul, renounced, for ever, the part of dancing attendance on the great. From that time, his hours were divided between business agencies and the labours of his pen. He lived, resigned to his lot, in retirement, and with humble means, on the produce of his labours, and the assistance he received from his patrons, the Count de Lemos, and the Archbishop of Toledo.

The unfortunate situation in which Cervantes found himself, poor and despised, caused him to hasten the publication of Don Quixote, at least of the first part of it, in which he had already made great progress. He obtained permission of the king to print it under date of the 26th Sept. 1604. It was, however, necessary to find a Macænas to accept the dedication, and to allow it to be brought forward, under the protecting shadow of his name. In conformity with established custom, this was indispensable to Cervantes, poor and unknown, and for a work like his. If his book, the title of which might mislead, were taken for a mere romance of chivalry, it might have fallen into the hands of people, who, not finding in it the extravagancies they sought, would have been incapable of appreciating the delicate satire it threw on a taste depraved like theirs. On the other hand, if it should be immediately recognised and comprehended, the subtile and bold criticisms there combined, in a thousand allusions to the principal object of criticism, rendered high protection eminently desirable. The patronage of a grandee, would avert the evil he dreaded on either hand. Cervantes, under these circumstances, made choice of Don Alonzo Lopez de Zuniga y Sotomayor, seventh duke of Bejar, one of those specimens of noble blood, who condescend to bestow on letters and the fine arts, the encouraging smile of their titled ignorance. It is stated that the duke, on learning that Don Quixote was a work of raillery, fancied it would compromise his dignity, and refused to accept its dedication. Cervantes, affecting to give way to the repugnance thus manifested by the duke, only requested the favour of being permitted to read one chapter of the work to his lordship. This being conceded, such was the surprise and the pleasure which the reading afforded to his auditory, that from chapter to chapter, he was obliged to go on to the end of the book. The author was overwhelmed with praise, and the duke, yielding to the general prayer of those present, permitted himself to be immortalized.

It is likewise said, that an ecclesiastic, steward to the Duke of Bejar, who at the same time regulated his house and governed his conscience, shocked at the success of Cervantes, censured the book and the author with equal bitterness, and severely reproached the duke for the favourable reception which both had received from him. This morose monk had no doubt great influence over his client, for the duke forgot Cervantes, who, in his turn, dedicated nothing else to him. He indeed revenged himself after his own fashion, by representing the scene which has been described, with the several personages engaged in it, in the second part of Don Quixote.

The first part was published in 1605. It may be as well before going further

with this narrative, to explain what was, as to the special object of the book, the state of things at the time when it made its appearance.

The period at which it is supposed knight-errantry flourished, and within which the adventures of the paladins is comprehended, is between the extinction of ancient, and the rise of modern civilization. It was in those days of darkness and barbarism, when might was right, when justice was rendered by wager of battle, when feudal anarchy incessantly desolated the land, when religious power called to the aid of the civil authority, could find no other means than "The truce of God," to secure to a nation a few days of peace. Certainly at such an epoch, it might have been well that a brave knight should devote himself to the defence of the unfortunate and the protection of the oppressed. A warrior of high rank, lance in hand, and covered with armour, who should thus have traversed the world seeking occasions to exercise his noble profession, the generosity of his heart, and the prowess of his arm, might have been a glorious benefactor entitled to the gratitude and admiration of mankind. When he had destroyed some of the banditti who infested the high roads, or drawn from their retreats other escutcheoned robbers, who, from their castles built on the summits of the rocks, pounced like an eagle from his nest, on the helpless passengers who presented themselves an easy prey to violence; when he had delivered captives from their chains, snatched an innocent man from punishment, brought a murderer to justice, hurled a usurper from the throne—when he had in fact renewed in this primeval age of modern society, the labours of Hercules, of Theseus, of the demi-gods of a former world in its infancy—then his name, repeated from mouth to mouth, would have been preserved in the memory of men, with all the decorations of traditional history. On the other hand, women, whom public manners did not as yet protect from outrage, which they wanted bodily strength to resist, would become the principal object of the generous care of the knight-errant. Gallantry, that new description of love, unknown to antiquity, the gallantry to which christianity has given birth, mingling with sensual pleasures, respect, and a species of religious worship, would blend the knight's sweetest enjoyments with the justice his lance might administer, and thus divide his existence between war and love.

There was assuredly in the subject, treated in a certain way, matter not for a book, but for the whole literature of a country. It was easy to connect with the history of knights-errant, that of the customs of the age in which they lived, descriptions of tournaments and fêtes, the gallant justice of the courts of love, the songs of troubadours, the exhibitions of dancers and the pilgrimages of monks or warriors to the Holy-Land; and the east was open, with all its wonders; to the writer of romance. But it was not thither that they shaped their course, or at least it was not there that authors of chivalry were content to stop. Without respect for truth, or even for probability, they heaped up at pleasure the grossest blunders in history, in geography, in philosophy and even added the most dangerous errors in morals. They only knew how to tell of blows of the lance and blows of the sword, of perpetual battles, of incredible exploits, of inconsistent adventures put together from end to end without plan, connection, or intelligence; they mixed tenderness with ferocity, vice with super-

stition; they called to their aid giants, monsters, enchanters, and in fine each strove to surpass by exaggerations, impossibilities and wonders.

Nevertheless, by their very defects, books of this description could not fail to please. At the time when they appeared, some learned men had, it is true, made a noble beginning to seek the treasures of antiquity among its ruins: but the multitude, ignorant and idle, were still without wholesome aliment to fill up their leisure and the void left in their minds. On such prey they sprang with greediness. Besides, since the crusades, a general taste for adventurous enterprises had marvellously prepared them for chivalric romances, and if these had found in Spain more popular and more lasting success than any where else, it was because in Spain, more than in any other place, the taste for a chivalrous career was deeply rooted. To eight centuries of incessant warfare against the Moors and the Arabs, had succeeded the discovery and conquest of the New World, and then came the wars of Italy, Flanders and Africa. How can we be astonished at the passion evinced for books of chivalry, in a country where the examples set forth in them had been actually reduced to practice? Don Quixote was not the first madman of his kind, and the fictitious hero of La Mancha had had living precursors, models of flesh and blood. If we open the "Illustrious Men of Castile," by Hernando del Pulgar, we shall there see the well known extravagance of Don Suéro de Quinonès, son of the chief magistrate of the Asturias, spoken of with praise; who, having agreed to break three hundred lances, in order to ransom himself from the chains cast around him by his lady, defended during thirty days the pass of Orbigo, as did Rodomont the bridge of Montpellier, The same chronicler, without departing from the reign of John II., (from 1407 to 1454,) mentions a crowd of warriors personally known to him, such as Gonzalo de Guzman, Juan de Merlo, Gutierre Quejada, Juan de Polanco, Pero Vazquez de Sayavedra, Diego Varela, who not only visited their neighbours the Moors of Grenada, but traversed foreign countries, like true knights-errant, France, Germany and Italy, offering to break a lance in honour of their ladies, with any who would accept of their challenge.

This immoderate taste for romance of chivalry soon bore its fruits. Young persons estranged from the study of history, which did not offer sufficient matter for their ill-regulated curiosity, took the books of their choice, offering as models both in language and manners. Obedience to the caprice of women, adulterous amours, false points of honour, sanguinary vengeance for the most trivial injuries, unbridled luxury, contempt for social order, all these were brought into practice, and books of chivalry thus became not less fatal to good manners, than to good taste.

These fatal consequences excited at first the zeal of the moralists. Luis Vivès, Alexo Venegas, Diego Gracian, Melchor Cano, Fray Luis de Granada, Malon de Chaïde, Arias-Montano, and other sensible and pious writers, expressed aloud their indignation at the evil effects produced by such reading. The laws afterwards came to their aid. A decree of Charles V. issued in 1543, ordered the viceroys and courts of the New-World not to suffer, by either Spaniard or Indian, any romance of chivalry to be printed, sold or read. In 1555, the Cortes of Valladolid claimed, in a very energetic petition, the same prohibi-

tion for the Peninsula, and still more, demanded that all the books of that description then in existence, should be collected and burnt. Queen Jane, promised a law on this subject, which however never appeared *.

But neither the declamations of rhetoricians or moralists, nor the anathemas of legislators, could put a stop to the contagion. All these remedies were impotent opposed to the prevailing taste for the marvellous, a taste over which reason, philosophy and science, cannot gain a perfect triumph. Romances of chivalry were still written and read. Princes, lords and prelates, accepted the dedications of them; and Saint Theresa, very much attached in her youth to this kind of literature, invented a chivalrous romance, before writing *The interior of the Chateau*, and her other mysterious works. Charles V. devoured in secret the *Don Belianis of Greece*, one of the most monstrous productions of this literature run mad, even while he was issuing against it decrees of proscription; and when his sister the Queen of Hungary, wished to give a grand entertainment on her return to Germany, she could find nothing better to offer in the celebrated fêtes of Bins, 1549, than the realization of the adventures of a book of chivalry, in which all the lords of the court, and the austere Philip II. himself, took a part. This taste had even penetrated the cloisters; they read there, and even wrote romances. A franciscan monk, who was called Fray Gabriel de Mata, caused to be printed, not in the thirteenth century, but in the year 1589, a chivalric poem, of which the hero was Saint Francis the patron of his order, and the poem was entitled *ell caballero Asisio*, the knight of the Assizes. For a frontispiece it had a portrait of the saint on horseback and armed at all points, after the manner of those figures which decorate the Amadis de Gaul and the Eplandian. His horse was gaily caparisoned and adorned with magnificent plumes. He wore on the head-piece of his casque, a cross with nails and a crown of thorns. On his shield, the representation of the five wounds appeared, and on the standard of his lance, one of Faith holding

* The following are some of the passages contained in this curious petition.

"We further say that the mischief is most notorious which has been done, and is now doing to the youth of both sexes, by the reading of books of lies and vanities, such as *Amadis*, and all the books of like character, published since that period. For as young men and young women, from idleness, principally occupy themselves with these, they imbibe a taste for those reveries and adventures of which they read, as well in love as in war, and at the same time fall into other follies, and for these having once conceived a passion, when favourable opportunities occur, they give a loose run to extravagance, much more than but for such reading they would ever have done. Very often it will happen that the mother will leave her daughter shut up in the house, believing that she may leave her with safety in such a retreat, when the latter will so well employ her time in these studies, that the mother may find it would have been much wiser to have taken her child out with her. Not only does this lead to the prejudice and disparagement of individuals, but to the great detriment of conscience, for the more the parties become attached to such foolery, the more will they become indifferent to the holy, true and christian doctrine. To remedy the above mentioned evil, we supplicate your Majesty to order, under severe penalties, that no books of this description, or approaching to it, shall be read or printed, and further that those which have already been published may be collected and burnt. Doing this your Majesty will render a great service to God, in taking from young persons the reading of books of vanity, and in compelling them to read religious works, which will edify their souls and reform their lives, and your Majesty will further confer on these kingdoms a great benefit and favour."

the cross and the chalice with this legend, "In this there can be no failure." This singular book was dedicated to the constable of Castile.

Such was the state of things, when Cervantes, shut up in his little village of La Mancha, conceived the idea of overthrowing from top to bottom the whole fabric of chivalric literature. It was then in the zenith of its popularity, of its success, of its triumph, when he resolved, poor, humble, unknown, without a protector, having no power at his command but his wit and his pen, to attack the hydra which had set common sense and law at defiance. But he opposed to it arms much more efficacious in the cause of reason, than arguments, sermons and legislative prohibitions—ridicule. His success was complete. The moralists and legislators who had previously opposed books of knight-errantry, might say as Buffon said of J. J. Rousseau, with regard to nursing mothers: "We had all advised the same thing; he alone dared to order it and made himself obeyed." A gentleman of the court of Philip III., Don Juan de Silva y Toledo, lord of Canada-Hermosa, had published in 1602, *the chronicle of the prince Don Policisne de Bœcia.* This book, one of the most extravagant of its kind, was the last romance of chivalry produced in Spain. After the appearance of Don Quixote, not only was there no new romance published, but the old ones wholly ceased to be re-printed, which thus rendered scarce, have no longer value but as bibliographic curiosities. There are many of which the names only are known, and doubtless there were many more of which not even the names have been preserved. In a word, the success of the history of Don Quixote was such, that some moody critics have complained, that by the excessive power of the remedy, an opposite disease has been produced, and they have not scrupled to affirm that the irony of this satire, over-shooting the mark, had hit and severely shaken the maxims till then revered, of the old Castilian point of honour.

Having explained the primitive object of Don Quixote, it is now time to return to the history of the book and its author. According to a tradition generally admitted, and which is not at variance with probability, the first part of the work when it originally came out, was received with the most perfect indifference. As Cervantes had reason to fear, it was read by people who could not understand it, and so neglected by those who ought to have been able to comprehend all its merit. A thought struck him then, to publish under the title of *Buscapié*, (a name, given to those little fusees or serpents, thrown forward in military operations to give light to a night-march,) an anonymous pamphlet, in which, affecting to criticise his book, (as Pope did his pastorals a century later,) he explained its real object, at the same time hinting, imaginary as they were, that his characters and their actions had some reference to the men and the events of the times. This little trick completely answered the purpose. Excited by the imperfect disclosures of *Buscapié*, the leading wits of the day read the book, and from that time Cervantes saw the indifference of the public rapidly resolve itself into insatiable curiosity. The first part of Don Quixote was reprinted four times in Spain in one year, 1605, and almost immediately found its way into foreign parts,—editions of it being printed in France, Italy, Portugal and Flanders.

The dazzling success of his work was destined to have for Cervantes a result

more certain than the drawing of him from obscurity and misery—that of exciting envy, and raising up enemies against him. It is not meant to speak merely of that base vanity which all merit offends, and which the glory of another's triumph always exasperates; but there was in Don Quixote enough of literary satire—enough of arrows launched against the authors or the admirers of the books and publications of the time, to put in motion all who were in any way connected with letters. As is ever the case, great reputations can receive, without being disturbed, the blows dealt to them; and thus Lope de Vega, perhaps the most ill-treated of all, exhibited no rancour against the new writer, who ventured to mingle a few drops of wormwood with the nectar of praise with which the public had conspired to intoxicate his brains. His fame and his wealth enabled him to be generous. He had even the courtesy to declare that Cervantes wanted neither grace nor style. But it was not so with authors of the second rank, who had to defend their trumpery characters and interests. From them there was a regular out-breaking against poor Cervantes, a concert of public censures and secret diatribes. One, from the height of his pedantic erudition, treated him as having the mind of a lay-brother, wanting culture and science; another, thinking to demolish, entitled him a *Quixote-ist;* one railed at him in small pamphlets, the journals of the time; another addressed to him under cover a sonnet most injurious in its character, which Cervantes to revenge the outrage, took care to publish himself. Among men of some reputation for courage who appeared most ardent to make war upon him, the poet Don Luis de Gongora, founder of the sect of *cultos,* may be named as envious from nature, as critical from the turn of his wit; doctor Cristoval Suarez de Figueroa, another writer, cynical and jealous; and thus down to the hair-brained D'Esteban Villegas, who gave his poems dated from college, the title of "Delicious morsels," and had the modesty to cause his likeness to be given for the frontispiece, in which he was represented as a rising sun, dimming the lustre of the stars, adding to this device, lest by some it should be thought too obscure, a motto well calculated to guard against all ambiguity: *sicut soli matutinus me surgente, quid istæ?* Cervantes, who had as little malice as vanity, must have laughed at these attempts of self-love on the part of his adversaries, vainly to arrest the progress of his rising glory; but what must have most deeply wounded his affectionate heart, was the desertion of some of his friends, or those at least, who are such so long as their contemporaries do not rise above their level, but who never pardon in their associates the crime of transcending themselves. It is painful to number among these the name of Vicente Espinel, a romance-writer, poet and musician, the author of *Marcos de Obregon*—who invented the strophe called *espinela,* and who gave the fifth cord to the guitar. Cervantes would have been too happy if he had not experienced that alloy which always mingles with the joy consequent on success. It is sufficient to mention this once for all, as that which is inevitable, and it will therefore be unnecessary to recur to it.

The period of the publication of Don Quixote, is that of the birth of Philip IV., which took place at Valladolid, April 8, 1605. In the preceding year, Don Juan Fernandez de Velasco, constable of Castile, had been sent to

England, to negociate a peace. James I., in return for this high compliment, despatched Admiral Lord Howard to present the treaty of peace to the king of Spain, and to congratulate him on the birth of his son. Lord Howard landed at Corunna with six hundred English, and entered Valladolid, May 26th 1605. He was received with all the magnificence that the court of Spain could display. Among the religious ceremonies, the bull-fights, the masked-balls, the reviews and the games or tourneys, where the king himself ran at the ring, and all the fêtes, which were lavished on the admiral, mention is made of a dinner given to his lordship by the constable of Castile, where twelve-hundred dishes were served of meat and fish, without mentioning the dessert and a superabundance of other delicacies. The duke of Lerma had an account of these ceremonies written, which was printed at Valladolid in the same year. Cervantes is believed to be the author, at least an epigrammatic sonnet of Gongora, who was an eye witness, seems to give proof of it.*

It was in the train of these rejoicings, that an unhappy event occurred to distress the family of Cervantes, and conduct him, for the third time, to prison. A knight of St. James, named Don Gaspar de Ezpeleta, wishing to pass, on the night of the 27th of June, 1605, over the wooden bridge of the river Esqueva, was prevented by a stranger; a quarrel ensued, and the two combatants drawing their swords, Don Gaspar was pierced with several wounds. Crying for help, he took refuge, covered with blood, in one of the neighbouring houses: one of the two apartments on the first floor of this house, was occupied by Donna Luisa de Montoya, widow of the historian Esteban de Garibay, with her two sons, and the other by Cervantes and his family. At the cries of the wounded man, Cervantes hastened to him, with one of the sons of his neighbour; they found Don Gaspar lying under the portico, his sword in one hand, and his shield in the other, and they took him in to widow Garibay's, where he expired on the following day. An inquest was immediately held, by the *alcalde de casa y corte*, Cristobal de Villaroel; they took the depositions of Cervantes, of his wife Donna Catalina de Palacios Salazar, of his natural daughter Donna Isabel de Saavedra, then twenty years of age, of his sister Donna Andrea de Cervantes, a widow, having a daughter twenty-eight years of age, called Donna Constanza de Ovando, of a nun Donna Magdalena de Sotomayor, who was also said to be the sister of Cervantes, of his servant Maria de Cevallos, and lastly of two friends, who happened to be in the house Senor de Cigales and a Portuguese named Simon Mendez. Supposing, whether right or wrong, that

* The following is the substance of the sonnet:—

"The queen is delivered; the Lutheran is come, with his six hundred heretics and as many heresies; we have spent a million in a fortnight, to give him jewels, banquets and wine.

"We have made a parade, or a grand display, and given feasts, which were so many tumults, to the English legate, and the spies of him who swore to observe the peace, by Calvin.

"We have baptized the son of a monarch, who is born to be king of Spain, and we have made a dance of enchantments.

"We remain poor, Luther is become rich, and these great exploits have been written by Don Quixote, by Sancho and by his ass."

Don Gaspar had been killed in a love affair with the daughter or the niece of Cervantes, the judge had those ladies arrested, as well as Cervantes himself and his sister, the widow Ovando. It was not till the end of eight or ten days, after examinations and hearing witnesses, and even giving bail, that the four prisoners were released. The depositions to which this disagreeable incident gave rise, prove that at this time, to sustain the burthen of four women, of whom he was the only support, Cervantes still occupied himself with agencies, and mixed with the cultivation of literature the dull, but less barren pursuits of business.

It may be presumed that Cervantes followed the court to Madrid in 1606, and that he fixed his residence from that time forward, in that capital, where he was near to his relations at Alcala, to those of his wife at Esquevias, and well placed at the same time for his literary engagements and his business agencies. It has been lately established, that in June, 1609, he lived in the street de la *Magdalena*, and shortly afterwards behind the college of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette; in June, 1610, in the street *del Leon*, No. 9; in 1614, in the street *Las Huertas;* afterwards in the street *duc d'Albe*, at the corner of that of San Isidoro; thence he is traced to the spot, whence he took his final departure in 1616, in the street *del Leon*, No. 20, at the corner of that of *Francos*, where he died.

After his return to Madrid, Cervantes, growing old, without fortune and having to struggle for a numerous family, experienced the same ingratitude in regard to his talents that he had met with for his services, at a period when, if sordid dedications produced pensions for their authors, books brought them nothing; neglected by his friends, outraged by his rivals, and having been brought by long and painful experience, to a state, which from the absence of every gay illusion, the Spanish describe by the word *desengano*, Cervantes sought complete retirement. He lived as a philosopher, without murmuring, without complaining, not in that state of golden mediocrity, which Horace commends to the votaries of the muses, but in poverty and distress. He found however, two patronizing friends, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, archbishop of Toledo, and a distinguished and enlightened nobleman, Don Pedro Fernandez de Castro, Count de Lemos, author of the comedy entitled *la Casa Confusa*, which brought round him, in 1610, a little literary court in his vice-royalty at Naples, who did not forget, in a situation at once so exalted and so distant, the old wounded soldier who was unable to follow him.

One thing really inexplicable, which, however, does as much honour to the independent spirit of Cervantes, as it reflects shame on those who had the dispensing of royal favours, is the obscurity in which this illustrious man was left, while crowds of small wits received allowances, which they had begged by their pitiful strains in prose and verse. It is mentioned that one day Philip III., being at the balcony of his palace, perceived a student, who was walking with a book in his hand, on the margin of the Manzanares. This man, wrapped up in a black cloak, stopped every minute, struck his forehead with his hand and burst out in loud peals of laughter. Philip, observing this pantomime from a distance, exclaimed,—"That student is a madman, or he is reading Don Quixote." Some of the courtiers ran immediately to ascertain if royal penetration was, in this instance right, and returning, announced to the king that it was

really Don Quixote the student was engaged with and from which he received so much delight; but it occurred to none of them to advise the prince of the neglect under which the author of a work so popular and so admirable then languished.

Another anecdote of a somewhat later period, it may not be improper to insert here, to shew still more decidedly the high estimation in which Cervantes was held, as well as the poverty to which he was reduced. The party from whom this fact is obtained, the licentiate Francisco Marquez de Torres, chaplain to the archbishop of Toledo, who was instructed to censure the second part of Don Quixote, shall speak for himself. He says,—"I truly certify, that on the 25th of February of this year, 1615, the most illustrious lord cardinal archbishop, my lord and master, having been to pay a visit to the ambassador of France, many French gentlemen who had accompanied the ambassador, as well courtiers as scholars and friends to polite literature, came to me and the other chaplains of the cardinal, desirous of learning from us what books of imagination we had that were then in vogue. I happened to mention Don Quixote, which I had critically examined. Scarcely had they heard the name of Miguel de Cervantes, when they began to whisper to each other, and spake much of the admiration excited in France and the neighbouring states, for his various works. The *Galatea*, one of them knew almost by heart, as also the first part of Don Quixote, and the Novels. Their applause was so enthusiastic that I offered to take them to see the author of the books we had mentioned, an offer which they welcomed with a thousand demonstrations of lively satisfaction. They questioned me much in detail as to his age, his profession, his birth and his fortune. I was obliged to reply that he was old, a soldier, a gentleman and poor; to which one of them replied precisely in these words:—'What then, has Spain not made such a man rich? Is he not provided for by the state?' One of the gentlemen taking up this idea, ingeniously remarked:—'If it is necessity that urges him to write, Heaven grant that he may never know abundance, so that from his remaining in poverty, the world may be enriched with more of his books.'"

The first edition of Don Quixote, that of 1635, had been published while the author was at a great distance, and from a manuscript in his hand writing, which it was very difficult to make out; in consequence it was full of faults. One of the first cares of Cervantes, when established at Madrid, was to publish a second edition of his book, which he carefully revised and corrected. This second edition, published in 1608, was greatly superior to its predecessor, and has been used as a model for all the reprints which have since been given to the world.

Four years after, in 1612, Cervantes published the twelve novels, which form with the two episodes given in Don Quixote, and the one discovered at a subsequent period, the collection of fifteen novels which he had composed since he resided at Seville. They have already been mentioned in a former part of this memoir. This book, which is described in the privilege granted for publication, "as a very laudable and entertaining work, in which the nobleness and fecundity of the Castilian language are displayed," was received in Spain and

in foreign countries, with as much favour as Don Quixote. Lope de Vega imitated him in two different ways, in composing in his turn, novels very inferior to those written by Cervantes, and in bringing on the stage several of the subjects treated by the latter. Other great dramatists drew from the same source, and among them, the monk Fray Gabriel Tellez, known under the name of Tirso de Molina, who pronounced Cervantes to be the *Spanish Boccacio,* Don Agustino Moreto, Don Diego de Figueroa, and Don Antonio Solis.

After the novels, Cervantes published, in 1614, his poem, entitled, *A journey to Parnassus.* In this work, which was written in imitation of that of Cesare Caporali, of Perouse, he praises the good authors of his time, and attacks without mercy those adepts of the new school, who by their ridiculous and delirious innovations had impaired and almost annihilated the beautiful language of the Golden Age. In the dialogue, he complains of the actors, who would neither perform any of the plays which he had formerly written, nor those which he had recently prepared for the stage. Lope de Vega, continued to be so much the rage that the productions of other writers were regarded with perfect indifference. Cervantes felt hurt at the neglect which he experienced. On this subject in his preface to his plays, he thus breathes his resentment.

"Some years ago, I had recourse again to my old amusement; and, on the supposition that the times were not altered since my name was in some estimation, I composed a few pieces for the stage; but found no birds in last year's nests: my meaning is, I could find no player who would ask for my performances, though the whole company knew they were finished; so that I threw them aside, and condemned them to perpetual silence. About this time, a certain bookseller, (his name was Villaroel,) told me that he would have purchased my plays, had he not been prevented by an actor, who said, that from my prose much might be expected, but nothing from my verse. I confess I was not a little chagrined at hearing this declaration; and said to myself either I am quite altered, or the times are greatly improved, contrary to common observation, by which the past is always preferred to the present. I revised my comedies, together with some interludes which had lain some time in a corner, and I did not think them so wretched, but that they might appeal from the muddy brain of this player to the clearer perception of other actors less scrupulous and more judicious. Being quite out of humour, I parted with the copy to a bookseller, who offered me a tolerable price; I took his money, without giving myself any farther trouble about the actors, and he printed them as you see. I could wish they were the best in the world, or at least possessed of some merit. Gentle reader, thou wilt soon see how they are, and if thou canst find anything to thy liking, and afterwards shouldst happen to meet with any back-biting actor, desire him for me, to take care and mend himself; for I offend no man: as for the plays, thou mayest tell him, they contain no glaring nonsense, no palpable absurdities."

Though severe the opinion expressed by the actor, it was not very ill founded. It must, however, have been acutely felt by Cervantes, who rhymed in despite of Minerva, and who clung with childish fondness to his fame as a poet. Eight comedies were printed by Villaroel, in 1615, and as many interludes, with a

dedication to Count de Lemos, and a prologue, which is not only very lively, but also very interesting, as connected with the history of the Spanish stage. Lope de Vega continued to reign at that period, and the rival who was to dethrone him, Calderon, had just commenced his career. The public received with indifference the best pieces of Cervantes, and the actors did not think fit to represent one of them. Both the public and the players were ingrates perhaps, but not very unjust. Who can blame them for having left unnoticed comedies, of which Blas de Nasarre, reprinting them a century afterwards, supposes that Cervantes had written them badly by design, to burlesque the extravagant follies which had in his time been so much in vogue.

In the same year, 1615, another little work by Cervantes saw the light, which was connected with a circumstance of some interest. Spain preserved still the custom of *joutes poétiques*, or struggles, which are still kept up in the South of France, under the name of Floral games. Paul V., having canonised in 1614, the famous saint Theresa de Jesus, the triumph of that heroine of the cloisters was given as a subject for poetical competition, of which Lope de Vega was appointed one of the judges. It was ordered that the ecstacies of the saint should be sung in the form of the ode, called *cancion castellana*, and in the metre of the first eclogue of Garcilaso de la Vega, the sweetly melancholy shepherd-poet. All the writers of any name took part in the contention, and Cervantes, turning lyric poet at the age of sixty-two, sent his ode with the rest, which though it did not gain the prize, was at least printed as among the best which the occasion had produced, in the history of the fêtes which all Spain celebrated to the glory of her illustrious daughter.

It was also in the same year 1615, that the second part of Don Quixote appeared.

This work was far advanced, and it had been announced in the prologue to his novels and he still laboured at it assiduously, when about the middle of the year 1614, a continuation of the first part appeared at Tarragona, as the work of the licentiate Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas. This was a fictitious description under which was concealed the insolent plagiarism which, while the original author was living, dared to steal from him the title and the subject of his book. It has not been possible to discover the real name of the writer; it however appears to be proved from the researches of Mayans, of P. Murillo, and of Pellicer, that it was an Arragonese monk of the preaching order, and one of the play-writers, at which Cervantes laughs so heartily in the first part of Don Quixote. Like certain robbers on the highways who outrage the unfortunate persons they rob, the pretended Avellaneda commenced his book by vomiting all the gall which a heart full of hatred and jealousy could pour forth, overwhelming Cervantes with the grossest abuse. He called him cripple, old man, hangman, calumniator,—he reproached him with his misfortunes, with his imprisonments and his poverty, and finally accused him of being destitute of wit and talent, and boasted that he would spoil the sale of his second part. When this book fell into the hands of Cervantes, when he saw so many insults offered to him, at the opening of an insipid work, a work at once pedantic and indecent, piqued by such effrontery, he prepared to take vengeance on

the assailant in a manner worthy of himself. He hastened to finish his own book, and made such efforts that the last chapters exhibit some marks of precipitation. He however, was anxious that there should be nothing in it that would render it possible for his work to be compared with the book of Avellaneda. In dedicating his comedies to the Count de Lemos, at the opening of the year 1615, he says "Don Quixote has put on his spurs that he may hasten to kiss the feet of your excellency. I believe he will appear a little peevish, because at Tarragona, he was bewildered and ill-treated, nevertheless, it has been established by a diligent enquiry, that it is not really he who figures in that history, but an impostor who wishes to pass for him, yet cannot accomplish his object." Cervantes did better still; even in the text of Don Quixote, (prologue and chapter 59,) he replies to the grossest insults, offered by his plagiarist, without ever deigning to mention his name, by raillery the most playful, delicate and witty; thus proving himself as superior to such an adversary by the nobleness and dignity of his resentment, as by the overwhelming merit of his writings. But in order to withdraw from future Avellanedas all temptation to continue the adventures of his hero, he in this volume carries him to his death-bed: receives his will, his confession and his last sigh: he buries him, supplies his epitaph, and then feels himself justified in exclaiming with a noble and a just pride: "Here Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, puts down his pen; but he has placed it so high that no one henceforth will think it prudent to make a new attempt at seizing it." It cannot be mentioned but with regret, that the flat and miserable continuation published by the licentiate of Tordesillas, was translated into French, by the author of Gil Blas, and that the great body of French readers confounded it till latterly with the genuine work of Cervantes.

We pause here for a moment to examine Don Quixote, not merely for its objects and its origin, but for itself; to consider finally under its general aspect this imperishable work, the glory alike of its author and his country.

In his Persian letters, Montesquieu, makes one of his characters say: "The Spaniards have but a single admirable book that which shows the absurdity of all the rest of their literature." This is one of those amusing sarcasms which please by their very extravagance, and which the Spaniards ought not to have taken seriously. Is any one angry in France, because Rica, the character whose remark has just been quoted, says, at the close of the very same letter, that: "At Paris, there is a house where madmen are confined.... Unquestionably the French, much decried in neighbouring countries, find it necessary to shut up a few of their number in a mad-house, to persuade the world that those suffered to go at large are not mad." The banter in this one case is about as good as it is in the other. The remark of Montesquieu on Don Quixote, is however, equally incorrect, for the character of the eulogium pronounced on that work, and the unmeasured condemnation pronounced on every other. If it had no merit but that of parodying romances of chivalry, it would not have long survived. Its object accomplished, after a time the conqueror would have been buried with the conquered. Is it the criticism on Amadis, on Esplandian, on Platir, and on Kyrie-Eleison, that we seek in it now? No doubt Cervantes calculated among its merits, that it would utterly ruin and overthrow that extravagant and dan-

gerous literature, which had too long prevailed in Spain. His book in this respect is a moral work, which unites in the most eminent degree the merits of true comedy, to amuse and correct at the same time. Don Quixote is anything but a mere satire on the old romances, and it may not be improper to attempt pointing out the transformations which the subject underwent in the mind of the author.

It is certainly probable, that in commencing the work, Cervantes had no object in view, but to attack with the weapons of ridicule, all the chivalric literature of his country. This is indeed stated in due form in his prologue. Further it may suffice to remark the strange negligence, the contradictions, the absurdities which abound in the first part of Don Quixote, to prove from these very defects, (if after all they are really defects,) that he began it in a mirthful moment, in a whim without any prepared plan, letting his pen run at random as imagination prompted, to find himself at last the romancer, as La Fontaine did himself to be, the fabulist of nature, and not attaching any great premeditated importance to the work of which as yet, he had not comprehended all the grandeur. Don Quixote at first is but a madman, a complete madman; a madman, bound, and even beaten, for the poor gentleman, receives more blows from beasts and men, than even the haunches of Rocinante could support. But this is only for a short time. Could Cervantes long confine himself between madness and stupidity? He manifests an affection for his heroes—the children of his understanding as he calls them, and soon in equal and well-regulated portions, he divides between them his judgment and his wit. To the master he gives reason, elevated and enlarged, which in a sound mind would give birth to study and reflection; to the servant an instinct, limited but unerring, innate good sense, a natural clearness of perception, when not disturbed by the interests of the moment, which all men may receive with their birth, and which common experience will suffice to cultivate. Don Quixote is but the case of a man of diseased brain; his monomania is that of a good man who revolts at injustice, and who would exalt virtue. He indulges a day dream of making himself the comforter of the afflicted, the champion of the weak, the terror of the proud and the wicked. On all other subjects he reasons admirably, he utters eloquent dissertations; he is fitter, as Sancho says, '*rather to be a preacher than a knight-errant.*' On his part, Sancho assumes a new shape; he is sly though coarse, subtle though blunt. As Don Quixote, has but one grain of madness, his squire has but one of credulity, which however is justified, by the superior intelligence of his master, and accounts for the attachment to him which he feels.

They furnish an admirable spectacle. We see these two men, become inseparable, like the soul and body, sustaining and completing each other; united for an object, at once noble and ridiculous, performing foolish deeds, but making wise speeches; exposed to the mirth if not to the brutality of spectators, and bringing to light the vices and the follies of those by whom they are mocked or more seriously mal-treated; exciting at first the contempt of the reader, afterwards his pity, and finally his most lively sympathies. They affect almost as much as they amuse; they give at the same moment a mirthful entertainment and a moral lesson; forming, in short, by the perpetual contrast of one with the

other and of both with all the rest of the world, the unfailing materials for a drama, immense in its design, and always new.

It is more especially in the second part of Don Quixote, that we discover the new plan of the author, ripened by age and greater experience of the world. There is no question of knight-errantry, more than is necessary to continue the original idea that the same general plan may embrace the two parts. It is no longer a playful parody on chivalric romance; it is a book of practical philosophy, a collection of maxims or rather of parables, a mild and judicious critique on human nature generally. The new personage introduced to the familiarity of the hero of La Mancha, Samson Carrasco; what is he but an incredulous sceptic who laughs at everything without restraint and without respect. To give another example, who has not thought, reading the second part of Don Quixote for the first time, that Sancho invested with the government of the island of Barataria, would provoke laughter by his foolery? who has not expected that this improvisatore monarch, would commit more extravagances on the seat of justice than Don Quixote could accomplish in his penitence on the Sierra Morena? They find themselves mistaken. The genius of Cervantes looks much further than the mere amusement of the reader, without however, forgetting even that. He wished to prove that the so loudly boasted science of government is not the secret of one family, or of a particular caste, but that it is accessible to all, and that it is necessary, constantly to exercise other qualities more precious than a knowledge of the laws and the study of politics, good sense and good intentions. Without departing from his character—without exceeding the limits of the sphere of his mind as previously defined, Sancho Panza judges and reigns like king Solomon.

The second part of Don Quixote did not appear till ten years after the first; and Cervantes when he published the latter did not think of supplying a continuation. It was then fashionable to leave works of imagination unfinished. The writers of that day were accustomed to bring their histories to a conclusion, as Ariosto did the songs of his poem, in the midst of the most complicated adventures and in the most interesting part of the action. *Le Lazarille de Tormès* and *Le Diable Boiteux*, have no denoûment, neither has the *Galatea*. Even in France, *Gil Blas* was written in three fragments. It was not the continuation of Avellaneda, which decided Cervantes to furnish the second part of Don Quixote, as he had nearly written it when the imitation appeared. If Don Quixote had been but a literary satire it might have remained unfinished. It is clearly with the design which has been ascribed to him, that Cervantes resumed and continued the subject. Therefore it is that the two portions of the work offer an instance perfectly unique in the annals of literature, of a second part, being written on an after-thought, which not only equals, but surpasses the first. It is because the execution is not inferior, and the original idea is greater and more fertile—it is because the work addresses itself to all nations and to all times—it is because it speaks the universal language of human nature: it is in fine perhaps the only one which elevates to the highest rank that rare and precious quality above all others, with which the human mind is endowed, common sense, which is so scarce; good sense, so good indeed that nothing can be better.

It is here only intended to give an explanation in some degree historical of the book of Cervantes, for of what use would it be to pronounce its eulogium; Who has not read it? who does not know it by heart? who has not thought with Sir Walter Scott, the greatest admirer, as he is the noblest rival of Cervantes, that it is one of the master-pieces of human genius. Is there any tale more popular? is there any history which affords more pleasure to readers of all ages, of all tastes, of all characters, and of all conditions. Have we not always before our eyes Don Quixote, tall, grim and solemn, and Sancho fat, short and humourous, the housekeeper of the former, the wife of the latter, and the curate, and the barber master Nicholas, the servant Maritornes, and the bachelor Carrasco, and all the other characters of the history including Rocinante and the ass, another pair of inseparable friends! Can it be forgotten how this book is conceived? how it is executed? Can we have failed to admire the perfect unity of the plan, and the immense diversity of the details? The imagination of Cervantes is so fruitful, is so lavish of its gifts that it more than satisfies the curiosity of the most insatiable reader. The infinite skill with which the incidents succeed and are blended with each other, always animated by an interest continually varied continually increasing, and which however are notwithstanding quitted without regret for the still more lively pleasure of resuming the thread of the two heroes' adventures. Their similarity and their contrast at the same time, the speeches of the master, the sallies of the valet, a gravity never heavy, a light humour never trifling, a close and natural alliance of the burlesque and the sublime, of laughter and emotion, amusement and morality. In a word is it possible not to have felt the charms and beauties of that harmonious, magnificent and graceful language, adapting itself to every shape and every manner; of that style in which all styles are united, from the most familiar comic to the most lofty eloquence, and which elicited the remark that the book was "divinely written in a divine language!"

But this last satisfaction is only enjoyed in perfection by those who are so fortunate as to be able to read it in the original. Of such there are comparatively but few on this side of the Pyrenees: We no longer live in the times when Spanish was spoken at Paris, Brussels, Munich, Vienna, Milan and Naples, where it was the language of courts, of politics, and of high fashion: the French tongue has dethroned it. On the other hand, however, it is easy for every one to fancy that he can read Don Quixote, finding it translated into his own idiom. If no book can boast of having so many readers, none assuredly can boast of having had more translators. It is found in Holland, in Denmark, in Sweden, and in Russia. In German there are authors not less celebrated than Tieck and Soltau, who have not thought it beneath them to translate into the language of their country, the great work of Cervantes. In England it has had eight or ten translators, and the names of Jarvis and Smollett are among the number. Perhaps it may boast of as many in Italy from Franciosini down to the anonymous translators of 1815, for whom the engravings of Novelli were designed. In France the translations which have been made, are still more numerous, if we include all the versions which have appeared since its first sketches of Cæsar Oudin and de Rosset, contemporaries of the book, down to the two translations produced in the present century. That offered by Filleau de Saint Martin,

about the middle of the last, is, if not the best, at least the most extensively diffused. In the introduction supplied by M. Auger in 1819, he made the remark that the number of editions of that single translation, published in France, amounted at the time of his writing,—will it be credited?—to fifty one! Since that time a fifty second edition has appeared. This success, which is perhaps wholly unexampled proves in a striking manner the immense merit of the original work, and the curiosity always new,—always on the increase, which it continues to make from age to age. From this it of necessity results that Don Quixote is most powerfully endowed with the principle of life, or rather that it bears on its front the stamp of immortality to have so gloriously survived the rude mutilations of its translators. It was written with too much wit and address to be comprehended by every one, and it was necessary to use some ingenuity, to put the emissaries of the holy office on a false scent. This will account for the caution observable in some instances, and we cannot too much admire the adroit management, the double meaning, the sly allusions, and the delicate irony so cleverly veiled, which Cervantes used to disguise to the inquisition, thoughts too boldly conceived, too insulting, and too profound to be openly and without reserve avowed. It was in fact necessary for two hundred years, to read Don Quixote as the epitaph of the licentiate Pedro Garcias, was read, and like the student in Gil Blas, to raise the tomb stone in order to know what soul was there interred. Now many of the allusions to the author's contemporaries, necessarily escape us, and it becomes more difficult to comprehend the meaning of Cervantes. The words alone are seen, the object which he had in view, is concealed, and the Spaniards themselves do not in every instance fully understand the meaning of their favorite author. The key is wanting, and that can only be found in the recent commentaries of the Rev. John Bowles, of Pellicer, of the Spanish academy of Fernandez Navarrette, of Los Rios, of Arrieta, and of Clémencin. No translator has till now had the opportunity of profitting by their labours to understand Cervantes, and to make him understood. Such assistance however was desirable—was indispensable. Of these aids M. Viardot, has been on the alert to avail himself, and the fruits of his industry will be found in many pages of the present edition of Don Quixote.

More than sixty years of age, toiling with all the ardour, and all the energy of a young man, Cervantes was engaged at the same moment in writing several important works. In that noble dedication, every way worthy of him, which in October 1615, he addressed to his patron the Count de Lemos, published with the second part of Don Quixote, he announced to him the speedy appearance of another romance, "Persiles and Sigismunda," (*Los trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda.*) In the same way he had promised on other occasions, the second part of the "Galatea," and two novels the exact description of which is not known, entitled (*Las Semanas del Jardin.*) Of the works last mentioned, not even a fragment remains. As to "Persiles and Sigismunda," that was published by his widow in 1617. Strange to say in the moment when Cervantes destroyed the romance of chivalry, by the darts of irresistible satire, with the same pen which hurled those murderous weapons, he wrote a romance almost as absurd as any of those which had turned the brain of his Hidalgo. He made himself at once

the censor and the apologist, imitating those he ridiculed, and being the first to commit the sin, on which he had poured his anathema. Not less strange is it, that it was for this work that his warmest eulogium and fondest predilections were reserved, like those parents whose blind admiration is lavished on the sickly and ill-formed offspring of their old age, rather than on their elder, robust and comely progeny. Of Don Quixote he speaks with modesty, almost with embarrassment, but he pompously proclaims to the world the wonders of "Persiles and Sigismunda." This was like Corneille, placing Nicomède before Cinna; or Milton preferring "Paradise Regained," to "Paradise Lost." It is difficult to say to what class of works of imagination the romance of "Persiles and Sigismunda," properly belongs, for it has a touch of all without being distinctly identified with any. It is a tissue of episodes interlaced with each other, like those of one of Calderon's intrigues, consisting of extravagant adventures, silly rencounters, astounding prodigies, preposterous characters, and extravagant sentiments. Cervantes the exact, the judicious painter of the physical and the moral, would in this instance have done well to lay his scene in the hyperborean regions, for the adventures he recounts, belong to an imaginary world and have no relation to the one which he had before his eyes. The reading however of this breaking out of a great mind, which might easily be made to furnish matter for twenty dramas and a hundred tales, cannot fail to make us admire the imagination of one almost seventy years of age, as rich, as fertile as that of Ariosto, nor can we praise too much that pen, which always noble, elegant and bold, covers the absurdities of his narrative with the magnificent dress of his language. The "Persiles and Sigismunda," is more correct and more polished than Don Quixote. It is in many parts a perfect model of style, and perhaps the most classical book in Spain. It may be compared to a palace, built wholly of marble and cedar wood, but without order, without proportions, without shape, and in fact offering instead of an architectural design, a mass of precious materials. Looking at the subject of the work, at the name of the author, and at the preference which he gave it over all his other labours, together with the excellent touches which are thus so madly thrown away, we are justified in regarding his "Persiles and Sigismunda," as one of the most striking aberrations of the human mind.

Cervantes could neither enjoy the fame which he complacently promised to this last effusion of his genius, this Benjamin of *the children of his mind*, nor the durable and legitimate success of that work which constituted his true claim to immortality. Always unfortunate, he was not permitted to see through contemporary praise the immense glories he was to receive from posterity. At the moment when he published the second part of Don Quixote, towards the close of the year 1615, being then sixty-eight years of age, he was attacked without chance of remedy, by that malady which shortly afterwards closed his life. Hoping at the commencement of the fine season to find some relief from the air of the country he set off on the 2nd of April following, for the village of Esquivias, where his wife's relations still resided. At the end of a few days, finding his illness increase, he was obliged to return to Madrid, being brought back by two friends who took care of him on the road. It was on this occasion return-

ing from Esquivias, that a little incident occurred, which he converted into the prologue to "Persiles and Sigismunda," and which gives us the only detailed relation extant of the character and progress of his malady.

The three friends were quietly pursuing their road, when a student who was behind them, mounted on an ass, called to them to stop for him, and regretted on joining them, that he had not been able sooner to overtake and enjoy their company. One of the villagers from Esquivias replied, that the fault lay with the horse of Senor Miguel de Cervantes, which had a very long step. On hearing the name of Cervantes, which he passionately admired without knowing the man, the student sprang from his seat, seized the hand of our author, and pressing it between his own, exclaimed: "Yes, yes, here is the maimed but potent hand, the all famous, the mirthful writer,—in short the prime favorite of the Muses." Cervantes finding himself thus improvisatorised, overwhelmed with caresses and eulogies, replied to them with his wonted modesty, and desired the student to remount his animal, that they might continue their journey together. "We held in our horses a little," Cervantes continues, "and on the road conversed on the subject of my illness. My sentence was soon pronounced by the good student. 'Your complaint,' said he, 'is dropsy which could not be cured by all the waters of the ocean, even though you should drink them drop by drop. Your worship, Senor Cervantes, should in drinking allow yourself but short rations, and do not forget to eat well, and attending to these directions you will get better without any other medicine.' 'That is what many people have told me already,' I replied, 'but I can no more refrain from drinking with all my might, than could one, who was born for no other purpose. My life is about to close, and with the short beatings of my pulse, which will cease at the latest by Sunday next, I shall finish my course. You, sir, have arrived at the wrong moment to make my acquaintance, as I have not time enough left, to show the gratitude I feel for the interest you so kindly take in my welfare.' While conversing thus, we came to the bridge of Toledo, which I crossed, while the student turned off, to go to that of Segovia."

This prologue, without sequel or connection, from the burlesque portrait which he draws of the student, at least shows that Cervantes retained all his former gaiety when on the point of bidding a long adieu to his merry friends. It was the last effort of his pen, his disease made frightful progress; he took to his bed and received extreme unction on the 18th of April. It was then that the return of his friend the count de Lemos, was announced, who had just been removed from the vice royalty of Naples to the presidency of the council. The last thoughts of Cervantes were identified with sentiments of gratitude; a tender recollection of his former protector. Almost in his dying moments, he dictated the following letter which is translated word for word.

"Those ancient verses, which were celebrated in their time, and which begin thus,

'One foot already in the grave,'

"I could wish were less appropriate in this my letter, for almost with the same words I may properly commence and say:

'One foot already in the grave,
And in the agonies of death,
Great lord I write these lines to thee.'[1]

"Yesterday they gave me extreme unction, and to-day I write this letter. My time is short; my sufferings increase, hope fades, and with all this to deplore, I sustain existence from a wish that I have to retain life a little longer, and to stay the progress of my disease, till I can approach to kiss the feet of your excellency. Perhaps the joy of seeing you well and in Spain again, would be so great that it would restore me to health. But if it is decreed that I should lay down my life, why then let Heaven's will be accomplished. May your excellency be made acquainted with this wish of mine, and know that you had in me a slave so desirous of serving, that he would even come from beyond the grave to evince his attachment. I rejoice at the return of your excellency; I rejoice to see you every-where successfully command; and I rejoice still more that my hopes are accomplished, established on the fame of your virtues——."

This letter which ought, according to Los Rios, to be always present to the view of great men and authors, to teach the one, generosity, the other, gratitude, most clearly proves the perfect serenity which the soul of Cervantes preserved, even to the last. Attacked soon after by a wearisome languor, he expired on Saturday the 23rd April, 1616.

The Rev. John Bowle has made the remark that the two greatest geniuses of that celebrated era, both comparatively little known to their contemporaries, and both signally avenged by posterity, Miguel de Cervantes, and William Shakespeare, departed this life on the very same day. It will certainly be found in the biographical sketches of Shakespeare, that he died on his birth-day on the 23rd of April, 1616; but it should be borne in mind that the English did not adopt the Gregorian calendar till 1752, and consequently up to that period they were behind the Spaniards in their dates, as the Russians are now behind the rest of Europe. Shakespeare, therefore, survived Cervantes twelve days.

By his will, Cervantes named as executors, his wife Donna Catalina de Palacios Salazar, and his neighbour the licentiate Francisco Nunnez, and he ordered that he should be buried in the convent of a religious brotherhood called the Trinitarians, founded four years before, in the street *del Humilladero*, where his daughter, Donna Isabel de Saavedra, driven to it probably by the poverty of the paternal house, had recently taken the veil. It is probable that this last wish of Cervantes was respected; but in 1633 the monks *del Humilladero*, removed to a new convent in the street *de Cantaranas*, and it is not known what became of the ashes of Cervantes, of which no tomb, no stone, no inscription, indicates the last resting place.

[1] 'Puesto ya el pie en el estribo,
Con las ansias de la muerte,
Gran senór, esta te escribo.'

From similar negligence, the two portraits made of him by Jauregui and Pacheco, have been suffered to perish. Only a single copy of one of them has been preserved till our time. It is of the reign of Philip IV, the grand epoch of Spanish painting, and some attribute it to Alonzo del Arco, others to the school of Vicencio Carducho or of Eugenio Cajès. Be this as it may, whoever was the artist, it answers exactly to the picture Cervantes has drawn of himself, in the prologue to his novels. He supposes that one of his friends wishes to engrave his portrait to serve as a frontispiece to the book, and the following inscription was to be placed under it. "He whom you see here, with an acquiline countenance, and chesnut hair; the forehead smooth and uncovered, the nose awry, though well proportioned; the beard silver (it is not twenty years since it was gold;) large moustachios, a small mouth, teeth not very numerous, for he has but six in front, and yet more, they are in bad condition and worse arranged, since they do not correspond one with another; the figure between the two extremes, neither large nor small; the complexion clear, rather pale than brown; a little stooping in the shoulders, and not very light about the feet; this is the author of '*Galatea*' and of '*Don Quixote de la Mancha,*' and other works, thrown on the town which may have lost their road, the name of their master being unknown. He is commonly called Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra." He afterwards speaks of his left hand, which was injured at the battle of Lepanto, and finishes his portrait in the following words: "In fine, since this opportunity has offered, and since I may remain in blank without form, I am forced to make myself of some importance by my tongue, which though it may stammer and speak rather confusedly here, utters only such truths, as may be understood by signs."

All has now been stated that could be collected of this illustrious man, one of those who pay by suffering through a whole life, for the tardy honours of posthumous fame. Born of a family, honourable, but poor; receiving in the first instance a liberal education, but thrown into domestic servitude by calamity; page, valet de chambre, and afterwards soldier; crippled at the battle of Lepanto; distinguished at the capture of Tunis; taken by a Barbary corsair; captive for five years in the slave-depôts of Algiers; ransomed by public charity, after every effort to effect his liberation by industry and courage had been made in vain; again a soldier in Portugal and the Azores; struck with a woman noble and poor, like himself; recalled one moment to letters by love, and exiled from them the next by distress; recompensed for his services and talents by the magnificent appointment of clerk to a victualling board; accused of malversation with regard to the public money; thrown into prison by the king's ministers, released after proving his innocence; subsequently again imprisoned by mutinous peasants; become a poet by profession, and a general agent; transacting, to gain a livelihood, negociations by commission, and writing dramas for the theatre; discovering when more than fifty years of age, the true bent of his genius; ignorant what patron he could induce to accept of the dedication of his work; finding the public indifferent to a book at which they condescended to laugh, but did not appreciate, and could not comprehend; finding also jealous rivals, by whom he was ridiculed and defamed; pursued by want even to old

age; forgotten by the many, unknown to all, and dying at last, in solitude and poverty; such, during his life and at his death, was Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. It was not till after the lapse of two centuries, that his admirers thought of seeking for his cradle and his tomb, that they adorned with a medallion in marble the last house in which he lived, that they raised a statue to his memory in the public square, and that, effacing the cognomen of some obscure but more fortunate individual, his countrymen inscribed at the corner of a little street in Madrid that great name, the celebrity of which resounds through the civilized world.

It is thus that M. Viardot sums up the strangely varied, the brilliant but frequently overclouded career of Cervantes. We have followed his narrative with feelings of lively interest throughout, the precursors we trust, of those which the subscribers to this work will experience in their turn. Still we cannot help remarking that had the glow of admiration which our French contemporary brought to his editorial task, been less fervent, his shrewdness would have discovered some passages in the eventful story, which almost justify suspicion that Cervantes was imprudent enough to furnish his contemporaries with too plausible an excuse for leaving him in poverty. Generous and brave as he was, it is but too probable that he was not free from the besetting weakness, which has abased and destroyed some of the admired possessors of genius in our own time. He tells us himself in a tone of merriment, awfully at variance with the subject of the communication, that in his last illness when admonished by the student who joined him on the road to Toledo, to drink little, he replied that: "he could no more refrain from drinking with all his might, than if he were born for nothing else." And this was his feeling when on the very brink of the grave; when as he states, he fully expected that in a few days his pulse would cease to beat for ever.

If thus circumstanced, Cervantes could so feel and so express himself, it is not very unlikely that indulging so fatal a passion, he sometimes lost his reason, and fell into inexcusable negligence, or acts of culpable indiscretion. Hence perhaps, arose some of the pecuniary and other embarrassments which he had so frequently to strive against.

What has here been offered, is thrown out with no wish to inculpate Cervantes, but for the purpose of accounting in some degree for the poverty and neglect in which he lived. We cannot refrain from blaming his contemporaries for neglecting to render to his genius the homage that it deserved; but at the period in which he lived, few authors, however exalted their powers, enjoyed their

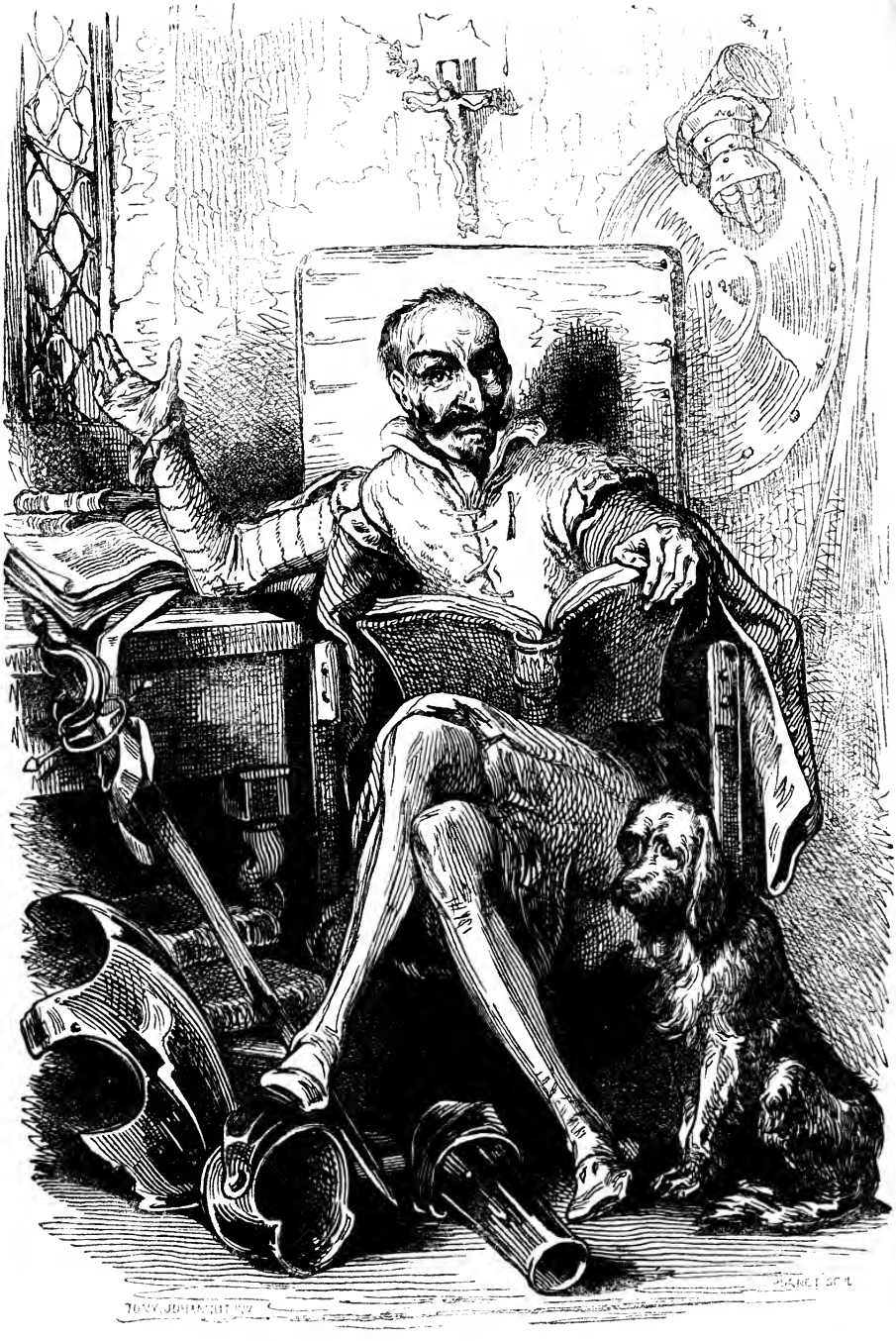
glory during their life-time. It is to posterity alone, that they owe the long delayed but immortal wreath.

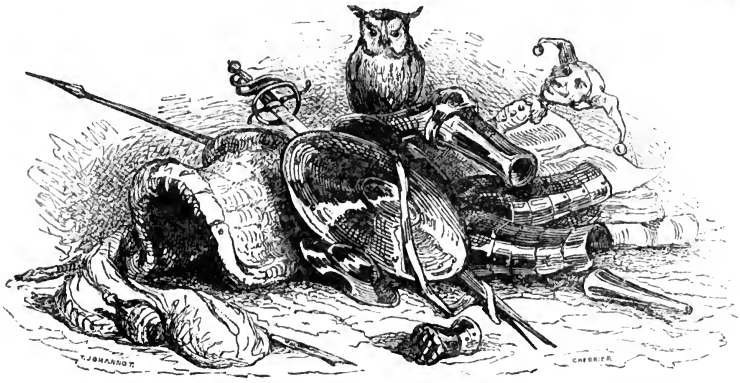
Speaking on the subject of his translation of Don Quixote, M. Viardot, says: "The translation of a justly celebrated book, of one of those works which belong less to an individual literature than to all human nature, is not solely a matter of taste and style; it is a matter of conscience, and I should almost say of probity, I think that the translator's strict duty is to direct his efforts incessantly, not only to render the sense in all its truth, in all its rigour, but further to re-produce the effect of every period, of every phrase and of almost every word. I think that, with every respect to the rules and exactions of his own language, he ought to conform himself to the style of his author, in the whole and in the detail, that the original may be continually felt under the copy; that he ought to succeed, not in tracing, as it has frequently been said, the engraving of a picture, that is to say a discoloured imitation, but to paint the picture a second time, with its general colour, and particular shades. I think again that the translator ought to reject as a culpable thought, as he would a temptation to robbery or sacrilege, every wish to suppress the least fragment of the text, or to make the slightest addition of his own; he should, according to Cervantes's words, '*nothing omit and nothing add.*'"

On the principle thus laid down, M. Viardot has resolutely acted. With a similar feeling on the English editor's mind, the translation by Charles Jarvis has been preferred to Motteux or Smollett, as being by far the closest to the great original, and the fittest vehicle for the masterly designs of M. Johannot, the only illustrator of Cervantes who has succeeded in really depicting the scenes and characters he describes. Every sheet has been scrupulously read with M. Viardot's translation, and his annotations faithfully translated and appended. Where we have been compelled to diverge from Jarvis's text, it has been to modify the obsolete forms of expression which are numerously scattered through his translation, and to abate some few details which could no longer please in the present advanced state of society. Doing this in some few instances it has been anxiously attempted to remove the excrescence without injury to the tree, to repress coarseness without frittering away the humour of the author.

In conclusion we think it will be conceded to us that we did not in the outset overstate the advantages possessed by our French contemporary, in the performance of his task, nor the almost idolatrous zeal with which he devoted himself to its perfect fulfilment. If, carried away by a generous enthusiasm, he sometimes is betrayed into an excess of applause, which the cold severity of deliberate criticism, would arraign, the error is one which the English reader will pardon, if he do not share it. The approbation—the cordial flattering approbation bestowed on that portion of the present edition which has already issued from the press, by the most distinguished critics, justifies a hope that it has little to fear from the professed reviewer; and it is confidently expected that the notes, now for the first time appended, will in many instances serve to correct the misconceptions of former editors, and cause the true meaning of the author to be more universally understood than it has hitherto been; while the characteristic sketches of Spanish scenery, and Spanish character,

found in the engravings, will enable the English reader to effect the closest possible approach to that enjoyment, which was formerly regarded as almost exclusively reserved for the native of Spain.





DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH TREATS OF THE QUALITY AND MANNER OF LIFE OF THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

OMICILED in a village of La Mancha, the name of which I purposely omit, there lived, not long ago, one of those gentlemen, who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound for coursing. A dish of boiled meat, consisting of somewhat more mutton than beef, the fragments served up cold on most nights,[1] sheep's chitterlings on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a small pigeon, by way of addition, on Sundays, consumed three-fourths of his income. The rest was laid out

[1] In the original *duelos y quebrantos*, literally, gripes and groans. Translators, unacquainted with the custom which gave this name to a dish, have successively

in a surtout of fine black cloth, a pair of velvet breeches for holidays, with slippers of the same; and on week-days he prided himself in the very best of his own home-spun cloth. His family consisted of an elderly housekeeper, a niece not quite twenty, and a lad for

the field and the market, who both saddled the horse and handled the pruning-hook. The age of our Hidalgo* bordered upon fifty

rendered them by words very far from their true signification. Here is an explanation of them. It was customary, in the country towns of La Mancha, for the shepherds to come every week and give their masters an account of the state of their flocks; on which occasions they brought with them the sheep which had died since their last report, that the flesh of them might be separated from the bones for salting. The offal of these carcasses was always eaten on Saturdays, and it was the only meal allowed to be eaten on those days, by a dispensation in the kingdom of Castile, since the battle of Las Navas, in 1212. It may be readily imagined why, from its origin and form, this dish was popularly called *duelos y quebrantos.*

* *Hidalgo* has much the same application in Spain, as Squire has in England; it literally signifies the son of something, in contradistinction to those who are the sons of nothing.

years. He was of a robust constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage; a very early riser, and a keen sportsman. It is said his surname was Quixada, or Quesada (for there is some difference among the authors who have written upon this subject), though, by probable conjectures, it may be gathered that he was called Quixana. But this is of little importance to our story: let it suffice, that, in relating, we do not swerve a jot from the truth.

You must know then, that this gentleman aforesaid, at times when he was idle, which was most part of the year, gave himself up to the reading of tales of chivalry, with such relish, that he nearly forgot all the sports of the field, and even the management of his domestic affairs; and his curiosity and extravagant fondness for them reached that pitch, that he sold many acres of arable land

to purchase books of knight-errantry, and carried home all he could lay hands on of that kind. But, among them all, none pleased him so much as those composed by the famous Feliciano de Silva;[2] for the glaringness of his prose, and the intricacy of his style, seemed to him so many pearls; and especially when he came to peruse those love speeches and challenges, where, in several places, he found written: "The reason of the unreasonable treatment of my reason enfeebles my reason in such wise, that with reason I complain of

[2] The literal title of the books alluded to is as follows:—"*The Chronicle of the very valiant Knights Don Florizel de Niquea, and the vigorous Anaxartes, ... corrected and modernized from the style in which it was originally written, by Zirphea, Queen of Arignes, by the noble knight Feliciano de Silva.*" Saragossa, 1584.

your beauty:" and also when he read, "The high heaven of your divinity, which divinely fortifies you with the stars, making you meritorious of the merit merited by your greatness." With this kind of language the poor gentleman lost his wits, and distracted himself to comprehend and unravel their meaning; which was more than Aristotle himself could do, were he to rise again from the dead for that purpose alone. He had some doubts as to the dreadful wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he imagined, that, notwithstanding the most expert surgeons had cured him, his face and whole body must still be full of seams and scars. Nevertheless, he commended in his author the concluding his book with a promise of finishing that interminable adventure; and he often had it in his thoughts to take pen in hand, and conclude it himself, precisely as it is there promised,[3] which he had certainly performed, and successfully too, if other greater and continual cogitations had not diverted him.

[3] "Were I to finish by fiction so estimable a history, it would be offensive. I will therefore leave off here, authorizing any one, into whose hands the conclusion may fall, to join it to this, for I have a great desire to see it." (Belianis, book VI. chap. 75.)

He had frequent disputes with the priest of his village (who was a learned person, and had taken his degrees in Siguenza,[4]) which of the two was the better knight, Palmerin of England*, or Amadis de Gaul. But master Nicholas, barber-surgeon of the same town, affirmed, that none ever came up to the knight of the sun; and that if any one could be compared to him, it was Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul; for he was of a disposition fit for every thing, no finical gentleman, nor such a whimperer as his brother; and, as to courage, he was by no means inferior to him. In short, he so bewildered himself in this kind of study, that he passed the nights in reading from sun-set to sun-rise, and the days from sun-rise to sun-set; and thus, through little sleep and much reading, his brain was dried up in such a manner that he came at last to lose his wits. His imagination was full of all that he read, enchantments, battles, single combats, challenges, wounds, courtships, amours, tempests, and impossible absurdities. And so firmly was he persuaded that

[4] Graduate at Siguenza is a piece of irony. In Cervantes' time, the small universities and their pupils were much ridiculed. Christoval Suarez de Figuerona, in his book called *el Pasagero*, makes a schoolmaster say:—"As to the degrees, you will easily find some little country university, where they say unanimously: *Accipiamus pecuniam, et mittamus asinum in patriam suam.* (Let us take the money and send the ass back to his country.)"

* England seems to have been often made the scene of chivalry; for, besides this Palmerin, we find Don Florando of England, and some others, not to mention Amadis's mistress, the Princess Oriana of England.

the whole system of chimeras he had studied was true, that he thought no history in the world was more to be depended upon. The Cid Ruydiaz, he was wont to say, was a very good knight, but not comparable to the knight of the burning sword, who with a single back stroke cleft asunder two fierce and monstrous giants. He was better pleased with Bernardo del Carpio, for putting the enchanted Orlando to death in Roncevalles, by means of the same stratagem which Hercules used, when he suffocated Anteus, son of the earth, by squeezing him between his arms. He spoke mighty well of the giant Morgante; for, though he was of that monstrous brood who are always proud and insolent, he alone was affable and well-bred. But, above all, he was charmed with Reynaldo de Montalban, especially when he saw him sallying out of his castle and plundering all he met; and when abroad he seized that image of Mahomet, which was all massy gold, as his history records.[5] He would have given his housekeeper, and niece to boot, for a fair opportunity of handsomely kicking the traitor Galalon.[6]

In fine, having quite lost his wits, he fell into one of the strangest conceits that ever entered into the head of any madman; which was, that he thought it expedient and necessary, as well for the advancement of his own reputation, as for the public good, that he should commence knight-errant, and wander through the world, with his horse and arms, in quest of adventures; and to put in practice whatever he had read to have been practised by knights-errant; redressing all kinds of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions; that, by accomplishing such enterprizes, he might acquire eternal fame and renown. The poor gentleman already imagined himself at least crowned emperor of Trebizond by the valour of his arm: and wrapt up in these agreeable delusions, and hurried on by the strange pleasure he took in them, he prepared to execute what he so much desired.

[5] "O bastard!" replied Renaud to Roland, who had been upbraiding him for his thefts; "oh, son of a bad woman! you lied in all you said, for to steal from the pagans of Spain is no theft: and I alone, in spite of upwards of forty thousand Moors, took from them a little golden Mahomet, which I wanted to pay my soldiers with." (Mirror of Chivalry, part I. chap. 46.)

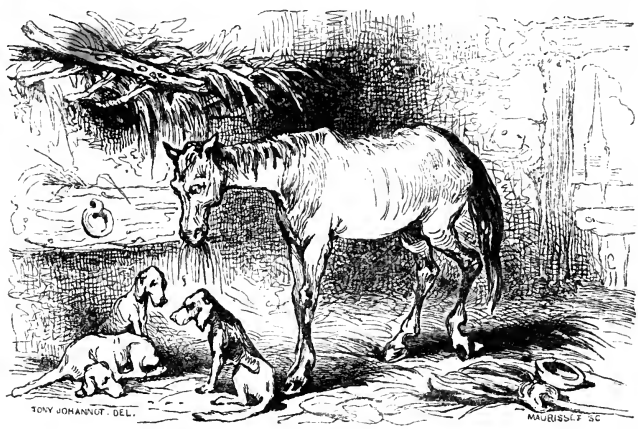
[6] One of Charlemagne's twelve peers. He was surnamed the Traitor, for betraying the Christian army into the hands of the Saracens, in the pass of Roncevalles.

And the first thing he did, was, to scour up a suit of armour, which had been his great-great-grandfather's, and, being mouldy and rust-eaten, had lain by, many long years, forgotten in a corner. This he cleaned, and furbished up: but he perceived one grand defect, which was, that instead of a helmet there was only a simple morion or steel-cap! but he dexterously supplied this want by contriving a sort of vizôr of pasteboard, which, being fixed to the head-piece, gave it the appearance of a complete helmet. It is true, indeed, that, to try its strength, and whether it was proof against a cut, he drew his sword, and, giving it two strokes, undid in an instant what he had

been a week in doing. But, not altogether approving of his having broken it to pieces with so much ease, and to secure himself from the like danger for the future, he made it over again, fencing it with

small bars of iron within, in such a manner, that he rested satisfied of its strength; and, without caring to make a fresh experiment on it, he approved it, and looked upon it as a most excellent helmet.

The next thing he did, was, to visit his steed; and though his bones stuck out like the corners of a rial*, and he had more faults than Gonela's horse, which "tantum pellis et ossa fuit,"[7] he fancied that neither Alexander's Bucephalus, nor Cid's Babieca, was equal to him. Four days was he considering what name to give him: for, (as he said within himself), it was not fit that a horse so good, and appertaining to a knight so famous, should be without some name of eminence; and therefore he studied to accommodate him with one, which should express what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, and what he actually now was: for it seemed highly reasonable, if his master changed his state, he likewise should change his name, and acquire one famous and high sounding, as became the new order, and the new way of life, he now professed. After sundry names devised and rejected, liked and disliked again, he concluded at last to call him Rocinante;[8] a name, in his opinion,



* A ludicrous image drawn from the irregular figure of the Spanish coin of that name, to express the jutting bones of a lean beast.

[7] Picho Gonela was the buffoon of the Duke Borso of Ferrara, who flourished in the fifteenth century. Luigi Domenichi made a collection of his pasquinades. On one occasion, having laid a wager that his horse, which was old and lean, should jump higher than his master's, he made him leap from a balcony, thus winning the stakes. The Latin quotation is from Plautus. (Andalusia, act III. scene 6.)

[8] This name is a compound or augmentation of *rocin*, which means a small jaded horse or pony. Cervantes intended it, moreover, for a pun: the horse which was formerly a jade, (*rocin-antes*), is become the first of jades, (*ante-rocin*).

lofty and sonorous, and at the same time expressive of what he had been when he was but a common steed, and before he had acquired his present superiority over all the steeds in the world.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to give himself one. This consideration took him up eight days more, and at length he determined to call himself Don Quixote:[9] from whence, as is said, the authors of this most true history conclude, that his name was certainly Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would have it. But recollecting that the valorous Amadis, not content with the simple appellation of Amadis, added thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, in order to render it famous, and styled himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a good knight, did in like manner call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; whereby, in his opinion, he set forth, in a very lively manner, his lineage and country, and did it due honour by taking his surname from thence.

And now, his armour being scoured, the morion converted into

[9] *Quixote* means literally a cuisse, or piece of armour for the thigh; *Quixada* means jaw; and *Quesada* a cheese-cake. Cervantes called his hero by the name of, this piece of armour, because the syllable *ote*, in the Spanish language, generally terminates words which have a ridiculous meaning.

a perfect helmet, and both his steed and himself new named, he persuaded himself that he wanted nothing but to make choice of some lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without a mistress, was a tree without leaves or fruit, and a body without a soul. "If," said he, "for the punishment of my sins, or through my good-fortune, I should chance to meet some giant, as is usual with knights-errant, and should overthrow him in fight, or cleave him asunder, or vanquish and force him to yield, will it not be proper to have some lady to send him to as a present? that, when he comes

before her, he may kneel to her sweet ladyship, and, in a humble and submissive tone, accost her thus: "Madam, I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island Malindrania, whom the never-enough-to-be-praised Don Quixote de la Mancha has overcome in single combat, and I have been commanded to present myself before your ladyship, that your grandeur may dispose of me as you think proper." Oh! how did our good gentleman exult when he had made this harangue, and especially when he had found out a person on whom to confer the title of his mistress; which, it is believed, happened thus. Near the place where he lived, there dwelt a very comely country lass, with whom he had formerly been in love; though, as it is supposed, she never knew it, nor troubled herself about it. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo; and her he pitched upon to be the lady of his thoughts: then casting about for a name, which should have some affinity with her own, and yet incline towards that of a great lady or princess, he resolved to call her Dulcinea del Toboso (for she was born at that place): a name, to his thinking, harmonious, uncommon and significant, like the rest he had devised for himself, and for all that belonged to him.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE FIRST SALLY THE INGENIOUS DON QUIXOTE MADE FROM HIS VILLAGE.

s soon as these dispositions were made, he would no longer defer putting his design in execution; being the more strongly excited thereto by the mischief he thought his delay occasioned in the world; such and so many were the grievances he proposed to redress, the wrongs he intended to rectify, the exorbitances to correct, the abuses to reform, and the debts to discharge. And, therefore, without making any one privy to his design, or being seen by any body, one morning before day (which was one of the hottest in the month of July), he armed himself cap-a-pie, mounted Rocinante, adjusted his ill-composed beaver, braced on his target,* grasped his lance, and issued forth into the fields at a private door of his back-yard, with the greatest satisfaction and joy, to find with how much ease he had given a beginning to his honourable enterprise. But scarce was he got into the plain, when a terrible thought assaulted him, and such as had well-nigh made him abandon his new undertaking; for it came into his remembrance, that he was not dubbed a knight, and that, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to enter the lists against any knight; and though he had been dubbed, still he must wear white armour, as a new knight, without any device on his shield, until he

* The target, or buckler, was slung about the neck with a buckle and thong.

had acquired one by his prowess. These reflections staggered his resolution; but his frenzy prevailing above any reason whatever, he purposed to get himself knighted by the first person he should meet, in imitation of many others who had done the like, as he had read in the books which had occasioned his madness. As to the white armour, he proposed to scour his own, the first opportunity, in such sort that it should be whiter than ermine; and herewith quieting his mind, he went on his way, following no other road than what his horse pleased to take; believing that therein consisted the life and spirit of adventures.

Thus our flaming adventurer jogged on, talking to himself, and saying, "Who doubts, but that, in future times, when the faithful history of my famous exploits shall come to light, the sage, who writes them, while he gives a relation of this my first sally, so early in the morning, will do it in words like these: 'Scarce had ruddy Phœbus spread the golden tresses of his beauteous hair over the face of the wide and spacious earth; and scarce had the painted birds, with the sweet and mellifluous harmony of their forked tongues, saluted the approach of rosy Aurora, when, quitting the soft couch of her jealous husband, she disclosed herself to mortals through the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon; when the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, abandoning the lazy down, mounted his famous courser Rocinante, and began to travel through the ancient and noted field of Montiel,*' " (and true it is, that was the very field;) and passing along it, he continued saying, "Happy times, and happy age, in which my famous exploits shall come to light, worthy to be engraved in brass, carved in marble, and drawn in picture, for a monument to all posterity! O thou sage enchanter! whoever thou art, to whose lot it shall fall to be the chronicler of this wonderful history, I beseech thee not to forget my good Rocinante, the inseparable companion of all my travels and excursions." Then on a sudden, as one really enamoured, he went on saying, "O princess Dulcinea! mistress of this captive heart, great injury hast thou done me in discarding and disgracing me by thy rigorous decree, forbidding me to appear in the presence of thy beauty. Vouchsafe, lady, to remember this thine enthralled heart, that endures so many afflictions for love of thee."[10]

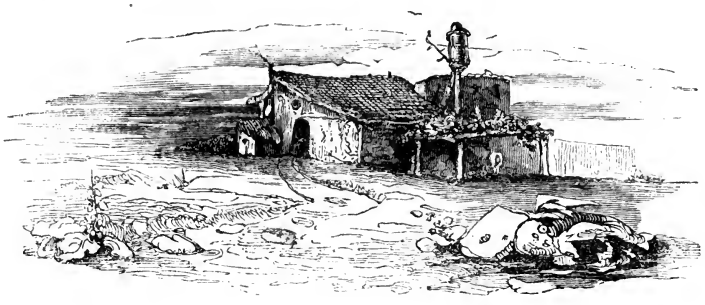
Thus he went on, stringing one extravagance upon another, in the style his books had taught him, and imitating, as nearly as he could, their very phrase. He travelled on so leisurely, and the sun advanced so fast, and with such intense heat, that it was sufficient to have melted his brains, if he had had any. He journeyed almost

* A proper field to inspire courage, being the ground upon which Henry the Bastard slew his legitimate brother, Don Pedro, whom our brave Black Prince Edward had set upon the throne of Spain.

[10] In allusion to a passage in *Amadis*, in which Oriane commands the hero never to present himself before her again. (Book II. chap. 44.)

the whole day without meeting with any thing worth relating, which disheartened him much; for he wanted immediately to have encountered somebody, to make trial of the force of his valiant arm.

Some authors say his first adventure was that of the Pass of Lapice; others pretend it was that of the windmills. But what I have been able to discover of this matter, and what I have found written in the annals of La Mancha, is, that he travelled all that day, and, toward the fall of night, his horse and he found themselves tired, and almost dead with hunger; and, looking round to see if he could discover some castle, or shepherd's cottage, to which he might retire, and relieve his extreme necessity, he perceived not far from the road an inn[11]; which was as if he had seen a star directing him to the porticos of his redemption. He made all the haste he could, and came



up to it just as the day shut in. There chanced to stand at the door two young women of indifferent fame, who were going to Seville with certain carriers, and who happened to take up their lodging at the inn that night. As whatever our adventurer thought, saw, or imagined, seemed to him to be done and transacted in the manner he had read of, immediately, at sight of the inn, he fancied it to be a castle, with four turrets and battlements of refulgent silver; together with its draw-bridge, deep moat, and all the appurtenances with which such castles are usually described. As he was making up to the inn, which he took for a castle, at some little distance from it, he

[11] We preserve, for want of a better, the sacred name of inn; but it is a very poor translation of the word *venta*. That is the name given to those miserable isolated public-houses, which are used as resting-places between distant country-towns; where the only lodging to be obtained is a stable, and the only provisions, barley for the mules.

checked Rocinante by the bridle, expecting some dwarf to appear on the battlements, and give notice, by sound of trumpet, of the arrival of a knight at the castle. But finding this delayed, and that Rocinante pressed to get to the stable, he drew near to the inn-door, and saw there the two strolling wenches, who seemed to him to be two beautiful damsels, or graceful ladies, who were taking their pleasure at the castle-gate.

It happened that a swine-herd, getting together his hogs (for, without begging pardon, so they are called) from the stubble field, was winding his horn, at which signal they are wont to assemble; and

at that instant Don Quixote's imagination represented to him what he wished, namely, that some dwarf gave the signal of his arrival; and therefore, with wondrous content, he came up to the inn, and to the ladies; who, perceiving a man armed in that manner, with lance and buckler, were frightened, and began to run into the house. But Don Quixote, guessing at their fear by their flight,

lifted up his pasteboard visor, and, discovering his withered and dusky visage, with courteous demeanour and grave voice thus accosted them: "Fly not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy; for the

order of knighthood which I profess, permits me not to offer injury to any one, much less to virgins of such high rank as your presence denotes." The wenches stared at him with all the eyes they had, and were looking to find his face, which the scurvy beaver almost

covered. But when they heard themselves styled virgins, recollecting their profession, they could not contain their laughter, but burst out in so violent a manner, that Don Quixote began to grow angry, and said to them: "Modesty well becomes the fair, and nothing is so foolish as excessive laughter proceeding from a slight occasion; but I do not say this to disoblige you, or to cause you to discover any ill disposition towards me; for mine is no other than to do you service." This language, which they did not understand, and the uncouth mien of our knight, increased their laughter, and his wrath; and things would have gone much farther, had not the inn-keeper come out at that instant, (a man, who, by being very bulky, was inclined to be very peaceable,) who, beholding such an odd figure all in armour, the pieces of which were so ill-sorted, as were the bridle, lance, buckler, and corselet, could scarcely forbear keeping the damsels company in the demonstrations of their mirth. But, being in some fear of a pageant equipped in so warlike a manner, he resolved to speak him fair, and therefore accosted him thus: "If your worship, Signor Cavalier, is in quest of a lodging, bating a bed (for in this inn there is none to be had), every thing else will be found here in great abundance. Don Quixote, perceiving the humility of the governor of the fortress (for such to him appeared the inn-keeper and the inn) answered: "Any thing will serve me, Signor Castellano,* for arms are my ornaments, and fighting my repose." The host thought he called him Castellano because he took him for an honest Castilian; whereas he was an Andalusian, and of the coast of Saint Lucar, as arrant a thief as Cacus, and as sharp and unlucky as a collegian or a court-page; and therefore he replied: "If it be so, your worship's beds are hard rocks, and your sleep the being always awake; and since it is so, you may venture to alight, being sure of finding in this poor hut sufficient cause for not sleeping a whole twelvemonth, much more one single night." And so saying, he went and held Don Quixote's stirrup, who alighted with much difficulty and pains; for he had not broken his fast all that day. He presently requested of the

* Castellano, in Spanish, signifies both a governor of a castle, and a native of Castile.

host to take especial care of his steed, for he was the best piece of horse-flesh that ever ate bread in the world. The inn-keeper viewed him, but did not think him so good as Don Quixote represented him to be; no, not by half; and having set him up in the stable, he returned to see what his guest would be pleased to order, whom the damsels were unarming; (for they were already reconciled to him;) and though they had taken off the back and breast pieces;

they could not find out how to unlace his gorget, or take off the counterfeit beaver, which he had fastened in such a manner with green ribbons, that, there being no possibility of untying them, they must of necessity be cut; which he would by no means consent to, and so he remained all the night with his helmet on, the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable.

Whilst the girls were taking off his armour, imagining them to be persons of the first quality, and ladies of that castle, he said to them, with great gaiety, as the old Romance has it, "Never sure was knight so nobly served by ladies as was Don Quixote, since his departure from his village, damsels waited on his person, and princesses on his steed." O Rocinante! for that, dear ladies, is my horse's name, and Don Quixote de la Mancha is my own; for though I was not willing to discover myself, until the exploits done for your service and benefit should discover me, the necessity of accommodating the old romance of Sir Lancelot to our present purpose has been the occasion of your knowing my name before the proper season: but the time will come, when your ladyships may command, and I obey; and the valour of my arm shall manifest the desire I have to serve you. The lasses, who were not accustomed to such rhetorical flourishes, answered not a word, but only asked whether he would be pleased to eat any thing. With all my heart, answered Don Quixote; any thing eatable would, I apprehend, come very seasonably. That day happened to be Friday, and their was nothing to be had in the inn, excepting a parcel of dried fish, which in Castile they call abadexo, in Andalusia baccalao, in some parts curadillo, and in others truchuely.* They asked him, whether he would be pleased to eat some truchuelas, for they had no other to offer him. So there be many troutlings, answered Don Quixote, they may serve me instead of one trout: for I would as willingly be paid eight single rials, as one piece of eight; and the rather, because perhaps these troutlings are like veal, which is preferable to beef, or like kid, which is better than the goat. But, be that as it will, let it come quickly; for the toil and weight of arms cannot be supported without supplying the stomach well. They laid the cloth at the

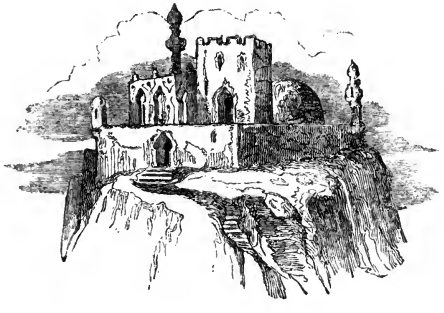
* The same which we call Poor John, or little Trouts.

door of the inn, for the sake of the fresh breeze; and the landlord brought him some of the ill-watered and worse-boiled bacalao, and a loaf of bread as black and mouldy as his armour: but it was matter of great laughter to see him eat; for, having his helmet on, and his beaver up, he could not put any thing into his mouth with his own hands, but somebody must do it for him; and so one of the aforesaid ladies performed this office. But to give him drink was utterly impossible, if the host had not bored a reed, and, puting one end into his mouth, poured in the wine leisurely at the other; and

all this he suffered patiently, rather than cut the lacings of his helmet.

In the mean time there came to the inn a sow doctor, who, as soon as he arrived, sounded his whistle of reeds four or five times; which entirely confirmed Don Quixote in the thought, that he was

in some famous castle, that they served him with music, and that the poor jack was trout, the coarse loaf the finest white bread, the wenches ladies, and the host governor of the castle; and so he concluded his resolution to be well taken, and his sally attended with success. But what gave him the most disturbance was, that he was not yet dubbed a knight; thinking he could not lawfully undertake any adventure, until he had first received the order of knighthood.



CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE PLEASANT METHOD DON QUIXOTE TOOK TO BE DUBBED A KNIGHT.

AND now, being disturbed with this thought, he made an abrupt end of his short supper; which done, he called the landlord, and, shutting himself up with him in the stable, he fell upon his knees before him, and said, I will never rise from this place, valorous knight, until your courtesy vouchsafes me a boon I mean to beg; which will redound to your honour, and to the benefit of human kind. The host, seeing his guest at his feet, and hearing such expressions, stood confounded, gazing at him, and not knowing what to do or say; he strove to raise him from the ground, but in vain, until he had promised to grant him the boon he requested. I expected no less, sir, from your great magnificence, answered Don Quixote; and therefore know, the boon I would request, and which has been vouchsafed me by your liberality, is, that you shall to-morrow morning dub me a knight; this night in the chapel of your castle I will watch my armour: and to-morrow, as I have said, what I so earnestly desire shall be accomplished; that I may be duly qualified to wander through the four quarters of the world, in quest of adventures, for the relief of the distressed, as is the duty of chivalry, and of knights-errant, whose hearts, like mine, are strongly bent on such achievements.

The host, who (as we have said) was an arch fellow, and already entertained some suspicions of the madness of his guest, was now at hearing such expressions, thoroughly convinced of it: and, that he might have something to make sport with that night, resolved to keep up the humour. He replied, that he was certainly very much in the right in what he requested; and that grand achievements were peculiar and natural to cavaliers of such prime quality as he seemed to be of, and as his gallant deportment did demonstrate: that he himself, in the days of his youth, had betaken himself to that honourable employ, wandering through divers parts of the world in search of adventures, not omitting to visit the suburbs of Malaga, the isles of Riaran, the compass of Seville, the acqueduct-market of Segovia, the olive-yard of valentia, the rondilla of Granada, the coast of St. Lucar,* the fountain of Cordova,† the hedge-taverns of Toledo, and sundry other parts, where he had exercised the agility of his feet and dexterity of his hands; doing sundry wrongs, soliciting sundry widows, undoing some damsels, and bubbling several young heirs ‡; in fine, making himself known to most of the tribunals and courts of judicature in Spain: and that at last he had retired to this castle, where he lived upon his own means and other people's, entertaining all knights-errant, of whatever quality or condition they were, merely for the great love he bore them, and that they might share their gettings with him in requital for his good-will. He further told him, there was no

* Names of certain infamous places in Spain.

† Near which was the whipping post.

‡ These expressions seeming a little too strong and open in the original, the translator was inclined to have qualified them in the version; but, upon reading Don Belianis of Greece, (part ii. chap 3,) he found Don Brianel, who was travelling to Antioch on the princess Aurora's errand, and lodged in a house of good repute; the landlord of which, Palinee, had been trained up to chivalry. This host offers his service to wait upon Don Brianel, and, wanting a cloak, frightens a page, who flies and leaves his cloak behind him. Don Brianel approves the thing, and tells him, he performed it so cleverly, he believed it was not his first exploit of the kind; and he frankly owns, he had often put in practice such pieces of dexterity. In allusion to this approved feature of knight-errantry, Don Quixote's host brags of divers wonders he had performed that way; and this was a strong precedent, nor could our knight object to any example fetched from his favourite Don Belianis's approved history. Thus, this passage in Cervantes, which has been thought very faulty, appears to be not only excusable, but very judicious, and directly to his purpose of exposing those authors and their numerous absurdities.

chapel in his castle, in which to watch his armour, (for it had been pulled down in order to be rebuilt;) however, in cases of necessity, he knew it might be watched wherever he pleased, and that he might do it that night in a court of the castle; and the next day, if Heaven permitted, the requisite ceremonies should be performed, in such a manner that he might be dubbed a knight, and so effectually knighted, that no one in the world could be more so. He asked him, also, whether he had any money about him? Don Quixote replied, he had not a farthing; having never read, in the histories of knights-errant, that they carried any. To this the host replied, he was under a mistake; for, supposing it was not mentioned in the story, the authors thinking it superfluous to specify a thing so plain, and so indispensably necessary to be carried, as money and clean shirts, it was not, therefore, to be inferred that they had none: and, therefore, he might be assured, that all the knights-errant, (of whose actions there are such authentic histories,) did carry their purses well lined for whatever might befal them; and that they carried also, shirts, and a little box of ointment wherewith to heal the wounds they might receive, because there was not always one at hand to cure them, in the fields and deserts where they fought. Unless, pursued the host, they had some sage enchanter for their friend, to assist them immediately, bringing some damsel or dwarf in a cloud through the air, with a phial of water of such virtue, that, in tasting a drop of it, they should instantly become as sound and whole of their bruises and wounds as if they had never been hurt: but that, so long as they wanted this advantage, the knights-errant of time past never failed to have their squires provided with money, and other necessary things, such as lint and salves, to cure themselves with; and, when it happened that the said knights had no squires, (which fell out very rarely,) they carried all these things behind them upon their horses, in a very small wallet, hardly visible, as if it were something of greater importance; for, were it not upon such an account, this carrying of wallets was not currently admitted among knights-errant. Therefore he advised him, though he might command him as his godson, (which he was to be very soon,) that from thenceforward he should not travel without money,

or without the aforesaid precautions, and he would find how useful they would be to him, when he least expected it. Don Quixote promised to follow his advice with all punctuality. Order was presently given for performing the watch of the armour, in a large yard adjoining the inn; and Don Quixote, gathering all the pieces of it together, laid them upon a cistern, that stood close to a well; and, bracing on his buckler, and grasping his lance, with a solemn pace, began to walk backward and forward before the cistern, beginning his parade just as the day shut in.

The host acquainted all that were in the inn with the frenzy of his guest, the watching of his armour, and the knighting he expected. They wondered at so odd a kind of madness, went out to observe him at a distance, and they perceived, that, with a composed air, he sometimes continued his walk; at other times, leaning upon his lance, he looked wistfully at his armour, without taking off his eyes for a long time together. It was now quite night; but the moon shone with such a lustre as might almost vie with His who lent it; so that whatever our new knight did was distinctly seen by all the spectators.

While he was thus employed, one of the carriers, who put up there, had a mind to water his mules, and it was necessary first to remove Don Quixote's armour from off the cistern: who, seeing him approach, called to him, with a loud voice, "Ho! there, whoever thou art, rash knight, that approachest to touch the arms of the most valorous adventurer that ever girded sword; take heed what thou doest, and touch them not, unless thou wouldst leave thy life a forfeit for thy temerity." The carrier troubled not his head with these speeches, (but it had been better for him if he had, for he might have saved his carcase,) but, instead of that, taking hold of the straps, he tossed the armour a good distance from him; which Don Quixote perceiving, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and fixing his thoughts, (as it seemed,) on his mistress Dulcinea, he said, "Assist me, dear lady, in this, the first affront offered to this breast enthralled to thee; let not thy favour and protection fail me in this first moment of danger." Uttering these and the like ejaculations, he let slip his target, and lifting up his lance with both hands, gave

the carrier a blow on the head, that laid him flat on the ground, in such piteous plight, that, had he repeated it, there would have been

no need of a surgeon. This done, he gathered up his armour, and walked backward and forward with the same gravity as at first.

Soon after, another carrier, not knowing what had happened, (for still the first lay stunned,) came out with the same intention of watering his mules; and, as he was going to clear the cistern, by removing the armour, Don Quixote, without speaking a word, or imploring any body's protection, again let slip his target, and, lifting up his lance, broke the second carrier's head in three or four places. All the people of the inn ran out together at the noise, and the inn-keeper among the rest; which Don Quixote perceiving, he braced on his target, and, laying his hand on his sword, exclaimed, "O queen of beauty, the strength and vigour of my enfeebled heart, now is the time to turn the eyes of thy greatness towards this thy captivated knight, whom so prodigious an adventure at this instant awaits." Hereby, in his opinion, he recovered so much courage, that, if all the carriers in the world had attacked him, he

would not have retreated an inch. The comrades of those that were wounded, (for they perceived them in that condition,) began to let fly a shower of stones at Don Quixote; who sheltered himself the best he could under his shield, and durst not stir from the cistern, lest he should seem to abandon his armour. The host cried out to them to let him alone, for he had already told them he was mad, and that he would be acquitted, as a madman, though he should kill them all. Don Quixote also cried out louder, calling them cowards and traitors, and the lord of the castle a poltroon and base-born knight, for suffering knights-errant to be treated in that manner; adding, if he had received the order of knighthood, he would make him smart for his treachery: "But for you, rascally and base scoundrels," said he, "I do not value you a straw: draw near—come on—and do your worst; you shall quickly see the reward you are like to receive for your folly and insolence." This he uttered with so much vehemence and resolution, that he struck a terrible dread into the hearts of the assailants; and for this reason, together with the landlord's persuasions, they forebore throwing any more stones; and he permitted the wounded to be carried off, and returned to the watch of his armour with the same tranquillity and sedateness as before.

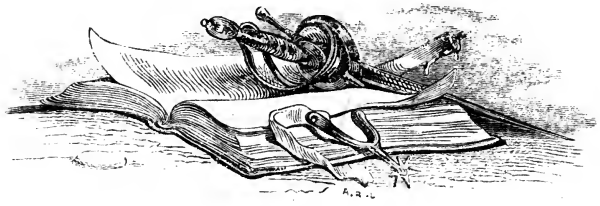
The host did not relish these pranks of his guest, and therefore determined to put an end to them by giving him his unlucky order of knighthood out of hand, before any farther mischief should ensue; and so, coming up to him, he begged pardon for the rudeness of which those vulgar people had been guilty, without his knowing any thing of the matter; however, he said, they had been sufficiently chastised for their rashness. He repeated to him, that there was no chapel in that castle, neither was it necessary for what remained to be done; for the whole stress of being dubbed a knight lay in the blows on the neck and shoulders, as he had learned from the ceremonial of the order; that it might be effectually performed in the middle of a field; that he had already discharged all that belonged to the watching of the armour, which was sufficiently performed in two hours; and much more, since he had been above four about it. All this Don Quixote believed, and said he was there ready to obey him; and desired him to finish the business with the utmost dispatch,

because, if he should be assaulted again, and found himself dubbed a knight, he was resolved not to leave a soul alive in the castle, except those he should command him to spare for his sake. The constable, thus warned, and apprehensive of what might be the event of this resolution, presently brought the book, in which he entered the accounts of the straw and barley he furnished to the carriers; then, with the two damsels, (a boy carrying an end of candle before them,) he came where Don Quixote was, whom he commanded to kneel; and reading in his manual, (as if he had been saying some devout prayer,) in the midst of the reading he lifted up

his hand, and gave him a good blow on the nape of the neck; and after that, with his own sword, a handsome thwack on the shoulder, still muttering within his teeth as if he were praying. This done,

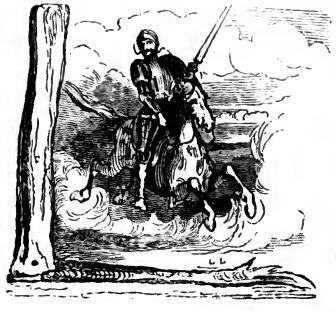
he ordered one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with the most obliging freedom and discretion; of which latter, not a little was needful to keep them from bursting with laughter at every period of the ceremonies. But indeed the exploits they had already seen our new knight perform, kept their mirth within bounds. At girding on the sword, the good lady said, "God make you a fortunate knight, and give you success in battle." Don Quixote asked her name, that he might know from thenceforward to whom he was indebted for the favour received; for he intended her a share of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his arm. She replied with much humility that she was called La Tolosa, and was a cobler's daughter of Toledo, who lived at the little shops of Sancho-bienaya; and that wherever she was, she would serve and honour him as her lord. Don Quixote then desired her, for his sake, thenceforward to add to her name the Don, and to call herself Donna Tolosa; which she promised to do. With the other, who buckled on his spurs he held the same kind of dialogue as he had done with her companion: he asked her name also, and she replied, that she was called La Molinera, and was daughter of an honest miller of Antequera. Don Quixote entreated her also to add the Don, and call herself Donna Molinera, making her fresh thanks and offers of service.

The never-till-then-seen ceremonies, being thus hastily dispatched, Don Quixote, who was impatient to see himself on horseback and sallying out in quest of adventures, immediately saddled Rocinante, and, embracing his host, mounted; and, at parting, said such strange things to him, acknowledging the favour of dubbing him a knight, that it is impossible to express them. The host, to get him the sooner out of the inn, returned his compliments with no less flourishes, though in fewer words; and, without demanding any thing for his lodging, wished him a good journey.



CHAPTER IV.

OF WHAT BEFEL OUR KNIGHT AFTER HE HAD SALLIED OUT FROM THE INN.



IGHT was about to break on a new day, when Don Quixote issued forth from the inn, so satisfied, so gay, so blithe, to see himself knighted, that the joy thereof almost burst his horse's girths. But recollecting the advice of his host concerning the necessary provisions for his undertaking, especially the articles of money and clean shirts, he resolved to return home, and furnish himself accordingly, and also provide himself with a squire: purposing to take into his service a certain country-fellow of the neighbourhood, who was poor, and had children, yet was very fit for the squirely office of chivalry. With this thought, he turned Rocinante towards his village; who, as it were, knowing what his master would be at, began to put on with so much alacrity, that he hardly seemed to set his feet to the ground. He had not gone far, when, on his right-hand, from a thicket hard by, he fancied he heard a weak voice, as of a person complaining. Scarcely had he heard it, when he said, "I thank heaven for the favour it does me, in laying before me so early an opportunity of complying with the duty of my profession, and of reaping the fruit of my honourable desires: these are, doubtless, the cries of some distressed person, who stands in

need of my protection and assistance;" and, turning the reins, he put Rocinante forward towards the place from whence he thought the voice proceeded. He had entered but a few paces into the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and a lad to another, naked from the waist upwards, about fifteen years of age, who was the person that cried out; and not without cause, for a lusty country fellow was laying on him very severely with a belt, and accompanying

every lash with a reprimand and a word of advice; for, said he, "The tongue slow and the eyes quick." The boy answered, "I will do so no more, dear sir; by the passion of God I will never do so again; and I promise, for the future, to take more care of the flock."

Now Don Quixote, seeing what passed, said, in an angry tone, "Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to meddle with one who is not able to defend himself; get upon thy horse, and take thy lance,[12] (for he had also a lance leaning against the oak to which the mare was fastened,) for I'll make thee to know that it is cowardly to do what thou art doing." The countryman, seeing such a figure coming towards him, armed from head to foot, and brandishing his lance at his face, gave himself up for a dead man, and with good words, answered, "Signor Cavalier, this lad, whom I am chastising, is a servant of mine; I employ him to tend a flock of sheep which I have hereabouts, and he is so careless, that I lose one every day; and because I correct him for his negligence, or roguery, he says I do it out of covetousness, and for an excuse not to pay him his wages; but before heaven, and on my conscience, he lies." "Lies, in my presence! pitiful rascal," said Don Quixote; "by the sun that shines upon us, I have a good mind to run thee through and through with this lance: pay him immediately without further reply; if not, by that Power that rules us, I will dispatch and annihilate thee in a moment! Untie him presently." The countryman hung down his head, and, without saying a word, loosened the boy. Don Quixote asked the lad how much his master owed him; who answered, "Nine months wages, at seven reals * per month." Don Quixote computed it, and found that it amounted to sixty-three reals; and he bade the countryman instantly disburse them, otherwise he must expect to die for it. The fellow, in a fright, answered, "That on the word of a dying man, and upon the oath he had taken, (though, by-the-way, he had taken no oath,) it was not so much; for he must deduct the price of three pair of shoes he had given him upon account, and a real for two blood-lettings when he was not well." "All this is very right," said Don Quixote; "but set the shoes and the blood-lettings against the stripes you have

[12] It appears, at the present day, rather strange for a peasant to be carrying a lance: but it was then customary, among all classes of Spaniards, to go armed with either a sword, or a lance and shield, as now they carry their carabines. In his *Dialogue between the Dogs Scipio and Berganza*, Cervantes mentions of a country gentleman, who went to see his sheep in the fields, *mounted on a well-groomed mare, armed with lance and buckler, looking more like a cavalier of the guarda-costa than an owner of flocks of sheep.*

* A real is about sixpence English.

given him undeservedly; for, if he tore the leather of the shoes you paid for, you have torn his skin; and, if the barber-surgeon drew blood from him when he was sick, you have drawn blood from him when he is well; so that, upon these accounts, he owes you nothing." "The mischief is, Signor Cavalier," quoth the countryman, "that I have no money about me; but let Andrew go home with me, and I will pay him all, real by real." "I go with him!" said the lad; "the devil a bit. No, sir, I design no such thing; for, when he has me alone, he will flay me alive like another Saint Bartholomew." "He will not do so," replied Don Quixote: "It is sufficient to keep him in awe, that I lay my commands upon him; and upon condition he swears to me, by the order of knighthood which he has received, I will let him go free, and will be bound for the payment." "Take heed, good sir, what you say," quoth the boy; "for my master is no knight, nor ever received any order of knighthood: he is John Haldudo, the rich, of the neighbourhood of Quintanar." "That is little to the purpose," answered Don Quixote; "there may be knights of the family of the Haldudos, and especially as every man is the son of his own works." "That's true," quoth Andrew; "but what works is my master the son of, who refuses me the wages of my sweat and labour?" "I do not refuse thee, friend Andrew," replied the countryman; "and be so kind as to go with me; for I swear, by all the orders of knighthood that are in the world, to pay thee, as I have said, every penny down, with the interest into the bargain." "As to the interest, I thank you for that," said Don Quixote; "give it him in reals, and I shall be satisfied: and see that you perform what you have sworn; else I swear to you by the same oath, to return and chastise you; for I shall find you out, though you should hide yourself closer than a lizard. And if you would know who it is that commands you this, that you may be the more strictly obliged to perform your promise, know that I am the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of wrongs and abuses. And so farewell, and do not forget what you have promised and sworn, on pain of the penalties aforesaid." So saying, he clapped spurs to Rocinante, and was soon got a good way off.

The countryman followed him with all the eyes he had; and,

when he found he was quite past the wood, and out of sight, he turned to his man Andrew, and said: "Come hither, child, I am resolved to pay thee what I owe thee, as that redresser of wrongs commanded me." "And I swear so you shall," quoth Andrew: "and you will do well to perform what that honest gentleman has commanded, whom heaven grant to live a thousand years; and who is so brave a man, and so just a judge, that, adad, if you do not pay me, he will come back and execute what he has threatened." "And I swear so too," quoth the countryman; "but to show thee how much I love thee, I am resolved to augment the debt to increase the payment." And, taking him by the arm, he tied him again to the tree, where he gave him so many stripes that he left him for dead. "Now, master Andrew, call upon that redresser of wrongs; thou wilt find he will hardly redress this, though I believe I have not quite done with thee yet; for I have a good mind to flay thee alive, as thou fearedst but now." But, at length, he untied him, and gave him leave to go in quest of his judge, to execute the sentence he had pronounced. Andrew withdrew in dudgeon, swearing he would find out the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and tell him all that had passed, and that he should pay for it seven-fold. Notwithstanding all this, away he went weeping, and his master staid behind laughing.

Thus the valorous Don Quixote redressed this wrong; and overjoyed at his success, as thinking he had given a most fortunate and glorious beginning to his knight-errantry, he went on towards his village, entirely satisfied with himself, and saying, in a low voice, "Well mayest thou deem thyself happy above all women living on the earth, O Dulcinea del Toboso, beauteous above the most beautiful, since it has been thy lot to have subject and obedient to thy whole will and pleasure so valiant and renowned a knight, as is ever and shall be, Don Quixote de la Mancha; who, (as all the world knows,) received but yesterday the order of knighthood, and to-day has redressed the greatest injury and grievance that injustice could invent, or cruelty commit:—to-day hath he wrested the scourge out of the hand of that pitiless enemy, who so undeservedly lashed a tender stripling."

Just as he had done speaking, he approached the centre of four roads; and presently, it came into his imagination that the knights-errant, when they came to these cross-ways, set themselves to consider which of the roads they should take: and, to imitate them, he stood still awhile; and at last, after mature consideration, let go the reins, submitting his own will to be guided by that of his horse, who, following his first motion, took the direct road towards his stable. Having gone about two miles, Don Quixote discovered a company of people, who, as it afterwards appeared, were merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks in Murcia. There were six of them; and they came with their umbrellas, and four servants on horseback, and three muleteers on foot. Scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he imagined some new adventure; and to imitate, as nearly as possible, the passages he had read in his books, he fancied this to be cut out on purpose for him to achieve. With a graceful deportment and vast intrepidity he settled himself firm in his stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his target, and, posting himself in the midst of the highway, stood waiting the coming up of those knights-errant, for such he already judged them to be: and when they had come so near as to be seen and heard, Don Quixote raised his voice, and, with an arrogant air, cried out,

"Let the whole world stand, if the whole world does not confess that there is not, in the whole world, a damsel more beautiful than

the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso." The merchants stopped at the sound of these words, and to behold the strange figure of him who pronounced them; and, by the one and the other, they soon perceived the madness of the speaker: but they had a mind to stay and see what that confession meant, which he required of them: and one of them, who was somewhat of a wag, but, withal, very discreet, said to him, "Signor Cavalier, we do not know who this good lady you mention may be; let us but see her, and if she is of so great beauty as you intimate, we will, with all our hearts, and without any constraint, confess that truth you demand from us." "Should I show her to you," replied Don Quixote, where would be the merit in confessing a fact so notorious?" the business is, that, without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it; and if not, I challenge you all to battle, proud and monstrous as you are: and, whether you come on one by one, (as the laws of chivalry require,) or all together, as is the custom and wicked practice of those of your stamp, here I wait for you, confiding in the justice of my cause." "Signor Cavalier," replied the merchant, "I beseech your worship, in the name of the princes here present, that we may not lay a burden upon our consciences, by confessing a thing we never saw nor heard, and especially what is so much to the prejudice of the empresses and queens of Castile and Estremadura, that your worship would be pleased to show us some picture of this lady, though no larger than a barley-corn; for we shall guess at the clue by the thread: and herewith we shall rest satisfied and safe, and your worship remain contented and pleased: nay, I verily believe, we are already so far inclined to your side, that, though her picture should represent her squinting with one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone from the other, notwithstanding all this, we will say whatever you please in her favour." "There distils not, base scoundrels," answered Don Quixote, burning with rage,—"there distils not from her what you say, but rather ambergris and rich perfume; neither is she crooked, nor hump-backed, but as straight as a spindle of Guadarrama: but you shall pay for the horrid blasphemy you have uttered against so transcendent a beauty as my mistress.

And so saying, with his lance couched, he ran at him who had spoken, with so much fury and rage, that, if good fortune had not ordered it that Rocinante stumbled and fell, in the midst of his career, it had gone hard with the daring merchant. Rocinante fell, and his master lay rolling about the field a good while, and

endeavouring to rise, but in vain, so encumbered was he with his lance, target, spurs, and helmet, and with the weight of his antique armour. While he was thus struggling, he continued calling out, "Fly not, ye dastardly rabble; stay, ye race of slaves; for it is

through my horse's fault, and not my own, that I lie here extended. A muleteer of the company, not over good-natured, hearing the poor fallen gentleman vent such boasts, could not bear it without returning him an answer on his ribs; so, coming to him, he took the lance, and, after he had broken it to pieces, with one of the splinters he so belaboured Don Quixote, that, in spite of his armour, he thrashed him to chaff. His masters cried out not to beat him so much; and to leave him, but the muleteer was provoked, and would not quit the game until he had quite spent the remainder of his choler: and running for the other pieces of the lance, he finished the breaking them upon the poor fallen knight; who, notwithstanding the tempest of blows that rained upon him, never shut his mouth, threatening heaven and earth, and those assassins, for such they seemed to him. At length the fellow was tired, and the merchants went on their way, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse concerning the poor belaboured knight. Don Quixote, when he found himself alone, tried again to rise; but if he could not do it when whole and well, how should he when bruised and almost battered to pieces? Yet still he thought himself a happy man, looking upon this as a misfortune peculiar to knights-errant, and imputing the whole to his horse's fault; but it was impossible for him to raise himself up, his whole body was so horribly bruised.

CHAPTER V.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE NARRATION OF OUR KNIGHT'S MISFORTUNE.

VANQUISHED he would not own himself; but, finding that he was unable to stir, he bethought himself of having recourse to his usual remedy, which was to recollect some passage of his books; and his frenzy instantly presented to his remembrance that of Baudouin and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain: a story; known to children, not unknown to youth, commended and credited by old men, and, for all that, no truer than the miracles of Mahomet. Now this example seemed to him as if it had been cast in a mould to fit his present distress: and so, with signs of great bodily pain, he began to roll himself on the ground, and said, with a faint tone, what was said by the wounded knight of the wood:—

> "Where art thou, mistress of my heart?
> Unconscious of thy lover's smart:
> Ah me! thou know'st not my distress,—
> Or thou art false and pitiless."

And in this manner he went on with the romance, until he came to where it said: "O noble Marquis of Mantua, my uncle and lord by blood." It so fortuned that, just as he came to that verse, there passed by a countryman of his own village, and his near neighbour,

who had been carrying a load of wheat to the mill; who, seeing a man lying stretched on the earth, came up and asked him who he was, and what ailed him, that he made such a doleful lamentation? Don Quixote believed he must certainly be the Marquis of Mantua, his uncle, and so returned him no answer, but went on with his romance,[13] giving an account of his misfortune, and of the amours of the emperor's son with his spouse, just in the same manner as it is there recounted. The peasant stood confounded at hearing such extravagancies; and taking off his visor, which was beaten all to

pieces, he wiped his face, then covered with dust; and the moment he had done wiping it, he knew him, and said, "Ah, Signor Quixada, (for so he was called before he had lost his senses, and was

[13] This *romance*, in three parts, of which the author is unknown, is to be found in the *Cancionero*, printed at Antwerp in 1555. It is there related that Carloto, the son of Charlemagne, enticed Baudouin, (Valdovinos,) into the *unfortunate grove*, (*la floresta sin ventura*,) with the design of taking his life and marrying his widow. He wounded him mortally in twenty-six different places, and left his corpse in the thicket. The Marquis of Mantua, his uncle, who was hunting near the spot, heard the wounded man's cries, came to the place, and recognized his nephew. He sent an express to Paris, asking justice at the Emperor's hands, and Charlemagne caused his son to be executed.

transformed from a sober gentleman to a knight-errant,) how came your worship in this condition?" but he answered out of his romance to whatever question was asked him.

The good man seeing this, made a shift to take off his back and breast pieces, to see if he had received any wound: but he saw no blood, nor sign of any hurt. Then he endeavoured to raise him from the ground, and with much ado set him upon his ass, as being the beast of easier carriage. He gathered together all the arms, not excepting the broken pieces of the lance, and tied them upon Rocinante; and so, taking him by the bridle, and his ass by the halter, he went on, towards his village, full of reflection at hearing the extravagancies which Don Quixote uttered; and no less thoughtful was the knight, who, through the mere force of bruises and bangs, could scarcely keep himself upon the ass, and, ever and anon, sent forth such groans as seemed to pierce the skies, insomuch

that the peasant was again forced to ask him what ailed him. None but the devil himself could furnish his memory with stories so suited to what had befallen him; for, at that instant, forgetting

Valdovinos, he bethought himself of the Moor Aben Darraez, at the time when the governor of Antequera, Rodrigo of Narvaez, had taken him prisoner, and conveyed him to his castle, so that when the peasant asked him again how he did, he answered him in the very same words and expressions, in which the prisoner Aben Darraez answered Rodrigo of Narvaez, as he had read the story in the Diana of George of Montemayor, applying it so patly to his own case, that the peasant went on cursing himself to the devil for listening to such monstrous nonsense. He thence collected that his neighbour was gone mad, and therefore made what haste he could to reach the village, to free himself from the vexation of Don Quixote's tiresome and impertinent speeches; who, in conclusion, said, "Be it known to your worship, Signor Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, that this beauteous Xarifa, whom I mentioned, is now the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have done, do, and will do, the most famous exploits of chivalry, that have been, are, or shall be seen in the world." To this the peasant answered, "Look you, Sir, as I am a sinner, I am not Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonzo, your neighbour: neither is your worship Valdovinos, nor Aben Darraez, but the worthy gentleman Signor Quixada." "I know who I am," answered Don Quixote; "and I know too that I am not only capable of being those I have mentioned, but all the twelve peers of France; yea, and the nine worthies; since my exploits will far exceed all that they have jointly or separately achieved.

With these and the like discourses, they reached the village about sun-set: but the peasant staid until the night was a little advanced, that the people might not see the poor battered gentleman so scurvily mounted. When the hour he thought convenient was come, he entered the village, and arrived at Don Quixote's house, which he found all in an uproar. The priest and the barber of the place, who were Don Quixote's great friends, happened to be there; and the housekeeper was saying to them, aloud, "What is your opinion, Signor Licentiate Pero Perez, (for that was the priest's name,) of my master's misfortune? for neither he, nor his horse, nor the target, nor the lance, nor the armour, have been seen these six days past. Woe is me! I am verily persuaded, and it is as

certainly true as I was born to die, that these cursed books of knight-errantry, which he keeps, and is so often reading, have turned his brain; and, now I think of it, I have often heard him say, talking to himself, that he would turn knight-errant, and go about the world in quest of adventures. The devil and Barabbas take all such books, that have thus spoiled the finest understanding in all La Mancha." The niece joined with her, and said, moreover, "Know, master Nicholas, (for that was the barber's name,) that it has often happened, that my honoured uncle has continued poring over these confounded books of mischief two whole days and nights; and then, throwing the book out of his hand, he would draw his sword, and fence, back-stroke and fore-stroke, with the walls; and when he was heartily tired, would say, he had killed four giants, as tall as so many steeples, and that the sweat, which ran from him, when weary, was the blood of the wounds he had received in the fight: and then he would presently drink off a large jug of cold water, and be as quiet and well as ever, telling us that water was a most precious liquor, brought him by the sage Esquife,[14] a great enchanter, and his friend. But I take the blame of all this to myself, that I did not advertise you, gentlemen, of my dear uncle's extravagancies, before they were come to the height they now are, that you might have prevented them, by burning all those cursed books, of which he has so great store, and which as justly deserve to be committed to the flames, as if they were heretical." "I say the same," quoth the priest; "and, in faith, to-morrow shall not pass without holding a public inquisition against them, and condemning them to the fire, that they may no more minister occasion to those who read them to do what I fear my good friend has done."

All this the peasant and Don Quixote overheard, and it confirmed the countryman in the belief of his neighbour's infirmity; and so he began to cry aloud, "Open the doors, gentlemen, to the Marquis of Mantua and Signor Valdovinos, who comes dangerously wounded, and to Signor Aben Darraez, the Moor, whom the valorous Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera, brings as his prisoner." At hearing this, they all came out; and as some

[14] Alquife, who wrote the *Chronicle of Amadis of Greece.* Don Quixote's niece maims his name.

knew their friend, and others their master and uncle, they all ran to embrace him, who was not yet alighted from the ass; for, indeed, he could not. "Forbear all of you," he cried, "for I am sorely wounded through my horse's fault: carry me to my bed; and, if it be possible, send for the sage Urganda, to search and heal my wounds." "Look ye, in the devil's name," said the housekeeper immediately, "if my heart did not tell me right, on which leg my master halted. Get up stairs, in God's name; for, without the help of that same Urganda, we shall find a way to cure you ourselves. Cursed, say I again, and a hundred times cursed, be those books of knight-errantry, that have brought your worship to this pass. They carried him presently to his chamber, and searching for his wounds, they found none at all: and he told them he was only bruised by a great fall he got with his horse Rocinante, as he was fighting with ten of the most prodigious and audacious giants that were to be found on the earth. "Ho, ho," says the priest, "what! there are giants too in the dance: by my faith I shall set fire to them all before to-morrow night." They asked Don Quixote a thousand questions, and he would answer nothing, but only desired something to eat, and that they would let him sleep, which was what he stood most in need of. They did so, and the priest inquired particularly of the countryman in what condition he had found Don Quixote; who gave him an account of the whole, with the extravagancies he had uttered, both at the time of finding him, and all the way home; which increased the licentiate's desire to do what he did the next day; which was to call on his friend, master Nicholas, the barber, with whom he came to Don Quixote's house.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE PLEASANT AND GRAND SCRUTINY, MADE BY THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER, IN OUR INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN'S LIBRARY.

ETTING Don Quixote sleep on, the priest asked the niece for the keys of the chamber where the books were,—those authors of the mischief; and she delivered them with a very good will. They all went in, and the housekeeper with them. They found above a hundred volumes in folio, very well bound, besides a great many small ones. No sooner did the housekeeper see them, than she ran out of the room in great haste, and immediately returned with a pot of holy water and a bunch of hyssop, and said, "Signor Licentiate, take this, and sprinkle the room, lest some enchanter, of the many these books abound with, should enchant us, in revenge for what we intend to do, in banishing them out of the world." The priest smiled at the housekeeper's simplicity, and ordered the barber to reach him the books, one by one, that they might see what they treated of; for, perhaps they might find some that did not deserve to be chastised by fire. "No," said the niece, "there is no reason why any of them should be spared, for they have all been mischief-makers: it will be best to fling them out of the window into the court-yard, and make a pile of them, and set fire to it, or else carry them into

the back-yard, and there make a bonfire of them, and the smoke will offend nobody." The housekeeper said the same, so eagerly did they both thirst for the death of those innocents. But the priest would not agree to that, without first reading the titles, at least.

The first that master Nicholas put into his hands, was "Amadis

de Gaul," in four parts; and the priest said, "There seems to be some mystery in this; for, as I have heard say, this was the first

book of chivalry printed in Spain, and all the rest have had their foundation and rise from it; and, therefore, I think, as head of so pernicious a sect, we ought to condemn him to the fire without mercy." "Not so, Sir," said the barber, "for I have heard, also, that it is the best of all the books of this kind; and, therefore, as being singular in his art, he ought to be spared."[15] "It is true," said the priest, "and for that reason his life is granted him for the present. Let us see that other that stands next him." "It is," said the barber, "'The Adventures of Esplandian, the legitimate son of Amadis de Gaul.'"[16] "Verily," said the priest, "the goodness of the father shall avail the son nothing; take him, mistress housekeeper; open your casement, and throw him into the yard, and let him give a beginning to the pile for the intended bonfire." The housekeeper did so with much satisfaction, and honest Esplandian was sent flying into the yard, there to wait, with patience, for the fire with which he was threatened. "Proceed," said the priest. "The next," said the barber, "is 'Amadis, of Greece:' yea, and all these on this side are of the lineage of Amadis."[17] "Then, into the yard with them all," quoth the priest;

[15] Of *Amadis de Gaule* it is not known who was the original author, nor even in what country it first appeared; though it is certainly known that Spain had not that honour. Some conjecture Flanders, others France, and others Portugal. This last opinion appears to be the best founded. We may conclude, until proof to the contrary appears, that the original author of *Amadis* was the Portuguese Vasco de Lobeïra, who flourished, according to Nicholas Antonio, in the reign of King Denis, (Dinois,) at the close of the thirteenth century, or, according to Clemencin, in the reign of John I., at the end of the fourteenth. Spanish versions of it were first circulated in fragments; of these written fragments were formed the partial editions of the fifteenth century, and the collector Garcia Ordonez de Montalvo made, by compiling them, his complete edition of 1525. D'Herberay gave, in 1540, a *French* translation of *Amadis*, at that time much admired, but forgotten since the first appearance of the free imitation, by Count Tressan, which is well known.

[16] The book is intituled: *The branch springing from the four books of Amadis de Gaule, called the exploits of the very valiant Knight Esplandian, son to the excellent King Amadis de Gaule.*—Alcala, 1588. The author of it is Garcia Ordonez de Montalvo, the editor of Amadis. He asserts, in the beginning, that these exploits were written in Greek, by Master Helisabad, the surgeon of Amadis, who had also translated them. That is the reason that he calls his book by the strange title of *Las Sergas*, which is a poor imitation of the Greek title εργα.

[17] The history of Amadis of Greece is thus entitled: *Chronicle of the very valiant Prince and Knight of the Burning-Sword, Amadis of Greece, &c.*—Lisbon, 1596. The author says, also, that it was written in Greek by the sage Alquife, then translated into Latin, then into a romance (in metre). Nicholas Anthonio, in his *Spanish Library*, (tome XI. p. 394,) reckons twenty books of chivalry, containing the adventures of Amadis's descendants.

for, rather than not burn Queen Pintiquiniestra, and the shepherd Darinel, with his eclogues, and the devilish intricate discourses of its author, I would burn the father who begot me, did I meet him in the garb of a knight-errant." "Of the same opinion am I," said the barber. "And I too," added the niece. "Since it is so," said the housekeeper, "away with them all into the yard." They handed them to her; and, there being great numbers of them, to save herself the trouble of the stairs, she threw them all—the shortest way—out of the window.

"What tun of an author is that?" said the priest. "This is," answered the barber, "'Don Olivante de Laura.'" "The author of that book," said the priest, "was the same who composed 'The Garden of Flowers;' and, in good truth, I know not which of the two books is the truest, or rather, the least lying: I can only say that this goes to the yard for its arrogance and absurdity."[18] "This, that follows, is 'Florismarte of Hircania,'"[19] said the barber. "What! is Signor Florismarte there?" replied the priest: "now, in good faith, he shall soon make his appearance in the yard, notwithstanding his strange birth[20] and chimerical adventures: for the harshness and dryness of his style will admit of no excuse. To the yard with him, and this other, mistress housekeeper." "With all my heart, dear Sir," answered she; and, with much joy, executed what she was commanded. "This is 'The Knight Platir,'"[21] said the barber. "That," said the priest, "is an ancient book, and I find nothing in him deserving pardon; let him keep the rest company, without more words;" which was accordingly done. They opened another book, and found it entitled "The Knight of the Cross." "So religious a title," quoth the priest, "might, one would think, atone for the ignorance of the author; but, it is a

[18] The author of these two works was Antonio de Torquémada.

[19] Or, *Felix Mars of Hircania*, published by Melchor de Ortéga, Knight of Ubéda. Valladolid, 1556.

[20] His mother Marcelina, wife of Prince Florisan of Misia, brought him into the world in a wood, and confided him to the care of a wild woman, called Balsagina, who, from the united names of his parents, named him Florismars, and afterwards Felix Mars.

[21] *Chronicle of the very valiant knight Platir, son of the Emperor Primaleon.*—Valladolid, 1533. The author of this work is unknown, as, indeed, are nearly all the authors of books of chivalry.

common saying, 'the devil lurks behind the cross:'[22] so to the fire with him." The barber, taking down another book, said, "this is 'The Mirror of Chivalry.'"[23] "Oh! I know his worship very well," cried the priest. "Here comes 'Signor Reynaldos de Montalvan,' with his friends and companions, greater thieves than Cacus; and 'The Twelve Peers,' with the faithful historiographer Turpin. However, I am only for condemning them to perpetual banishment, because they contain some things of the famous Mateo Boyardo's invention; from whom, also, the christian poet Ludovico Ariosto[24] spun his web: but if I find even him here, and speaking any other language than his own, I will show him no respect; but, if he speaks in his own tongue, I will put him upon my head." "I have him in Italian," said the barber, "but I do not understand him." "Neither is it any great matter whether you understand him or not," answered the priest; "and we would willingly have excused the good captain[25] from bringing him into Spain, and making him a Castilian, for he has deprived him of a great deal of his native value: and this is the misfortune of all those who undertake to translate books of verse into other languages; for, with all their care and skill, they can never raise them to the pitch they were at, in their first production. I pronounce, in short, that this, and all other books, that shall be found treating of French matters, be thrown aside, and deposited in some dry vault, until we can determine, with more deliberation, what is to be done with them;

[22] *Book of the invincible knight Lepolemo, and of his exploits as knight of the Cross.*—Toledo, 1562 and 1563. This book is in two parts, of which one, at the author's dictation, was written in Arabic, by the Sultan Zulema's orders, by a Moor named Xarton, and translated by a captive of Tunis; the other is in Greek, by King Artidorus.

[23] This work is in four parts: the first, the composition of Diego Ordonez de Calahorra, was printed in 1562, and dedicated to Martin Cortez, son of Ferdinand Cortez; the second, written by Pedro de la Sierra, was printed at Saragossa, in 1580; the two last by the licentiate Marcos Martinez, appeared also at Saragossa, in 1603.

[24] It is well known that Boyardo was the author of *Roland amoureux*, and Ariosto of *Roland furieux*.

[25] The captain here alluded to, is Don Geronimo Ximenez de Urrea. Don Diego de Mendoza said of him: "And has not Don Geronimo de Urrea earned the reputation of a noble writer, and, what is of more consequence, plenty of money, by translating *Roland Furieux*, that is to say by having written, where the author says *cavaglieri*, cavalleros—*arme*, armas—*amori*, amores? In that way, I could write more books than Methuselah lived years."

excepting 'Bernardo del Carpio,[26] and another called 'Roncesvalles;[27] which, if they fall into my hands, shall pass into the housekeeper's, and thence into the fire, without any remission." The barber confirmed the sentence, and held it for good, and a matter well determined, knowing that the priest was so true a christian, and so much a friend to both, that he would not utter a falsehood for all the world,

And so, opening another book, he saw it was "Palmerin de Oliva," and next to it another, called "Palmerin of England;" which the licentiate espying, said, "Let this 'Oliva' be torn to pieces and burnt, that not so much as the ashes may remain; but let 'Palmerin of England' be preserved, and kept as a singular piece; and let such another case be made for it, as that which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, and appropriated to preserve the works of the poet Homer. This book, gossip, is considerable upon two accounts; the one, that it is very good in itself; and the other, because there is a tradition that it was written by an ingenious king of Portugal. All the adventures of the castle of Miraguarda are most excellent and artificial; the dialogue courtly and clear; and the decorum preserved, in all the characters, with great judgment and propriety.[28] Therefore, master Nicholas, saving your better judgment, let this, and 'Amadis de Gaul,' be exempted from the fire, and let all the rest perish without any farther inquiry." "Not so, gossip," replied the barber, "for this, that I have here, is the renowned 'Don Belianis,'" The priest replied; "This, with the second, third, and fourth parts, wants a little rhubarb to carry

[26] This poem is in octaves, and is written by Augustin Alonzo, of Salamanca.—Toledo, 1585. It must not be confounded with that by bishop Balbuena, which did not appear until after Cervantes' death.

[27] By Francisco Garrido de Villena.—Toledo, 1585.

[28] The first part of the Palmerins is intituled: *Book of the famous knight Palmerin d'Oliva, who performed several noble feats of arms, without knowing whose son he was.*—Medina del Campo, 1563. The supposed author was a Portuguese woman, whose name is not known. The other Palmerin *(Chronica de famoso é muito esforzado cavaleiro Palmeirim de Ingalaterra*, etc.) is in six parts. The two first are attributed by some to King John II., by others to the infant Don Luis, son to the prior of Ocrato, who disputed the crown of Portugal with Philip II.; others imagine the author of them to have been Francisco de Moraes. The third and fourth parts were were written by Diego Fernandez. The fifth and sixth by Baltazar Gonzalez Lobato; all Portuguese.

off its excessive choler: besides, we must remove all that relates to the castle of fame, and other grosser impertinencies;[29] wherefore, let them have the benefit of transportation;[30] and, as they shew signs of amendment, they shall be treated with mercy or justice: in the mean time, neighbour, give them room in your house, but let nobody read them." "With all my heart," quoth the barber; and, without tiring himself any farther in turning over books of chivalry, he bid the housekeeper take all the great ones, and throw them into the yard. This was not spoken to one stupid or deaf, but to one who had a greater mind to be burning them, than weaving the finest and largest web. And, therefore, laying hold of seven or eight at once, she tossed them out at the window.

By her taking so many together, there fell one at the barber's feet; who had a mind te see what it was, and found it to be "The history of the renowned knight, Tirant the White." "Heaven save me!" quoth the priest, with a loud voice, "is 'Tirant the White' there? Give me him here, neighbour; for, I make account, I have found in him a treasure of delight, and a mine of entertainment. Here we have Don Kyrie-Eleison of Montalvan, a valorous knight, and his brother Thomas of Montalvan, and the knight Fonseca, and the combat which the valiant Detriante fought with Alano, and the smart conceits of the damsel Plazerdemivida, with the amours and artifices of the widow Reposada;[31] and madam, the Empress, in love with her squire Hypolito. Verily, gossip, in its way, it is the best book in the world: here the knights eat, and sleep, and die in their beds, and make their wills before their deaths; with several things which are wanting in all other books of this kind. Notwithstanding all this, I tell you the author deserved, for writing so many foolish things, seriously; to be sent to the galleys for all

[29] This romance is entitled: *Book of the valiant and invincible prince Don Belianis of Greece, son of the emperor Don Belanio and the empress Clorinda; translated from the Greek, in which language it was written by the saye Friston, by a son of the virtuous Torribio Fernandez.*—Burgos, 1579. This son of the virtuous Torribio was the licentiate Geronimo Fernandez, attorney at Madrid.

[30] That is to say, the delay necessary for summoning to justice those who reside in the colonies; six months at least.

[31] One was the follower, and the other the duenna of the princess Carmesina, the supposed Tirant the White.

the days of his life:[32] carry it home, and read it, and you will find all I say of him to be true." "I will do so," answered the barber; "but what shall we do with these little books that remain?" "These," said the priest, "are, probably, not books of chivalry, but of poetry." And, opening one, he found it was "The Diana of George Montemayor,"[33] and said, (believing all the rest to be of the same kind,) "these do not deserve to be burnt like the rest; for they cannot do the mischief that those of chivalry have done: they are works of genius and fancy, and do nobody any hurt." "O Sir," said the niece, "pray order these to be burnt with the rest; for, should my uncle be cured of this distemper of chivalry, he may, possibly, by reading these books, take it into his head to turn shepherd, and wander through the woods and fields, singing and playing on a pipe; and, what would be still worse, to turn poet, which, they say, is an incurable and contagious disease." "The damsel says true," quoth the priest, "and it will not be amiss to remove this stumbling-block and occasion, out of our friend's way. And, since we begin with "The Diana of Montemayor," I recommend not to burn it, but to take away all that treats of the sage Felicia, and of the enchanted fountain, and almost all the longer poems; and leave him the prose, in God's name, and the honour of being the first in that kind of writing." "This, that follows," said the barber, "is 'The Diana called the second, by Salmantino;'[34] and another of the same name, whose author is Gil Polo." "'The

[32] This unknown author, who, according to the curate, deserved the galleys, intitled his work: *Tirant the White of Roche-Salée, knight of the Garter, who, by his high feats of chivalry, became a Prince, and the Cæsar of the Grecian empire.* The hero is called Tirant, because his father was lord of the marsh of Tirania, and the White, because his mother's name was Blanche; and of Roche-Salée, because he was lord of a strong castle built on a mountain of salt. This book, one of the oldest of the kind, was probably written in Portuguese by a Valencian named Juannot Martorell. A translation of it, in the Limosian language, commenced by him, and terminated, after his death, by Juan de Galba, was printed at Valencia, in 1490. Copies of the Spanish translation, published at Valladolid, in 1511, are become extremely scarce. This book is wanting in the collection of original romances of chivalry in the *Bibliothèque Royale de Paris.* It has been vainly sought after, over all Spain, for the *Bibliothèque de Madrid*, and the commentators are obliged to quote from it either in Italian or French.

[33] A Portuguese: he was poet, musician, and soldier. He was murdered in Piedmont, in 1561.

[34] Salmantino implies of Salamanca. He was a doctor of that town, by name Alonzo Perez.

Salmantinian,'" answered the priest, "may accompany and increase the number of the condemned: to the yard with him; but let that of Gil Polo[35] be preserved, as if it were written by Apollo himself. Proceed, gossip, and let us dispatch; for it grows late."

"This," said the barber, opening another, "is 'The ten books of the Fortune of Love,' composed by Antonio de Lofraso, aSardinian poet."[36] "By the holy orders I have received," said the priest, "since Apollo was Apollo, the muses muses, and the poets poets, so humorous and so whimsical a book as that, was never written; it is the best and most singular of the kind that ever appeared in the world; and he who has not read it, may reckon that he never read any thing of taste: give it me here, gossip; for I value the finding it more than if I had been presented with a cassock of Florence satin." He laid it aside with exceeding pleasure, and the barber proceeded, saying, "These, that follow, are, 'The shepherd of Iberia,'[37] 'The nymphs of Enares,'[38] and 'The cures of Jealousy.'"[39] "There is no more to be done," said the priest, but to deliver them up to the secular arm of the housekeeper; and ask me not why, for then we should never have done." "This, that comes next, is 'The shepherd of Filida.'"[40] "He is no shepherd," said the priest, "but an ingenious courtier; let him be preserved, and laid up as a precious jewel." "This bulky volume here," said the barber, "is intitled 'The Treasure of divers Poems.'"[41] "Had they been fewer," replied the priest, "they would have been more esteemed: it is necessary this book should be weeded, and cleared of all the low things interspersed amongst its sublimities: let it be preserved, both as the author is my friend, and out of

[35] A Valencian poet, who continued Montemayor's work, under the title of Diana enamorada.

[36] The title of this work is thus rendered: *The ten books of the fortune of love; in which are to be found the virtuous and peaceable amours of the shepherd Frexano and the fair shepherdess Fortune.*—Barcelona, 1575.

[37] By Don Bernardo de la Vega, canon of Tucuman.—Seville, 1591.

[38] By Bernardo Gonzales Bobadilla.—Alcala, 1587.

[39] By Bartholme Lopez de Enciso.—Madrid, 1586.

[40] By Luis Galvez de Montalvo.—Madrid, 1582.

[41] By Don Pedro Padilla.—Madrid, 1575.

regard to other more heroic and exalted pieces of his writing." "This," pursued the barber, "is a book of songs, by Lopez Maldonado."[42] "The author of this book, also," replied the priest, "is a great friend of mine: his verses, sung by himself, raise admiration in the hearers; and such is the sweetness of his voice in singing them, that they perfectly enchant. He is a little too prolix in his eclogues; but there can never be too much of what is really good; let it be kept with the select."

"But what book is that next to it?" "'The Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes,'" said the barber. "That Cervantes has been a great friend of mine these many years, and I know that he is better acquainted with misfortune than with poetry. His book has somewhat of good invention in it; he proposes something, but concludes nothing: we must wait for the second part, which he promises:[43] perhaps, on his amendment, he may obtain that entire pardon which is now denied him; in the meantime, gossip, give him a recluse in your chamber." "With all my heart," answered the barber; "and here come three together! 'The Araucana of Don Alonzo de Ercilla,' 'The Austriada of John Rufo, a magistrate of Cordova,' and 'The Monserrato of Christoval de Nirves, a poet of Valencia.'" "These three books," said the priest, "are the best that are written in heroic verse in the Castilian tongue, and may stand in competition with the most famous of Italy; let them be preserved, as the best performances in poetry, Spain can boast."[44] The priest grew tired of looking over so many volumes, and so, inside and contents unknown, he would have all the rest burnt. But the barber had already opened one called "The tears of Angelica."[45] "I should have shed tears myself," said the priest,

[42] Printed at Madrid, in 1586.

[43] Cervantes, in his dedication of *Persiles y Sigismunda*, which was published a short time before his death, renewed his promise of giving to the world a second part of the *Galatea*. But it was not found among his writings.

[44] The *Araucana*, a grand epic poem, is a relation of the conquest of Arauco, a province of Chili, by the Spaniards. Alonzo de Ercilla was one of the expedition. The *Austriada* is the heroic history of Don Juan of Austria, from the revolt of the Moors of Grenada till the battle of Lepanto: and the *Monserrate* describes the repentance of St. Garin and the foundation of the monarchy of Monserrat, in Catalonia, in the ninth century.

[45] A poem, in twelve cantos, by Luis Brahona de Soto. 1586.

hearing the name, "had I ordered that book to be burnt; for its author was one of the most famous poets, not of Spain only, but of the whole world, and translated some fables of Ovid with great success."

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE SECOND SALLY OF OUR GOOD KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

NLY then it was, that Don Quixote began to call out loudly, saying—"Here, here, valorous knights, here ye must exert the force of your valiant arms, for the courtiers begin to get the better of the tournament." This noise and outcry, to which they all ran, put a stop to any farther scrutiny of the books that remained; and, therefore, it is believed, that to the fire, without being seen or heard, went the "Carolea,"[46] and "Leon of Spain,"[47] with "The Acts of the Emperor," composed by Don

[46] There were, in Cervantes' time, two poems of this name, on the victories of Charles V.; one of them was by Geronimo Sampere, Valencia, 1560; the other by Juan Ochoa de la Salde, Lisbon, 1585.

[47] *El Leon de Espana*, a poem in octaves, by Pedro de la Vecilla Castellanos, on the heroes and martyrs of the ancient kingdom of Leon.—Salamanca, 1586.

Luis de Avila,[48] which, without doubt, must have been among those that were left; and, perhaps, had the priest seen them, they had not undergone so rigorous a sentence. When they came to Don Quixote, he was already got out of bed, and continued his outcries and ravings, with his drawn sword laying furiously about him, back-stroke and fore-stroke, being as broad awake as if he

had never been asleep. They closed in with him, and laid him upon his bed by main force; and, after he was a little composed, turning himself to talk to the priest, he said, "Certainly, my lord archbishop Turpin, it is a great disgrace to us, who call ourselves the twelve peers, to let the knights-courtiers carry off the victory without more opposition, after we, the adventurers, had gained the

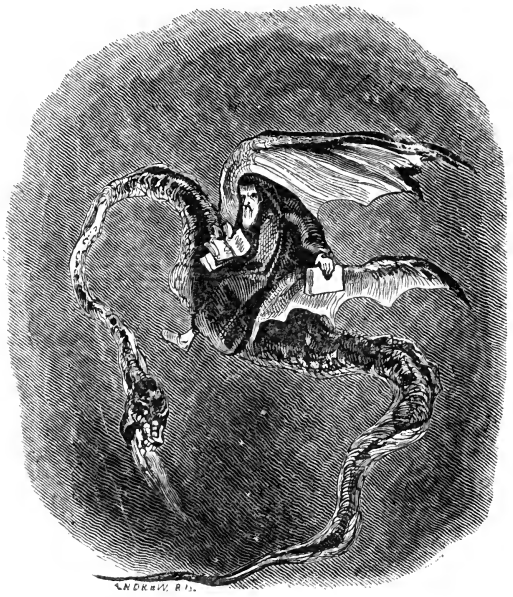
[48] *Los hechos del emperador.* This is another poem (*Carlo famoso*) in honour of Charles V.; not by Luis de Avila, but by Don Luis Zapata. There is an error, either of the author's or of the printer's, in the text.

prize in the three preceding days."[49] "Say no more, good gossip," said the priest; "it may be the will of fate to change our fortune, and what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow; mind your health for the present; for, I think you must needs be extremely fatigued, if not sorely wounded." "Wounded! no," said Don Quixote, "but bruised and battered I am for certain; for that bastard, Don Roldan, has pounded me to mash with the trunk of an oak, and all out of mere envy, because he sees that I am the sole rival of his prowess. But let me never more be called Rinaldo of Montauban, if, as soon as I am able to rise from this bed, I do not make him pay dear for it, in spite of all his enchantments: but, at present, bring me some breakfast, for I know nothing will do me so much good; and let me alone to revenge myself." They did so; they gave him some victuals, and he fell fast asleep again, and left them in fresh admiration of his madness.

That night the housekeeper set fire to and burnt all the books that were in the yard, and in the house too; and some must have perished that deserved to be treasured up in perpetual archives; but their fate, and the laziness of the scrutineer, would not permit it, and in them was fulfilled the saying, "that the just sometimes suffer for the unjust." One of the remedies, which the priest and barber prescribed at that time, for their friend's malady, was to alter his apartment, and wall up the room where the books had been, that when he got up, he might not find them; in hopes, that the cause being removed, the effect might cease; and they were to pretend, that an enchanter had carried them away, room and all; which was presently done accordingly. Within two days after, Don Quixote got up, and the first thing he did was to visit his books; and, not finding the room where he left it, he went up and down looking for it. He came to the place where the door used to be, and he felt with his hands and stared about every way without speaking a word; but after some time, he asked the housekeeper whereabouts the room stood, where his books were. She, who was already well tutored what to answer, said to him, "What room, or

[49] In allusion to the tournament at Persepolis, in the romance of Belianis of Greece.

what nothing, does your worship look for? there is neither room nor books in this house; for the devil himself has carried all away." "It was not the devil," said the niece, "but an enchanter, who came one night upon a cloud, after your departure



hence, and, alighting from a serpent, on which he rode, entered into the room; and I know not what he did there, but, after some little time, out he came flying through the roof, and left the house full of smoke, and when we went to see what he had been doing, we saw neither books nor room; only we very well remember, both I and mistress housekeeper here, that when the old thief went away, he said with a loud voice, that for a secret enmity he bore to the owner of those books and of the room, he had done a mischief in this house, which should soon be manifest: he told us also, that he was called the sage Mugnaton." "Freston, he meant to say," [50]

[50] Cervantes, no doubt, wrote Friston, who was an enchanter, the supposed author of Belianis, who lived in the *forest of Death*.

quoth Don Quixote. "I know not," answered the housekeeper, whether his name be Freston or Friton; all that I know is that it ended in *ton*." "It doth so," replied Don Quixote; "he is a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me a grudge, because, by his skill and learning, he knows that in process of time, I shall engage in single combat with a knight whom he favours, and shall vanquish him without his being able to prevent it: and, for this cause, he endeavours to do me all the injury he can; but, let him know from me, it will be difficult for him to withstand or avoid what is decreed by heaven." "Who doubts of that?" said the niece; "but, dear uncle, who puts you upon these squabbles? Would it not be better to stay quietly at home, than to ramble about the world seeking for better bread than wheaten, without considering that many go for wool and return shorn themselves." "O, dear niece," answered Don Quixote, "how little do you know of the matter! before they shall shear me, I will pluck and tear off the beards of all those, who dare think of touching the tip of a single hair of mine." Neither of them would make any farther reply, for they saw his choler begin to take fire. He staid, after this, fifteen days at home, very quiet, without discovering any symptom of an inclination to repeat his late frolics; in which time there passed very pleasant discourses between him and his two gossips, the priest and the barber, he affirming, that the world stood in need of nothing so much as knights-errant, and the revival of chivalry. The priest sometimes contradicted him, and at other times acquiesced; for, had he not made use of this artifice, there would have been no means left to bring him to reason.

About this time, Don Quixote tampered with a labourer, a neighbour of his, and an honest man, (if such an epithet may be given to one that is poor,) but very shallow-brained. In short, he said so much, used so many arguments, and promised him such great matters, that the poor fellow resolved to sally out with him and serve him as his squire. Among other things, Don Quixote told him he should dispose himself to go with him willingly, for some time or other, such an adventure might offer, that an island might be won in the turn of a hand, and he be left governor thereof. Intoxicated with these and the like promises, Sancho Panza, (for that was

the labourer's name,) left his wife and children, and hired himself as squire to his neighbour. Don Quixote presently cast about how to raise money; and, by selling one thing, and pawning another, and losing by all, he scraped together a tolerable sum. He fitted himself likewise with a buckler, which he borrowed of a friend, and, patching up his broken helmet in the best manner he could, he acquainted his squire Sancho of the day and hour he intended to set out, that he might provide himself with what he should find to be most needful. Above all, he charged him not to forget a wallet; and Sancho said, he would be sure to carry one, and that he intended also to take with him an ass he had, being a very good one, because he was not used to travel much on foot. As to the ass, Don Quixote paused a little, endeavouring to recollect whether any knight-errant had ever carried a squire mounted ass-wise; but no instance of the kind occurred to his memory. However, he consented that he should take his ass with him, purposing to accommodate him more honourably, the first opportunity, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet. He provided himself also, with shirts, and what other things he could, conformable to the advice given him by the inn-keeper.

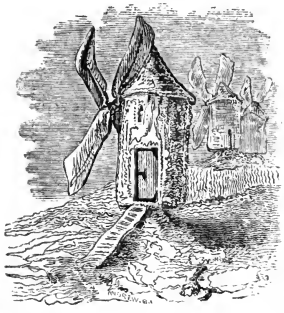
All which being done and accomplished, Don Quixote and

Sancho Panza, without taking leave, the one of his wife and children, and the other of his housekeeper and niece, one night sallied out of the village, unperceived by any one; and they travelled so hard, that by break of day they believed themselves secure of not being found, though search were made after them. Sancho Panza went riding on his ass like any patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a vehement desire to find himself governor of the island which his master had promised him. Don Quixote happened to take the same route he had done in his first expedition, through the plain of Montiel, which he passed over with less uneasiness than the time before; for it was early in the morning, and the rays of the sun darting on them aslant, gave them no disturbance. Now, Sancho Panza said to his master,—"I beseech your worship, good sir knight-errant, that you forget not your promise concerning that same island, for I shall know how to govern it be it ever so big." To which Don Quixote answered,—"You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a custom much in use among the knights-errant of old, to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered; and I am determined that so laudable a custom shall not be lost for me; on the contrary, I resolve to outdo them in it; for they sometimes, and perhaps most times, staid till their squires were grown old; and when they were worn out in their service, and had undergone many bad days and worse nights, they gave them some title, as that of count or marquis of some valley or province, be it greater or less; but if you live and I live, before six days are ended, I may probably win such a kingdom as may have others depending on it, as fit as if they were cast in a mould for thee to be crowned king of one of them: and do not think this any extraordinary matter, for things fall out to such knights, by such unforeseen and unexpected ways, that I may easily give thee more than I promise." "So then," answered Sancho Panza, "if I were a king, by some of those miracles you are pleased to mention, Mary Gutierrez, my crooked rib, would at least come to be queen, and my children infantas." "Who doubts it?" answered Don Quixote. "I doubt it," replied Sancho Panza; "for I am verily persuaded, that if God were to

rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would fit well upon the head of Mary Gutierrez; for you must know, sir, she is not worth two farthings for a queen. The title of countess would set better upon her, and that too with the help of God and good friends." "Recommend her to God, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and he will do what is best for her; but do thou have a care not to debase thy mind so low, as to content thyself with being less than a lord-lieutenant." "Sir, I will not," answered Sancho, "especially having so great a man for my master as your worship, who will know how to give me whatever is most fitting for me, and what you find me best able to bear."

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE GOOD SUCCESS WHICH THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE DREADFUL AND NEVER-BEFORE-IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS, WITH OTHER EVENTS WORTHY TO BE RECORDED.



NTERTAINING themselves thus, they perceived some thirty or forty windmills that are in that plain; and as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire, —"Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired: look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where you may discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, with whom I intend to fight and take away all their lives, and with whose spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful war and doing God good service, to take away so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth." "What giants?" said Sancho Panza. "Those you see yonder," answered his master, "with those long arms, for some of them are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues." "Consider, sir," answered Sancho, "that those which appear yonder, are not giants, but, windmills, and what seem to be arms, are the sails, which whirled about by the wind make the mill-stone go." "One may easily see," answered Don Quixote, "that you are not versed in the business of adventures: they are giants, and if you are afraid, get aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in a fierce and unequal combat." So saying, he clapped spurs to Rocinante,

without minding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that those he went to assault were without all doubt windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them; but went on, crying out aloud,—"Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitifs, for it is a single knight who assaults you." Now the wind rose a little and the great sails began to move; which Don Quixote perceiving, he said,—"Well, though you should move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for it."

So saying, and recommending himself devoutly to his lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succour him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler, and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rocinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him; and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence, that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could carry him:

and when he came up to him, he found him not able to stir; so violent was the blow he and Rocinante had received in falling. "God save me," quoth Sancho, "did I not warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills? and nobody could mistake them, but one that had the like in his head." "Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for matters of war are of all others, most subject to continual mutations. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly so, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me; but when he has done his worst, his wicked arts will avail but little against the goodness of my sword." "God grant it as he can," answered Sancho Panza; and helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon Rocinante, who was half shoulder-slipped.

And discoursing of the late adventure, they followed the road that led to the pass of Lapice; for there Don Quixote said, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, it being a great thoroughfare; and yet he went on very melancholy for want of his lance, and speaking of it to his squire, he said: "I remember to have read that a certain Spanish knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in fight, tore off a huge branch or limb from an oak, and performed such wonders with it that day, and dashed out the brains of so many Moors, that he was surnamed Machuca;[51] and, from that day forward, he and his descendants bore the names of Vargas and Machuca. I tell you this, because from the first oak or crab-tree we meet, I mean to tear such another limb, at least as good as that; and I purpose and resolve to do such feats with it, that you shall deem yourself most fortunate in meriting to behold them, and to be an eye-witness of things which can scarcely be believed." "God's will be done," quoth Sancho; "I believe all just as you say, sir! but pray set yourself upright in your saddle; for you seem to me to ride sideling, occasioned doubtless by your

[51] This adventure, of *Diego Perez de Vargas*, surnamed *Machuca*, happened at the taking of Xeres, under Saint Ferdinand. It has formed an incident in many romances.

being so sorely bruised by the fall." "It is certainly so," answered Don Quixote, "and if I do not complain of pain, it is because knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever, though their entrails came out at it."[52] "If it be so I have nothing to reply," answered Sancho; "but God knows I should be glad to hear your worship complain, when any thing ails you. As for myself, I must complain of the least pain I feel, unless this business of not complaining be understood to extend to the squires of knights-errant." Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire, and told him he might complain whenever and as much as he pleased, with or without cause, having never yet read any thing to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.

Sancho put him in mind that it was time to dine. His master answered that at present he had no need; but that he might eat whenever he thought fit. With this license, Sancho adjusted himself the best he could upon his beast; and taking out what he carried in his wallet, he jogged on eating behind his master very leisurely, and now and then lifted the bottle to his mouth with so much relish that the best fed victualler of Malaga might have envied him. And whilst he went on in this manner, repeating his draughts, he thought no more of the promises his master had made him, nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation, to go in quest of adventures, though never so perilous. In fine, they passed that night among some trees, and from one of them Don Quixote tore a withered branch, that might serve him in some sort for a lance, and fixed it to the iron head or spear of that which was broken. All that night Don Quixote slept not a wink, ruminating on his lady Dulcinea, in conformity to what he had read in his books, where the knights are wont to pass many nights together without closing their eyes, in forests and deserts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their mistresses. Not so did Sancho pass the night; whose stomach being full, (and not of dandelion-water,) he made but one sleep of it; and if his master had not roused him, neither the beams of the sun that darted full

[52] Rule IX.—"That no knight shall complain of any wound that he may have received." (Marquez, *Tesoro militar de cavalleria.*)

in his face, nor the melody of the birds, which in great numbers most cheerfully saluted the approach of the new day, could have awakened him. At his uprising he took a swig at his bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before, which grieved his very heart, for he did not think they were in the way to remedy that defect very soon. Don Quixote would not break his fast; for, as it is said, he resolved to subsist upon savory remembrances.

They returned to the way they had entered upon the day before, towards the pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three in the afternoon. "Here" said Don Quixote espying it, "brother Sancho Panza, we may thrust our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures. But take this caution with you, that though you should see me in the greatest peril in the world, you must not lay your hand to your sword to defend me, unless you see that they who assault me are vile mob and mean scoundrels; in that case you may assist me: but if they should be knights, it is in no wise lawful, nor allowed by the laws of chivalry, that you should intermeddle until you are dubbed a knight." "I assure you, sir," answered Sancho, "your worship shall be obeyed most punctually herein, and the rather, because I am naturally very peaceable, and an enemy to thrusting myself into brangles and squabbles; but for all that, as to what regards the defence of my own person, I shall make no great account of those same laws, since both divine and human allow every one to defend himself against whoever would annoy him." "I say no less," answered Don Quixote; "but in the business of assisting me against knights, you must restrain and keep in your natural impetuosity." "I say I will do so," answered Sancho; "and I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord's day."

As they were thus discoursing, there appeared in the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, mounted upon two dromedaries; for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore travelling-masks, and carried umbrellas. Behind them came a coach and four or five men on horseback, who accompanied it, with two muleteers on foot. There was in the coach, as it was afterwards known, a certain Biscayan lady going to Seville to her husband, who was there ready to embark for the Indies in a very honourable

post. The monks came not in her company, though they were travelling the same road. But scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he said to his squire, "Either I am deceived, or this is like to prove the most famous adventure that ever was seen; for those black bulks that appear yonder must be, and without doubt are enchanters, who are carrying away some princess whom they have stolen, in that coach, and I am obliged to redress this wrong to the utmost of my power." "This may prove a worse job than the windmills," said Sancho: "pray sir, take notice, that those are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to some travellers. Pray hearken to my advice, and have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you." "I have already told you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that you know little of the business of adventures; what I say is true, and you will see it presently." So saying, he advanced and planted himself in the midst of the high-way, by which the monks were to pass; and when they were so near that he supposed they could hear what he said, cried out with a loud voice, "Diabolical and monstrous race! either instantly

release the high-born princesses whom you are carrying away in that coach against their wills, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds."—The monks stopped their mules, and stood admiring, as well the figure of Don Quixote, as his expressions; to which they answered, "Signor Cavalier, we are

neither diabolical nor monstrous, but a couple of religious of the Benedictine order, who are travelling on our own business, and are entirely ignorant whether any princesses are carried away by force in that coach or not."—"Soft words do nothing with me, for I know you, treacherous scoundrels," said Don Quixote; and without staying for any other reply, he clapped spurs to Rocinante, and with his lance couched, ran at the foremost monk with such fury and resolution, that if he had not slid down from his mule, he would have brought him to the ground, in spite of his teeth, wounded to boot, if not killed outright.

The second religious, seeing his comrade treated in this manner, clapped spurs to his mule's sides, and began to scour along the plain lighter than the wind itself. Sancho Panza, seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and running to him, began to take off his habit. In the mean while, the monk's two lacqueys coming up, asked him why he was stripping their master of his clothes? Sancho answered, that they were his lawful perquisites as being the spoils of the battle which his lord Don Quixote had just won. The lacqueys, who did not understand raillery, nor what was meant by spoils or battles, seeing Don Quixote at a distance, talking with those in the coach, fell upon Sancho, threw him down, and leaving him not a hair in his beard, gave him a hearty kicking, and left him stretched on the ground, breathless and senseless. Then, without losing a minute, the monk got upon his mule again, trembling and terribly frighted, and as pale as death; and no sooner was he mounted, than he spurred after his companion, who stood waiting at a good distance to see what would be the issue of that strange encounter. But being unwilling to wait the event they went on their way, crossing themselves oftener than if the devil had been close at their heels. Don Quixote, as was said, stood talking to the lady in the coach, saying,—"Your beauty, dear lady, may dispose of your person as pleaseth you best; for your haughty ravishers lie prostrate on the ground, overthrown by my invincible arm: and that you may not be at any pains to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless

and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso; and in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands, all I desire is, that you would return to Toboso, and in my name, present yourselves before that lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty."

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire, who accompanied the coach, a Biscayan; who, finding he would not let the coach go forward, but insisted upon its immediately returning to Toboso, flew at Don Quixote, and taking hold of his lance, addressed him in bad Castilian and worse Biscayan, after this manner: "Begone, cavalier, and the devil go with thee. I swear by that power that made me, if thou dost not quit the coach, thou forfeitest thy life, as I am a Biscayan." Don Quixote understood him very well, and with great calmness, answered, "Wert thou a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave." To which the Biscayan replied, "I no gentleman! I swear by the Heaven above us thou liest, as I am a Christian. If thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see I will make no more of thee than a cat does of a mouse. Biscayan by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou liest: look then, if thou hast any thing else to say." "Thou shalt see that presently, as said Agrages," answered Don Quixote; and, throwing down his lance, he drew his sword and grasping his buckler, set upon the Biscayan with a resolution to kill him. The Biscayan seeing him come on in that manner, though he would fain have alighted from his mule, which, being of the worst kind of hackneys, was not to be depended upon, had yet only time to draw his sword: but it happened well for him that he was close to the coach side, out of which he snatched a cushion, which served him for a shield; and immediately to it they went, as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the company would have made peace between them, but they could not: for the Biscayan swore in his gibberish, that if they would not let him finish the combat, he would kill his mistress and every body that offered to hinder him. The lady of the coach, amazed and affrighted at what she saw, bid the coachman put a little out of the way, and so sat at a distance, beholding the fierce conflict; in the progress of

which, the Biscayan gave Don Quixote such a huge stroke on one of his shoulders and above his buckler, that had it not been for his coat of mail, he had cleft him down to the girdle. Don Quixote feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cried out aloud, saying,—"O lady of my soul! Dulcinea! flower of all beauty, succour this thy knight, who to satisfy thy great goodness, exposes himself to this rigorous extremity." The saying this, the drawing his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler, and falling furiously on the Biscayan, was done in one moment, he resolving to venture all on the fortune of a single blow. The Biscayan who saw him coming thus upon him, and perceived his bravery by his resolution, resolved to do the same thing that Don Quixote had done; and so he waited for him, covering himself well with his cushion, but was not able to turn his mule about to the right or the left, she being already so jaded, and so little used to such sport, that she would not stir a step.

Now Don Quixote, as has been said, advanced against the wary Biscayan, with his lifted sword, fully determined to cleave him

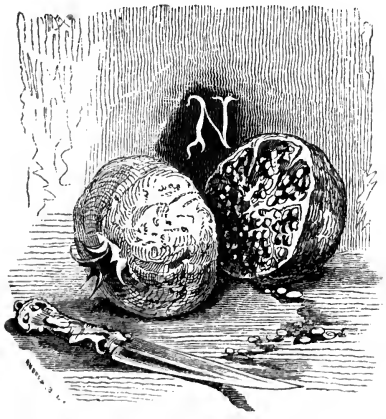
asunder: and the Biscayan expected him, with his sword also lifted up and guarded by his cushion. All the by-standers were trembling and in suspense as to what would be the event of those prodigious blows with which they threatened each other; and the lady of the

coach and her waiting-women, were making a thousand vows and promises of offerings to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, if God would deliver them and their squire from the great peril they were in. But the misfortune is, that the author of this history in this very crisis, leaves the combat unfinished; excusing himself that he could find no more written of these exploits of Don Quixote, than what he has already related. It is true, indeed, that the second undertaker of this work could not believe that so curious a history could be lost in oblivion, or that the wits of La Mancha should have so little curiosity, as not to preserve in their archives, or their cabinets some papers that treated of this famous knight; and upon that presumption he did not despair to find the conclusion of this delectable history; which, heaven favouring him, he has at last done, in the manner to be recounted in the second part.

PART I. BOOK II.[53]

CHAPTER I.

WHEREIN IS CONCLUDED, AND AN END PUT TO, THE STUPENDOUS BATTLE BETWEEN THE VIGOROUS BISCAYAN AND THE VALIANT MANCHEGAN.



NEVER be it forgotten that in the first part of this history, we left the valiant Biscayan and the renowned Don Quixote, with their swords lifted up and naked, ready to discharge two such furious and cleaving strokes, as must, if they had lighted full, at least have divided the combatants from head to heel, and split them asunder like a pomegranate; but in that critical instant this relishing history stopped short, and

[53] Cervantes divided the first part of *Don Quixote* into four very unequal books, for the third is longer than the two first, and the fourth is longer than the three others. He did not employ the division into books in the second part, dividing that into chapters only.

was left imperfect, without the author's giving us any notice where what remained of it might be found. That grieved me extremely and the pleasure of having read so little was turned into disgust, to think what small probability there was of finding the much that, in my opinion, was wanting of so savoury a story. It seemed to me impossible, and quite beside all laudable custom, that so accomplished a knight should want a sage to undertake the penning his unparelleled exploits; a circumstance that never before failed any of those knights-errant who travelled in quest of adventures; every one of whom had one or two sages, made as it were on purpose, who not only recorded their actions, but described likewise their most minute and trifling thoughts, though never so secret.[54] Surely, then, so worthy a knight could not be so unfortunate as to want what Platir and others like him, abounded with. For this reason I could not be induced to believe, that so gallant a history could be left maimed and imperfect; and I laid the blame upon the malignity of time, the devourer and consumer of all things, which either kept it concealed, or had destroyed it.—On the other side, I considered, that since among his books there was found some so modern as the "Cure of jealousy," and the "Nymphs and shepherds of Henares," his history also must be modern; and if it were not as yet written, might at least still remain in the memories of the people of his village and of the neighbouring places. This thought held me in suspense, and made me desirous to learn, really and truly, the whole life and wonderful actions of our renowned Spaniard, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the light and mirror of Manchegan chivalry, and the first who in our age, and in these calamitous times, took upon him the toil and exercise of arms-errant, to redress wrongs, succour widows and relieve that sort of damsels, who with whip and palfrey, and with all their virginity about them, rambled up and down from mountain to mountain and from valley to valley: for unless some miscreant, or some lewd clown, with hatchet and steel cap, or prodigious giant outraged them, damsels there were in days of yore, who at the expiration of fourscore years, and never sleeping in all

[54] Thus it was the sage Alquife who wrote the chronicle of Amadis of Greece; the sage Friston, the history of Don Belianis; the sages Artémidore and Lirgandéo, that of the knight of Phœbus; the sage Galtenor, that of Platir, &c.

that time under a roof, went as spotless virgins to the grave as the mothers that bore them.[55] Now I say, upon these, and many other accounts, our gallant Don Quixote is worthy of immortal memory and praise; nor ought some share to be denied even to me, for the labour and pains I have taken to discover the end of this delectable history; though I am very sensible, that if heaven and fortune had not befriended me, the world would have still been without that pastime and pleasure, which an attentive reader of it may enjoy for near two hours. The manner of finding it was this.

[55] Either this pleasantry, so happily employed by Cervantes in the text, was well known even out of Spain in his own time, or Shakspeare and he simultaneously hit upon the same idea. We find, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (act II. scene II:

FALSTAFF.

"Good-morrow, good wife.

MRS. QUICKLY.

Not so, an't please your worship.

FALSTAFF.

Good maid, then.

MRS. QUICKLY.

I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born."

As I was walking one day on the exchange of Toledo, a boy came to sell some bundles of old papers to a mercer; and as I am fond of reading, though it be torn papers thrown about the streets, carried by this my natural inclination, I took a parcel of those the boy was selling, and perceived therein characters which I knew to be Arabic. And whereas, though I knew the letters, I could not read them, I looked about for some Moorish rabbi, to read them for me, and it was not very difficult to find such an interpreter; for had I sought one for some better and more ancient language,[56] I should have found him there. In fine, my good fortune presented one to me; and acquainting him with my desire, and putting the book into his hands, he opened it towards the middle, and, reading a little in it, began to laugh. I asked him what he smiled at; and he answered me, at something which he found written in the margin, by way of annotation. I desired him to tell me what it was; and he laughing on, said,—"There is written on the margin as follows: 'This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often mentioned in this history, had they say, the best hand at salting pork of any woman in all La Mancha.'" When I heard the name of Dulcinea del Toboso, I stood amazed and confounded; for I presently fancied to myself, that those bundles of paper contained the history of Don Quixote.

With this thought I pressed him to read the beginning; which he did, and rendering extempore the Arabic into Castilian, said that it began thus: "The history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, Arabian historiographer." Much discretion was necessary to dissemble the joy I felt at hearing the title of the book; and snatching it out of the mercer's hands, I bought the whole bundle of papers from the boy for half a real! who, if he had been cunning, and had perceived how eager I was to have them, might very well have promised himself, and have really had more than six for the bargain. I went off immediately with the Morisco, through the cloister of the great church, and desired him

[56] Cervantes alludes to the Hebrew tongue; for there were plenty of Jews in Toledo. The moors here mentioned (Moriscoes), were the decendants of the Arabs and Moors who remained in Spain after the conquest of Grenada, and were forced embrace christianity. See, on this subject, '*Essai sur l'histoire des Arabes et Mores d'Espagne,*' by Louis Viardot, *Appendice, tome II.*

to translate for me those papers (all those that treated of Don Quixote) into the Castilian tongue, without taking away or adding any thing to them, offering to pay him whatever he should demand. He was satisfied with fifty pounds of raisins, and two bushels of wheat; and promised to translate them faithfully and expeditiously. But I, to make the business more sure, and not to let so valuable a prize slip through my fingers, took him home to my own house, where in little more than six weeks time, he translated the whole, in the manner you have it here related.

In the first sheet was drawn, in a most lively manner, Don Quixote's combat with the Biscayan, in the same attitude in which the history sets it forth; the swords lifted up, the one covered with his buckler, the other with his cushion; and the Biscayan's mule so to the life, that you might discover it to be a hackney-jade a bow-shot off. The Biscayan had a label at his feet on which was written Don Sancho de Azpetia, which without doubt must have been his name: and at the feet of Rocinante was another, on which was written Don Quixote. Rocinante was wonderfully well delineated; so long and lank, so lean and feeble, with so sharp a back-bone, and so like one in a galloping consumption, that you might see plainly with what exactness and propriety the name of Rocinante had been given him. Close by him stood Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter, at whose feet was another scroll, whereon was written Sancho Zancas; and not without reason, if he was, as the painting expressed, paunch-bellied, short of stature, and spindle-shanked, which doubtless, gave him the names of Panza and Zancas for the history sometimes calls him by the one, and sometimes by the other of these sirnames.[57] There were some other minuter particulars observable, but they are all of little importance, and contribute nothing to the faithful narration of the history, though none are to be despised, if true. But if any objection lies against the truth of this history, it can only be, that the author was an Arab, the people of that nation being not a little addicted to lying; though they being so much our enemies, one should rather think

[57] On the contrary this is the only time that Sancho is called Zancas. It is almost superfluous to say that *Panza* means belly, and *Zancas*, long and bowed legs.

he fell short of, than exceeded the bounds of truth. And so in truth he seems to have done; for when he might and ought to have launched out in celebrating the praises of so excellent a knight, it looks as if he industriously passed them over in silence: a thing ill done and worse designed, for historians ought to be precise, faithful, and unprejudiced; and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor

affection, should make them swerve from the way of truth, whose mother is history the rival of time, the depository of great actions, the witness of what is past, the example and instruction to the present, and monitor to the future. In this work you will certainly find whatever you can desire in the most agreeable; and if any perfection is wanting to it, it must without all question be the fault of the infidel its author, and not owing to any defect in the subject.[58] In short its second part, according to the translation, began in this manner:—

The trenchant blades of the two valorous and enraged combatants being brandished aloft, seemed to stand threatening heaven and earth, and the deep abyss, such was the courage and gallantry of their deportment. The first who discharged his blow was the choleric Biscayan, which fell with such force and fury, that if the edge of the sword had not turned aslant by the way, that single blow had been enough to have put an end to this cruel conflict, and to all the adventures of our knight. But good fortune, that preserved him for greater things, so twisted his adversary's sword, that though it alighted on the left shoulder, it did him no other hurt than to disarm that side, carrying off by the way a great part of his helmet, with half an ear; all which, with hideous ruin, fell to the ground, leaving him in a piteous plight.

But who! who is he that can worthily recount the rage that entered into the breast of our Manchegan, at seeing himself so roughly handled? Let it suffice that it was so great, that he raised himself afresh in his stirrups, and grasping his sword faster in both hands, discharged it with such fury upon the Biscayan, taking him full upon the cushion, and upon the head (which he could not defend,) that as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood began to gush out at his nostrils, his mouth, and his ears; and he seemed as if he was just falling down from his mule, which doubtless he must have done if he had not laid fast hold of her neck. But notwithstanding that, he lost his stirrups and let go his hold; and the mule, frightened by the terrible stroke, began to run about the field, and at two or three

[58] Cervantes, doubtless, here alludes to the name of *dog*, by which name the Christians and Moors reciprocally called themselves. The word in the original Spanish is, *perro moro*.

plunges laid her master flat upon the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on with great calmness, and when he saw him fall, leaped from his horse, and with much agility ran up to him, and, clapping the point of his sword to his eyes, bid him yield, or he would cut off his head. The Biscayan was so stunned that he could not answer a word; and it had gone hard with him, (so blinded with rage was Don Quixote), if the ladies of the coach, who hitherto in great dismay beheld the conflict, had not approached him, and earnestly besought him that he would do them the great kindness and favour to spare the life of their squire. Don Quixote answered with much solemnity and gravity, "Assuredly fair ladies, I am very willing to grant your request, but it is upon a certain condition and compact; which is, that this knight shall promise me to repair to the town of Toboso, and present himself as from me, before the peerless Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him as she shall think fit." The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering what Don Quixote required, and without inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised him her squire should perform whatever he enjoined him. "In reliance upon this promise," said Don Quixote, "I will do him no farther hurt, though he has well deserved it at my hands."

CHAPTER II.

OF THE DISCOURSE DON QUIXOTE HAD WITH HIS GOOD SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA.

IMMEDIATELY Sancho Panza had got upon his legs, somewhat roughly handled by the monks' lacqueys, he gazed very attentively on the combat of his master Don Quixote, and implored Heaven to give him the victory and that he might thereby win some island, of which to make his squire governor, as he had promised. Now, seeing the conflict at an end, and that his master was ready to re-mount Rocinante, he came and held his stirrup; and before he got up, he fell upon his knees before him, and taking hold of his hand, kissed it, and said to him,—"Be pleased, my lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island, which you have won in this rigorous combat; for be it never so big, I find in myself ability sufficient to govern it, as well as the best he that ever governed island in the world." To which Don Quixote answered,—"Consider, brother Sancho that this adventure, and others of this nature, are not adven-

tures of islands, but of cross-ways, in which nothing is to be gotten but a broken head or the loss of an ear. Have patience; for adventures will offer, whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but something better." Sancho returned him abundance of thanks, and kissing his hand again, and the skirt of his coat of mail, he helped him to get upon Rocinante, and himself mounting his ass, began to follow his master, who going off at a round rate, without taking his leave or speaking to those of the coach, entered into a wood that was hard by.

Sancho followed him as fast as his beast could trot; but Rocinante made such way, that seeing himself likely to be left far behind, he was forced to call aloud to his master to stay for him. Don Quixote did so, checking Rocinante by the bridle, until his weary squire overtook him, who as soon as he came near, said to him,—"Methinks, sir, it would not be amiss to retire to some church; for considering in what condition you have left your adversaries, it is not improbable they may give notice of the fact to the holy brotherhood,[59] who will apprehend us: and in faith if they do, before we get out of their clutches we may chance to sweat for it." "Peace," quoth Don Quixote; "for where have you seen or read of a knight-errant being brought before a court of justice, let him have committed ever so many homicides?" "I know nothing of your omecils," answered Sancho, "nor in my life have I ever concerned myself about them: only this I know, that the holy brotherhood have something to say to those who fight in the fields; and as to this other matter, I intermeddle not in it." "Set your heart at rest friend," answered Don Quixote; "for I should deliver you out of the hands of the Chaldeans, how much more then out of those of the holy brotherhood? But tell me on your life, have you ever seen a more valorous knight than I upon the whole face of the known earth? have you read in story of any other, who has or ever had more bravery in assailing,

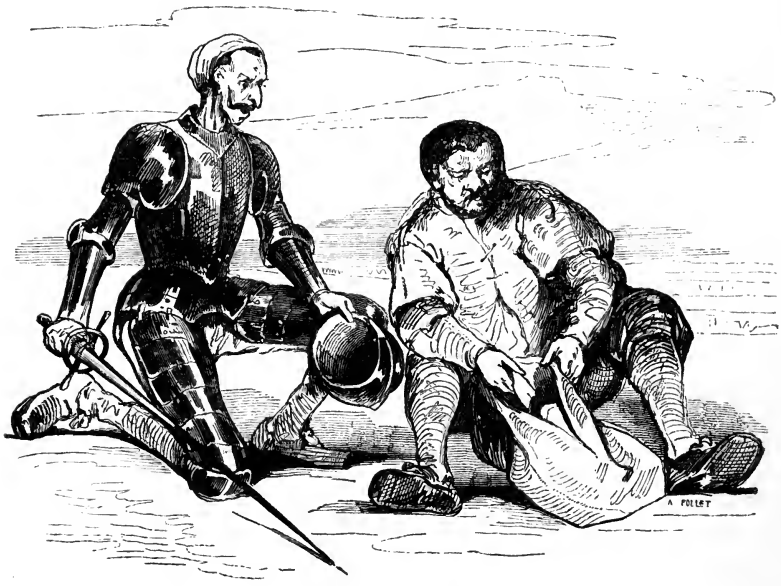
[59] The *Santa Hermandad* or *Holy Fraternity*, was a jurisdiction, the tribunals and martialship of which were specially charged with the pursuit and punishment of malefactors. It was first instituted about the beginning of the thirteenth century by voluntary associations; it afterwards penetrated into Castile and Arragon, and was completely organized under the catholic kings.

more breath in holding out, more dexterity in wounding, or more address in giving a fall?" "The truth is," answered Sancho, "that I never read any history at all, for I can neither read nor write; but what I dare affirm is, that I never served a bolder master than your worship, in all the days of my life; and pray Jove we be not called to account for these darings where I just now said. What I beg of your worship is, that you would let your wound be dressed for there comes a great deal of blood from that ear; and I have some lint and a little white ointment in my wallet." "All this would have been needless," answered Don Quixote, "if I had bethought myself of making a phial of the balsam of Fierabras;[60] for with one single drop of that we might have saved both time and medicines." "What phial and what balsam is that?" said Sancho Panza. "It is a balsam," answered Don Quixote, "of which I have the receipt by heart, and he that has it need not fear death, nor so much as think of dying by any wound. Of course when I shall have made it and given it you, all you will have to do is, when you see me in some battle cleft asunder, (as it frequently happens), to take up fair and softly that part of my body which shall fall to the ground, and with the greatest nicety, before the blood is congealed, place it upon the other half that shall remain in the saddle, taking especial care to make them tally exactly. Then must you immediately give me to drink only two draughts of the balsam aforesaid, and you will see me become sounder than any apple." "If this be so," said Sancho, "I renounce from henceforward the goverment of the promised island, and desire no other thing in payment of my many and good services, but that your worship will give me the receipt of this extraordinary liquor; for I dare say it will any where fetch more than two reals an ounce; and I want no more to pass this life

[60] Or *Fier à Bras*. "He was, according to the history of Charlemagne, an infidel or Saracen giant, son to Admiral Balan, the conqueror of Rome and Jerusalem and King of Alexandria. He was the implacable enemy of Olivier, who wounded him mortally; but he soon recovered by drinking some balsam that he had in two little barrels which came into his possession at the conquest of Jerusalem. This balsam was, it is believed, a part of that with which Joseph of Arimathea embalmed our Saviour. But Olivier, having succeeded in sinking the two barrels in a deep river, vanquished Fier à Bras, who was subsequently baptized and died a convert, as it is related by Nicolas de Piamonte. (*Historia de Carlo magno*, cap. VII. and XII)

creditably and comfortably. But I should be glad to know whether it will cost much the making." "For less than three reals one may make nine pints," answered Don Quixote. "Sinner that I am," replied Sancho, "why then does your worship delay to make it, and to teach me?" "Peace, friend," answered Don Quixote; "for I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and to do thee greater kindnesses; but for the present let us set about the cure, for my ear pains me more than I could wish."

Sancho took some lint and ointment out of his wallet. But when



Don Quixote perceived that his helmet was broken, he was nearly stark mad; and laying his hand on his sword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, "I swear by the Creator of all things, and by all that is contained in the four holy evangelists, to lead the life that the great marquis of Mantua led, when he vowed to revenge the

death of his nephew Valdovinos, (which was, not to eat bread on a table cloth, nor solace himself with his wife, and other things, which though I do not now remember, I allow here for expressed,) until I am fully revenged on him who hath done me this outrage. Sancho hearing this, said to him,—"Pray consider, Signor Don Quixote, that if the knight has performed what was enjoined him, namely, to go and present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will then have done his duty, and deserves no new punishment, unless he commit a new crime." "You have remarked very justly," answered Don Quixote, "and I annul the oath, so far as concerns the taking a fresh revenge; but I make it, and confirm it anew, as to leading the life I have mentioned, until I shall take by force such another helmet, or one as good, from some other knight. And think not, Sancho, I undertake this lightly, or make a smoke of straw; I know what example I follow therein, for the same thing happened exactly with regard to Mambrino's helmet which cost Sacripante so dear."[61] "Good sir," replied Sancho, "give such oaths to the devil; for they are very detrimental to health, and prejudicial to the conscience. Besides, pray tell me, if perchance in many days we should not light upon a man armed with a helmet, what must we do then? must the oath be kept in spite of so many difficulties and inconveniences, such as sleeping in your clothes, and not sleeping in any inhabited place, and a thousand other penances, contained in the oath of that mad old fellow the marquis of Mantua, which you, sir, would now revive?[62] Consider well, that none of these roads are frequented by armed men, and that there are only carriers and carters, who are so far from wearing helmets, that perhaps, they never heard them so much as named in all the days of their lives." "You are mistaken in this," said Don Quixote; "for we shall not be two hours in these cross-ways before we shall see more armed men than came to the siege of Albraca, to carry off

[61] *Orlando Furioso*, cant. 18, 161, &c.

[62] The oath taken by the Marquis of Mantua, as it is related in the ancient *romances* composed on his adventure, runs as follows: "I swear never to comb my white hair nor to shave my beard, never to change my clothes not to put on new shoes and stockings, never to enter an inhabited place or to remove my arms—excepting for an hour while I wash my body,—never to eat off a table-cloth, or seat myself at table, until I shall have killed Charlot, or have been slain in combat ——"

Angelica the Fair."[63] "Well, be it so," quoth Sancho; "and Heaven grant us good success, and that we may speedily win this island, which costs me so dear; and then no matter how soon I die. I have already told you, Sancho, to be in no pain upon that account, for, if an island cannot be had, there is the kingdom of Dinamarque or that of Sobradisa,[64] which will fit you like a ring to your finger, and moreover, being upon terra firma, you should rejoice the more. But let us leave this to its own time, and see if you have any thing for us to eat in your wallet; and we will go presently in quest of some castle, where we may lodge this knight, and make the balsam that I told you of; for I vow to God, my ear pains me very much." "I have here an onion, and a piece of cheese, and I know not how many crusts of bread," said Sancho; "but they are not eatables fit for so valiant a knight as your worship." "How ill you understand this matter!" answered Don Quixote: "you must know, Sancho, that it is an honour to knights-errant not to eat in a month; and if they do eat, it must be of what comes next to hand; and if you had read as many histories as I have, you would have known this; for though I have perused a great many, I never yet found any account given in them that ever knights-errant did eat, unless it were by chance, and at certain sumptuous banquets made on purpose for them; and the rest of their days they lived, as it were upon their smelling. Though it is to be presumed, they could not subsist without eating, and without satisfying all other natural wants, it must likewise be supposed, that as they passed most of their lives in wandering through forests and deserts, and without a cook, their usual diet consisted of rustic viands, such as those you now offer me. Therefore friend Sancho, let not that trouble you, which gives me pleasure, nor endeavour to make a new world, or to throw knight-errantry off its hinges." "Pardon me, sir," said Sancho; "for as I can neither read nor write, as I told you before, I am entirely unacquainted with the rules of the knightly profession; and from

[63] In Boyardo's poem, Agrican, King of Tartary beseiges Albraque with an army of two millions of soldiers, extending over the space of four leagues. In Ariosto's poem king Marsilio lays seige to the same fortress with his thirty two tributary kings and all their forces.

[64] Imaginary kingdoms mentioned in *Amadis de Gaul.*

henceforward I will furnish my wallet with all sorts of dried fruits for your worship, who are a knight; and for myself who am none, I will supply it with poultry, and other things of more substance." "I do not say, Sancho" replied Don Quixote, "that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing but dried fruit as you say; but that their most usual sustenance was of that kind, and of certain herbs they found up and down in the fields, which they very well knew, and as do I." "It is a happiness to know these same herbs," answered

Sancho: "for I am inclined to think, we shall one day have occasion to make use of that knowledge."

So saying, he took out what he had provided, and they eat together in a very peaceable and friendly manner. But, being desirous to seek out a place to lodge in that night, they soon finished their poor and dry commons. They presently mounted, and made what haste they could to get to some inhabited village before night; but both the sun and their hopes failed them near the huts of certain goatherds; so they determined to take up their lodging there. If Sancho was grieved, that they could not reach some habitation, his master was as much rejoiced to lie in the open air,

making account that, every time this befel him, he was doing an act possessive, or such an act as gave a fresh evidence of his title to chivalry.

CHAPTER III.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE WITH CERTAIN GOATHERDS.

o one could be more kindly received than he was by the goatherds; and Sancho, having accommodated Rocinante and his ass the best he could, followed the scent of certain pieces of goat's flesh, that were boiling in a kettle on the fire; and though he would willingly at that instant have tried whether they were fit to be translated from the kettle to the stomach, he forbore doing it; for the goatherds themselves took them off the fire, and, spreading some sheep-skins on the ground, very speedily served up their rural mess, and invited both, with shew of much good-will, to take share of what they had. Six of them, that

belonged to the fold, sat down round about the skins, having first, with rustic compliments, desired Don Quixote to seat himself upon a trough with the bottom upwards, placed on purpose for him. Don Quixote sat down, and Sancho remained standing to serve the cup, which was made of horn. His master, seeing him standing, said to him: "That you may see, Sancho, the intrinsic worth of knight-errantry, and how fair a prospect its meanest retainers have of speedily gaining the respect and esteem of the world, I will that you sit here by my side, in company with these good folks, and that you be one and the same thing with me, who am your master and natural lord; that you eat from off my plate, and drink of the same cup in which I drink: for the same may be said of knight-errantry, which is said of love, that it makes all things equal." "I give you a great many thanks, sir," said Sancho, "but let me tell your worship, that provided I have victuals enough, I can eat as well or better standing, and by myself, than if I were seated close by an emperor. And farther, to tell you the truth, what I eat in my corner, without compliments or ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better than turkeys at other folks' tables, where I am forced to chew leisurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often, neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind, nor do other things which follow the being alone and at liberty. So that, good sir, as to these honours your worship is pleased to confer upon me, as a menial servant, and hanger-on of knight-errantry (being squire to your worship), be pleased to convert them into something of more use and profit to me; for, though I place them to account, as received in full, I renounce them from this time forward to the end of the world." "Notwithstanding all this," said Don Quixote, "you shall sit down, for whosoever humbleth himself God doth exalt;" and pulling him by the arm, he forced him to sit down next him. The goatherds did not understand this jargon of squires and knights-errant, and did nothing but eat, and listen, and stare at their guests, who with much cheerfulness and appetite, swallowed down pieces as big as one's fist. The service of flesh being finished, they spread upon the skins a great quantity of acorns, together with half a cheese, harder than if it had been made

of plaster of Paris. The horn stood not idle all this while; for it went round so often, now full, now empty, like the bucket of a well, that they presently emptied one of the two wine-bags that hung in view. After Don Quixote had satisfied his hunger, he took up a handful of acorns, and, looking on them attentively, gave utterance to expressions like these:

"Happy times, and happy ages! those to which the ancients gave the name of golden, not because gold (which in this our iron age is so much esteemed) was to be had in that fortunate period without toil and labour; but because they who then lived, were ignorant of these two words, *meum* and *tuum*. In that age of

innocence all things were in common: no one needed to take any other pains for his ordinary sustenance than to lift up his hand and take it from the sturdy oaks, which stood inviting him liberally to taste of their sweet and relishing fruit. The limpid fountains and running streams offered them, in magnificent abundance, their delicious and transparent waters. In the clefts of rocks and in the hollow of trees, did the industrious and provident bees form their commonwealths, offering to every hand, without usury, the fertile produce of their most delicious toil. The stout cork-trees, without any other inducement than that of their own courtesy, divested themselves of their light and expanded bark, with which men began to cover their houses, supported by rough poles, only for a defence against the inclemency of the seasons. All then was peace, all amity, all concord. As yet the heavy coulter of the crooked plough had not dared to force open, and search into, the tender bowels of our first mother, who, unconstrained, offered, from every part of her fertile and spacious bosom, whatever might feed, sustain, and delight those her children who then had her in possession.[65] Then did the simple and beauteous young shepherdesses trip it from dale to dale, and from hill to hill, their tresses sometimes plaited, sometimes loosely flowing, with no more clothing than was necessary modestly to cover what modesty has always required to be concealed; nor were their ornaments like those now-a-days in fashion, to which the Tyrian purple and the so-many-ways martyred silk gave a value, but composed of green dock-leaves and ivy interwoven; with which perhaps, they went as splendidly and elegantly decked as our court ladies do now, with all those rare and foreign inventions, which idle curiosity hath taught them. Then were the amorous conceptions of the soul clothed in simple and sincere expressions, in the same way and manner they were conceived, without seeking artificial phrases to set them off. Nor as yet were fraud, deceit and malice, intermixed with truth and plain-dealing. Justice kept within her proper bounds; favour and interest, which now so much depreciate,

[65] It is curious to compare this description of the golden age with that by Virgil, in the first book of the Georgics; with Ovid's, in the first book of the *Metamorphoses;* and with that by Tasso, in the chorus of the shepherds, which terminates the first act of the *Aminta.*

confound and persecute her, not daring then to disturb or offend her. As yet the judge did not make his own will the measure of justice, for then there were neither cause nor person to be judged. Maidens and modesty, as I said before, went about, alone and mistress of themselves, without fear of any danger from the unbridled freedom and base designs of others; and if they were undone, it was entirely owing to their own natural inclination and will. But

now, in these detestable ages of our's, no damsel is secure, though she were hidden and locked up in another labyrinth like that of Crete; for even there, through some cranny, or through the air, by the zeal of cursed importunity, the amorous pestilence finds entrance, and they miscarry in spite of their closest retreat. For the security of these, as times grew worse and wickedness increased, the order of knight-errantry was instituted to defend maidens, to

protect widows, and to relieve orphans and persons distressed.[66] Of this order am I, brother goatherds, from whom I take kindly the good cheer and civil reception you have given me and my squire; for though, by the law of nature, every one living is obliged to favour knights-errant, yet knowing that without your being acquainted with this obligation you have entertained and regaled me, it is but reasonable that, with all possible good-will towards you, I should acknowledge your's to me."

Our knight made this tedious discourse (which might very well have been spared) because the acorns they had given him put him in mind of the golden age, and inspired him with an eager desire to make that impertinent harangue to the goatherds, who were quite in amaze, gaping and listening, without answering him a word. Sancho himself was silent, stuffing himself with acorns, and often visiting the second wine-bag, which, that the wine might be cool, was hung upon a cork-tree.

Don Quixote spent more time in talking than in eating: and supper being over, one of the goatherds said: "That your worship, Signor knight-errant, may the more truly say that we entertain you with a ready good-will, we will give you some diversion and amusement, by making one of our comrades who will soon be here, sing a song: he is a very intelligent lad, and deeply enamoured; and above all, can read and write, and play upon the rebeck[67] to hearts content." The goatherd had scarcely said this when the sound of the rebeck reached their ears, and presently after came he that was playing on it, who was a youth of about two and twenty, and of a very good mien. His comrades asked him if he had supped; and he answering yes: "Then Antonio," said he who had made the offer, "you may afford us the pleasure of hearing you sing a little, that this gentleman, our guest, may see we have here among the mountains and woods, some that understand music. We have told him your good qualities, and would have you shew them, and make good

[66] Nearly all the orders of chivalry adopted the same device. In the order of Malta, the candidate was asked: "Do you vow to protect and favour widows, minors, orphans, and all afflicted or unfortunate persons?" The novice had to reply; "I promise to do so, with God's help."

[67] *Rabel*, a sort of violin with three strings. It was known in Spain in the early part of the fourteenth century, for it is mentioned by the arch-priest of Hita in his poetry.

what we have said; and therefore I entreat you to sit down, and sing the ditty of your loves, which your uncle the prebendary composed for you, and which was so well liked in our village." "With all my heart," replied the youth; and, without farther entreaty, he sat down upon the trunk of an old oak, and tuning his rebeck, after a while, with a very good grace, he began to sing as follows:

"Yes, lovely nymph, thou art my prize;
I boast the conquest of thy heart,
Though nor thy tongue, nor speaking eyes,
Have yet reveal'd the latent smart.

Thy wit and sense assure my fate,
In them my love's success I see;
Nor can he be unfortunate,
Who dares avow his flame for thee.

Yet sometimes hast thou frown'd, alas!
And given my hopes a cruel shock;
Then did thy soul seem form'd of brass,
Thy snowy bosom of the rock.

But in the midst of thy disdain,
Thy sharp reproaches, cold delays,
Hope from behind, to ease my pain,
The border of her robe displays.

Ah! lovely maid! in equal scale,
Weigh well thy shepherd's truth and love,
Which ne'er, but with his breath, can fail,
Which neither frowns nor smiles can move.

If love, as shepherds wont to say,
Be gentleness and courtesy,
So courteous is Olalia,
My passion will rewarded be.

And if obsequious duty paid,
The grateful heart can ever move,
Mine sure, my fair, may well persuade
A due return, and claim thy love.

For, to seem pleasing in thy sight,
I dress myself with studious care,
And, in my best apparel dight,
My Sunday clothes on Monday wear.

And shepherds say I'm not to blame;
For cleanly dress and spruce attire
Preserve alive love's wanton flame,
And gently fan the dying fire.

To please my fair, in mazy ring
I join the dance, and sportive play,
And oft beneath thy window sing,
When first the cock proclaims the day.

With rapture on each charm I dwell,
And daily spread thy beauty's fame;
And still my tongue thy praise shall tell,
Though envy swell, or malice blame.

Teresa of the Berrocal,
When once I prais'd you, said in spite,
"Your mistress you an angel call,
But a mere ape is your delight.

Thanks to the bugle's artful glare,
And all the graces counterfeit;
Thanks to the false and curled hair,
Which wary Love himself might cheat."

I swore 'twas false; and said she ly'd:
At that her anger fiercely rose:
I box'd the clown that took her side,
And how I box'd my fairest knows.

I court thee not, Olalia,
To gratify a loose desire;
My love is chaste, without allay
Of wanton wish, or lustful fire.

The church hath silken cords, that tie
Consenting hearts in mutual bands:
If thou, my fair, its yoke will try,
Thy swain its ready captive stands.

If not, by all the saints I swear,
On these bleak mountains still to dwell,
Nor ever quit my toilsome care,
But for the cloister and the cell."

Here ended the goatherd's song, and though Don Quixote desired him to sing something else, Sancho Panza was of another mind, being more disposed to sleep than to hear ballads; and therefore he said to his master: "Sir, you had better consider where you are to rest to-night; for the pains these honest men take all day will not suffer them to pass the night in singing." "I understand you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for I see plainly that the visits to the wine-bag require to be paid rather with sleep than music." "It relished well with us all, thank our good stars," answered Sancho. "I do not deny it," replied Don Quixote; "but lay yourself down where

you will, for it better becomes those of my profession to watch than to sleep. However it would not be amiss, Sancho, if you would dress this ear again; for it pains me more than it should." Sancho did what he was commanded; and one of the goatherds, seeing the hurt, bid him not be uneasy, for he would apply such a remedy as should quickly heal it. Then taking some rosemary-leaves, of which there was plenty thereabouts, he chewed them, and mixed them with a little salt, and, laying them to the ear, bound them on very fast, assuring him he would want no other salve, as it proved in effect.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT A CERTAIN GOATHERD RELATED TO THOSE THAT WERE WITH DON QUIXOTE.

SOON after this, there came another of those young lads, who brought them their provisions from the village, and said: "Comrades, do you know what has happened in the village?" "How should we know?" answered one of them. "Know then," continued the youth, "that this morning died that famous shepherd and scholar, Chrysostom; and it is whispered, that he died for love of that devilish untoward lass Marcella, daughter of William the Rich; she who rambles about these woods and fields in the dress of a shepherdess." "For Marcella say you?" quoth one. "For the same, I say," answered the goatherd, "and the best of it is, he has ordered by his will that they should bury him in the fields as if he had been a Moor, and that it should be at the foot of the rock by the cork-tree fountain; for, according to report, and what they say he himself declared, that was the very place where he first saw her. He ordered also other things

so extravagant, that the clergy say they must not be performed; nor is it fit they should, for they seem to be heathenish. To which that great friend of his, Ambrosio the student, who accompanied him likewise in the dress of a shepherd, answers that the whole must be fulfilled, without omitting any thing, as Chrysostom enjoined; and upon this the village is all in an uproar; but by what I can learn, they will at least do what Ambrosio, and all the shepherds require; and to-morrow they come to inter him, with great solemnity, in the place I have already told you of. I am of opinion that it will be very well worth seeing; at least I will not fail to go, though I knew I should not return to-morrow to the village." "We will do so too," answered the goatherds, and "let us cast lots who shall stay behind to look after our goats." "You say well, Pedro," quoth another; "but it will be needless to make use of this expedient, for I will stay for you all; and do not attribute this to virtue or want of curiosity in me, but to the thorn which stuck into my foot the other day, and hinders me from walking." "We are obliged to you, however," answered Pedro.

Don Quixote desired Pedro to tell him who the deceased was, and who that shepherdess. To which Pedro answered that all he knew was, that the deceased was a wealthy gentleman, of a neighbouring village among the hills thereabout, who had studied many years in Salamanca; at the end of which time he returned home, with the character of a very learned and well-read person; particularly, it was said, he understood the science of the stars, and what the sun and moon are doing in the sky; for he told us punctually the 'clipse of the sun and moon. "Friend," quoth Don Quixote, "the obscuration of those two great luminaries is called an eclipse, and not a 'clipse." But Pedro, not regarding niceties, went on with his story saying, "He also foretold when the year would be plentiful or estril." "Sterile, you would say, friend," quoth Don Quixote. "Sterile or estril," answered Pedro, "comes all to the same thing; and as I was saying, his father and friends, who gave credit to his words, became very rich thereby; for they followed his advice in every thing. 'This year' he would say 'sow barley and not wheat; in this you may sow vetches, and not barley; the next year there will be plenty of oil; the three following there will not be a drop.'" "This

science they call astrology," said Don Quixote. "I know not how it is called," replied Pedro; "but I know that he knew all this, and more too. In short, not many months after he came from Salamanca, on a certain day he appeared dressed like a shepherd, with his crook and sheep-skin jacket, having thrown aside his scholar's gown; and with him another, a great friend of his, called Ambrosio, who had been his fellow student, and now put himself into the same dress of a shepherd. I forgot to tell you, that the deceased Chrysostom was a great man at making verses; insomuch that he made the carols for Christmas eve, and the religious plays for Corpus Christi, which the boys of our village represented; and every body said they were most excellent. When the people of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly habited like shepherds, they were amazed, and could not guess at the cause that induced them to make that strange alteration in their dress. About this time the father of Chrysostom died, and he inherited a large estate in lands and goods, flocks, herds and money of all which the youth remained absolute master; and indeed he deserved it all, for he was a very good companion, a charitable man, and a friend to those that were good, and had a face like any blessing. Afterwards it came to be known that he changed his habit for no other purpose, but that he might wander about these desert places after that shepherdess Marcella, whom our lad told you of before, and with whom the poor deceased Chrysostom was in love. And I will now tell you (for it is fit you should know,) who this young slut is; for perhaps, and even without a perhaps, you may never have heard the like in all the days of your life, though you were 'as old as the itch.'" "Say, as old as Sarah," replied Don Quixote, not being able to endure the goatherd's mistaking words. "The itch is old enough," answered Pedro; "and sir, if you must at every turn be correcting my words we shall not have done this twelvemonth." "Pardon me, friend," said Don Quixote, "I told you of it, because there is a wide difference between the itch and Sarah;[68] and so on with your story, for I will interrupt you no more.

[68] In the original Spanish, the goatherd, instead of saying as old as Sarah, (Abraham's wife,) says as old as *sarna*, (the itch.) It is imposible to preserve such quibbles as this in the translation.

"I say then, dear sir of my soul," quoth the goatherd, "that, in our village, there was a farmer richer than the father of Chrysostom, called William; on whom God bestowed, beside much and great wealth, a daughter, of whom her mother died in childbed, and she was the most respected woman of all our country. I cannot help thinking I see her now, with that presence, looking as if she had the sun on one side of her, and the moon on the other;* and above all, she was a notable housewife, and a friend to the poor; for which I believe her soul is at this very moment enjoying bliss in the other

* This seems to be a burlesque on the extravagant metaphors, used by the Spanish poets in praise of the beauty of their mistresses.

world. Her husband William died through grief for the death of so good a woman, leaving his daughter Marcella young and rich, under the care of an uncle, a priest, and beneficed in our village. The girl grew up with so much beauty, that it put us in mind of her mother, who had a great share; and for all that, it was judged that the charms of the daughter would surpass her's. And so it fell out; for when she came to be fourteen or fifteen years of age, nobody beheld her without blessing Heaven for making her so handsome, and most men were in love with and undone for her. Her uncle kept her very carefully and very close; notwithstanding which, the fame of her extraordinary beauty spread itself in such a manner that, partly for her person, partly for her great riches, her uncle was applied to, solicited, and importuned, not only by those of our own village, but by many others, and those the better sort too, for several leagues round, to dispose of her in marriage. But he, (who to do him justice, is a good christian,) though he was desirous to dispose of her as soon as she was marriageable, yet would not do it without her consent, having no eye to the benefit and advantage he might have made of the girl's estate by deferring her nuptials. In good truth, this has been told in praise of the good priest, in more companies than one in our village. For I would have you to know, sir-errant, that in these little places every thing is talked of, and every thing censured; and my life for your's, that clergyman must be over and above good who obliges his parishioners to speak well of him, especially in country towns."

"It is true," said Don Quixote, "but proceed; for the story is excellent, and honest Pedro, you tell it with a good grace." "Farther" quoth Pedro," though the uncle proposed to his niece, and acquainted her with the qualities of every one in particular of the many who sought her in marriage, advising her to marry, and choose to her liking, she never returned any other answer, but that she was not disposed to marry at present, and that being so young, she did not find herself able to bear the burden of matrimony. Her uncle, satisfied with these seemingly-just excuses, ceased to importune her, and waited till she was grown a little older, and knew how to choose a companion to her taste. For, said he, and he said very well,

parents ought not to settle their children against their will. But, behold! when we least imagined it, on a certain day the coy Marcella appears a shepherdess, and, without the consent of her uncle, and

against the pursuasions of all the neighbours, would needs go into the fields, with the other country lasses, and tend her own flock. And now that she appeared in public, and her beauty was exposed to all beholders, it is impossible to tell you how many wealthy youths, gentlemen and farmers, have taken Chrysostom's dress, and go up and down these plains, making their suit to her; one of whom, as is said already, was the deceased, of whom it is added that he rather adored than loved her. But think not, that because Marcella has given herself up to this free and unconfined way of life, and that with so little, or rather no reserve, she has given the least colour of suspicion to the prejudice of her modesty and discretion;

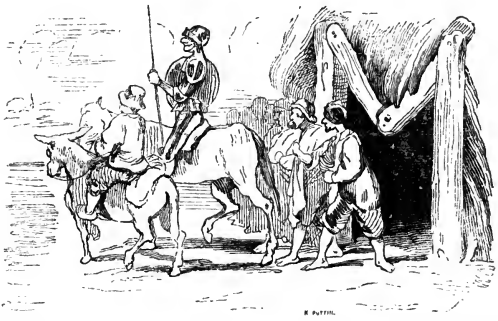
no, rather so great and strict is the watch she keeps over her honour, that of all those who serve and solicit her, no one has boasted, or can boast with truth, that she has given him the least hope of obtaining her. For though she does not fly nor shun the company and conversation of the shepherds, but treats them with courtesy, and in a friendly manner, yet upon any one's beginning to discover his intention, though it be as just and holy as that of marriage, she casts him from her as out of a stone-bow. By this sort of behaviour she does more mischief in this country, than if she carried the plague about with her; for her affability and beauty attract the hearts of those who converse with her, to serve and love her; but her disdain and frank dealing drive them to terms of despair; and so they know not what to say to her, and can only exclaim against her, calling her cruel and ungrateful, with such other titles as plainly denote her character. Were you to abide here, sir, awhile, you would hear these mountains and vallies resound with the complaints of those undeceived wretches that yet follow her. There is a place not far from hence, where there are about two dozen of tall beeches, and not one of them but has the name of Marcella written and engraved on the smooth bark; and over some of them is a crown carved in the same tree, as if the lover would more clearly express that Marcella bears away the crown, and deserves it above all human beauty. Here sighs one shepherd, there complains another; here are heard amorous sonnets, there despairing ditties. You shall have one pass all the hours of the night seated at the foot of some oak or rock; and there, without closing his weeping eyes, wrapped up and transported in his thoughts, the sun finds him in the morning. You shall have another, without cessation or truce to his sighs, in the midst of the most irksome noon-day heat of the summer, extended on the burning sand, and sending up his complaints to all-pitying heaven. In the mean time, the beautiful Marcella, free and unconcerned, triumphs over them all. We, who know her, wait with impatience to see what her haughtiness will come to, and who is to be the happy man that shall subdue so intractable a disposition, and enjoy so incomparable a beauty. All that I have recounted being so assured a truth, I the more easily believe what our

companion told us concerning the cause of Chrysostom's death. Therefore I advise you, sir, that you do not fail to-morrow to be at his funeral, which will be very well worth seeing; for Chrysostom has a great many friends, and it is not half a league from this place to that where he ordered himself to be buried."

"I will certainly be there," said Don Quixote, "and I thank you for the pleasure you have given me by the recital of so entertaining a story," "O," replied the goatherd, "I do not yet know half the adventures that have happened to Marcella's lovers; but to-morrow perhaps, we shall meet by the way with some shepherd who may tell us more: at present it will not be amiss that you get you to sleep under some roof; for the cold dew of the night may do your wound harm, though the salve I have put to it is such that you need not fear any cross accident." Sancho Panza, who for his part, gave this long-winded tale of the goatherd's to the devil, pressed his master to lay himself down in Pedro's hut. He did so, and passed the rest of the night in remembrances of his lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcella's lovers. Sancho Panza took up his lodging between Rocinante and his ass, and slept it out, not like a discarded lover, but like a person who had been well rib-roasted.

CHAPTER V.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE SHEPHERDESS MARCELLA, WITH OTHER EVENTS.



ORNING had scarcely begun to discover itself through the balconies of the east, when five of the six goatherds got up, and went to awake Don Quixote, and asked him whether he continued in his resolution in going to see the famous funeral of Chrysostom, for they would bear him company. Don Quixote, who desired nothing more, got up, and bid Sancho saddle and pannel immediately; which he did with great expedition: and with the same dispatch they all presently set out on their way.

They had not gone a quarter of a league, when, crossing the pathway, they saw six shepherds making towards them, clad in black sheep-skin jerkins, and their heads crowned with garlands of cypress

and bitter rosemary. Each of them had a thick holly club in his hand. There came also with them two cavaliers on horseback, in very handsome riding-habits, attended by three lacqueys on foot. When they had joined company, they saluted each other courteously; and asking one another whither they were going, they found they were all going to the place of burial; and so they began to travel in company.

One of those on horseback, speaking to his companion, said: "I fancy, Signor Vivaldo, we shall not think the time mis-spent in staying to see this famous funeral: for it cannot fail to be extraordinary, considering the strange things these shepherds have recounted, as well of the deceased shepherd as of the murdering shepherdess." "I think so too," answered Vivaldo; "and I do not only think little of spending one day, but I would even stay four to see it." Don Quixote asked them, what it was they had heard of Marcella and Chrysostom? The traveller said, they had met those shepherds early that morning, and that, seeing them in that mournful dress, they had asked the occasion of their going clad in that manner; and that one of them had related the story, telling them of the beauty, and unacountable humour of a certain shepherdess called Marcella, and the loves of many that wooed her; with the death of Chrysostom, to whose burial they were going. In fine, he related all that Pedro had told to Don Quixote.

This discourse ceased, and another began; he who was called Vivaldo asking Don Quixote what might be the reason that induced him to go armed in that manner through a country so peaceable? To which Don Quixote answered: "The profession I follow will not allow or suffer me to go in any other manner. The dance, the banquet, and the bed of down, were invented for soft and effeminate courtiers; but toil, disquietude, and arms, were designed for those whom the world calls knights-errant of which number I, though unworthy, am one." Scarcely had they heard this, when they all concluded he was a madman. And for the more certainty, and to try what kind of madness his was, Vivaldo asked him, what he meant by knights-errant? "Have you not read, sir," answered Don Quixote, "the annals and histories of England, wherein

are recorded the famous exploits of King Arthur, whom in our Castilian tongue we always call King Artus; of whom there goes an old tradition, and a common one all over that kingdom of Great Britain, that this king did not die, but that, by magic art he was turned into a raven; and that, in process of time, he shall reign again, and recover his kingdom and sceptre; for which reason it cannot be proved, that, from that time to this, any Englishman has killed a raven. [69] Now, in this good king's time, was instituted that famous order of the knights of the Round Table; [70] and the amours therein related, of Sir Lancelot of the Lake with the queen Ginebra, passed exactly as they are recorded; that honourable duenna Quintaniona being their go-between and confidante; which gave birth to that well-known ballad, so cried up here in Spain, of, Never was knight by ladies so well served, as was Sir Lancelot when he came from Britain; [71] with the rest of that sweet and charming recital of his amours and exploits. From that time, the order of chivalry has

[69] It is stated, in the ninetieth chapter of the romance of Esplandian, that the enchantress Morgiana, King Arthur's sister, holds that king enchanted; but that he will infallibly return one day and resume the throne of Great Britain. On his tomb, according to Don Diego de Vera, *(Epitome de los imperios,)* is inscribed the following verse, as epitaph:

"Hic jacet Arturus, rex quondam, rex que futurus".

Here lies Arthur, who was a king, and who will be a king.

Julian del Castillo. has preserved in an important work *(Historia de los reyes godos,)* a popular story which was current in his time in which it is related that Philip II. when he married queen Mary, heiress to the throne of England, swore *that if King Arthur returned in his time, he would restore to him the throne.*

The Reverend John Bowle, in his annotations to Don Quixote, relates that a law passed by Hoel the Good, king of Wales, in 998, forbids the killing of ravens. This prohibition, added to the popular belief that Arthur was changed into a raven, has given rise to the other belief that the English abstain from killing these birds, for fear of hurting their ancient king.

[70] The order of the *Round Table,* instituted by Arthur, was composed of twenty-four knights and the presiding king. Foreigners were admitted; Roland was a member of it, and other *peers of France* also. The romance-writer Don Diego de Vera, who has preserved in his *Epitome de los imperios* all the popular fables of his day, relates that at the marriage of Philip II. with queen Mary, the *round table* constructed by Merlin, was still shown; that the face of it was divided into twenty-five compartments coloured green and white alternately, which emanated from a point in the centre, and increased in size till they reached the circumference; a name of one of the knights and that of the king, being written in each division. One of the compartments, called *Judas's place,* or *the perilous seat,* always remained vacant.

[71] The whole romance is to be found in the *Cancionero,* page 242 of the Antwerp edition. *Lancelot of the Lake* was originally written by Arnault Daniel, a Provençal poet.

been extending and spreading itself through many and divers parts of the world; and in this profession many have been distinguished and renowned for their heroic deeds, as the valiant Amadis de Gaul, with all his sons and nephews, to the fifth generation; the valorous Felixmarte of Hircania; and the never-enough-to-be-praised Tirant the White; and we in our days have in a manner seen, heard, and conversed with, the invincible and valorous knight, Don Belianis, of Greece. This, gentlemen, it is to be a knight-errant, and what I have told you of is the order of chivalry; of which, as I said before, I, though a sinner, have made profession; and the very same thing that the aforesaid knights professed, I profess; and so I travel through these solitudes and deserts, seeking adventures, with a determined resolution to oppose my arm and my person to the most perilous that fortune shall present, in aid of the weak and the needy."

By these discourses the travellers were fully convinced that Don Quixote was out of his wits, and what kind of madness it was that influenced him; which struck them with the same admiration that it did all others at the first hearing. Vivaldo, who was a very discerning person, and withal of a mirthful disposition, that they might pass without irksomeness the little of the way that remained, before they came to the funeral mountain, resolved to give him an opportunity of going on in his extravagancies. Therefore he said to him: "Methinks, sir knight-errant, you have taken upon you one of the strictest professions upon earth; and I verily believe that of the Carthusian monks themselves is not so rigid." "It may be as strict, for aught I know," answered our Don Quixote; "but that it is so necessary to the world, I am within two fingers' breadth of doubting; for, to speak the truth, the soldier, who executes his captain's orders, does no less than the captain himself who gives the orders. I would say that the religious, with all peace and quietness, implore heaven for the good of the world; but we soldiers and knights really execute what they pray for, defending it with the strength of our arms, and the edge of our swords; and that not under covert, but in open field, exposed to the insufferable beams of summer's sun, and winter's horrid ice. We are God's ministers upon earth, and the arms by which he executes his justice. Considering that matters of war, and

those relating thereto, cannot be put in execution without sweat,

toil, and labour, it follows that they who undertake them do unquestionably take more pains than they who in peace and repose are employed in praying to heaven to assist those who can do but little for themselves.* I mean not to say, nor do I so much as imagine, that the state of a knight-errant is as good as that of a religious

* A sly satire on the uselessness of recluse religious societies.

recluse; I would only infer, from what I suffer, that it is doubtless

more laborious, more bastinadoed, more hungry and thirsty, more wretched, more ragged, and more lousy. For there is no doubt, that the knights-errant of old underwent many misfortunes in the course of their lives; and if some of them rose to be emperors [72] by the valour of their arm, in good truth they paid dearly for it in blood and sweat; and if those who arrived to such honour had wanted enchanters and sages to assist them, they would have been mightily deceived in their hopes, and much disappointed in their expectations."

[72] Renaud de Montauban became emperor of Trebizond; Bernard del Carpio, King of Ireland; Palmerin d'Oliva, emperor of Constantinople; Tirant the White, the Cæsar of the Grecian empire; &c.

"I am of the same opinion," replied the traveller, "but there is one thing in particular, among many others, which I dislike in knights-errant, and it is this: when they are prepared to engage in some great and perilous adventure, in which they are in manifest danger of losing their lives, in the very instant of the encounter they never once remember to commend themselves to God, as every christian is bound to do in the like perils; but rather commend themselves to their mistresses, and that with as much fervour and devotion, as if they were their God; [73] a thing which to me savours strongly of paganism." "Signor," answered Don Quixote, "this can by no means be otherwise; and the knight-errant who should act in any other manner would digress much from his duty; for it is a received maxim and custom in chivalry, that the knight who, being about to attempt some great feat of arms, has his lady before him, must turn his eyes fondly and amorously towards her, as if by them he implored her favour and protection in the doubtful moment of distress he is just entering upon. Though nobody hears him, he is obliged to mutter some words between his teeth, by which he commends himself to her with his whole heart; and of this we have innumerable examples in the histories. You must not suppose by this, that they are to neglect commending themselves to God; for there is time and leisure enough to do it in the progress of the work." [74] "But, for all that," replied the traveller, "I have one scruple still remaining, which is, that I have often read that words arising between two knights-errant, and choler beginning to kindle in them both, they turn their horses round, and fetching a large compass about the field, immediately without more ado, encounter at full speed, and in the midst of their career they commend themselves to their mistresses; and what commonly happens in the encounter is, that one of them tumbles back over his horse's crupper, pierced through and through by his adversary's lance; and if

[73] "Tirant the White did not invoke any saint, but only the name of Carmesina; and when he was asked why he also did not invoke some saint, he answered: 'He who serves many serves no one.'" (Book III, chap. 28.)

[74] Thus when Tristan de Leonais precipitated himself from a tower into the sea *he commended himself to his mistress Iseult, and to his gentle Saviour.*

the other had not laid hold of his horse's mane, he could not have avoided coming to the ground. Now I cannot imagine what leisure the deceased had to commend himself to Heaven, in the course of this hasty work. Better it had been, if the words he spent in commending himself to his lady, in the midst of the career, had been employed about that to which, as a christian, he was obliged. Besides, it is certain all knights-errant have not ladies to commend themselves to, because they are not all in love." "That cannot be," answered Don Quixote; "I say, there cannot be a knight-errant without a mistress; for it is as proper and as natural to them to be in love, as to the sky to be full of stars. And I affirm that you cannot shew me a history, in which a knight-errant is to be found without an amour; and for the very reason of his being without one, he would not be reckoned a legitimate knight, but a bastard, and one that got into the fortress of chivalry, not by the door, but over the pales, like a thief and a robber." [75] "Yet, for all that," said the traveller, "I think (if I am not much mistaken) I have read, that Don Galaor, brother to the valorous Amadis de Gaul, never had a particular mistress, to whom he might commend himself; notwithstanding which he was not the less esteemed, and was a very valiant and famous knight." To which our Don Quixote answered: "Signor, one swallow makes no summer. Besides, I very well know that this knight was in secret very deeply enamoured; he was a general lover, and could not resist his natural inclination towards all ladies whom he thought handsome. But, in short, it is very well attested that he had one whom he had made mistress of his will, and to whom he often commended himself, but very secretly; for it was upon this quality of secrecy that he especially valued himself." [76]

[75] The 31st Article in the statutes of the order of the Scarf (*La Banda*) was conceived in the following terms: "That no knight of the Scarf can belong any longer to that order without serving some lady, not to disgrace her, but to pay his court to her, and to espouse her. And when she goes out, he must accompany her either on foot or on horseback, holding his cap in his hand, and with bended knee."—

[76] Don Quixote doubtless alludes to the princess Briolange, chosen by Amadis for his brother Galaor, "He was so enamoured with her, and she appeared to such advantage to him, that, though he saw and entertained many other women, as is related in this history, his heart never felt a real passion for any one but that beautiful queen." (Amadis, Book IV. chap. 121.)—

"If it be essential that every knight-errant must be a lover," said the traveller, "it is to be presumed that your worship is one, as you are of the profession;—and if you do not pique yourself upon the same secrecy as Don Galaor, I earnestly entreat you, in the name of all this good company, and in my own, to tell us the name, country, quality, and beauty, of your mistress, who cannot but account herself happy, if all the world knew that she is loved and served by so worthy a knight as your worship appears to be." Here Don Quixote fetched a deep sigh, and said: "I cannot positively affirm whether this sweet enemy of mine is pleased or not that the world should know I am her servant. I can only say, in answer to what you so very courteously inquire of me, that her name is Dulcinea; her country Toboso, a town of La Mancha; her quality, at least that of a princess, since she is my queen and sovereign lady; her beauty, more than human, since in her all the impossible and chimerical attributes of beauty, which the poets ascribe to their mistresses, are realized: for her hair is of gold, her forehead the Elysian fields, her eyebrows rainbows, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, her teeth pearls, her neck alabaster, her bosom marble, her hands ivory, her whiteness snow, and in fine she is in everything all that the most exalted imagination can only conceive, but not find a comparison for." "We would know," replied Vivaldo, "her lineage, race, and family." To which Don Quixote answered: "She is not of the ancient Roman Curtii, Caii, and Scipios; nor of the modern Colonas and Ursinis; nor of the Moncadas and Requesenes of Catalonia; neither is she of the Rebellas and Villanovas, of Valentia; the Palafoxes, Nuzas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Fozes, and Gurreas, of Arragon; the Cerdas, Manriques, Mendozas, and Guzmans, of Castile; the Alencastros, Palhas, and Meneses, of Portugal; but she is of those of Toboso de la Mancha, a lineage, though modern, yet such as may give a noble beginning to the most illustrious families of the age to come: and in this let no one contradict me, unless it be on the conditions that Zerbino fixed under Orlando's arms, where it was said, 'Let no one remove these, who cannot stand a trial with Orlando.'" [77]

[77] "Nessun la muova
Que star non possa con Orlando à prova."
(*Ariosto*, canto XXIV, oct. 57.

"Although mine be of the Cachopins of Laredo," [78] replied the traveller "I dare not compare it with that of Toboso de la Mancha; though, to say the truth, no such appellation hath ever reached my ears until now." "Is it possible you should never have heard of it?" replied Don Quixote.

All the rest went on listening with great attention to the dialogue between these two; and even the goatherds and shepherds perceived the notorious distraction of Don Quixote. Sancho Panza alone believed all that his master said to be true, knowing who he was, and having been acquainted with him from his birth. But what he somewhat doubted of was, what concerned the fair Dulcinea del Toboso; for no such name or princess had ever come to his hearing though he lived so near Toboso.

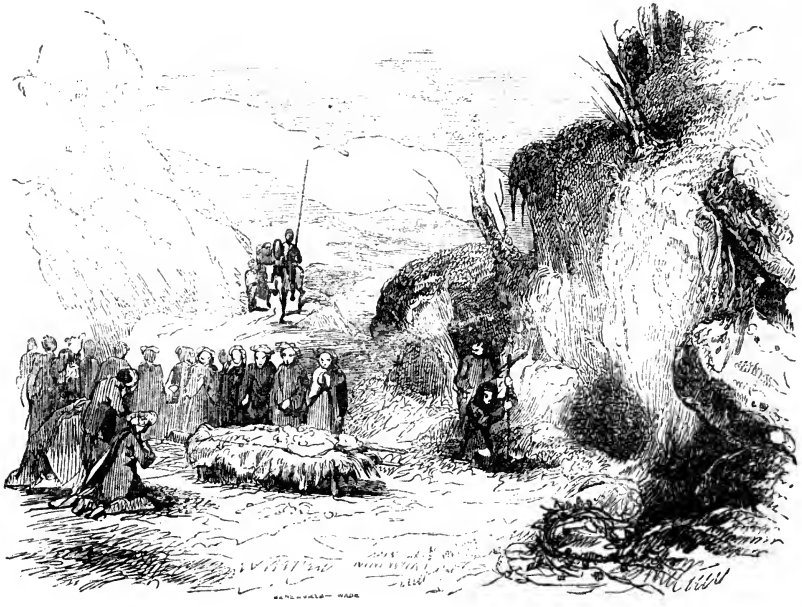
In these discourses they went on, when they discovered, through an opening made by two high mountains, about twenty shepherds coming down, all in jerkins of black wool, and crowned with garlands which (as appeared afterwards) were some of yew, and some of cypress. Six of them carried a bier, covered with great variety of flowers and boughs; which one of the goatherds espying, he said, They who come yonder are those who bring the corpse of Chrysostom; and the foot of yonder mountain is the place where he ordered them to bury him. They made haste, therefore, to arrive, which they did just as the bier was set down on the ground; and four of them, with sharp pickaxes, were making the grave by the side of a hard rock. They saluted one another courteously; and presently Don Quixote and his company went to take a view of the bier, upon which they saw a dead body, strewed with flowers, * in the dress of a shepherd, seemingly about thirty years of age; [79] and though dead, you might perceive that he had been, when alive, of a beautiful countenance and hale constitution. Several books, and

[78] At that time the name of *cachopin* or *gachupin* was that by which the Spaniards were generally designated, who, through poverty or vagrancy, emigrated to Mexico.

* It is the custom in Spain and Italy to strew flowers on the dead bodies when laid upon their biers.

[79] Chrysostom having died *in despair*, as the Spaniards say, or in other words having committed suicide, his interment was to take place unattended with any religious ceremony. Accordingly, he is still dressed as a shepherd, and not enveloped with the *mortaja*, a religious garment universally used as a winding sheet for the dead.

a great number of papers, some open and others folded up, lay round about him on the bier. All that were present, as well those who looked on as those who where opening the grave, kept a marvellous silence; until one of those who brought the deceased said to another: "Observe carefully, Ambrosio whether this be the place, which Chrysostom mentioned, since you are so punctual in performing what he commanded in his will." "This is it," answered Ambrosio; "for in this very place he often recounted to me the



story of his misfortune. Here it was, he told me, that he first saw that mortal enemy of human race; here it was that he declared to her his no less honourable than ardent passion; here it was that Marcella finally undeceived and treated him with such disdain that she put an end to the tragedy of his miserable life; and here, in memory of so many misfortunes, he desired to be deposited in the bowels of eternal oblivion."

Then, turning to Don Quixote and the travellers, he went on, saying: "This body, sirs, which you are beholding with compassionate eyes, was the receptacle of a soul in which heaven had placed

a great part of its treasure: this is the body of Chrysostom, who was singular for wit, matchless in courtesy, perfect in politeness, a phœnix in friendship, magnificent without ostentation, grave without arrogance, cheerful without meanness; in fine, the first in every thing that was good, and second to none in every thing that was unfortunate. He loved, he was abhorred: he adored, he was scorned: he courted a savage; he solicited marble; he pursued the wind; he called aloud to solitude; he served ingratitude; and the recompense he obtained was, to become a prey to death, in the midst of the career of his life, to which an end was put by a certain shepherdess, whom he endeavoured to render immortal in the memories of men, as these papers you are looking at would sufficiently demonstrate, had he not ordered me to commit them to the flames, at the same time that his body was deposited in the earth." "You would then be more rigorous and cruel to them," said Vivaldo, "than their master himself; for it is neither just nor right to fulfil the will of him who commands something utterly unreasonable. Augustus Cæsar would not consent to the execution of what the divine Mantuan had commanded in his will. So that, Signor Ambrosio, though you commit your friend's body to the earth, do not therefore commit his writings to oblivion; and if he ordered it as a person injured, do not you fulfil it as one indiscreet: rather act so, that by giving life to these papers, the cruelty of Marcella may never be forgotten, but may serve for an example to those who shall live in times to come, that they may avoid falling down the like precipices. I and all here present, already know the story of this your enamoured and despairing friend: we know also your friendship and the occasion of his death, and what he ordered on his death-bed: from which lamentable history may be gathered, how great has been the cruelty of Marcella, the love of Chrysostom, and the sincerity of your friendship; as also the end of those who run headlong in the path that inconsiderate and ungoverned love sets before them. Last night we heard of Chrysostom's death, and that he was to be interred in this place: and so, from curiosity and compassion, we turned out of our way, and agreed to come and behold with our eyes what had moved us so much in the recital:

and in return for our pity, and our desire to remedy this misfortune if it were in our power, we beseech you, O discreet Ambrosio, at least I request it on my own behalf, that you will not burn the papers, but let me carry away some of them." Without staying for the shepherd's reply, he stretched out his hand and took some of those that were nearest, which Ambrosio perceiving, he said: "Out of civility, Signor, I will consent to your keeping those you have taken; but to imagine that I shall forbear burning those that remain is a vain thought." Vivaldo, who desired to see what the papers contained, presently opened one of them which had for its title, 'The Song of Despair.' Ambrosio hearing, said: "That is the last paper this unhappy man wrote; and that you may see, Signor, to what state he was reduced by his misfortunes, read it so as to be heard; for you will have leisure enough while they are digging the grave." "That I will with all my heart," said Vivaldo: and as all the by-standers had the same desire, they drew round about him, and he read in an audible voice as follows:

CHAPTER VI.

WHEREIN ARE REHEARSED THE DESPAIRING VERSES OF THE DECEASED SHEPHERD, WITH OTHER UNEXPECTED MATTERS.

CHRYSOSTOM'S SONG.[80]

I.

"Since, cruel maid, you force me to proclaim
From clime to clime the triumphs of your scorn,
Let hell itself inspire my tortur'd breast
With mournful numbers, and untune my voice:
Whilst the sad pieces of my broken heart
Mix with the doleful accents of my tongue,
At once to tell my griefs and thy exploits.
Hear, then, and listen with attentive ear,
Not to harmonious sounds, but echoing groans,
Fetch'd from the bottom of my lab'ring breast,
To ease, in spite of thee, my raging smart.

[80] The stanzas of this song (*cancion*) are each composed of sixteen lines of eleven syllables, in which the rhymes are placed in a singular manner, unknown till used by Cervantes, and which has not been attempted since. In this arrangement the penultimate line is not in consonance with either of the others, but rhymes with the first hemiestich of the last line.

. . . . . .
Mas gran simpleza es avisarte desto,
Pues se que esta tu glorica cono *cida*
En que mi *vida* llegue al fin tan presto.

These singularities, and even the principal beauties of the piece, (though they are not very numerous), are lost in the translation.

II.

The lion's roar, the howl of midnight wolves,
The scaly serpent's hiss, the raven's croak,
The burst of fighting winds that vex the main,
The widow'd owl and turtle's plaintive moan,
With all the din of hell's infernal crew,
From my griev'd soul forth issue in one sound,
Leaving my senses all confus'd and lost.
For ah! no common language can express
The cruel pains that torture my sad heart.

III.

Yet let not echo bear the mournful sounds
To where old Tagus rolls his yellow sands,
Or Betis, crown'd with olives, pours his flood.
But here, 'midst rocks and precipices deep,
Or to obscure and silent vales remov'd,
On shores by human footsteps never trod,
Where the gay sun ne'er lifts his radiant orb,
Or with th'envenom'd race of savage beasts
That range the howling wilderness for food,
Will I proclaim the story of my woes;
Poor privilege of grief! whilst echoes hoarse
Catch the sad tale, and spread it round the world.

IV.

Disdain gives death; suspicions, true or false,
O'erturn th'impatient mind; with surer stroke
Fell jealousy destroys; the pangs of absence
No lover can support; nor firmest hope
Can dissipate the dread of cold neglect:
Yet I, strange fate! though jealous, though disdain'd,
Absent, and sure of cold neglect, still live.
And 'midst the various torments I endure,
No ray of hope e'er darted on my soul:
Nor would I hope; rather in deep despair
Will I sit down, and brooding o'er my griefs,
Vow everlasting absence from her sight.

V.

Can hope and fear at once the soul possess,
Or hope subsist with surer cause of fear?
Shall I, to shut out frightful jealousy,
Close my sad eyes, when ev'ry pang I feel,

Presents the hideous phantom to my view ?
What wretch so credulous, but must embrace
Distrust with open arms, when he beholds
Disdain avow'd, suspicions realiz'd,
And truth itself converted to a lie ?
O cruel tyrant of the realm of love,
Fierce jealousy, arm with a sword this hand,
Or thou, disdain, a twisted cord bestow.

VI.

Let me not blame my fate, but dying think
The man most blest who loves, the soul most free
That love has most enthrall'd : still to my thoughts
Let fancy paint the tyrant of my heart
Beauteous in mind as face, and in myself
Still let me find the source of her disdain ;
Content to suffer, since imperial love
By lovers' woes maintains his sovereign state.
With this persuasion, and the fatal noose,
I hasten to the doom her scorn demands,
And dying, offer up my breathless corse,
Uncrown'd with garlands, to the whistling winds.

VII.

O thou, whose unrelenting rigour's force
First drove me to despair, and now to death,
When the sad tale of my untimely fall
Shall reach thy ear, though it deserve a sigh,
Veil not the heav'n of those bright eyes in grief,
Nor drop one pitying tear, to tell the world,
At length my death has triumph'd o'er thy scorn ;
But dress thy face in smiles, and celebrate,
With laughter and each circumstance of joy,
The festival of my disastrous end.
Ah ! need I bid thee smile ? too well I know
My death's thy utmost glory and thy pride.

VIII.

Come, all ye phantoms of the dark abyss ;
Bring Tantalus, thy unextinguish'd thirst ;
And Sisyphus, thy still returning stone ;
Prometheus, with the vulture at thy heart ;
And thou, Ixion, bring thy giddy wheel ;
Nor let the toiling sisters stay behind.

Pour your united griefs into this breast,
And in low murmurs sing sad obsequies
(If a despairing wretch such rites may claim)
O'er my cold limbs, deny'd a winding-sheet.
And let the triple porter of the shades,
The sister furies, and chimeras dire,
With notes of woe, the mournful chorus join.
Such funeral pomp alone befits the wretch,
By beauty sent untimely to the grave.

IX.

And thou, my song, sad child of my despair,
Complain no more; but since my wretched fate
Improves her happier lot, who gave thee birth,
Be all thy sorrows buried in my tomb!"

Chrysostom's song was very much approved by those who heard it; but he who read it, said it did not seem to agree with the account he had heard of the reserve and goodness of Marcella; for Chrysostom complains in it of jealousies, suspicions, and absence, all to the prejudice of the credit and good name of Marcella. To which Ambrosio answered, as one well acquainted with the most hidden thoughts of his friend: "To satisfy you, Signor, as to this doubt, you must know, that when this unhappy person wrote this song he was absent from Marcella, from whom he had voluntarily banished himself to try whether absence would have its ordinary effect upon him. And as an absent lover is disturbed by every thing, and seized by every fear, so was Chrysostom tormented with imaginary jealousies and suspicious apprehensions, as much as if they had been real. Thus the truth, which fame proclaims of Marcella's goodness, remains unimpeached; and excepting that she is cruel, somewhat arrogant, and very disdainful, envy itself neither ought nor can lay any defect to her charge." "It is true," answered Vivaldo; and as he was about to commence reading another paper of those he had saved from the fire, he was interrupted by a wonderful vision, (for such it seemed to be,) which on a sudden presented itself to their sight: on the top of the rock, under which they were digging the grave, appeared the shepherdess Marcella, so beautiful, that her beauty surpassed the very fame of it. Those who had never seen

her until that time, beheld her with silence and admiration; and those who had been used to the sight of her, were no less surprised than those who had never seen her before. But Ambrosio had

scarcely espied her, when with signs of indignation, he said to her: "Comest thou, O fierce basilisk of these mountains,* to see whether the wounds of this wretch, whom thy cruelty has deprived of life, will bleed afresh at thy appearance? or comest thou to triumph in the cruel exploits of thy inhuman disposition? or to behold from that eminence, like another pitiless Nero, the flames of burning Rome? or insolently to trample on this unhappy corse, as did the impious daughter on that of her father Tarquin? [81] Tell us quickly what you come for, or what it is you would have? for since I know that Chrysostom while living never disobeyed you, so much as in thought, I will take care that all those who called themselves his friends, shall obey you, though he be dead."

"I come not, O Ambrosio, for any of the purposes you have mentioned," answered Marcella, "but to vindicate myself, and to let the world know how unreasonable those are who blame me for their own sufferings, or for the death of Chrysostom; and therefore I beg of all here present, that they will hear me with attention, for I need not spend much time, nor use many words, to convince persons of sense of the truth. Heaven, as you say, made me handsome, and to such a degree, that my beauty influences you to love me whether you will or not; and in return for the love you bear me, you pretend and insist that I am bound to love you. I know, by the natural sense God has given me, that whatever is beautiful is amiable; but I do not comprehend, that merely for being loved, the person that is loved for being handsome is obliged to return love for love. Besides, it may chance that the lover of the beautiful person may be ugly; and what is ugly deserving to be loathed, it would sound oddly to say, 'I love you for being handsome—you must love me, though I am ugly.' But supposing the beauty on both sides to be equal, it does not therefore follow that the inclinations should be so too; for all beauty does not inspire love; and there is a kind of it which only pleases the sight, but does not

* The little Fortunia's beauty was so surpassing, that she was called, 'The basilisk of human kind.' Amad. de Gaul. b 13. ch 43.

[81] Ambrosio's erudition is here at fault. Tarquin was the husband of Tullia, and it was upon the corpse of his father Servius Tullius that she trampled. It is not improbable that Cervantes wrote this chapter in prison, debarred from the assistance of his books; *inde error.*

captivate the affections. If all beauties were to enamour and captivate, the wills of men would be eternally confounded and perplexed, without knowing where to fix; for the beautiful objects being infinite, the desires must be infinite too: and true love as I have heard say, cannot be divided; it must be voluntary and unforced. This being so, as I believe it is, why would you have me subject my will by force, being no otherwise obliged thereto, than only because you say you love me? For pray tell me, as Heaven has made me handsome, if it had made me ugly, would it have been just that I should have complained of you because you did not love me? Besides, you must consider that my beauty is not my own choice; but such as it is, Heaven bestowed it on me freely, without my asking or desiring it. And as the viper does not deserve blame for her sting, though she kills with it, seeing that it is given her by nature, equally as little do I deserve reprehension for being handsome. Beauty in a modest woman is like fire at a distance, or like a sharp sword; neither does the one burn, nor the other wound those that come not too near them. Honour and virtue are ornaments of the soul, without which the body, though it be really beautiful, ought not to be thought so. Now if modesty be one of the virtues which most adorns and beautifies both body and mind, why should she who is loved for being beautiful, part with it to gratify the desires of him who, merely for his own pleasure, uses his utmost endeavours to destroy it? I was born free; and that I might live free, I chose the solitude of these fields: the trees on these mountains are my companions: the transparent waters of these brooks my looking-glass: to the trees and the waters I communicate my thoughts and my beauty. I am fire at a distance, and a sword afar off. Those whom the sight of me has enamoured, my words have undeceived. If desires are kept alive by hopes, as I gave none to Chrysostom nor to any one else, all hope being at an end, sure it may well be said that his own obstinacy, rather than my cruelty, killed him. If it be objected to me that his intentions were honourable, and that therefore I ought to have complied with them, I answer, that when in this very place where they are now digging his grave, he discovered to me the goodness of his intention, I told him that mine

was to live in perpetual solitude, and that the earth alone should enjoy the fruit of my reservedness, and the spoils of my beauty: and if he, notwithstanding all this plain-dealing, would obstinately persevere against hope and sail against the wind, what wonder if he drowned himself in the midst of the gulf of his own indiscretion? If I had left him in suspense, I had been false; if I had complied with his wish, I had acted contrary to my better intention and resolution. He persisted, though undeceived; he despaired, without being hated. Consider now whether it be reasonable to lay the blame of his sufferings upon me. Let him who is deceived, complain; let him to whom I have broken my promise, despair; let him whom I shall encourage, presume; and let him pride himself whom I shall admit: but let not him call me cruel, or murderess, whom I neither promise, deceive, encourage nor admit. Heaven has not yet ordained that I should love by destiny; and from loving by choice I desire to be excused. Let every one of those who solicit me, make his own particular use of this declaration; and be it understood from henceforward, that if any one dies for me, he does not die through jealousy or disdain; for she who loves nobody, can make nobody jealous; and plain-dealing cannot pass for disdain, Let him who calls me a savage and a basilisk, shun me as a mischievous and evil thing; let him who calls me ungrateful, not serve me; him who thinks me reserved, not know me; who cruel, not follow me: for this savage, this basilisk, this ungrateful, this cruel, this reserved thing, will in no wise either seek, serve, know, or follow them. If Chrysostom's impatience and precipitate desires killed him, why should he blame my modest procedure and reserve? If I preserve my purity unspotted among these trees, why should he desire me to lose it among men? You all know that I have riches enough of my own, and do not covet other people's. My condition is free, and I have no mind to subject myself. I neither love nor hate any body; I neither deceive this man, nor lay snares for that; I neither toy with one, nor divert myself with another. The modest conversation of the shepherdesses of these villages, and the care of my goats, are my entertainment. My desires are bounded within these mountains, and, if they venture out hence, it is to contemplate the beauty of heaven, those steps by

which the soul advances to its original dwelling." Saying this, without staying for an answer, she turned her back, and entered the most inaccessible part of the neighbouring mountain, leaving all those present in admiration, as well of her sense as her beauty.

Some of those who had been wounded by the powerful darts of her bright eyes, manifested an inclination to follow her, without profiting by so express a declaration as they had heard her make; which Don Quixote perceiving, and thinking this a proper occasion to employ his chivalry in the relief of distressed damsels, he laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, and with a loud and intelligible voice said: "Let no person, of what state or condition soever he be, presume to follow the beautiful Marcella, on pain of incurring my furious

indignation. She has demonstrated, by clear and sufficient reasons, the little or no fault she ought to be charged with on account of Chrysostom's death, and how far she is from countenancing the desires of any of her lovers; for which reason, instead of being followed

and persecuted, she ought to be honoured and esteemed by all good men in the world, for being the only woman in it whose intentions are so virtuous." Now, whether it was through Don Quixote's menaces, or because Ambrosio desired them to finish that last office to his friend, none of the shepherds stirred from thence, until the grave being made, and Chrysostom's papers burnt, they laid his body in it, not without many tears of the by-standers. They closed

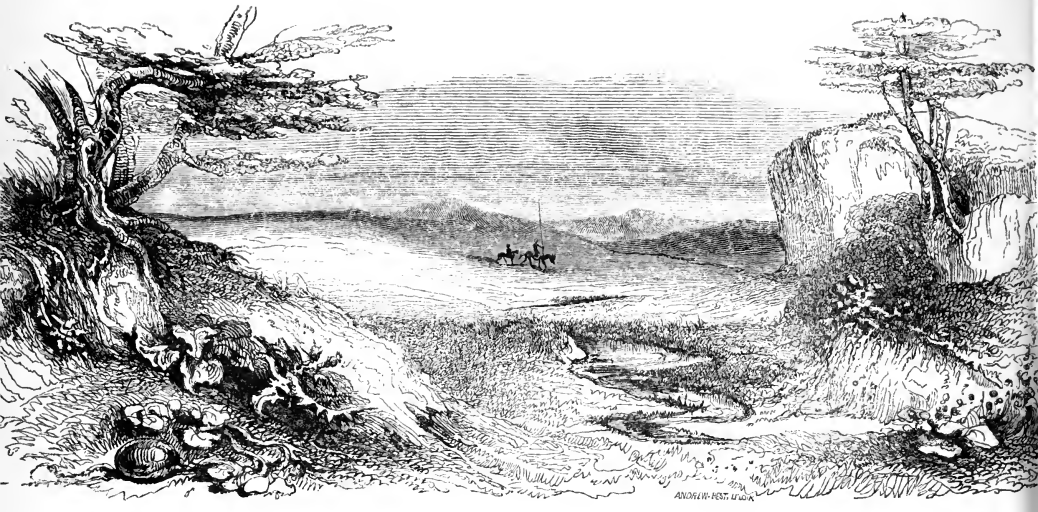
the sepulchre with a large fragment of a rock until a tomb-stone could be finished, which Ambrosio said he intended to have made, with an epitaph after this manner:—

"Here lies a gentle shepherd swain,
Through cold neglect untimely slain.
By rigour's cruel hand he died, [82]
A victim to the scorn and pride
Of a coy, beautiful ingrate,
Whose eyes enlarge love's tyrant state."

[82] "Que fué pastor de ganado
Perdido por desamor"

There is in this strophe an insipid *jeu de mots* between the two contiguous words *ganado* and *perdido*; the one means *lost;* the other, which signifies *flock*, imports also *gained* or *won*.

Then they strewed abundance of flowers and boughs on the grave, and condoling with his friend Ambrosio, took leave and departed. Vivaldo and his companion did the same; and Don Quixote bid adieu to his hosts and the travellers, who entreated him to accompany them to Seville, that being a place the most likely to furnish him with adventures, since in every street, and at every turning, more were to be met with there, than in any other place whatever. Don Quixote thanked them for the notice they gave him, and the disposition they shewed to do him a courtesy, and said, that for the present he could not and ought not to go to Seville, until he had cleared all those mountains of robbers and assassins, of which it was reported, they were full. The travellers, seeing his good intention, would not importune him farther; but taking leave again, left him, and pursued their journey, in which they wanted not a subject for discourse, as well of the story of Marcella and Chrysostom, as of the madness of Don Quixote, who resolved to go in quest of the shepherdess Marcella, and offer her all that was in his power for her service. But it fell not out as he intended, as is related in the progress of this true history, the second part ending here.



PART I. BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE WHICH BEFEL DON QUIXOTE, IN MEETING WITH CERTAIN BLOODY-MINDED YANGUESES.[83]

LEAVE taken, as the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, by Don Quixote of his hosts, and of all those who were present at Chrysostom's funeral, he and his squire entered the same wood, into which they had seen the shepherdess Marcella enter before. Having ranged through it for above two hours, looking for her every where, without being able to find her, they stopped in a meadow full of fresh grass, near which ran a pleasant and refreshing brook; insomuch that it invited and

[83] Inhabitants of the district of Yanguas in the Rioja.

compelled them to pass there the sultry hours of the noon-day heat, which already began to come on with great violence. Don Quixote and Sancho alighted, and leaving the ass and Rocinante at large, to feed upon the abundance of grass that sprung in the place, they ransacked the wallet; and without any ceremony, very friendly and socially, master and man eat what they found in it. Sancho had taken no care to fetter Rocinante, being well assured he was so tame and so little gamesome, that all the mares of the pastures of Cordova would not provoke him to any unlucky pranks. But fortune or the devil, who is not always asleep, so ordered it that there were grazing in that valley a parcel of Galician mares, belonging to certain Yanguesian carriers, whose custom it is to pass the mid-day with their drove, in places where there is grass and water: and that where Don Quixote chanced to be, was very fit for the purpose of the Yangueses. It happened that Rocinante had a mind to solace himself with their fillies, and having them in the wind, broke out of his natural and accustomed pace, and without asking his master's leave,

started off at a smart trot to communicate his need to them. But they, as it seemed, having more inclination to feed than any thing else, received him with their heels and their teeth, in such a manner,

that in a little time his girths broke, and he lost his saddle. But what must have more sensibly affected him, was, that the carriers, seeing the violence offered to their mares, ran to him with their pack-staves, and so belaboured him, that they laid him along on the ground in wretched plight.

By this time Don Quixote and Sancho, who had seen the drubbing

of Rocinante, came up out of breath; and Don Quixote said to Sancho: "From what I see, friend Sancho, these are no knights, but rascally people, of a scoundrel race. I tell you this, because you may very well help me to take ample revenge for the outrage they have done to Rocinante before our eyes," "What the devil in the way of revenge can we take," answered Sancho, "they being above twenty, and we no more than two, and perhaps but one and a half?" "I am as good as a hundred," replied Don Quixote: and without saying more, he laid his hand on his sword and flew at the Yangueses; and Sancho did the same, incited and moved thereto by the example of his master. At the first blow, Don Quixote gave one of them a terrible wound on the shoulder, through a leathern doublet which he wore. The Yangueses, seeing themselves assaulted in this manner by two men only, they being so many, betook themselves to their clubs, and hemming them in, began to belabour them with great vehemence and animosity. It is true that at the second attack they brought Sancho to the ground; and the same befel

Don Quixote, neither his dexterity nor courage standing him in any stead: and as fate would have it, he fell just at Rocinante's feet, who had not yet got up: whence we may learn how unmercifully pack-staves will bruise, when put into rustic and wrathful hands. The Yangueses, perceiving the mischief they had done, loaded their beasts with all speed, and pursued their journey, leaving the two adventurers in evil plight.

The first who came to himself was Sancho Panza, who finding himself close to his master, with a feeble and plaintive voice cried: "Signor Don Quixote! ah, Signor Don Quixote!" "What would you have, brother Sancho?" answered Don Quixote, in the same feeble, and lamentable tone. "I could wish, if it were possible,"

answered Sancho Panza, "your worship would give me two draughts of that drink of Fiery Blas, if you have it here at hand; perhaps it may

do as well for broken bones as it does for wounds." "Unhappy I, that we have it not!" answered Don Quixote. "But I swear to you, Sancho Panza, on the faith of a knight-errant, that before two days pass, (if fortune does not order it otherwise,) I will have it in my power, or my hand shall be very much out." "But in how many days, do you think, sir, we shall recover the use of our feet," replied Sancho Panza? "For my part," said the battered knight Don Quixote, "I cannot limit the number: but it is all my own fault; for I ought not to have laid hand on my sword against men who were not dubbed knights like myself. I believe, the god of battles has permitted this chastisement to fall upon me, as a punishment for having so transgressed the laws of chivalry. Wherefore, brother Sancho, it is requisite you be forewarned of what I shall now tell you, for it highly concerns the good of us both: and it is this, when you see we are insulted by such rascally rabble, do not stay till I lay hand on my sword against them, for I will in no wise do it; but do you draw your sword and chastise them to your own heart's content: but if any knights shall come up to their assistance, I shall then know how to defend you, and offend them with all my might: for you have already seen, by a thousand tokens and experiments, how far the valour of this strong arm of mine extends." Thus arrogant had the poor gentleman become, by his victory over the valiant Biscayan.

But Sancho Panza did not so thoroughly like his master's instructions, as to forbear answering: "Sir, I am a peaceable, tame, quiet man, and can dissemble any injury whatsoever; for I have a wife and children to maintain and bring up: so that give me leave, sir, to tell you by way of hint, since it is not my part to command, that I will upon no account draw my sword, neither against peasant nor against knight; and that, from this time forward, in the presence of God, I forgive all injuries any one has done, or shall do me, or that any person is now doing, or may hereafter do me, whether he be high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without excepting any state or condition whatever." When his master heard that, he answered: "I wish I had breath to talk a little at my ease, and that the pain I feel in this rib would cease, ever so short a while, that I

might convince you Panza, of the error you are in. Harkye, sinner, should the gale of fortune, hitherto so contrary, come about in our favour, filling the sails of our desires, so that we may, safely and without any hinderance, make the port of some one of those islands I have promised you, what would become of you, if when I had gained it, and made you lord thereof, you should render all ineffectual by not being a knight, nor desiring to be one, and by having neither valour nor intention to revenge the injuries done you, or to defend your dominions? For you must know, that in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the minds of the natives are never so quiet nor so much in the interest of their new master, but there is still ground to fear that they will endeavour to bring about a change of things, and once more, as they call it, try their fortune: and therefore the new possessor ought to have understanding to know how to conduct himself, and courage to act offensively and defensively, whatever shall happen." "In this that hath now befallen us," answered Sancho, "I wish I had been furnished with that understanding and valour your worship speaks of; but I swear, on the faith of a poor man, I am at this time fitter for plasters than discourses. Try, sir, whether you are able to rise, and we will help up Rocinante, though he does not deserve it, for he was the principal cause of all this mauling. I never believed the like of Rocinante, whom I took to be discreet, and as peaceable as myself. But it is a true saying, that 'much time is necessary to come to a thorough knowledge of persons;' and that 'we are sure of nothing in this life.'" Who could have thought, that after such swinging slashes as you gave that unfortunate adventurer, there should come post, as it were, in pursuit of you, this vast tempest of pack-staves which has discharged itself upon our shoulders?" "Thine, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "should, one would think, be used to such storms; but mine, that were brought up between muslins and cambrics, must needs be more sensible of the grief of this mishap. Were it not that I imagine, do I say imagine? did I not know for certain, that all these inconveniences are inseparably annexed to the profession of arms, I would suffer myself to die here out of pure vexation." To this the squire replied: "Sir, since these mishaps are the genuine

fruits and harvests of chivalry, pray tell me whether they fall out often, or whether they have their set times in which they happen; for to my thinking two more such harvests will disable us from ever reaping a third, if God of his infinite mercy does not succour us."

"Learn, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that the life of knights-errant is subject to a thousand perils and mishaps: but then they are every whit as near becoming kings and emperors; and this experience hath shewn us in many and divers knights, with whose histories I am perfectly acquainted. I could tell you now, if the pain would give me leave, of some who, by the strength of their arm alone, have mounted to the high degrees I have mentioned; and these very men were, before and after, involved in sundry calamities and misfortunes. The valorous Amadis de Gaul saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy, Archalaus the enchanter, of whom it is positively affirmed, that when he had him prisoner, he gave him above two hundred lashes with his horse's bridle, after he had tied him to a pillar in his court-yard.[84] Moreover there is a private author, of no small credit, who tells us that the 'knight of the sun being caught by a trap-door which sunk under his feet in a certain castle, found himself at the bottom in a deep dungeon under ground, bound hand and foot, where they administered to him in the most unseemly way, a preparation of snow-water and sand, that almost did his business; and if he had not been succoured in that great distress by a certain sage, his special friend, it had gone very hard with the poor knight.' I may very well suffer among so many worthy persons who underwent much greater affronts than those we now undergo: for I would have you know, Sancho, that wounds, which are given with instruments that are accidentally in one's hand, are no affront. And thus it is expressly written in the law of combat, that if a shoe-maker strike a person with the last he has in his hand, though it be really of wood, it will not therefore be said that the

[84] Amadis was twice in Archalaüs's power. The first time, Archalaüs held him enchanted; on the second occasion, he was thrown into a kind of cavern by means of a trap-door. The romance does not affirm that he was flogged, but that he was made to suffer hunger and thirst. Amadis was succoured in this extremity by Archalaüs's niece, the dumb damsel, who lowered to him in a basket a pork pie and two barrels of wine and water. (chap. XIX and XLIX.)

person thus beaten with it was cudgelled. I say this that you may not think, though we are mauled in this scuffle, we are disgraced; for the arms those men carried, wherewith they pounded us, were no other than their pack-staves; and none of them, as I remember, had either tuck, sword, or dagger." "They gave me no leisure," answered Sancho, "to observe so narrowly; for scarcely had I laid hand on my Tizona, [85] when they crossed my shoulders with their saplins, in such a manner that they deprived my eyes of sight and my feet of strength, laying me where I now lie, and where I am not so much concerned to think whether the business of the threshing be an affront or not, as I am troubled at the pain of the blows, which will leave as deep an impression in my memory as on my shoulders." "Notwithstanding all this, I tell you, brother Panza," replied Don Quixote, "there is no remembrance which time does not obliterate, nor pain which death does not put an end to." "What greater misfortune can there be," replied Panza, "than that which remains till time effaces it, and till death puts an end to it? If this mischance of our's were of that sort which people cure with a couple of plasters, it would not be altogether so bad: but, for aught I see, all the plasters of an hospital will not be sufficient to set us to rights again."

"Have done with this, and gather strength out of weakness, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for so I purpose to do: and let us see how Rocinante does; for it appears to me, that not the least part of this misfortune has fallen to the poor beast's share." "That is not at all strange," answered Sancho, "since he also appertains to a knight-errant. But what I wonder at is, that my ass should come off scot-free, where we have paid so dear." "Fortune always leaves some door open in disasters, whereby to come at a remedy," said Don Quixote: "I say this, because this poor beast may now supply the want of Rocinante, by carrying me hence to some castle where I may be cured of my wounds. Nor do I take the being mounted in this fashion to be dishonourable; for I remember to have read, that the good old Silenus, governor and tutor of the merry god of laughter, when he made his entry into the city of the hun-

[85] *Tizona*, the name of one of the swords of the Cid. The other was called *Colada*.

dred gates, went riding, much to his satisfaction, on a most beautiful ass." "It may be very true that he rode as your worship says," answered Sancho: "but there is a main difference between riding and lying athwart, like a sack of rubbish." To which Don Quixote answered: "The wounds received in battle rather give honour than take it away; so, friend Panza, answer me no more, but as I have already directed, raise me up as well as you can, and place me in whatever manner you please upon your ass, that we may get hence before night comes on, and overtake us in this uninhabited place." "Yet I have heard your worship say," quoth Panza, "that it is usual for knights-errant to sleep on heaths and deserts the greater part of the year, and that they look upon it to be very fortunate." "That is," said Don Quixote, "when they cannot help it, or are in love: and this is so true, that there have been knights, who, unknown to their mistresses, have exposed themselves for two years together, upon rocks, to the sun and the shade, and to the inclemencies of heaven. One of these was Amadis, who, when calling himself Beltenebros, [86] took up his lodging on the naked rock, whether for eight years or eight months I know not, for I am not perfect in his history. It is sufficient, that there he was, doing penance for I know not what distaste shewn him by the lady Oriana. But let us have done with this, Sancho, and dispatch, before such another misfortune happens to the ass as hath befallen Rocinante."

"That would be the devil indeed," quoth Sancho; and sending forth thirty alas's, and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty curses on whosoever had brought him thither, he raised himself up, but staid bent by the way like a Turkish bow, entirely unable to stand upright: and with all this fatigue he made a shift to saddle his ass, who had also taken advantage of that day's excessive liberty, to go a little astray. He then heaved up Rocinante, who, had he possessed a tongue to complain with, most certainly would not have been outdone either by Sancho or his master. In fine Sancho settled Don Quixote upon the ass, and tying Rocinante by the head to his tail, led them both by the halter, proceeding now faster, now slower towards the place where he thought the road might lie. He had

[86] *Beltenebros*, the lovely obscure.

scarce gone a short league, when fortune (which was conducting his affairs from good to better) discovered to him the road, in which he espied an inn, which to his sorrow and Don Quixote's joy, must needs be a castle. Sancho positively maintained it was an inn, and his master that it was a castle; and the obstinate dispute lasted so long, that they had time to arrive there before it ended; and without more ado, Sancho entered into it with his string of cattle.

CHAPTER II.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN IN THE INN WHICH HE IMAGINED TO BE A CASTLE.

AID across his squire's ass, Don Quixote was borne into the yard; the innkeeper seeing him, enquired of Sancho, what ailed him? Sancho answered, that it was nothing but a fall from a rock, whereby his ribs were somewhat bruised. The innkeeper had a wife of a different disposition from those of the like occupation; for she was naturally charitable, and touched with the misfortune of her neighbours: so that she presently set herself to cure Don Quixote, and made her daughter, a very comely young maiden, assist her in the cure of her guest. * There was also a servant in the inn, an Asturian wench, broad-faced, flat-headed, and saddle-nosed, with one eye squinting, and the other not much better. † It is true, the activity of her

* So, in Amadis de Gaul, (b 13. ch 13.) the constable of the castle's daughter knows so much of surgery, and applies such ointments and balsams to the wounds of Don Rogel of Greece, and Brianges of Bœotia, that she heals the former in twelve days, and the latter in thirty.

† The very description of the damsel who conducts prince Lindemart to the cavern where the savages had conveyed the princess Rosalva.—Amadis de Gaul, vol. 19, ch. 28.

body made amends for her other defects. She was not seven hands high from her feet to her head; and her shoulders, which burthened her a little too much, made her look down to the ground more than she cared to do. This agreeable lass helped the damsel; and they two made Don Quixote a very sorry bed in a garret, which gave evident tokens of having formerly served many years as a horse-loft. In this room lodged also a carrier, whose bed lay a little beyond that of Don Quixote. And though it was composed of pannels, and other trappings of his mules, it had much the advantage of our Don Quixote's, which consisted of four not very smooth boards, upon two not very equal tressels, and a flock-bed no thicker than a quilt,

and full of knobs, which, if one had not seen through the breaches that they were wool, by their hardness might have been taken for pebble-stones; with two sheets like the leather of an old target, and a rug, the threads of which, if you had a mind, you might number without losing a single one of the account.

In this wretched bed was Don Quixote laid; and immediately the hostess and her daughter plastered him from head to foot, Maritornes (for so the Asturian was called) holding the light. And as the hostess laid on the plasters, perceiving Don Quixote to be so full of bruises in all parts, she said that they seemed to be rather marks of blows than of a fall. "They were not blows," said Sancho; "but the rock had many sharp points and knobs, and every one has left its mark:" he said also: "Pray, forsooth, order it so, that some tow may be left; somebody else may have occasion for it, for my sides also ache a little." "So then," said the hostess, "you have had a fall too." "No fall," said Sancho Panza; "but the

fright I took at seeing my master fall has made my body so sore, that methinks I have received a thousand drubs." "That may very well be," said the girl, "for I have often dreamed that I was falling down from some high tower, and could never come to the ground; and when I have awaked, I have found myself as bruised and battered, as if I had really fallen." "But here is the point, mistress," answered Sancho Panza, "that I, without dreaming at all, and more awake than I am now, find myself with almost as many bruises as my master Don Quixote." "How is this cavalier called," quoth the Asturian Maritornes? "Don Quixote de la Mancha," answered Sancho Panza: he is a knight-errant, and one of the best and most valiant that has been seen this long time in the world." "What is a knight-errant," replied the wench? "Are you such a novice, that you do not know," answered Sancho Panza? "Then learn, sister of mine, that a knight-errant is a thing that, in two words, is cudgelled and an emperor; to-day is the most unfortunate creature in the world, and the most necessitous; and to-morrow will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire." "How comes it then to pass, that you, being squire to this so worthy a gentleman," said the hostess, "have not yet, as it seems, got so much as an earldom?" "It is early days yet," answered Sancho; "for it is but a month since we set out in quest of adventures, and hitherto we have met with none that deserve the name. Moreover sometimes one looks for one thing and finds another. True it is, if my master Don Quixote recovers of this wound or fall, and I am not disabled thereby, I would not truck my hopes for the best title in Spain."

All this discourse Don Quixote listened to very attentively; and, setting himself up in his bed as well as he could, and taking the hostess by the hand, he said to her: "Believe me, beauteous lady, you may reckon yourself happy in having lodged my person in this your castle, and such a person, that, if I do not praise myself, it is because, as is commonly said, self-praise depreciates; but my squire will inform you who I am. I only say that I shall retain the service you have done me, eternally engraved on my memory, and be grateful to you whilst my life shall last. And had it pleased the high heavens, that love had not held me so enthralled, and subjected to his laws,

and to the eyes of that beautiful ingrate, whose name I mutter between my teeth, the eyes of this lovely virgin had been mistresses of my liberty."

The hostess, her daughter, and the good Maritornes, stood confounded at hearing our knight-errant's discourse, which they understood just as much as if he had spoken Greek: though they guessed that it all tended to compliments and offers of service. And, not being accustomed to such kind of language, they stared at him with admiration, and thought him another sort of man than those now in fashion; and so, thanking him with inn-like phrase for his offers, they left him. The Asturian Maritornes doctored Sancho, who stood in no less need of it than his master. The carrier and she had agreed to solace themselves together that night; and she had given him her word, that, when the guests were a-bed, and her master and mistress asleep, she would repair to him. It is said of this honest wench, that she never made the like promise, but

she performed it, though she had made it on a mountain, without any witness: for she stood much upon her gentility, and yet thought it no disgrace to be employed in the calling of servant in an inn; often saying that misfortunes and unhappy accidents had brought her to that state.

Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggarly, feeble bed, stood first in the middle of that illustrious cock-loft; and close by it stood Sancho's, which consisted only of a flag-mat, and a rug that seemed to be rather of beaten hemp than of wool. Next these two stood the carrier's, made up, as has been said, of pannels, and the whole furniture of two of the best mules he had; which were twelve in number, fat and stately: for he was one of the richest carriers of Arevalo, as the author of this history relates, who makes particular mention of the carrier, whom he knew very well; nay, some go so far as to say, he was somewhat of kin to him. [87] Besides, Cid Hamet Ben Engeli was a very curious and very punctual historian in all things, as appears plainly from the circumstances already related; which, however seemingly minute and trivial, he would not pass over in silence; and this may serve as an example to the grave historians, who relate facts so very briefly, that we have scarcely a taste of them, as they leave at the bottom of their inkstands through neglect, malice, or ignorance, the most substantial matter. The blessing of heaven a thousand times on the author of *Tablante of Ricamonte,* and on him who wrote the exploits of the *Count Tomillas!* with what punctuality do they describe every thing!

I say then, that after the carrier had visited his mules, and given them their second course, he laid himself down upon his pannels, in expectation of his most punctual Maritornes. Sancho was already plastered, and laid down; but though he endeavoured to sleep, the pain of his ribs would not consent; and Don Quixote, through anguish, kept his eyes as wide open as a hare. The whole inn was in profound silence, and no other light in it than what proceeded from a lamp, which hung burning in the middle of the entry. This marvellous stillness, and the thoughts which our knight always had

[87] Previous to their expulsion from Spain, the Moriscoes practised agriculture, the mechanical arts, and particularly the management of beasts of burthen. The unsettled lives of the muleteers prevented their attending the churches, and placed them beyond the vigilance of the inquisition.

in his mind, from the accidents recounted in every page of the books, the authors of his misfortune, brought to his imagination one of the strangest whimsies that can well be conceived: which was, that he fancied he was arrived at a certain famous castle, for all the inns where he lodged, were in his opinion castles, and that the inn-keeper's girl was daughter to the lord of the castle; who, captivated by his fine appearance, was fallen in love with him, and had promised him, unknown to her parents, to steal privately to him that night, and pass a good part of it with him. Taking his chimera (which he had formed to himself) for reality, he began to be uneasy, and reflect on the dangerous crisis to which his fidelity was going to be exposed; and he resolved in his heart not to commit disloyalty against his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, though queen Ginebra herself, with the lady Quintagiona, should present themselves before him.

Whilst his thoughts were taken up with these extravagancies, the time and the hour (which to him proved unlucky) of the Asturian's coming, drew near; who, undressed and barefooted, her hair tucked up under a fustian coif, came with silent and cautious steps into the room, where the three were lodged, to find her carrier. But scarce was she come to the door, when Don Quixote perceived her, and sitting up in his bed in spite of his plasters and the pain of his ribs, stretched out his arms to receive his beauteous damsel the Asturian, who, crouching, and holding her breath, went with hands extended, feeling for her lover. Thus she encountered Don Quixote's arms, who caught fast hold of her by the wrist, and pulling her towards him, she not daring to speak a word, made her sit down on the bed by him. Presently he touched her only garment, which though it was of canvas, seemed to him to be of the finest and softest lawn. She had on her wrist a string of glass beads; but to his fancy they were precious oriental pearls. Her hair, not unlike that of a horse's mane, he took for threads of the brightest gold of Arabia, whose splendour obscures that of the sun itself. Though her breath, doubtless, smelt of stale salt fish, he fancied it a delicious and aromatic odour. In short, he painted her in his imagination in the very form and manner he had read described in his books, of some princess, who comes, adorned in the manner here mentioned, to visit the dangerously wounded knight, with whom

she is in love. So great was the poor gentleman's infatuation, that neither the touch, nor the breath, nor other things the good wench had about her, could undeceive him, though enough to make any one but a carrier sick. He imagined that he held the goddess of beauty between his arms; and clasping her fast, with an amorous and low voice, he began to say to her: "O! that I were in a condition, beautiful and high lady, to be able to return so vast a favour, as this you have done me by the presence of your great beauty; but fortune, who is never weary of persecuting the good, is pleased to lay me on this bed, where I lie so bruised and disabled, that, though I were ever so much inclined to pay my addresses, it would be impossible. And to this is added another still greater impossibility, which is the plighted faith I have given to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my most hidden thoughts. Had it not been for these obstacles, I should not have been so dull a knight as to let slip the happy opportunity your great goodness has put into my hands."

Maritornes was in the utmost pain, and in a violent sweat, to find herself held so fast by Don Quixote; and not hearing or minding what he said to her, she struggled without speaking a word, to get away from him. The honest carrier, whose loose desires kept him awake, heard his sweetheart from the first moment she entered the door, and listened attentively to all that Don Quixote said; and, jealous that the Asturian had broken her word with him for another, he drew nearer and nearer to Don Quixote's bed, and stood still to see what would come of those speeches which he did not understand.

But, seeing that the wench strove to get from him, and that Don Quixote laboured to hold her, not liking the jest, he lifted up his arm, and discharged so terrible a blow on the lanthorn jaws of the enamoured knight, that he bathed his mouth in blood; and not content with this, he mounted upon his ribs, and paced them over, somewhat above a trot, from end to end. The bed, which was a little crazy, and its foundation none of the strongest, being unable to bear the additional weight of the carrier, came down with them to the ground; at which great noise the host awaked, and presently imagined it must be some prank of Maritornes, for having called to her aloud, she made no answer. With this suspicion he got up: and having lighted a candle, went towards the place where he had heard the bustle. The wench, perceiving her master coming, and knowing him to be terribly passionate, all trembling and confounded, betook herself to Sancho Panza's bed, who was now asleep; and creeping in, she lay close to him, and as round as an egg. The inn-keeper entering, said: "Where are you, jade? these are most certainly some of your doings." Now Sancho awakened, and perceiving that bulk laying as it were on him, fancied he had got the night-mare, and began to lay about him on every side; and not a few of his fisty-cuffs reached Maritornes, who, provoked by the smart, and laying all modesty aside, made Sancho such a return in kind, that she quite roused him from sleep, in spite of his drowsiness; finding himself handled in that manner, without knowing by whom, he raised himself up as well as he could, and grappled with Maritornes; and there began between these two the toughest and pleasantest skirmish in the world. The carrier perceiving, by the light of the host's candle, how it fared with his mistress, quitted Don Quixote, and ran to give her the necessary assistance. The landlord did the same, but with a different intention; for his was to chastise the wench, concluding without doubt, that she was the sole occasion of all this harmony. Thus as the proverb goes, the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, and the rope to the stick; the carrier belaboured Sancho, Sancho the wench, the wench him, the inn-keeper the wench; and all laid about them so thick, that they gave themselves not a minute's rest; and the best of it was, that the landlord's candle went out; and they, being left in the dark, threshed one another so unmercifully, that, let the hand light where it would, it left nothing sound.

There lodged by chance that night in the inn an officer of those they call the holy brotherhood of Toledo;[88] who likewise hearing the strange noise of the scuffle, caught up his wand, and the tin box which held his commission, and entered the room in the dark, crying out: "Forbear, in the name of justice! forbear, in the name of the holy brotherhood!" The first he lighted on was the battered Don Quixote, who lay on his demolished bed, stretched upon his back, and quite senseless; and laying hold of his beard as he was groping about, he cried out incessantly: "I charge you to aid and assist me," but finding that the person he had laid hold of neither stirred nor moved, he concluded that he must be dead, and that the people within the room were his murderers;—and with this suspicion he raised his voice still louder, crying: "Shut the inn-door, see that nobody gets out, for they have killed a man here." This voice astonished them all, and each of them left the conflict the very moment the voice reached them. The landlord withdrew to his chamber, the carrier to his pannels, and the wench to her straw; only the unfortunate Don Quixote and Sancho could not stir from the place they were in. Now the officer let go Don Quixote's beard, and went out to get a light, to search after and apprehend the delinquents; but he found none; for the innkeeper had purposely extinguished the lamp when he retired to his chamber; and the officer was forced to have recourse to the chimney, where, after much pains and time, he lighted another lamp.

[88] Vide note 59, Book II. chap 2. anté, page 94.

CHAPTER III.

WHEREIN ARE CONTINUED THE NUMBERLESS HARDSHIPS WHICH THE BRAVE DON QUIXOTE AND HIS GOOD SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA UNDERWENT IN THE INN, WHICH HE UNHAPPILY TOOK FOR A CASTLE.

DON Quixote by this time came to himself; and with the very same tone of voice, with which the day before he had called to his squire, when he lay stretched along in the valley of packstaves, he began to call him, saying: "Sancho, friend, sleepest thou? sleepest thou, friend Sancho?"—"How should I sleep? woe is me" answered Sancho, full of trouble and vexation: "I cannot but think that all the devils in hell have been in my company to-night."—"You may very well believe so," answered Don Quixote; "and either I know little, or this castle is enchanted. For you must understand—but what I am now going to tell you, you must swear to keep secret until after my death."—"Yes, I swear," answered Sancho. "I say it," replied Don Quixote, "because I am an enemy to the taking away any body's reputation."—"I do swear," said Sancho again, "I will keep it secret until after your decease, and

God grant I may discover it to-morrow."—"Have I done you so many ill turns, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that you would willingly see me dead so very soon?" "It is not for that," answered Sancho; "but I am an enemy to keeping things long, and I would not have them rot with keeping."—"Be it for what it will," said Don Quixote, "I trust for greater matters than that to your love and kindness: know therefore that this night there has befallen me one of the strangest adventures imaginable; and to tell it you in few words, know, that a little while ago there came to me the daughter of the lord of this castle, who is the most accomplished and beautiful damsel that is to be found in a great part of the habitable earth. What could I not tell you of the gracefulness of her person? what of the sprightliness of her wit? what of other hidden charms, which, to preserve the fidelity I owe to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I will pass over untouched and in silence? Only I must tell you that Heaven, envying so great happiness as fortune had put into my hands, or perhaps (which is more probable) this castle, as I said before, being enchanted, at the time that she and I were engaged in the sweetest and most amorous conversation, without my seeing it, or knowing whence it came, comes a hand, fastened to the arm of some monstrous giant, and gave me such a blow on the jaws that they were all bathed in blood? and it afterwards pounded me in such sort, that I am in a worse case than yesterday, when the carriers, for Rocinante's frolic, did us the mischief you know.—Hence I conjecture, that the treasure of this damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and is not reserved for me."—"Nor for me neither," answered Sancho; "for more than four hundred Moors have cudgelled me in such a manner, that the basting of the packstaves was tarts and cheesecakes to it. But tell me, pray, sir, call you this an excellent and rare adventure, which has left us in such a pickle? though it was not quite so bad with your worship, who had between your arms that incomparable beauty aforesaid. But I! what had I, besides the heaviest blows that, I hope, I shall ever feel as long as I live? Woe is me, and the mother that bore me! for I am no knight-errant, nor ever mean to be one: and yet of all the misadventures, the greater part still falls

to my share."—"What! have you been pounded too?" answered Don Quixote. "Have I not told you, yes? Evil befal my lineage!" quoth Sancho. "Be in no pain, friend," said Don Quixote; "for I will now make the precious balsam, with which we will cure ourselves in the twinkling of an eye." By this time the officer had lighted his lamp, and entered to see the person he thought was killed: and Sancho, seeing him come in, and perceiving him to be in his shirt, with a night-cap on his head, a lamp in his hand, and a very ill-favoured countenance, he demanded of his master: "Pray, sir, is this the enchanted Moor, coming to finish the correction he has bestowed upon us?"—"It cannot be the Moor," answered Don Quixote; "for the enchanted suffer not themselves to be seen by any body."—"If they will not be seen, they will be felt," said Sancho; "witness my shoulders." "Mine might speak too," answered Don Quixote; "but this is not sufficient evidence to convince us that what we see is the enchanted Moor."

The officer entered, and finding them communing in so calm a manner, stood in suspense. It is true, indeed, Don Quixote still lay flat on his back, without being able to stir, through mere pounding and plastering. The officer approached him and said: "How fares it, honest friend?" "I would speak more respectfully," answered Don Quixote, "were I in your place. Is it the fashion of this country to talk in this manner to knights-errant, blockhead?" The officer, seeing himself so ill-treated by one of so scurvy an appearance, could not bear it; and, lifting up the brass lamp, with all its oil, gave it Don Quixote over the pate in such sort, that he broke his head: and all being in the dark, he ran instantly out of the room. "Doubtless, sir," quoth Sancho Panza, "this is the enchanted Moor; and he reserves the treasure for others, and for us only blows and lamp-knocks." * "It is even so," answered Don Quixote; "and it is to no purpose to regard this business of enchantments, or be out of humour or angry with them; for, as they are invisible and fantastical only, we shall find nothing to be revenged on, though we endeavour it ever so much. Get you up, Sancho, if

* Candilazos. A new coined word in the original.

you can, and call the governor of this fortress; and take care to get me some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, to make the healing balsam. In truth, I believe I want it very much at this time; for the wound this phantom has given me, bleeds very fast."

Sancho got up, with pain enough in his bones, and went in the dark towards the landlord's chamber; and meeting with the officer, who was listening to discover what his enemy would be at, said to him: "Sir, whoever you are, do us the favour and kindness to help us to a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine; for they are wanted to cure one of the best knights-errant in the world, who lies in yon bed, sorely wounded by the hands of the enchanted Moor that is in this inn." The officer hearing him talk at this rate, took him for one out of his senses; and the day beginning to dawn, he opened

the inn-door, and calling the host, told him what the honest man wanted. The inn-keeper furnished him with the ingredients, and Sancho carried them to Don Quixote, who lay with his hands on his head, complaining of the pain of the lamp-knock, which had done him no other hurt than the raising a couple of bumps pretty much swelled; and what he took for blood was nothing but sweat, occasioned by the anguish of the past storm. In fine, he took his simples, and made a compound of them, mixing them together, and boiling them a good while, until he thought they were enough. Then he asked for a phial to put it in; and there being no such thing in the inn, he resolved to put it in a cruise, or oil-flask of tin, which the host made him a present of. Next he said over the cruise about four score pater-nosters, with as many ave-marias and salves, and every word was accompanied with a cross by way of benediction, at all which were present, Sancho, the inn-keeper, and the officer: as for the carrier, he was gone soberly about the business of tending his mules.

This done, he resolved immediately to make trial of the virtue of that precious balsam, as he imagined it to be; and so he drank about a pint and a half of what the cruise could not contain, and which remained in the pot it was infused and boiled in; and scarcely had he done drinking, when he began to vomit so violently, that nothing was left in his stomach; and, through the convulsive retchings and agitation of the vomit, he fell into a most copious sweat; wherefore he ordered them to cover him up warm, and to leave him alone. They did so, and he continued fast asleep above three hours; when he awoke, and found himself greatly relieved in his body, and so much recovered from his bruising, that he thought himself as good as cured;—and was thoroughly persuaded that he had hit on the true balsam of Fier-à-bras, and that, with this remedy, he might thenceforward encounter without fear, any dangers, battles, and conflicts however perilous.

Sancho Panza, who likewise took his master's amendment for a miracle, desired he would give him what remained in the pipkin, which was no small quantity. Don Quixote granting his request, he took it in both hands, and with a good faith and better will,

tossed it down into his stomach, swilling very little less than his master had done. Now the case was, that poor Sancho's stomach was not so nice and squeamish as his master's; and therefore, before he could throw it up, it gave him such pangs and loathings with such cold sweats and faintings, that he verily thought his last hour was come; and finding himself so afflicted and tormented, he, cursed the balsam, and the thief that had given it him. Don Quixote, seeing him in that condition, said to him: "I believe, Sancho, that all this mischief has befallen you becanse you are not dubbed a knight; for I am of opinion this liquor can do no good to those who are not." "If your worship knew that," replied Sancho, "evil betide me and all my generation! why did you suffer me to drink it?" By this time the drench operated effectually, and the poor squire began to find relief in all ways? with so much precipitation,

that the flag mat upon which he lay, and the blanket in which he wrapped himself, were perfectly saturated. He sweated and sweated again, with such faintings and fits, that not only himself, but every

body else, thought he was expiring. This hurricane and exudation lasted two hours; at the end of which he did not remain as his master did, but so shattered and broken that he was unable to stand. Don Quixote, who found himself at ease and whole, would needs depart immediately in quest of adventures, believing that all the time he loitered away there, was depriving the world, and the distressed in it, of his aid and protection; and the rather, through the security and confidence he placed in the balsam. Thus hurried away by this strong desire, he saddled Rocinante with his own hands, and pannelled his squire's beast, whom he also helped to dress, and to mount him upon the ass. He presently got on horseback, and coming to a corner of the inn, he laid hold of a pike that stood there, to serve him for a lance. All the folks in the inn stood gazing at him, being somewhat above twenty persons; among the rest the host's daughter stared at him, and he on his part removed not his eyes from her, and now and then sent forth a sigh, which he seemed to tear up from the bottom of his bowels; all imagining it to proceed from the pain he felt in his ribs, at least those who the night before had seen how he was plastered.

They being now both mounted, and standing at the door of the inn, he called to the host, and with a very solemn and grave voice said to him: "Many and great are the favours, Signor governor, which in this your castle I have received, and I remain under infinite obligations to acknowledge them all the days of my life. If I could make you a return by revenging you on any insolent foe, who has done you outrage, know that the duty of my profession is no other than to strengthen the weak, to revenge the injured, and to chastise the perfidious. Run over your memory, and if you find any thing of this nature to recommend to me, you need only declare it; for I promise you, by the order of knighthood I have received, to procure you satisfaction and amends to your heart's desire." The host answered with the same gravity: "Sir knight, I have no need of your worship's avenging any wrong for me; I know how to take the proper revenge, when I sustain any injury: I only desire your worship to pay me for what you have had in the inn, as well for the straw and barley for your two beasts, as for your supper and lodging."

"What then, is this an inn?" replied Don Quixote. "And a very creditable one," answered the host. "Hitherto then I have been in an error," answered Don Quixote, "for in truth I took it for a castle, and no bad one neither: but since it is so, that it is no castle, but an inn, all that can now be done is, that you excuse the payment; for I cannot act contrary to the law of knights-errant, of whom I certainly know, having hitherto read nothing to the contrary, that they never paid for lodging, or any thing else, in any inn where they have lain; and that because of right and good reason, all possible accommodation is due to them, in recompense for the insufferable hardships they endure in quest of adventures, by night and by day, in winter and in summer, on foot and on horseback, with thirst and with hunger, with heat and with cold, subject to all the inclemencies of heaven, and to all the inconveniences upon earth." "I see little to my purpose in all this," answered the host; "pay me what is my due, and let us have none of your stories and knight-errantries; for I make no account of any thing, but how to come by my own." "Thou art a blockhead, and a pitiful inn-keeper," answered Don Quixote; so clapping spurs to Rocinante, and brandishing his lance, he sallied out of the inn, without any body's opposing him; and, without looking to see whether his squire followed him or not, got a good way off.

The host, seeing him go off without paying him, ran to seize on Sancho Panza who said that since his master would not pay, he would not pay either; for being squire to a knight-errant as he was, the same rule and reason held as good for him as for his master, not to pay any thing in public-houses and inns. The inn-keeper grew very testy on hearing this, and threatened him, if he did not pay him, he would indemnify himself in a way he should be sorry for. Sancho swore by the order of chivalry, which his master had received, that he would not pay a single farthing, though it should cost him his life; for the laudable and ancient usage of knights-errant should not be lost for him, nor should the squires of future knights have reason to complain of, or reproach him for the breach of so just a right.

Poor Sancho's ill luck so ordered it, that among those who were

in the inn, there were four cloth-workers of Segovia, three needle-makers of the horse-fountain of Cordova, and two butchers of Seville, all arch, merry, unlucky, and frolicksome fellows. These nine jolly dogs, instigated as it were and moved by the self-same spirit, came up to Sancho, and dismounting him from the ass, one of them went in for the blanket from the landlord's bed; and putting him therein, they looked up, and saw that the ceiling was somewhat too low for their work, and determined to go out into the yard, which had no other ceiling than the sky. There, Sancho being placed in the midst of the blanket, they began to toss him aloft, and to divert themselves with him, as with a dog during carnival. [89] The cries

[89] The punishment to which Sancho was subjected was then of very ancient standing. Suetonius relates that when the emperor Otho, during his nightly rounds though the streets of Rome, fell in with any drunken persons, he had them tossed in blankets——"*distento sagulo in sublime jactare.*" And Martial, addressing his book, tells it not to put too much trust in praise, "for, from behind," he adds:

"Ibis ab excusso missus in astra sago."

The students in the Spanish universites amused themselves, during the time of carnival, by serving the dogs they met with in the streets in the same manner that the emperor Otho served the drunkards.

which the poor blanket-tossed squire sent forth, were so many, and so loud, that they reached his master's ears: who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that some new adventure was at hand, until he found plainly that he who cried was his squire; and turning the reins, with a constrained gallop, he came up to the inn; when finding it shut, he rode round it to discover, if he could, an entrance. But he was scarce got to the wall of the yard, which was not very high, when he perceived the wicked sport they were making with his squire. He saw him ascend and descend through the air with so much grace and agility, that if his choler would have suffered him, I am of opinion he would have laughed. He tried to get from his horse upon the fence; but he was so bruised and battered, that he could not alight; and so from on horseback he began to utter so many reproaches and revilings against those who were tossing Sancho, that it is impossible to put them down in writing; but they did not therefore desist from their laughter, nor their labour; nor did the flying Sancho forbear his complaints, mixed sometimes with menaces, sometimes with entreaties; yet all availed little, nor would have availed, but at last they left off from sheer weariness. They then brought him his ass; and wrapping him in his loose coat, mounted him thereon. The compassionate Maritornes, seeing him so harassed, thought good to help him to a jug of water, which she fetched from the well, that it might be the cooler. Sancho took it, and as he was lifting it to his mouth, stopped at his master's calling to him aloud, saying: "Son Sancho, drink not water, child, do not drink it; it will kill thee. Look here, I hold the most holy balsam," shewing him the cruise of the potion, "by drinking but two drops of which, you will doubtless be whole and sound again". At these words, Sancho turned his eyes as it were askew, and said with a louder voice: "Perhaps, you have forgot, sir, that I am no knight; or you would have me bring up what remains of my bowels, after last night's work. Keep your liquor, in the devil's name, and let me alone." His ceasing to speak, and beginning to drink, was all in a moment, but at the first sip finding it was water, he would proceed no further, and prayed Maritornes to bring him some wine; which she did with a very good will, and paid for it with her own money; for

they say of her, that though she was in that station, she had some shadows and faint outlines of a christian. As soon as Sancho had done drinking, he began kicking his beast; and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, out he went, mightily satisfied that he had paid nothing, and had carried his point, though at the expense of his accustomed surety—his carcase. The landlord indeed, was in possession of his wallets for payment of what was due to him; but Sancho never missed them, so confused was he at going off. The inn-keeper would have fastened the door well after him, as soon as he saw him out; but the blanketeers would not consent, being persons of that sort, that though Don Quixote had really been one of the knights of the Round Table, they would not have cared two farthings for him.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH IS REHEARSED THE DISCOURSE WHICH SANCHO PANZA HELD WITH HIS MASTER DON QUIXOTE; WITH OTHER ADVENTURES WORTH RELATING.

SANCHO came up to his master, pale and dispirited to that degree, that he was not able to spur on his ass. Don Quixote perceiving his condition, said: "Now am I convinced, honest Sancho, that that castle, or inn, is doubtless enchanted; for they who so cruelly sported themselves with you, what could they be but hobgoblins, and people of the other world? and I am confirmed in this by having found, that when I stood at the paling of the yard, beholding the acts of your sad tragedy, I could not possibly get over them, nor so much as alight from Rocinante; so that they must certainly have held me enchanted. I swear to you, by the faith of what I am, that if I could have got over, or alighted, I would have

avenged you in such a manner as would have made those poltroons and assassins remember the jest as long as they lived, though I know I had transgressed the laws of chivalry thereby, for as I have often told you, they do not allow a knight to lay hand on his sword against any one who is not so, unless it be in defence of his own life and person, and in case of urgent and extreme neccessity." "And I too," quoth Sancho, "would have revenged myself if able, dubbed or not dubbed; but I could not: though I am of opinion, that they who diverted themselves at my expence, were no hobgoblins, but men of flesh and bones as we are; and each of them, as I heard while they were tossing me, had his proper name: one was called Pedro Martinez, another Tenorio Hernandez; and the landlord's name is John Palomèque the left-handed: so that, sir, as to your not being able to leap over the fence nor to alight from your horse, the fault lay in something else, and not in enchantment. What I gather clearly from all this is, that these adventures we are in quest of, will at the long run bring us into so many scrapes, that we shall not know which is our right foot. In my poor opinion, the better and surer way would be, to return to our village, now that it is reaping-time and look after our business, and not run rambling from Ceca to Mecca,* leaping out of the frying-pan ino the fire."

"How little do you know, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "what belongs to chivalry! peace, and have patience; the day will come, when you will see with your eyes how honourable a thing it is to follow this profession. What greater satisfaction can there be in the world, or what pleasure can be compared with that of winning a battle, and triumphing over one's enemy? None, without doubt." "It may be so," answered Sancho, "though I do not know it. I only know, that since we have been knights-errant, or since you have been one sir, for there is no reason I should reckon myself in that honourable number, we have never won any battle except that of the Biscayan; and even there you came off with the

* Ceca was a place of devotion among the Moors in the city of Cordova, to which they used to go in pilgrimage from other places; as Mecca is among the Turks: whence the proverb comes to signify: "sauntering about to no purpose."—A banter upon popish pilgrimages.

loss of half an ear, and half a helmet; and from that day to this, we have had nothing but drubbings upon drubbings, cuffs upon cuffs, beside my blanket-tossing into the bargain, and that by persons enchanted, on whom I cannot revenge myself, to know how far the joy reaches of overcoming an enemy, as your worship is pleased to say."—"That is what troubles me, and ought to trouble you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "but henceforward I will endeavour to have ready at hand a sword made by such art, that no kind of enchantment can touch him that wears it. Perhaps fortune may procure me that of Amadis, when he called himself '*Knight of the burning sword*,'[90] which was one of the best weapons that ever knight had in the world; for, beside the virtue aforesaid, it cut like a razor, and no armour though ever so strong, or ever so much enchanted, could stand against it."—"I am so unfortunate," quoth Sancho, "that though this were so, and you should find such a sword, it would be of service and use only to those who are dubbed knights, like the balsam; as for the poor squires, they may sing sorrow."—"Fear not that, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "heaven will deal more kindly by thee."

Don Quixote and his squire went on thus conferring together, when the former perceived on the road they were in, a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them; and seeing it, he turned to Sancho, and said: "This is the day, O Sancho, wherein will be seen the good that fortune has in store for me. This is the day, I say, wherein will appear, as much as in any, the strength of my arm; and in which I shall perform such exploits, as shall remain written in the book of fame, to all succeeding ages. Seest thou yon cloud of dust, Sancho? It is raised by a prodigious army of divers and innumerable nations, who are on the march this way.—" "By

[90] It was Amadis of Greece who was styled the *Knight of the Flaming Sword*, because he had one marked on his body, from his birth, *from the left knee upwards to abreast his heart, as red as fire.* (Part I. chap 46.) As Don Quixote only says Amadis, by which Amadis *of Gaul* is always understood, and as he speaks of a real sword, he doubtless means, *the knight of the Green Sword.* Amadis received this name, under which he was known in Germany, because, at the trial of two faithful lovers, and before the face of his mistress Oriane, he drew the marvellous sword from its scabbard which was made from the back-bone of a fish, of a green colour, and so transparent that the blade was visible when sheathed in it. (Chap. LVI, LXX and LXXIII.)

this account there must be two armies," said Sancho, "for on this opposite side there arises such another cloud of dust." Don Quixote

turned to view it, and, seeing it was so, he rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted there were two armies coming to engage in the midst of that spacious plain: for at all hours and moments his imagination was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures extravagancies, amours and challenges, which he found in the books of chivalry; and whatever he said, thought or did, had a tendency that way. Now the clouds of dust he saw were raised by two great flocks of sheep, going the same road from different parts, and the dust hindered them from being seen, until they came near. But Don Quixote affirmed with so much positiveness that they were armies, that Sancho began to believe it, and said: "Sir, what then must we do?"—"What," replied Don Quixote, "but favour and assist the weaker side? Now you must know, Sancho, that the army which

marches towards us in front, is led and commanded by the great emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Taprobana;[91] this other which marches behind us, is that of his enemy, the king of the Garamantes,[92] Pentapolin of the naked arm; for he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare."—"But why do these two princes hate one another," demanded Sancho? "They hate one another," answered Don Quixote, "because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, and is in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a most beautiful and superlatively graceful lady, and a christian; and her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan king, unless he will first renounce the religion of his false prophet Mahomet, and turn christian,"—"By my beard," said Sancho, "Pentapolin is in the right; and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power."—"In so doing, you will do your duty, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for, in order to engage in such fights, it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight."—"I easily comprehend that," answered Sancho; "but where shall we dispose of this ass, that we may be sure to find him when the fray is over? for I believe it was never yet the fashion to go to battle upon such a kind of beast."—"You are in the right," said Don Quixote; "and what you may do with him is, to let him take his chance, whether he be lost or not; for we shall have such a choice of horses after the victory, that Rocinante himself will run a risk of being trucked for another. But listen with attention, whilst I give you an account of the principal knights of both the armies. That you may see and observe them the better, let us retire to yon rising ground, from whence all may be distinctly seen." They did so, and got upon a hillock whence the flocks, which Don Quixote took for two armies, might easily have been discerned, had not the clouds of dust they raised, obstructed and blinded the sight; but, for all that, seeing in his imagination what he neither did nor could see, he began with a loud voice to say:—

"The knight you see yonder with the gilded armour, who bears in his shield a lion crowned couchant at a damsel's feet, is the valorous Laurcalco, lord of the Silver Bridge; the other, with the armour

[91] The ancient name of the island of Ceylon.

[92] Inhabitants of the interior of Africa.

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flowered with gold, who bears three crowns argent, in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolembo, grand duke of Quirocia; the third with gigantic limbs, who marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, lord of the three Arabias; he is armed with a serpent's skin, and bears instead of a shield, a gate, which fame says, is one of those belonging to the temple which Sampson pulled down, when with his death he avenged himself upon his enemies.[93] But turn your eyes to this other side, and you will see in the front of this second army, the ever-victorious and never-vanquished Timonel de Carcaxona, prince of the New Biscay, who comes with armour quartered azure, vert, argent and or, bearing in his shield a cat or, in a field gules, with a scroll inscribed *Miou*, being the beginning of his mistress's name, who it is reported, is the peerless Mioulina, daughter to Alfenniquen duke of Algarve. That other, who burdens and oppresses the back of yon sprightly steed, whose armour is as white as snow, and his shield white without any device, is a new knight, by birth a Frenchman, called Peter Papin, lord of the baronies of Utrique. The other, whom you see with his armed heels, pricking the flanks of that pied fleet courser, and whose armour is of pure azure, is the powerful duke of Nerbia, Espartafilardo of the Wood, whose device is an asparagus-bed, with this motto in Castilian, '*Rastrea mi suerte.*'" [94]

In this manner he continued to name sundry knights of each squadron, as his fancy dictated, and giving to each their arms, colours, devices and mottoes, extempore, carried on by the strength of his imagination, and by his unaccountable madness; and so without hesitation he proceeded:—"That body fronting us, is formed and composed of people of different nations; here stand those who drink the sweet waters of the famous Xanthus; the mountaineers, who tread the Massilian fields; those who sift the pure and fine gold-dust of Arabia Felix; those who dwell along the famous and refreshing banks of the clear Thermodon; those who drain by sundry and

[93] The Don here makes a notable mistake. It was not the gates of the temple under which he was buried that Sampson carried off, but those of the town of Gaza. (*Judges*, chap. 16.)

[94] Literally *trace my fate by my footsteps, or track my fate.*

divers ways, the golden veins of Pactolus; the Numidians, unfaithful in their promises; the Persians, famous for bows and arrows; the Parthians and Medes, who fight flying; the Arabians, perpetually shifting their habitations; the Scythians as cruel as fair; the broad-lipped Ethiopians; and an infinity of other nations, whose countenances I see and know, though I cannot recollect their names. In that other squadron come those who drink the crystal streams of olive-bearing Betis; those who brighten and polish their faces with the liquor of the ever-rich and golden Tagus; those who enjoy the fertilizing waters of the divine Genil; [95] those who tread the Tartesian fields, [96] abounding in pasture; those who recreate themselves in the Elysian meads of Xereza; the rich Manchegans, crowned with yellow ears of corn; those clad in iron, the antique remains of the Gothic race; [97] those who bathe themselves in Pisuerga, famous for the gentleness of its current; those who feed their flocks on the spacious pastures of the winding Guadiana, celebrated for its hidden source; those who shiver on the cold brow of the shady Pyreneus and the snowy tops of lofty Apeninus; in a word, all that Europe contains and includes."

How many provinces did he name! how many nations did he enumerate! giving to each, with wonderful readiness, its peculiar attributes, wholly absorbed and wrapped up in what he had read in his fabulous histories. Sancho Panza stood confounded at his discourse, without speaking a word; and now and then he turned his head about, to see whether he could discover the knights and giants his master named. But seeing none, he said: "Sir, the devil a man, or giant, or knight, of all you have named, appears any where; at least I do not see them; perhaps all may be enchanted, like last night's goblins." "How say you, Sancho?" answered Don Quixote. "Do you not hear the neighing of the steeds, the sound of the trumpets, and rattling of the drums?" "I hear nothing," answered Sancho, "but the bleating of sheep and lambs;" and so it was, for

[95] It is believed that this name, given by the Arabs to the river of Grenada, signifies *like the Nile.*

[96] Of Tarifa.

[97] The Biscayans.

now the two flocks were come very near them. "The fear you are in Sancho," said Don Quixote, "makes you so that you can neither see nor hear aright; for one effect of fear is to disturb the senses, and make things not to appear what they are; and if you are so much afraid, get you aside, and leave me alone, for I am able, with my single arm, to give the victory to that side I shall favour with my assistance." Then he clapped spurs to Rocinante, and, setting his lance in its rest, darted down the hillock like lightning. Sancho cried out to him: "Hold, Signor Don Quixote, come back; as God shall save me, they are lambs and sheep you are going to encounter; pray come back, woe to the father that begot me! what madness

is this? Look, there is neither giant, nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered nor entire, nor true azures nor bedevilled; sinner that I am! what is it you do?" For all this, Don Quixote turned not again, but still went on, crying aloud: "Ho! knights, you that follow and fight under the banner of the valiant emperor Pentapolin of the naked arm, follow me all, and you shall see with how much ease I revenge him on his enemy Alifanfaron of Taprobana." Saying this, he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, and began to attack them with his lance, as courageously, and intrepidly, as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen who came with the flocks, called out to him to desist; but seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings, and began to let drive about his ears with stones as big as one's fist. Don Quixote did not mind the stones, but, running about on all sides, cried out: "Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron; present thyself before me; I am a single knight, desirous to prove thy valour hand to hand, and to punish thee with the loss of life, for the wrong thou doest to the valiant Garamanta Pentapolin." At that instant came a large pebble-stone, and struck him such a blow on the side, that it buried a couple of his ribs in his body. Finding himself thus ill-treated, he believed for certain he was slain, or sorely wounded; and remembering his liquor, he pulled out his cruise, set it to his mouth, and began to let some go down; but before he could swallow what he thought sufficient, comes another of those almonds, and hit him so full on the hand and on the cruise, that it dashed it to pieces, carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way, and grievously bruising two of his fingers. Such was the first blow, and such the second, that the poor knight tumbled from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believed that they had killed him; whereupon in all haste they got their flock together, took up their dead, which were about seven, and marched off without farther enquiry.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hillock, beholding his master's extravagancies, tearing his beard, and cursing the unfortunate hour and moment that ever he knew him. But, seeing him fallen on the ground, and the shepherds already gone off, he descended

from the hillock, and running to him, found him in a very ill plight, though he had not quite lost the use of his senses. "Did I not desire you," he said "Signor Don Quixote, to come back, for those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men?" "How easily," replied Don Quixote, "can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, make things appear or disappear! You must know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for such to make us seem what they please: and this malignant who persecutes me, envious of the glory he saw I was likely to acquire in this battle, has transformed the hostile squadrons into flocks of sheep. However, do one thing, Sancho, for my sake, to undeceive yourself and see the truth of what I tell you; get upon your ass, and follow them fairly and softly, and you will find that when they are got a little farther off they will return to their first form, and, ceasing to be sheep, will become men, proper and tall, as I described them at first. But do not go now, for I want your help and assistance; come hither to me, and see how many teeth I want, for it seems to me that I have not one left in my head." Sancho came so close to him, that he almost thrust his eyes into his mouth: and it being precisely at the time the balsam began to work in Don Quixote's stomach, at the instant Sancho was looking into his mouth, he discharged the contents with as much violence as if it had been shot out of a demi-culverin, directly in the face and beard of the compassionate squire. "Blessed Virgin!" quoth Sancho, "what is this has befallen me? without doubt this poor sinner is mortally wounded, since he vomits blood at the mouth." But reflecting a little, he found by the colour, savour and smell, that it was not blood, but the balsam of the cruise he saw him drink; and so great was the loathing he felt thereat, that his stomach turned, and he made an effort similar to that of the knight, so that both remained in the same pickle. Sancho ran to his ass to take something out of his wallets, to cleanse himself and cure his master; but, not finding them, he was very near running distracted. He cursed himself afresh, and purposed in his mind to leave his master and return home, though he should lose his wages for the time past, and his hopes of the government of the promised island.

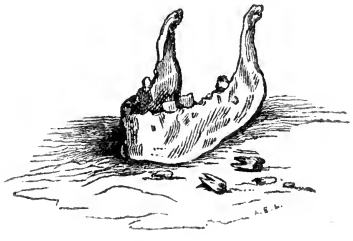
Hereupon Don Quixote got up, and laying his left hand on his mouth, to prevent the remainder of his teeth from falling out, with the other he laid hold on Rocinante's bridle, who had not stirred from his master's side (so trusty was he and good-conditioned,) and went where his squire stood leaning his breast on his ass, and his cheek on his hand, in the posture of a man overwhelmed with thought. Don Quixote, seeing him in that guise, with the appearance of so much sadness, said: "Know, Sancho, that one man is no more than another, unless he does more than another. All these storms that fall upon us are signs that the weather will clear up, and things will go smoothly: for it is impossible that either evil or good should be durable; and hence it follows, that the evil having lasted long, the good cannot be far off. You ought not to afflict yourself for the mischances that befal me, since you have no share in them." "How! no share in them!" answered Sancho, "peradventure then, he they tossed in a blanket yesterday was not my father's son; and the wallets I miss to-day, with all my moveables, belong to somebody else?" "What! are the wallets missing, Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote. "Yes, they are," answered Sancho. "Then we have nothing to eat to-day," replied Don Quixote. "It would be so," answered Sancho, "if these fields did not produce those herbs, with which you say such unlucky knights-errant as your worship are wont to supply the like necessities." "For all that," answered Don Quixote, "at this time I would rather have a slice of bread and a couple of heads of salt pilchards, than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, though commented upon by Dr. Laguna himself. [98] But, good Sancho, get upon your ass and follow me; for He, who is the provider of all things, will not fail us, and the rather seeing we are so employed in his service as we are, since he does not fail the gnats of the air, the wormlings of the earth, nor the fishes of the water; and so merciful is he, that he makes his sun to shine upon the good and the bad, and causes rain to fall upon the just and unjust." "Your worship," said Sancho, "would make a better preacher than a knight-errant." "Sancho," said Don Quixote,

[98] Andrès de Laguna, born at Segovia, was physician to Charles V. and pope Julius III, and the translator and commentator of Dioscorides.

"the knights-errant ever did and must know something of every thing; and there have been knights-errant in times past, who would make sermons or harangues on the king's highway, with as good a grace as if they had taken their degrees in the university of Paris! whence we may infer, that the lance never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance." "Well! let it be as your worship says," answered Sancho, "but let us begone hence, and endeavour to get a lodging to-night; and pray God it be where there are neither blankets nor

blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins, nor enchanted Moors: for if there be, the devil take both the flock and the fold."

"Child," said Don Quixote, "do thou pray: and conduct me whither thou wilt; for this time I leave it to your choice where to lodge us: but reach hither your hand, and feel with your finger how many grinders I want on the right side of my upper jaw, for there I feel the pain." Sancho put in his fingers, and feeling about, said: How many did your worship use to have on this side?" "Four," answered Don Quixote, "beside the eye-tooth, all whole and very sound." "Take care what you say, sir," answered Sancho. "I say four, if not five," replied Don Quixote, "for in my whole life I never drew tooth nor grinder, nor have I lost one by rheum or decay." "Well then," said Sancho, "on this lower side your worship has but two grinders and a half, and in the upper, neither half nor whole: all is as smooth and even as the palm of my hand." "Unfortunate that I am!" said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news his squire told him: "I had rather they had torn off an arm, provided it were not the sword-arm: for, Sancho, you must know, that a mouth without grinders is like a mill without a stone; and a diamond is not so precious as a tooth. But to all this we are subject, who profess the strict order of chivalry. Mount, friend Sancho, and lead on; for I will follow thee what pace thou wilt." Sancho did so, and went toward the place where he thought to find a lodging, without going out of the high road, which was thereabouts very much frequented. As they thus went on, fair and softly, (for the pain of Don Quixote's jaws gave him no ease, nor inclination to make haste,) Sancho had a mind to amuse and divert him by talking to him, and said, among other things, what will be found in the following chapter.



CHAPTER V.

OF THE SAGE DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN SANCHO AND HIS MASTER, AND THE SUCCEEDING ADVENTURE OF THE DEAD BODY; WITH OTHER FAMOUS OCCURRENCES,

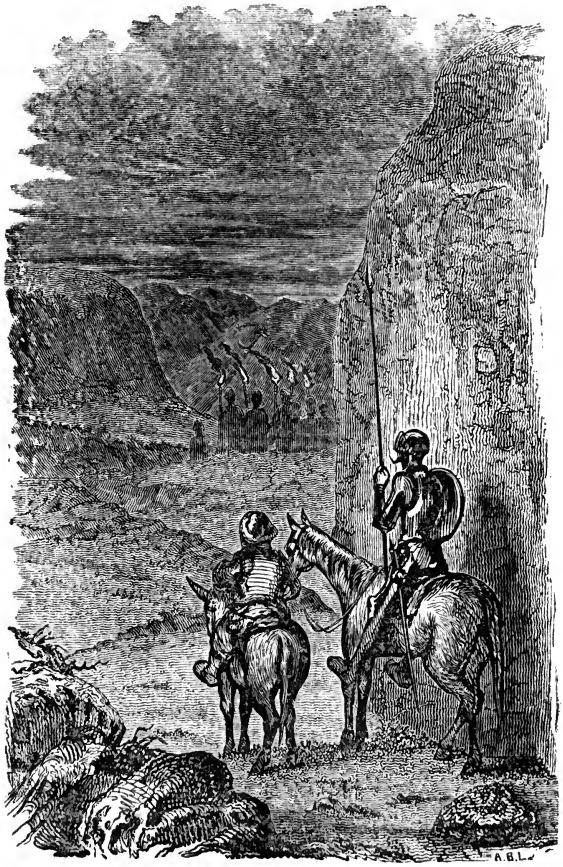
"It is my opinion, master of mine, that all the mischances which have befallen us of late, are doubtless in punishment of the sin committed by your worship against your own order of knighthood, in not performing the oath you took, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, nor solace yourself with the queen, with all the rest that you swore to accomplish, until your taking away the helmet of Malandrino, or how do you call the Moor? for I do not well remember." "Sancho, you are in the right," said Don Quixote; "but, to tell you the truth, it quite slipped out of my memory; and, you may depend upon it, the affair of the blanket happened to you for your fault in not putting me in mind of it in time: but I will make amends; for in the order of chivalry there are ways of compounding for every thing". "Why, did I swear any thing?" answered Sancho. "It matters

not that you have not sworn," said Don Quixote: "it is enough that I know you are not free from the guilt of an accessary; and, at all events, it will not be amiss to provide ourselves a remedy." "If it be so," said Sancho, "see, sir, you do not forget this too, as you did the oath: perhaps the goblins may again take a fancy to divert themselves with me, and even with your worship, if they find you so obstinate."

While they were thus discoursing, night overtook them in the middle of the highway, without their lighting on, or discovering, any place of reception; and the worst of it was, they were perishing with hunger, for, with the loss of their wallets they had lost their whole larder of provisions. As an additional misfortune, there befel them an adventure, which, without any forced construction, had really the face of one. It happened thus. The night came on pretty dark; notwithstanding which they proceeded, Sancho believing, that since it was the king's highway, they might very probably find an inn within a league or two.

Thus travelling, the night dark, the squire hungry, and the master with a good appetite, they saw, advancing towards them, on the same road, a great number of lights, resembling so many moving stars. Sancho stood aghast at the sight of them, and Don Quixote could not well tell what to make of them. The one checked his ass by the halter, and the other his horse by the bridle, and stood still, viewing attentively what it might be. They perceived the lights drawing towards them, and the nearer they came the larger they appeared. Sancho trembled at the sight, as if he had been quicksilver; and Don Quixote's hair bristled upon his head: but, recovering a little courage, he cried out: "Sancho, this must be a prodigious and most perilous adventure wherein it will be necessary for me to exert my whole might and valour." "Woe is me!" answered Sancho? "should this prove to be an adventure of goblins, as to me it seems to be, where shall I find ribs to endure?" "Let them be never such goblins," said Don Quixote, "I will not suffer them to touch a thread of your garment: for, if they sported with you last time, it was because I could not get over the pales: but we are now upon even ground, where I can brandish my sword at

pleasure." "But, if they should enchant and benumb you, as they did the other time," quoth Sancho, "what matters it whether we are in the open field or not?" "For all that," replied Don Quixote, "I beseech you Sancho, be of good courage; for experience will shew you how much of it I am master of." "I will, an't please God," answered Sancho; and, leaving the highway a little on one side, they looked again attentively to discover what those walking lights might be: and soon after they perceived a great many persons in



white. * This dreadful apparition entirely sunk Sancho Panza's courage, and his teeth began to chatter, as if he had been in a tertian ague; his trembling and chattering increased, when he saw distinctly what it was: for now they discovered about twenty persons in white robes, all on horseback, with lighted torches in their hands, behind whom came a litter covered with black, which was followed by six persons in deep mourning; the mules they rode on were covered likewise with black down to their heels; and it was easily seen they were not horses by the slowness of their pace. Those in white came along muttering to themselves in a low and plaintive tone.

The strange vision, at such an hour, and in so desert a place, might very well strike terror into Sancho's heart, and even into that of his master; and so it would have done, had he been any other than Don Quixote. As for Sancho, his whole stock of courage was already exhausted; it was quite otherwise with his master, whose lively imagination at that instant represented to him, that this must be one of the adventures of his books. He figured to himself that the litter was a bier, whereon was carried some knight sorely wounded or slain, whose revenge was reserved for him: and without more ado, he couched his spear, settled himself firm in his saddle, and with a sprightly vigour and mien, posted himself in the middle of the road, by which the men in white must of necessity pass; and when he saw them come near, he raised his voice, and said: "Hold, knights, whoever you are, give me an account, to whom you belong, from whence you come, whither you are going, and what it is you carry upon that bier? for, in all appearance, either you have done some injury to others, or others to you; and it is expedient and necessary that I be informed of it, either to chastise you for the evil you have done, or to revenge you of the wrong done you." "We are going in haste," answered one of those in white; "the inn is a great way off; and we cannot stay to give so long an account as you require." So saying he spurred his mule and passed forward. Don Quixote, highly resenting this answer, laid hold of

* The original is *encamisados*, which signifies persons who have put on a shirt over their clothes. It was usual for soldiers, when they attacked an enemy by night to wear shirts over their armour or clothes, to distinguish their own party: whence such nightly attacks were called Encamisados.

his bridle, and said: "Stand, and be more civil. Give me an account of what I have asked you; otherwise I challenge you all to battle." The mule was skittish, and started at his laying his hand on the bridle; so that, rising upright on her hind-legs, she fell backward to the ground, with her rider under her. A lacquey that came on foot, seeing him in white fall, began to abuse Don Quixote; whose choler being already stirred, he couched his spear, assaulted one of the mourners, and laid him on the ground grievously wounded; then turning about to the rest, it was wonderful to see with what agility he attacked and defeated them, insomuch that you would have thought Rocinante had wings grown on him in that instant, so nimbly and proudly did he bestir himself.

All those in white were timorous and unarmed people, and of course presently quitted the skirmish, and ran away over the field, with

the lighted torches in their hands, looking like so many masqueraders on a carnival or a festival night. The mourners, likewise, were so wrapped up and muffled in their long robes, that they could not stir: so that Don Quixote, with entire safety to himself, drove them all before him, and obliged them to quit the field sorely against their will: for they thought him no man, but the devil from hell broke loose upon them, to carry away the dead body they bore in the litter.

All this Sancho beheld, with admiration at the knight's intrepidity, and said to himself: "Without doubt this master of mine is as valiant and magnanimous as he pretends to be."

There lay a burning torch on the ground, just by the first whom the mule had overthrown; by the light of which Don Quixote espied him, and coming to him, set the point of his spear to his throat, commanding him to surrender, or he would kill him. To which the fallen man answered: "I am more than enough surrendered already; for I cannot stir, having one of my legs broken. I beseech you, sir, if you are a christian gentleman, do not kill me: you would commit a great sacrilege, for I am a licentiate, and have taken the lesser orders." "What the devil, then," said Don Quixote, "brought you hither, being an ecclesiastic?" "What, sir?" replied he that was overthrown, "my misfortune." "A greater yet threatens you," said Don Quixote, "if you do not satisfy me in all I first asked of you." "Your worship shall soon be satisfied," answered the licentiate; "and, therefore, you must know, sir, that though I told you before I was a licentiate, I am indeed only a bachelor of arts, and my name is Alonzo Lopez. I am a native of Alcovendas: I came from the city of Baeza, with eleven more priests, the same who fled with the torches; we are accompanying a corpse in that litter to the city of Segovia: it is that of a gentleman, who died in Baeza, where he was deposited; and now, as I say, we are carrying his bones to his burying-place in Segovia, where he was born." "And who killed him?" demanded Don Quixote. "God," replied the bachelor, "by means of a pestilential fever." "Then," said Don Quixote, "our Lord has saved me the labour of revenging his death, in case any body else had slain him: but, since he fell by the

hand of Heaven, there is no more to be done, but to be silent, and shrug up our shoulders; for just the same must I have done, had it been pleased to have slain me. And I would have your reverence know, that I am a knight of La Mancha, Don Quixote by name, and that it is my office and exercise to go through the world, redressing wrongs, and repairing grievances." "I do not understand your way of redressing wrongs," said the bachelor: "for from right you have set me wrong; having broken my leg, which will never be right again whilst I live; and the grievance you have repaired in me is, to leave me so aggrieved that I shall never be otherwise; and it was a very unlucky adventure to me to meet you who are seeking adventures." "All things," answered Don Quixote, "do not fall out the same way: the mischief, master bachelor Alonzo Lopez, was occasioned by your coming, as you did, by night, arrayed in those surplices, with lighted torches, chanting, and clad in doleful weeds, so that you really resemble something wicked and of the other world: which laid me under a necessity of complying with my duty, and of attacking you; and I would have attacked you, though I had certainly known you to be so many devils of hell; for until now I took you to be no less." "Since my fate would have it so," said the bachelor, "I beseech you, signor knight-errant, who have done me such arrant mischief, help me to get from under this mule; for my leg is held fast between the stirrup and the saddle." "I might have talked on until to-morrow morning," said Don Quixote: "why did you delay acquainting me with your uneasiness?" Then he called out to Sancho Panza to come to him: but he did not care to stir, being employed in ransacking a sumpter-mule, which those good men had brought with them, well stored with eatables. Sancho made a bag of his cloak, and cramming into it as much as it would hold, he loaded his beast; then, running to his master's call, he helped to disengage the bachelor from the oppression of his mule, and setting him thereon, gave him the torch. Don Quixote bid him follow the track of his comrades, and beg their pardon in his name for the injury which he could not avoid doing them. Sancho likewise said, "If perchance those gentlemen would know, who the champion is that routed them, tell them it is the famous Don

Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called '*the Knight of the sorrowful Figure.*' "

The bachelor being gone, Don Quixote asked Sancho, what induced him to call him *the Knight of the sorrowful Figure,* at that time more than at any other. "I will tell you," answered Sancho; "it is because I have been viewing you by the light of the torch, which that unfortunate man carried, and in truth your worship makes at present very near the most woful figure I have ever seen; which must be occasioned either by the fatigue of this combat, or by the want of your teeth." "It is owing to neither," replied Don Quixote; "but the sage, who has the charge of writing the history of my achievements, has thought fit I should assume a surname, as all the knights of old were wont to do: one called himself *the Knight of the burning Sword;* another, *of the Unicorn;* this, *of the Damsels;* that, *of the Phœnix;* another, *the Knight of the Griffin;* and another, *of Death;* and they were known by these names and ensigns all over the world. Therefore, I say, the aforesaid sage has now put it into your head, and into your mouth, to call me *the Knight of the sorrowful Figure,* [99] as I purpose to call myself from this day forward: and that this name may fit me the better, I determine, when there is an opportunity, to have a most sorrowful figure painted on my shield." "You need not spend time and money in getting this figure made," said Sancho; "your worship need only shew your own, and present yourself to be looked at; and, without other image or shield, they will immediately call you *the Knight of the sorrowful Figure.* And be assured I tell you the truth; for I promise you, sir, (and let this not be said in jest,) that hunger and the loss of your grinders, make you look so ruefully, that, as I have said, the sorrowful picture might very well be spared."

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's conceit, yet resolved to call himself by that name, and to paint his shield or buckler as he had imagined; "I conceive, Sancho," he said, "that I am liable to excommunication for having laid violent hands on holy things, *Juxta*

[99] Don Belianis of Greece was styled the *Knight of the Noble Figure.* (Book I., Chap. XIII.)

illud, si quis suadente diabolo, &c. [100] though I know I did not lay my hands, but my spear upon them: besides, I did not think I had to do with priests, or things belonging to the church, (which I respect and reverence like a good catholic and faithful christian as I am,) but with ghosts and goblins of the other world. And though it were so, I perfectly remember what befel the Cid Ruy-Diaz, when he broke the chair of that king's ambassador in the presence of his holiness the pope, for which he was excommunicated; yet honest Rodrigo de Vivar passed, that day, for an honourable and courageous knight." [101]

The bachelor being gone off, as has been said, without replying a word, Don Quixote had a mind to see whether the corpse in the hearse were only bones, or not; but Sancho would not consent, saying: "Sir, your worship has finished this perilous adventure at the least expense of any I have seen; and, though these folks are conquered and defeated, they may chance to reflect, that they were beaten by one man, and, being confounded and ashamed thereat, may recover themselves and return in quest of us, and then we may have enough to do. The ass is properly furnished; the mountain is near; hunger presses; and we have no more to do but decently to march off; and, as the saying is, 'To the grave with the dead, and the living to the bread;'" and driving on his ass before him, he desired his master to follow; who, thinking Sancho in the right, followed without replying. They had not gone far between two little hills, when they found themselves in a spacious and retired valley, where they alighted. Sancho disburdened the ass; and lying along on the green grass, with hunger for sauce, they dispatched their breakfast, dinner, afternoon's luncheon and supper, all at once, regaling their palates with more than one cold mess which the ecclesiastics that attended the deceased, (such gentlemen seldom failing to take care of themselves), had brought with them on the sumpter-mule. But another mishap befel them, which Sancho took for the worst of all; which was, that they had no wine, nor so much

[100] Council of Trent (chap. 56).

[101] This pretended achievement of the Cid is related with charming simplicity in the twenty first ballad of his *Romancero.*

as water, to drink; and they being very thirsty, Sancho, who perceived the meadow they were in covered with green and fine grass, said what will be related in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

Chap. 11 c

OF THE UNHEARD-OF ADVENTURE ACHIEVED BY THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, WITH LESS HAZARD THAN EVER ANY WAS ACHIEVED BY THE MOST FAMOUS KNIGHT IN THE WORLD.

T is impossible, sir, but there must be some fountain or brook hereabouts, to water these herbs; and therefore we should go a little farther on: for we shall meet with something to quench this terrible thirst that afflicts us, and is doubtless more painful than hunger itself." Don Quixote approved the advice; and he taking Rocinante by the bridle, and Sancho his ass by the halter, after he had placed upon him the relics of the supper, they began to march forward through the meadow, feeling their way; for the night was so dark they could see nothing. But they had not gone two hundred paces, when a great noise of water reached their ears, like that of some mighty cascade pouring down from a vast and steep rock. The sound rejoiced them exceedingly, and stopping to listen whence it came, they heard on a sudden another

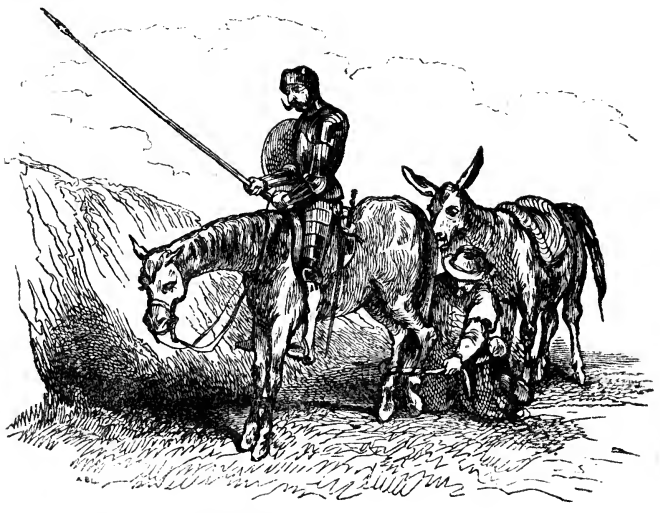
dreadful noise, which abated the pleasure occasioned by that of the water, especially in Sancho, who was naturally pusillanimous. They heard a dreadful din of irons and chains rattling across one another, and giving mighty strokes in time and measure: which, together with the furious noise of the water, would have struck terror into any heart but that of Don Quixote. The night, as is said, was dark; and they chanced to enter among certain tall trees, whose leaves, agitated by a gentle breeze, caused a kind of fearful and still noise: so that the solitude, the situation, the darkness and the noise of the water, with the whispering of the leaves, all occasioned horror and astonishment; especially when they found, that neither the blows ceased, nor the wind slept, nor the morning approached; and as in addition to all this they were in total ignorance as to where they were. But Don Quixote, accompanied by his intrepid heart, leaped upon Rocinante; and bracing on his buckler, brandished his spear, and said: "Friend Sancho, you must know, that, by the will of Heaven, I was born in this age of iron, to revive in it 'the golden age,' I am he for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits and valorous achievements. I am he, I say again, who am destined to revive the order of the Round Table, that of the twelve peers of France, and the nine Worthies; and to obliterate the memory of the Platirs, the Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, the "Knights of the Sun," and the Belianises, with the whole tribe of the famous knights-errant of times past, performing in this age in which I live, such stupendous deeds and feats of arms, as are sufficient to obscure the brightest they ever achieved. Trusty and loyal squire, you observe the darkness of this night, its strange silence, the dull and confused sound of these trees, the fearful noise of that water we come to seek, which, one would think, precipitated itself headlong from the high mountains of the Moon; [102] that incessant striking and clashing that wounds our ears: all which together, and each by itself, are sufficient to infuse terror, fear and

[102] This is doubtless an illusion to the Nile, the ancients placing the source of that river in the heights of the mountains of the Moon, in Ethiopia, from the summit of which it was said to precipitate itself in two immense cataracts, (*Ptolomy, Geog.*, lib. IV.)

amazement, into the breast of Mars himself; how much more into that, which is not accustomed to the like adventures and accidents. Now all I have described to you serves to rouse and awaken my courage, and my heart already beats in my breast with an eager desire to encounter this adventure, however difficult it may appear. Wherefore tighten Rocinante's girths a little, and God be with you; and stay for me here three days, and no more: if I do not return in that time, you may go back to our town; and thence, to do me a favour and good service, you shall go to Toboso, where you shall say to my incomparable lady Dulcinea, that her enthralled knight died attempting things that might have made him worthy to be styled her's."

When Sancho heard these words of his master, he began to weep with the greatest tenderness in the world, and said: "Sir, I do not understand why your worship should encounter so fearful an adventure. It is now night, and nobody sees us; we may easily turn aside, and get out of harm's way, though we should not drink these three days; and, as nobody sees us, much less will there be any body to tax us with cowardice. Besides, I have heard the priest of our village, whom your worship knows very well, preach, 'that he who seeketh danger, perisheth therein;' so that it is not good to tempt God, by undertaking so extravagant an exploit, whence there is no escaping but by a miracle. Let it suffice that Heaven has delivered you from being tossed in a blanket, as I was, and brought you off victorious, safe and sound, from among so many enemies as accompanied the dead man. Though all this be not sufficient to move you, nor soften your stony heart, let the thought and belief prevail, that scarcely shall your worship be departed hence, when I, for very fear, shall give up my soul to whosoever shall be pleased to take it. I left my country and forsook my wife and children, to follow and serve your worship, believing I should be the better, and not the worse for it; but as covetousness bursts the bag, so hath it rent from me my hopes: when they were most lively, and I just expecting to obtain that cursed and unlucky island which you have so often promised me, I find myself in exchange, ready to be abandoned by your worship

in a place remote from all human society. For God's sake, dear sir, do me not such unkindness; and, since your worship will not wholly desist from this enterprise, at least adjourn it until day-break, to which, according to the little skill I gained when a shepherd, it cannot be above three hours; for the muzzle of the little bear is at the top of the head, and makes midnight in the line of the left arm."[103] "How can you, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "see where this line is made or where this muzzle, or top of the head, you talk of, is, since the night is so dark, that not a star appears in the whole sky?" "True," said Sancho; "but fear has many eyes, and sees things beneath the earth, how much more above in the sky; besides, it is reasonable to think it does not want much of day-break." "Want what it will," answered Don Quixote, "it shall never be said of me, neither now nor at any other time, that tears or entreaties could dissuade me from doing



[103] The Spanish shepherds call the constellation of *the lesser Bear, the hunter's horn* (*la bocina*). This constellation is formed by the polar star, which is stationary, and seven other stars revolving round it, composing a rude image of a hunter's horn. To ascertain the time, the shepherds imagine the figure of a cross, or a man extended, having a head, feet, and the right and left arms. In the centre of this cross is the polar star, whose passage forms the mouth piece of the horn (*la boca de la bocina*) as it crosses there four principal points, which determine the hours of the night. In the month of August, the period of this adventure, the line of midnight is in fact, at the left arm of the cross, so that at the moment the *boca de la bocina* reaches the top of the head, it only wants two or three hours of being day. Sancho's calculation is nearly correct.

the duty of a knight: therefore pray thee, Sancho, hold thy tongue; God, who has put it in my heart to attempt this unparallelled and fearful adventure, will take care to watch over my safety, and to comfort thee in thy sadness. What you have to do is to girth Rocinante well, and to stay here; for I will quickly return alive or dead."

Sancho, then, seeing his master's final resolution, and how little his tears, prayers and counsels prevailed with him, determined to have recourse to a stratagem, and oblige him to wait until day, if he could; and so, while he was streightening the horse's girths, softly, and without being perceived, he tied Rocinante's two hinder feet together with his ass's halter; so that when Don Quixote would have departed, he was not able, for the horse could not move but by jumps. Sancho, seeing the good success of his contrivance, said: "Ah, sir! behold how Heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has ordained that Rocinante cannot go: and if you will obstinately persist to spur him, you will but provoke fortune, and, as they say, 'kick against the pricks.'" This made Don Quixote quite desperate, and the more he spurred his horse, the less he could move him; without suspecting the ligature, he thought it best to be quiet, and either stay until day appeared, or until Rocinante could stir, believing certainly that it proceeded from some other cause, and not from Sancho's cunning; to whom he thus spoke: "Since it is so, Sancho, that Rocinante cannot stir, I am contented to stay until the dawn smiles, though I weep all the time she delays her coming." "You need not weep," answered Sancho, "for I will entertain you until day with telling you stories, if you had not rather alight and compose yourself to sleep a little upon the green grass, as knights-errant are wont to do, and so be the less weary when the day and hour comes for attempting that unparallelled adventure you wait for." "What call you alighting, or sleeping?" said Don Quixote; "am I one of those knights who take repose in time of danger? Sleep thou, who wert born to sleep, or do what thou wilt; I will do what I see best befits my profession." "Pray, good sir, be not angry," answered Sancho; "I do not say it with that design;"—and, coming close to him, he put one hand on the pummel of the saddle before, and the

other on the pique behind, and there he stood embracing his master's left thigh, without daring to stir from him a finger's breath, so much was he afraid of the blows which still sounded alternately in his ears. Don Quixote bade him tell some story to entertain him, as he had promised; to which Sancho replied he would, if the dread of what he heard would permit him: "Notwithstanding," said he, "I will force myself to tell a story, which, if I can hit upon it, and it slips not through my fingers, is the best of all stories; and pray be attentive, for now I begin.

"What hath been, hath been; the good that shall befall be for us all, and evil to him that evil seeks. [104] And pray, sir, take notice, that the beginning which the ancients gave to their tales was not just what they pleased, but rather some sentence of Cato Zonzoruins, * the Roman, who says: "And evil to him that evil seeks," which is as apt to the present purpose as a ring to your finger; signifying that your worship should be quiet, and not go about searching after evil, but rather that we turn aside into some other road; for we are under no obligation to continue in this, wherein so many fears overwhelm us." "Go on with your story, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and leave me to take care of the road we are to follow." "I say, then," continued Sancho, "that in a place of Estremadura there was a shepherd, I mean a goatherd; which shepherd or goatherd, as my story says, was called Lope Ruiz; and this Lope Ruiz was in love with a shepherdess called Torralva; which shepherdess called Torralva was daughter to a rich herdsman; and this rich herdsman——" "If you tell your story after this fashion, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "repeating every thing you say twice, you will not have done these two days;—tell it concisely, and like a man of sense, or else say no more." "In the very same manner that I tell it," answered Sancho, "they tell all stories in my country; and I can tell it no otherwise, nor is it fit your worship should require me to make new customs." "Tell it as you will then," answered

[104] Sometimes the good woman's stories began thus—"Good betide all the world, and evil befall the curate's mistress."

* 'Cato the Censor.'

Don Quixote, "since fate will have it that I must hear thee; go on."

"And so, honoured sir," continued Sancho, "as I said before, this shepherd was in love with the shepherdess Torralva, who was a jolly strapping wench, a little scornful, and somewhat masculine; for she had certain small whiskers, and methinks I see her just now." "What, did you know her?" said Don Quixote "I did not know her," answered Sancho; "but he who told me this story, said it was so certain and true, that I might, when I told it to another, affirm and swear I had seen it all. And so, in process of time, the devil, who sleeps not, and troubles all things, brought it about that the love which the shepherd bore to the shepherdess was converted into mortal hatred; and the cause, according to evil tongues, was a certain quantity of little jealousies she gave him beyond measure; and so much did he hate her thenceforward, that to avoid the sight of her, he chose to absent himself from that country, and go where his eyes should never behold her more. Torralva, who found herself disdained by Lope, presently began to love him better than ever she had loved him before."

"It is a natural quality of women," said Don Quixote, "to slight those who love them, and love those who slight them. Go on, Sancho,"

"It fell out," proceeded Sancho, "that the shepherd put his design in execution; and, collecting together his goats, went on towards the plains of Estremadura, in order to pass over into the kingdom of Portugal. Torralva knowing it, went after him, following him on foot and bare-legged, at a distance, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a wallet about her neck, in which she carried, as is reported, a piece of a looking-glass, a piece of a comb, and a sort of a small

gallipot of pomatum for the face. But whatever she carried, for I shall not now set myself to vouch for what it was, I only tell you that, as they say, the shepherd came with his flock to pass the river Guadiana, which at that time was swollen, and had almost overflown its banks; and on the side he came to, there was neither boat, nor

any body to ferry him or his flock over to the other side, which grieved him mightily; for he saw that Torralva was at his heels,

and would give him much disturbance by her entreaties and tears. He therefore looked about until he espied a fisherman with a boat near him, but so small, that it could only hold one person and one goat; however he spoke to him, and agreed with him to carry over him and his three hundred goats. The fisherman got into the boat, and carried over a goat; he returned, and carried over another; he came back again, and again carried over another. Pray, sir, keep an account of the goats that the fisherman is carrying over, for if one slips out of your memory, the story will be at an end, and it will be impossible to tell a word more of it. I go on then, and say, that the landing-place on the opposite side was covered with mud, and slippery, and the fisherman was a great while in coming and going. However, he returned for another goat, and for others, and for another."

"Make account he carried them all over," said Don Quixote; "and do not be going and coming in this manner; for at this rate you will not have done carrying them over in a twelvemonth." "How many are passed already?" said Sancho. "How the devil should I know?" answered Don Quixote; "See there now! did I not tell you to keep an exact account? Before Heaven there is an end of the story—I can go no farther." "How can this be?" answered Don Quixote. "Is it so essential to the story to know the exact number of goats that passed over, that if one be mistaken, the story can proceed no farther?" "By no means, sir," answered Sancho, "for when I desired your worship to tell me how many goats had passed, and you answered you did not know, in that very instant all that I had left to say, fled out of my memory, and in faith it was very edifying and satisfactory." "So then," said Don Quixote, "the story is at an end." "As sure as my mother is," quoth Sancho. "Verily," answered Don Quixote, "you have told one of the rarest tales, fables, or histories, imaginable; [105] and your way of telling and concluding it, is such as never was, nor will be seen in one's whole life, though I expected nothing less from your good sense; but I do not wonder at it; for, perhaps, this incessant din may have disturbed your understanding." "All that may be," answered Sancho, "but as to my story, I know there's no more to be said; for it ends just where the error in the account of carrying over the goats begins." "Let it end where it will, in the name of fate," said Don Quixote, "and let us see whether Rocinante can stir himself." Again he clapt spurs to him, and again he jumped, and then stood stock still, so effectually was he fettered.

Weary of his present situation, Sancho could fain have withdrawn for a while to attend to other matters, but so great was the fear that had possessed his heart, that he durst not stir the breadth of a finger from his master. The dialogue to which this led, more ludicrous

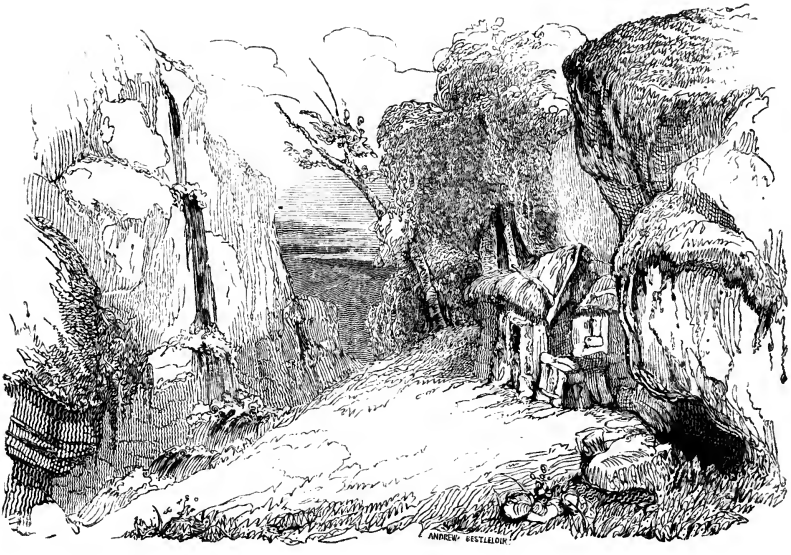
[105] The history of La Torralva and the passage of the goats was not new. The substance of it at least, is to be found in the XXXIst of the *Cento Novelle antiche* by Francesco Sausovino, printed in 1575. But the Italian author, himself, had borrowed it from an old Provençal tale in verse, of the thirteenth century, (*Le Fableor*, Barbazan's collection, 1756), which itself was only a metrical translation of a latin tale by Pedro Alfonzo, a converted jew, and physician to Alphonso the brave, king of Arragon (about 1100).

than elegant, may perhaps as well be dispensed with. Suffice it to say, that Sancho perceiving at length the morning was coming on, with much caution, untied Rocinante, who finding himself at liberty, though naturally he was not over mettlesome, seemed to feel himself alive, and began to paw the ground; but as for curvetting, begging his pardon, he knew not what it was. Don Quixote, perceiving that Rocinante began to bestir himself, took it for a good omen, and believed it signified he should forthwith attempt that fearful adventure.

By this time the dawn appeared, and every thing being distinctly seen, Don Quixote found he was got among some tall chesnut trees, which afforded a gloomy shade; he perceived also that the striking did not cease, but he could not discover what caused it. So, without farther delay, he made Rocinante feel the spur, and turning again to take leave of Sancho, commanded him to wait there for him three days at the farthest, as he had said before, and that, if he did not return by that time, he might conclude for certain it was God's will he should end his days in that perilous adventure. He again repeated the embassy and message he was to carry to his lady Dulcinea; and as to what concerned the reward of his service, he need be in no pain, for he had made his will before he left his village, wherein he would find himself gratified as to his wages, in proportion to the time he had served; but, if God should bring him off safe and sound from that danger, he might reckon himself infallibly secure of the promised island. Sancho wept afresh at hearing again the moving expressions of his good master, and resolved not to leave him to the last moment and end of this business. The author of this history gathers from the tears, and this so honourable a resolution of Sancho Panza's, that he must have been well-born, and at least an old Christian, [106] whose tender concern softened his master, but not so much as to make him discover any weakness; on the contrary, dissembl[illegible]e the best he could, he began to put on toward the place from whence the noise of the water and of the strokes seemed to proceed.

[106] In Spain, they are termed *old Christians*, who do not reckon among their ancestors either converted Jews or Moors.

Sancho followed him on foot, leading as usual his ass, that constant companion of his prosperous and adverse fortunes, by the halter. Having gone a good way among those shady chesnut trees, they came to a little green spot, at the foot of some steep rocks, from which a mighty gush of water precipitated itself. At the foot



of the rocks were certain miserable huts, which seemed rather the ruins of buildings than houses, from amidst which proceeded, as they perceived, the sound and din of the strokes, which did not yet cease. Rocinante started, and was in disorder at the noise of the water and of the strokes; and Don Quixote, quieting him, went on fairly and softly toward the huts, recommending himself devoutly to his lady, and beseeching her to favour him in that fearful expedition and enterprise, and besought Heaven also not to forget him. Sancho stirred not from his side, stretching out his neck, and looking

between Rocinante's legs, to see if he could perceive what held him in such dread and suspense. They had gone about a hundred yards farther, when, at doubling a point, the very cause, for it could be no other, of that horrible and dreadful noise, which had held them all night in such suspense and fear, appeared plain and exposed to view.

It was, kind reader take it not in dudgeon, six fulling-hammers, whose alternate strokes formed that hideous sound. Don Quixote, seeing what it was, was struck dumb, and in the utmost confusion. Sancho looked at him, and saw he hung down his head upon his breast, with manifest indications of being quite abashed. Don Quixote looked also at Sancho, and saw his cheeks swollen, and his mouth full of laughter, and evident signs of being ready to burst with it: and notwithstanding his vexation, he could not forbear laughing himself at sight of Sancho; who, seeing his master had led the way, burst out in so violent a manner, that he was forced to hold his sides with his hands, to save himself from splitting. Four times he ceased, and four times he returned to his laughter, with the same impetuosity as at first. Whereat Don Quixote gave

himself to the devil, especially when he heard him say by way of irony: "You must know, friend Sancho, that I was born by the will of Heaven, in this our age of iron, to revive in it the golden, or that of gold. I am he for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, and valorous achievements!" And so he went on repeating most or all of the expressions which Don Quixote had used at the first hearing those dreadful strokes. Don Quixote perceiving that Sancho played upon him, grew ashamed, and enraged to that degree, that he lifted up his lance and discharged two such blows, that, had he received them on his head, as he did on his shoulders, the knight had acquitted himself of the payment of his wages, unless it were to his heirs. Sancho, finding he paid so dearly for his jokes, and fearing lest his master should proceed further, cried out with much humility: "Pray, Sir, be pacified; by the living jingo I did but jest." "Though you jest, I do not," answered Don Quixote.

"Come hither, merry sir, what think you? suppose these mill-hammers had been some perilous adventure, have I not shewed you the courage requisite to undertake and achieve it? Am I, think you,

obliged, being a knight as I am, to distinguish sounds, and know which are or are not those of a fulling-mill? Besides, it may be, as it really is, that I never saw any fulling-mills in my life, as thou hast, like a pitiful rustic as thou art, having been born and bred amongst them. But let these six fulling-hammers be transformed into six giants, and let them beard me one by one, or altogether, and if I do not set them all on their heads, then make what jest you will of me." "It is enough, good sir," replied Sancho, "I confess I have been a little too jocose; but pray tell me, now that it is peace between us, as God shall bring you out of all the adventures that shall happen to you, safe and sound, as he has brought you out of this, was it not a thing to be laughed at, and worth telling, what great fear we were in, at least what I was in; for, as to your worship, I know you are unacquainted with it, nor do you know what fear or terror is." "I do not deny," answered Don Quixote, "but that what has befallen us is fit to be laughed at, but not fit to be told, for all persons are not discreet enough to know how to take things by the right handle." "But," answered Sancho, "your worship knew how to handle your lance aright, when you pointed it at my head, and hit me on the shoulders; thanks be to fortune and to my own agility in slipping aside. But let that pass, it will out in the bucking, for I have heard say: 'he loves thee well who makes thee weep.' Besides, your people of condition, when they have given a servant a hard word, presently give him some old hose and breeches; though what is usually given after a beating, I cannot tell, unless it be that your knights-errant, after bastinadoes, bestow islands, or kingdoms on the continent." "The die may run so," quoth Don Quixote, "that all you have said may come to pass; forgive what is past, since you are considerate; and know, that the first motions are not in a man's power: and henceforward be apprised of one thing, that you may abstain and forbear talking too much with me, that, in all the books of chivalry I ever read, infinite as they are, I never found that any squire conversed so much with his master as you do with your's. Really I account it a great fault both in you and in me: in you, because you respect me so little; in me, that I do not make myself respected more. Was not Gandalin,

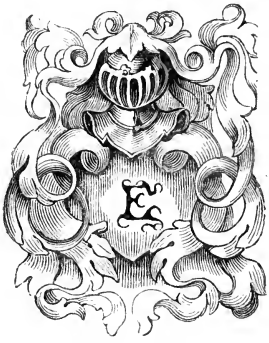
squire to Amadis de Gaul, earl of the firm island? and we read of him, that he always spoke to his master cap in hand, his head inclined, and his body bent after the Turkish fashion. What shall we say of Gasabal, squire to Don Galaor, who was so silent, that, to illustrate the excellency of his marvellous taciturnity, his name is mentioned but once in all that great and faithful history? From what I have said, you may infer, Sancho, that there ought to be a difference between master and man, between lord and lacquey, and between knight and squire. So that from this day forward I must be treated with more respect, for which way soever I am angry with you, it will go ill with the pitcher. [107] The favours and benefits I promised you, will come in due time; and, if they do not come, the wages, at least, as I have told you, will not be lost." "Your worship says very well," quoth Sancho; "but I would fain know, if perchance the time of the favours should not come, and it should be expedient to have recourse to the article of the wages, how much might the squire of a knight-errant get in those times? and whether they agreed by the month, or by the day, like labourers?" "I do not believe," answered Don Quixote, "that those squires were at stated wages, but relied on courtesy. And if I have appointed you any, in the will I left sealed at home, it was for fear of what might happen; for I cannot yet tell you how chivalry may succeed in these calamitous times of our's, and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for a trifle: for I would have you to know, Sancho, that there is no state more perilous than that of adventures." "It is so in truth," said Sancho, "since the noise of the hammers of a fulling-mill were sufficient to disturb and discompose the heart of so valorous a knight as your worship. But you may depend upon it, that from henceforward I shall not open my lips to make merry with your worship's matters, but shall honour you as my master and natural lord." "By so doing," replied Don Quixote, "your days

[107] An allusion to the Spanish proverb: "If the stone goes against the pitcher, so much the worse for the pitcher; if the pitcher goes against the stone, so much the worse for the pitcher."

shall be long in the land, for next to our parents we are bound to respect our masters, as if they were our fathers."

CHAPTER VII.

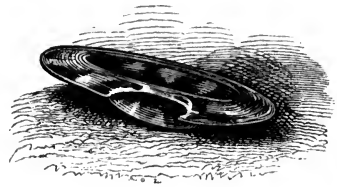
WHICH TREATS OF THE HIGH ADVENTURE AND RICH PRIZE OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET *, WITH OTHER THINGS WHICH BEFELL OUR INVINCIBLE KNIGHT.



ENDURING rain not being to his taste, as at this time it began to descend a little, Sancho had a mind they should betake themselves to the fulling-mills. But Don Quixote had conceived such an abhorrence of them for the late jest, that he would by no means go in: and so turning to the right hand, they struck into another road like that they had lighted upon the day before. Soon after, Don Quixote discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered, as if it had been of gold; and scarce had he seen it, but turning to Sancho, he said: "I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences; especially that which says, 'Where one door is shut, another is opened.' I say this, because if fortune last night shut the door against what we looked for, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now sets another wide open for a better and more certain

* The enchanted helmet, belonging to the Moorish king Mambrino, which rendered its wearer invulnerable. (*Boyardo and Ariosto.*)

adventure, which if I fail to enter right into, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my little knowledge of fulling-mills, or to the darkness of the night. This I say, because, if I mistake not, there comes one toward us, who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet,*



about which I swore the oath, you know." "Take care, Sir, what you say, and more what you do," said Sancho, "for I would not wish for other fulling-mills to finish the milling and mashing our senses." "The devil take you!" replied Don Quixote: "what has a helmet to do with fulling-mills?" "I know not," answered Sancho, "but in faith, if I dared talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I might give such reasons that your worship would see you are mistaken in what you say." "How can I be mistaken in what I say, scrupulous traitor?" said Don Quixote. "Tell me, seest thou not yon knight coming toward us on a dapple grey steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?" "What I see and perceive," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a grey ass, like mine, with something on his head that glitters." "Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote: "get aside, and leave me alone to deal with him; you shall see me conclude this adventure, to save time, without speaking a word: and the helmet I have so much longed for shall be my own." "I

* Almonte and Mambrino, two Saracens of great valour, had each a golden helmet. Orlando Furioso took away Almonte's, and his friend Rinaldo that of Mambrino. Ariosto, Canto I.

will take care to get out of the way," replied Sancho: "but, I pray

Heaven, I say again, it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure." "I have already told you, brother, not to mention those fulling-mills, nor so much as to think of them any more," said Don Quixote; "if you do, I say no more, but I vow to mill your soul for you." Sancho held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow, which had struck him all of a heap.

Now the truth of the matter concerning the helmet, the steed and the knight which Don Quixote saw, was this: there were two villages in that neighbourhood, one of them so small that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both, and the barber of the bigger served also the lesser, in which a person indisposed wanted to be let blood, and another to be trimmed; and for this purpose was the barber on the road, carrying with him his brass basin. Fortune so ordered it, that as he was upon the road, it began to rain, and that his hat might not be spoiled, for it was a new one, he clapped the basin on his head, which being well scoured, glittered half a league off. He rode on a grey ass, as Sancho said, and this was the reason why Don Quixote took

the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-grey steed, and his basin for a golden helmet: for he very readily adapted whatever he saw to his knightly extravagancies and wild conceits.

When he saw the poor cavalier approach, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at Rocinante's best speed, and couched his lance low, designing to run him through and through. But when he came up to him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out: "Defend yourself, caitiff, or surrender willingly what is so justly my due." The barber, not suspecting or apprehending any such thing, seeing this phantom coming upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance, but to let himself fall down from the ass: and no sooner had he touched the ground, than leaping up nimbler than a roe-buck, he began to scour over the plain with such speed, that the wind could not overtake him. He left the basin on the ground, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, and said, the miscreant had acted discreetly in imitating the beaver; who, finding itself closely

pursued by the hunters, tears off with its teeth that for which it

knows by natural instinct it is hunted. He ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, who, holding it in his hand, said: "By jove the basin is a special one, and is as well worth a piece of eight as a farthing." Then he gave it to his master, who immediately clapped it on his head, twirling it about to find the visor, and not finding it, he said: "Doubtless the pagan, for whom this famous helmet was first forged, must have had a prodigiously large head; the worst of it is, that one half is wanting." When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing; but recollecting his master's late choler, he checked himself. "What dost thou laugh at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. He answered, "I laugh to think what a huge head the pagan had, who owned this helmet, which is, for all the world, just like a barber's basin." "Knowest thou, Sancho, what I take to be the case? This famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by a strange accident, must have fallen into the hands of some one, who being ignorant of its true value, and not considering what he did, seeing it to be of the purest gold, has melted down the one half for lucre's sake, and of the other half

made this, which, as you say, does look like a barber's basin. But, be it what it will, to me who know it its transformation signifies nothing: I will get it put to rights in the first town where there is a smith, and in such sort, that even that which the god of smiths made and forged for the god of battles, shall not surpass nor equal it. Meanwhile I will wear it as I can, for something is better than nothing, and the rather, since it will be more than sufficient to defend me from stones." "It will so," said Sancho, "if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chops, and broke the cruise in which was contained that most blessed drench, which made me bring up my liver and lights." "I am in no great pain for having lost it; for you know, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "I have the recipe by heart." "So have I too," answered Sancho; "but if I ever make or try it again while I live, may I never stir from this place. Besides, I do not intend to expose myself to the hazard of standing in need of it; for I mean to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding any body. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing; for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps: and if they do come, there is nothing to be done, but to shrug up one's shoulders, hold one's breath, shut one's eyes, and let one's self go whither fortune and the blanket pleases to toss one." "You are no good Christian, Sancho," said Don Quixote, at hearing this; "for you never forget an injury once done you: but know, it is inherent in generous and noble breasts to lay no stress upon trifles. What leg have you lamed, what rib, or what head have you broken, that you cannot yet forget that jest, for to take the thing right it was mere jest and pastime; and had I not understood it so, I had long ago returned thither, and done more mischief in revenging your quarrel, than the Greeks did for the carrying off of Helen, who, if she had lived in these times, or my Dulcinea in those, would never, you may be sure, have been so famous for beauty as she is." Here he uttered a sigh, and sent it to the clouds. "Let it then pass for a jest," said Sancho, "since it is not likely to be revenged in earnest; but I know of what kinds the jests and the earnest were, and I know also they

will no more slip out of my memory than off my shoulders. But setting this aside, tell me, Sir, what we shall do with this dapple-grey steed, which looks so like a grey ass, and which that caitiff whom your worship overthrew has left behind here. To judge by his scouring off so hastily, and flying for it, he does not think of ever returning for him; and by my beard, dapple is a special one." "It is not my custom," said Don Quixote, "to plunder those I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from them their horses and leave them on foot, unless the victor hath lost his own in the conflict; for in such a case, it is lawful to take that of the vanquished, as fairly won in battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse, or ass, or what you will have it to be; for when his owner sees us gone a pretty way off, he will come again for him." "God knows whether it were better for me to take him," replied Sancho; "or at least to truck mine for him, which methinks is not so good: verily the laws of chivalry are strict, since they do not extend to the swapping one ass for another; and I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture if I had a mind." "I am not very clear as to that point," answered Don Quixote; "and in case of doubt, until better information can be had, I say you may truck, if you are in extreme want of them." "So extreme," replied Sancho, "that I could not want them more, if they were for my own proper person." So saying, he proceeded with that license, to a *mutatio capparum*, as the students say, and made his own beast three parts in four the better * for his new furniture.

This done, they breakfasted on the remains of the plunder of the sumpter-mule, and drank of the water of the fulling-mills, without turning their faces to look at them, such was their abhorrence of them for the fright they had caused them. Their choler and hunger being allayed, they mounted, and without resolving to follow any particular road, as is the custom of knights-errant, they put on whithersoever Rocinante's will led him, the ass following, in love and good fellowship, wherever the horse led the

* Literally, "leaving him better by a tierce and a quint." A figurative expression borrowed from the game of piquet, in which a tierce or a quint may be gained by putting out bad cards, and taking in better.

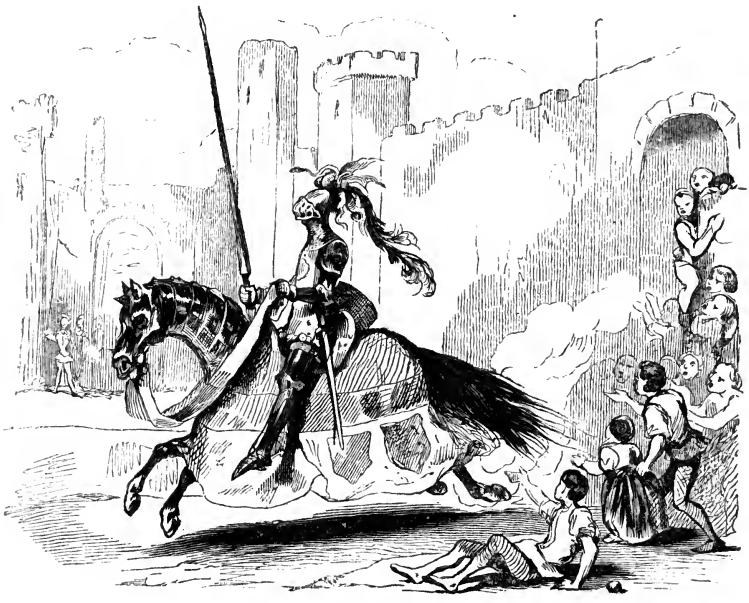
way. Notwithstanding this, they soon turned again into the high road, which they followed at a venture, without any other design.

As they thus sauntered on, Sancho said to his master: "Sir, will your worship be pleased to indulge me the liberty of a word or two; for since you imposed on me that harsh command of silence, sundry things have rotted in my breast, and I have one just now at my tongue's end, that I would not for any thing should miscarry." "Out with it," said Don Quixote, "and be brief in thy discourse, for none that is long can be pleasing." "I say then, Sir," answered Sancho, "that for some days past, I have been considering how little is gained by wandering up and down in quest of those adventures your worship is seeking through these deserts and crossways, where, though you overcome and achieve the most perilous, there is nobody to see or know any thing of them; so that they must remain in perpetual oblivion, to the prejudice of your worship's intention, and their deserts. Therefore I think it would be more advisable, with submission to your better judgment, that we went to serve some emperor, or other great prince, who is engaged in war; in whose service your worship may display the strength of your arm, your great courage, and greater understanding. This being perceived by the lord we serve, he must of necessity reward each of us according to his merits. There you will also meet with somebody to put your worship's exploits in writing, for a perpetual remembrance of them. I say nothing of my own, because they must not exceed the squirely limits; though I dare say, if it be the custom in chivalry to pen the deeds of squires, mine will not be forgotten."

"You are not much out, Sancho *," answered Don Quixote; "but before it comes to that, it is necessary for a knight-errant to wander about the world, seeking adventures, by way of probation; that by achieving some, he may acquire such fame and renown, that when he comes to the court of a great monarch, he shall be known by his works beforehand; and no sooner shall the boys see

* In this speech of Don Quixote we have a perfect system of chivalry, which was designed by the author as a ridicule upon romances in general; notwithstanding which the *beaux esprits* of France, who have written romances since, have copied this very plan.

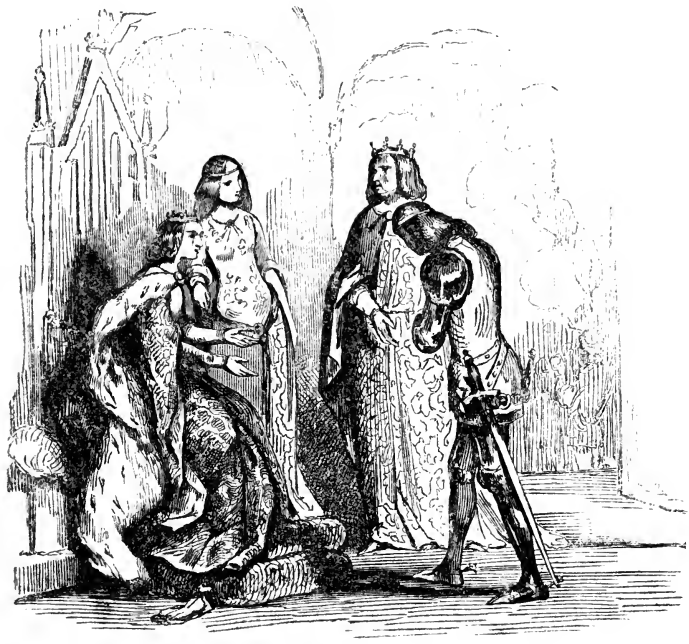
him enter the gates of the city, than they shall all follow and surround him, crying aloud: "This is the 'Knight of the Sun,'[108] or of 'the Serpent,'[109] or of any other device under which he may



have achieved great exploits. 'This is he,' will they say, 'who overthrew the huge giant Brocabruno of the mighty force, in single combat; he who disenchanted the great Mameluke of Persia from the long enchantment which held him confined almost nine hundred years.' Thus from hand to hand, they shall go on blazoning his deeds; and presently, at the bustle of the boys and the rest of the

[108] *Palmerin d' Oliva*, chap. 43.
[109] *Esplandian*, chap. 147 and 148.

people, the king of that country shall appear at the windows of his royal palace; and as soon as he espies the knight, knowing him by his armour, or by the device on his shield, he must necessarily say: "Ho there, go forth my knights, all that are at court, to receive the flower of chivalry who is coming yonder." At which command they all shall go forth, and the king himself, decending half way down the stairs, shall receive him with a close embrace, saluting and kissing him; [110] and then, taking him by the hand, shall conduct him to the apartment of the queen, where the knight shall



find her accompanied by her daughter the infanta, who is so beautiful and accomplished a damsel, that her equal cannot easily be found in any part of the known world. After this it must

[110] *Amadis de Gaule*, chap. 117.

immediately fall out, that she fixes her eyes on the knight, and he his eyes upon her, and each shall appear to the other something rather divine than human; and without knowing how, or which way, they shall be taken and entangled in the inextricable net of love, and be in great perplexity of mind through not knowing how to converse, and discover their amorous anguish to each other. Hence, without doubt, they will conduct him to some quarter of the palace richly furnished, where having taken off his armour, they will bring him a rich scarlet mantle to put on; and if he looked well in armour, he must needs make a much more graceful

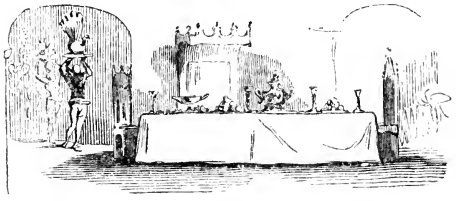
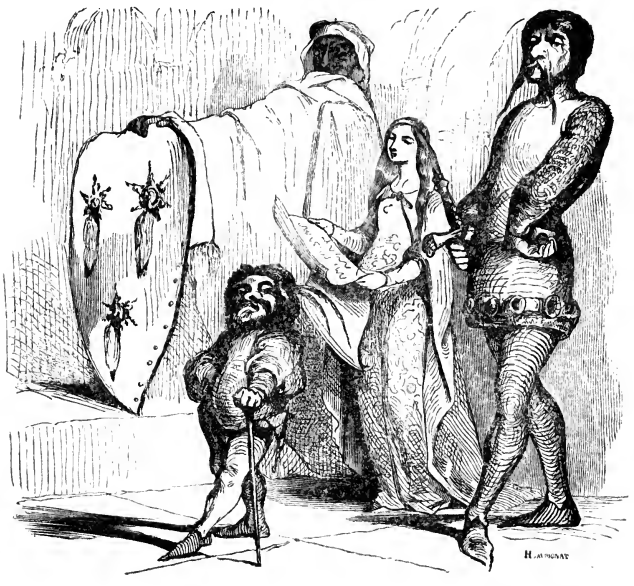


figure in ermines. Night being come, he shall sup with the king,



queen and infanta, where he shall never take his eyes off the princess, viewing her by stealth, and she doing the same by him with the same wariness; for, as I have said, she is a very discreet damsel. The tables being removed, there shall enter unexpectedly at the hall door, a little ill-favoured dwarf, followed by a beautiful matron between two giants, with the offer of a certain adventure, so contrived by a most ancient sage, that he who shall accomplish it, shall be esteemed the best knight in the world.[111] The king shall immediately command all who are present to try it, and none shall be able to accomplish it but the stranger knight, to the great advantage of his fame; at which the infanta will be highly delighted, and reckon herself overpaid for having placed her thoughts on so exalted an object. And the best of it is, that this king, or prince, or whatever he be, is carrying on a bloody war with another monarch as powerful as himself; and the stranger knight, after having been a few days at his court, asks leave to serve his majesty in the aforesaid war. The king shall readily grant his request, and the knight will most courteously kiss his

[111] *Amadis de Gaule*, chap. 67, part. 2, etc.

royal hands for the favour he does him. And that night he shall take his leave of his lady the infanta at the iron rails of a garden, adjoining to her apartment, through which he had already conversed with her several times, by the mediation of a certain female confidante, in whom the infanta greatly trusts.[112] He sighs, she swoons; the damsel runs for cold water; he is very uneasy at the approach of the morning light, and would by no means they should be discovered, for the sake of his lady's honour. The infanta at length comes to herself, and gives her snowy hands to the knight to kiss through the rails, who kisses them a thousand and a thousand times over, and bedews them with his tears. They agree how to let one another know their good or ill fortune: and the princess desires him to be absent as short a time as possible, which he promises with many oaths; he kisses her hands again, and takes leave with so much concern that it almost puts an end to his life. Thence he repairs to his chamber, throws himself on his bed and cannot sleep for grief at the parting: he rises early in the morning, and goes to bid adieu to the king, the queen and the infanta; having taken his leave of the two former, he is told that the princess is indisposed, and cannot admit of a visit. The knight thinks it is for grief at his departure; his heart is pierced, and is very near giving manifest indications of his passion. The damsel confidante is all this while present, and observes what passes; she goes and tells it her lady, who receives the account with tears, and tells her that her chief concern is that she does not know who her knight is, and whether he be of royal descent or not. The damsel assures her he is, since so much courtesy, politeness and valour, as her knight is endowed with, cannot exist but in a royal and grave subject. The afflicted princess is comforted hereby; she

[112] *Amadis de Gaule*, chap. 14.—*The knight of the Cross*, chap. 144, etc.

endeavours to compose herself, that she may not give her parents cause to suspect any thing amiss; and two days after she appears in public. The knight is now gone to the war; he fights, and overcomes the king's enemy; takes many towns; wins several battles. He returns to court, sees his lady at the usual place of interview; it is agreed he shall demand her in marriage of her father, in recompense for his services; the king does not consent to give her to him, not knowing who he is, notwithstanding which, either by carrying her off, or by some other means, the infanta becomes his spouse,* and her father comes to take it for a piece of the greatest good fortune, being assured that the knight is son to a valorous king of I know not what kingdom, for I believe it is not in the map. The father dies; the infanta inherits; and in two words, the knight becomes a king.[113] Here presently comes in the rewarding his squire, and all those who assisted him in mounting to so exalted a state. He marries his squire to one of the infanta's maids of honour, who is doubtless the very confidante of this amour, and daughter to one of the chief dukes."

"This is what I would be at, and a clear stage," cried Sancho. "This I stick to; for every tittle of this must happen precisely to your worship, being called '*the Knight of the sorrowful Figure.*'" "Doubt it not, Sancho," replied Don Quixote: "for by those very means, and those very steps I have recounted, the knights-errant do rise, and have risen, to be kings and emperors.[114] All that remains, to be done is, to look out, and find what king of the christians, or of the pagans, is at war, and has a beautiful daughter.† But there is time enough to think of this; for as I have told you, we must procure renown elsewhere, before we repair to court. Besides,

* In the former circumstances of this extract most romances agree, and the author exhausts the whole subject; which in this he cannot do, because in those stories there are several ways of obtaining the lady; and therefore he leaves that point at large.

[113] *Bernard del Carpio*, canto 38.—*Primaleon*, chap. 157.

[114] *Tirant the White*, part I., chap. 40, etc.—*The Knight of the Cross*, book I., chap. 65 and following, etc.

† The ridicule is admirably heightened by the incapacity both knight and squire are under, of putting this scheme in practice; the former by his loyalty to Dulcinea, and Sancho by having a wife and children already: nevertheless, the idea is so pleasing, that it quite carries them away, and they resolve upon it.

there is still another thing wanting: supposing a king were found who is at war and has a handsome daughter, and that I have gotten incredible fame throughout the whole universe; I do not see how it can be made appear that I am of the lineage of kings, or even second cousin to an emperor. For after all, the king will not give me his daughter to wife, until he is very well assured that I am such, though my renowned actions should deserve it ever so well: so that, through this defect, I am afraid I shall lose that which my arm has richly deserved. It is true indeed, I am a good gentleman of an ancient family, possessed of a good estate,[115] and that I exact a recompense of five hundred pence. Perhaps even the sage who writes my history, may so brighten up my kindred and genealogy, that I may be found the fifth or sixth in descent from a king. For you must know, Sancho, that there are two kinds of lineages in the world. Some there are, who derive their pedigree from princes and monarchs, whom time has reduced, by little and little, until they have ended in a point, like a pyramid reversed; others have had poor and low beginnings, and have risen by degrees, until at last they have become great lords. So that the difference lies in this, that some have been what now they are not, and others are now what they were not before; and who knows but I may be one of the former, and that, upon examination, my origin may be found to have been great and glorious; with which the king my father-in-law, that is to be, ought to be satisfied; and though he should not be satisfied, the infanta is to be so in love with me, that in spite of her father, she is to receive me for her lord and husband, though she certainly knew I was the son of a water-carrier. In case she should not, it would be necessary to take her away by force, and convey her whither I please, until time or death shall put a period to the displeasure of her parents."

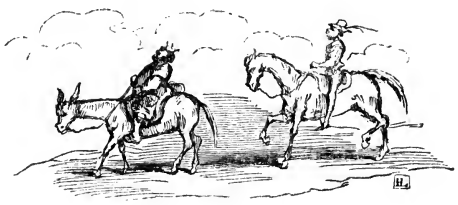
"Here," said Sancho, "comes in properly what some naughty people say, 'Never stand begging for that which you may take by force,' though this other is nearer to the purpose, 'A leap from a

[115] According to the ancient laws of the *Fuero-Juzgo* and the *Fuéros* of Castile, the noble who received an injury in his person or his goods could claim a recompense of 500 *sueldos*. The vassal could only claim 300. (*Garibay*, lib. 12, cap. 20.)

hedge is better t er of a good man.*' I say this, because, if my lord the worship's father-in-law, should not vouchsafe to yi my lady the infanta, there is no more to be done, as your worship says, but to steal and carry her off. But the mischief is, that while peace is making, and before you can enjoy the kingdom quietly, the poor squire may go whistle for his reward; unless the damsel go-between, who is to be his wife, goes off with the infanta, and he shares his misfortune with her, until it shall please Heaven to ordain otherwise; for I believe his master may immediately give her to him for his lawful spouse."—"That you may depend upon," said Don Quixote. "Since it is so," answered Sancho, "there is no more to be done but to commend ourselves to God, and let things take their course."—"God grant it," answered Don Quixote, "as I desire, and as you need, and let him be wretched who thinks himself so."—"Let him, in God's name," said Sancho, "for I am an old Christian, and that is enough to qualify me to be an earl."—"Ay, and more than enough;" said Don Quixote; "but it matters not whether you are, or not. I being a king, can easily bestow nobility on you, without your buying it or doing me the least service; for in creating you an earl, I make you a gentleman of course; and say what they will, in good faith they must style you 'your lordship,' though it grieve them ever so much."—"Do you think," quoth Sancho, "I should know how to give authority to the indignity?"—"Dignity, you should say, and not indignity," said his master.—"So let it be," answered Sancho Panza; "I say I should do well enough with it, for I assure you I was once beadle of a company, and the beadle's gown became me so well, that every body said I had a presence fit to be warden of the said company. Then what will it be when I am arrayed in a duke's robe, all shining with gold and pearls like a foreign count? I am of opinion folks will come a hundred leagues to see me." "You will make a goodly appearance, indeed," said Don Quixote; "but it will be necessary to trim your beard a little oftener, for it is so rough, tangled and dirty, that if you do not shave with a razor every other

* That is, it is better to rob than to ask charity.

day at least, they will discover what you are a musket-shot off." "Why," said Sancho, "it is but taking a barber into the house, and giving him wages; and if there be occasion I will make him follow me like a gentleman of the horse to a grandee." "How came you to know," demanded Don Quixote, "that grandees have their gentlemen of the horse to follow them?" "I will tell you," said Sancho; "some years ago I was about the court for a month, and there I saw a very little gentleman riding backward and forward, who, they said was a very great lord;[116] a man followed him on horseback, turning about as he turned, that one would have thought he had been his tail. I asked why that man did not ride by the other's side, but kept always behind him? They answered me, that it was his gentleman of the horse, and that noblemen commonly have such to follow them;[117] and from that day to this I have never forgotten it." "You are in the right," said Don Quixote; "and in the same manner you may carry about your barber. All customs do not arise together, nor were they invented at once; and you may be the first earl who carried about his barber after him. Besides indeed it is a greater trust to shave the beard than to saddle a horse." "Leave the business of the barber to my care," said Sancho; "and let it be your worship's to procure yourself to be a king, and to make me an earl." "So it shall be," answered Don Quixote; and, lifting up his eyes, he saw what will be told in the following chapter.

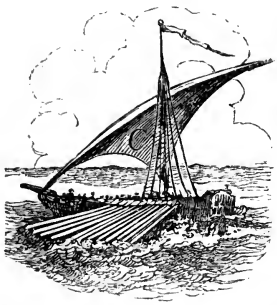


[116] It is thought that Cervantes here alludes to Don Pedro Giron, Duke d'Osuna, viceroy of Naples and Sicily. In his *History of the government of the Viceroys of Naples* Domenicho Antonio Parrino says that he was one of the great men of the age, and that he was small in stature only: *di picciolo non avea altro que la statura.*

[117] "When the lord quits the house to take a walk or pay a visit, it is the squire's duty to follow him on horseback." (Miguel Yelgo, *Estilo de servir á principes*, 1614.)

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE SET AT LIBERTY SEVERAL UNFORTUNATE PERSONS, WHO WERE BEING CARRIED, MUCH AGAINST THEIR WILLS, TO A PLACE THEY DID NOT LIKE.



ID HAMET BENENGELI, the Arabian and Manchegan author, relates, in this most grave, lofty, accurate, delightful and ingenious history, that presently after those discourses which passed between the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha and Sancho Panza, his squire, as they are related at the end of the foregoing chapter, Don Quixote lifted up his eyes, and saw coming on, in the same road, about a dozen men on foot, strung like beads in a row by the necks, in a great iron chain, and all handcuffed. There came also with them two men on horseback, and two on foot; those on horseback armed with firelocks, and those on foot with pikes and swords. Sancho Panza espying them, said: "This is a chain of galley-slaves, persons forced by the king to the galleys." "How! persons forced!" quoth Don Quixote; "is it possible the king should force any body?" "I say not so," answered Sancho: "but that they are persons condemned by the law for their crimes to serve the king in the galleys perforce." "In short," replied Don Quixote, "however it be, still

they are going by force, and not with their own liking." "It is so," said Sancho. "Then," said his master, "here the execution of my office takes place, to defeat violence, and to succour and relieve the miserable." "Consider, Sir," quoth Sancho, "that justice, that is the king himself, does no violence nor injury to such persons, but only punishes them for their crimes."

By this the chain of galley-slaves was come up; and Don Quixote,

in most courteous terms, desired of the guard, that they would be pleased to inform and tell him the cause or causes why they conducted those persons in that manner. One of the guards on horseback answered, thay they were slaves belonging to his majesty, and going to the galleys, which was all he could say, or the other need know of the matter. "For all that" replied Don Quioxte, "I should be glad to know from each of them in particular the cause of his misfortune." To these he added such other courteous expressions to induce them to tell him what he desired, that the other horseman said: "Though we have here the record and certificate of the sentence of each of these wretches, this is no time to produce and read them; draw near, Sir, and ask it of themselves; they may inform you, if they please; and inform you they will, for they are

such as take a pleasure both in acting and relating rogueries." With this leave, which Don Quixote would have taken if they had not given it, he drew near to the chain, and demanded of the first for what offence he marched in such evil plight. He answered, that he went in that manner for being in love. "For that alone" replied Don Quixote; "if they send folks to the galleys for being in love, I might long since have been rowing in them." "It was not such love as your worship imagines," said the galley-slave; "mine was the being so deeply enamoured of a clothes-basket of fine linen, and embracing it so close, that if justice had not taken it from me by force, I should not have parted with it by my good will to this very day. I was taken in the fact, so there was no occasion for the torture: the process was short, they tickled my shoulders with a hundred lashes, and have sent me, by way of supplement, for three years to the Gurapas,* and there is an end of it."—"What are the Gurapas?" quoth Don Quixote. "The Gurapas are the galleys," answered the slave, who was a young man about twenty-four years of age, and said he was born at Piedraita.

Don Quixote put the same question to the second, who returned no answer, he was so melancholy and dejected. But the first answered for him, and said: "This gentleman goes for being a canary bird, I mean, for being a musician and a singer." "How so?" replied Don Quixote; "are men sent to the galleys for being musicians and singers?" "Yes, sir," replied the slave, "for there is nothing worse than to sing in an agony." "Nay," said Don Quixote, "I have heard say, 'Who sings in grief, procures relief.'" "This is the very reverse," said the slave; "for here, he who sings once, weeps all his life after." "I do not understand that," said Don Quixote. One of the guards said to him: "Signor cavalier, to sing in an agony, means in the cant of these rogues, to confess upon the rack. This offender was put to the torture, and confessed his crime, which was that of being a Quatrero, that is, a stealer of cattle; and because he confessed, he was sentenced for six years to the galleys, besides two hundred lashes he has already received on the shoulders. He is

* A cant word.

always pensive and sad, because the rest of the rogues, both those behind and those before, abuse, vilify, flout and despise him for confessing, and not having the courage to say no; for say they, *no* contains the same number of letters as *ay*, and that it is lucky for a delinquent when his life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon proofs and witnesses: for my part, I think they are right." "And I think so too," answered Don Quixote; who passing on to the third, interrogated him as he had done the others. He answered very readily, and with very little concern: "I am going to Mesdames the Gurapas for five years for wanting ten ducats." "I will give twenty with all my heart," said Don Quixote, "to redeem you from this misery." "That," said the slave, "is like having money at sea, and dying for hunger, where there is nothing to be bought with it. I say this, because, if I had been possessed in time of those twenty ducats you now offer me, I would have so

greased the clerk's pen, and sharpened my advocate's wit, that I should have been this day upon the market-place of Zocodover, in Toledo, and not on this road, coupled and dragged like a hound. But God is great: patience. I say no more."

Don Quixote passed on to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable aspect, with a white beard reaching below his breast; who, hearing himself asked the cause of his coming hither, began to weep, and answered not a word; but the fifth lent him a tongue, and said: "This honest gentleman goes for four years to the galleys, after having gone in the public streets pompously apparelled and mounted. *" "That is, I suppose," said Sancho, "put to the public shame." "Right," replied the slave; "and the offence for which he underwent this punishment was, his having been a broker of the ear, yea, and of the whole body: in effect, I would say that this cavalier goes for pimping, and exercising the trade of a conjuror." "Had it been merely for pimping," said Don Quixote, "he had not deserved to row in, but to command, and be general of the galleys. The office of a pimp is not a slight business, but an employment fit only for discreet persons, and a most necessary one in a well-regulated commonwealth and none but persons well born ought to exercise it. In truth there should be inspectors and controllers of it, as there are of other offices, with a certain number of them deputed, like exchange-brokers. By this means many mischiefs would be prevented which now happen, because this office and profession is in the hands of foolish and ignorant persons; such as silly waiting-women, pages, and buffoons, of a few years standing, and of small experience, who, in the greatest exigency, and when there is occasion for the most dexterous management and address, suffer the morsel to freeze between the fingers and the mouth, and scarce know which is their right hand. I could go on, and assign the reasons why it would be expedient to make choice of proper persons to exercise an office so necessary in the commonwealth: but this is no proper place or time for it. I may one day or other lay this matter before those

* Such malefactors as in England were set in the pillory, in Spain were carried about in a particular habit, mounted on an ass, with their face to the tail; the crier going before, and proclaiming their crime.

who can provide a remedy. At present I only say, that the concern I felt at seeing those grey hairs, and that venerable countenance, in so much distress for pimping, is entirely removed by the additional character of his being a wizard; though I very well know there are no sorceries in the world which can effect and force the will, as some foolish people imagine. Our will is free, and no herb nor charm can compel it. What some silly women and crafty knaves are wont to do is, with certain mixtures and poisons, to turn people's brains, under pretence that they have power to make one fall in love; it being as I say a thing impossible to force the will."[118] "It is so," said the honest old fellow; "and truly, Sir, as to being a wizard, I am not guilty; but as for being a pimp, I cannot deny;—but I never thought there was any harm in it. The whole of my intention was, that all the world should divert themselves, and live in peace and quiet, without quarrels or troubles. But this good design could not save me from going whence I shall have no hope of returning, considering I am so laden with years, and troubled besides with sickness, which leaves me not a moment's repose." And here he began to weep, as at first; and Sancho was so moved with compassion, that he drew out from his bosom a real, and gave it him as an alms.

Don Quixote went on, and demanded of another what his offence was; who answered, not with less, but much more alacrity than the former: "I am going for making a little too free with two she-cousin-germans of mine, and with two other cousin-germans not mine. In short, I carried the jest so far with them all, that the result of it was the increasing of kindred so intricately, that no casuist can make it out. The whole was brought home to me: I had neither friends nor money; my windpipe was in the utmost danger. I was sentenced to the galleys for six years—I submit; it is the punishment of my fault. I am young; life may last, and time brings

[118] We find in the old code of the thirteenth century, designated *Fuero-Juzgo*, the penalties inflicted on those *who cause hail to fall on the vines and on the harvest*, on those *who hold intercourse with devils, and who change the mind of men and women.* (Lib. VI, tit. 2, ley, 4). The *Partidas* punish in like manner those *who make images, or practise craft, and give herbs to provoke the love of men and women.* (Part VII, tit. 23, ley 2 y 3.)

every thing about. If your worship, Signor cavalier, has any thing about you to relieve us poor wretches, God will repay you in Heaven; and we will make it the business of our prayers to beseech him that your worship's life and health may be as long and prosperous as your goodly presence deserves." This slave was in the habit of a student; and one of the guards said he was a great talker, and a very pretty Latinist.

Behind all these came a man some thirty years of age, of a goodly aspect, only he seemed to thrust one eye into the other. He was

bound somewhat differently fom the rest, for he had a chain to his leg, so long that it was fastened round his middle, and two collars about his neck, one of which was fastened to the chain, and the

other, called a keep-friend, or friend's foot, had two straight irons, which came down from it to his waist, at the end of which were fixed two manacles,* wherein his hands were secured with a huge padlock; insomuch that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend his head to his hands. Don Quixote asked why this man went fettered and shackled so much more than the rest. The guard answered, because he alone had committed more villanies than all the rest put together; and that he was so bold and so desperate a villain, that though they carried him in that manner, they were not secure of him, but were still afraid he would make his escape. "What kind of villanies has he committed," said Don Quixote, "that they have deserved no greater punishment than being sent to the galleys?" "He goes for ten years," said the guard, "which is a kind of civil death. You need only be told, that this honest gentleman is the famous Ginès de Passamonte, alias Ginèsillo de Parapilla." "Fairly and softly, Signor commissary," said the slave; "let us not be now lengthening out names and sirnames. Ginès is my name, and not Ginèsillo; and Passamonte is the name of my family, and not Parapilla, as you say, let every one turn himself round, and look at home, and he will find enough to do." "Speak with more respect, sir thief-above-measure," replied the commissary, "unless you will oblige me to silence you to your sorrow." "You may see," answered the slave, "that man goeth as God pleaseth; but somebody may learn one day, whether my name is Ginésillo de Parapilla or no." "Are you not called so, lying rascal?" said the guard. "They do call me so," answered Ginès; "but I will oblige them not to call me so, or I will flay them where I care not at present to say. Signor cavalier," continued he, "if you have any thing to give us, give it us now, and God be with you; for you tire us with enquiring so much after other men's lives. If you would know mine, know that I am Ginès de Passamonte, whose life is written by these very fingers." "He says true," said the commissary; "for he himself has written his own history, as well as heart could wish, and has left the book in prison, in pawn for two hundred reals." "Ay, and I

* The original is *esposas*, (spouses); so called because they joined the hands together like man and wife.

intend to redeem it," said Ginès, "if it lay for two hundred ducats." "What! is it so good?" said Don Quixote. "So good" answered Ginès, "that woe be to Lazarillo de Tormes, and to all that have written, or shall write, in that way! What I can affirm is, that it relates truths, and truths so ingenious and entertaining that no fictions can come up to them." "How is the book intituled?" demanded Don Quixote. "'*The life of Ginès de Passamonte*,'" replied Ginès himself. "And is it finished?" quoth Don Quixote. "How can it be finished," answered he, "since my life is not yet finished? What is written, is from my cradle to the moment of my being sent this last time to the galleys." "Then you have been there before?" said Don Quixote. "Four years the other time," replied Ginès, "to serve God and the king; and I know already the relish of the biscuit and the lash: nor does it grieve me much to go there again, since I shall there have the opportunity of finishing my book; for I have a great many things to say, and in the galleys of Spain there is leisure more than enough, though I shall not want much for what I have to write, because I have it by heart.[119]" "You seem to be a witty fellow," said Don Quixote. "And an unfortunate one," answered Ginès; "but misfortunes always pursue the ingenious." "Pursue the villanous," said the commissary. "I have already desired you Signor commissary," answered Passamonte, "to go on fair and softly. Your superiors did not give you that staff to misuse us poor wretches here, but to conduct and carry us whither his majesty commands. Now, by the life of——I say no more; but the spots which were contracted in the inn may perhaps one day come out in the bucking; and let every one hold his tongue, and live well, and speak better; and let us march on, for this has held us long enough."

The commissary lifted up his staff to strike Passamonte, in return for his threats: but Don Quixote interposed, and desired he would not abuse him, since it was but fair, that he who had his hands so tied up should have his tongue a little at liberty. Then, turning about to the whole string, he said: "From all you have

[119] The author of *Guzman d' Alfarache*, Mateo Aleman says of his hero:—"He, himself, wrote his history in the galleys, where he was forced to tug at the oar for the crimes he committed."—

told me, dearest brethren, I clearly gather, that though it be only to punish you for your crimes, you do not much relish the punishment you are going to suffer, and that you go to it much against the grain and against your good liking. Perhaps the pusillanimity of him who was put to the torture, this man's want of money, and the other's want of friends, and in short the judge's wresting of the law, may have been the cause of your ruin, and that you did not come off as in justice you ought to have done. And I have so strong a persuasion, that this is the truth of the case, that my mind prompts, and even forces me, to shew in you why Heaven sent me into the world, and ordained me to profess the order of chivalry, which I profess, and the vow I made in it to succour the needy and those oppressed by the mighty. But, knowing that it is one part of prudence not to do that by foul means which may be done by fair, I will entreat these gentlemen your guard, and the commissary, that they will be pleased to loose you, and allow you to go in peace, there being people enough to serve the king for better reasons; for it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and Nature made free. Besides, gentlemen guards," added Don Quixote, "these poor men have committed no offence against you: let every one answer for his sins in the other world; there is a God in Heaven, who does not neglect to chastise the wicked, nor to reward the good; neither is it fitting that honest men should be the executioners of others, when they have no interest in the matter. I request this of you in this calm and gentle manner, that I may have some ground to thank you for your compliance. But if you do it not willingly, this lance and this sword, with the vigour of my arm, shall compel you to do it."

"This is pleasant fooling," answered the commissary; "an admirable conceit he has hit upon at last. He would have us let the king's prisoners go, as if we had authority to set them free, or he to command us to do it. Go on your way, Signor, and adjust that basin on your noddle, and do not go feeling for five legs in a cat." "You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal to boot," answered Don Quixote. So, with a word and a blow, he attacked him so suddenly that before he could stand upon his defence he threw him to the ground, much wounded with the thrust of his lance. It happened luckily

for Don Quixote, that this was one of the two who carried a firelock. The rest of the guards were astonished and confounded at the unexpected encounter: but recovering themselves, those on horseback drew their swords, and those on foot laid hold on their javelins and fell upon Don Quixote, who waited for them with much calmness. Doubtless it had gone ill with him if the galley-slaves, perceiving the opportunity which offered itself to them of recovering their liberty, had not procured it by breaking the chain with which they were linked together. The confusion was so great that the guards, now endeavouring to prevent the slaves from getting loose, and now engaging with Don Quixote, who attacked them, did nothing to any purpose. Sancho, for his part, assisted in loosing of Ginès de Passamonte, who was the first that leaped free and disembarrassed upon the plain: and setting upon the fallen commissary, he took away his sword and his gun, with which, levelling it first at one and then at another, without discharging it, he cleared the field of all the guard, who fled no less from Passamonte's gun than from the shower of stones, which the slaves, now at liberty, poured upon them.

Sancho was much grieved at this notable exploit; for he imagined, that the fugitives would give notice of the fact to the holy brotherhood, which upon ringing a bell, would sally out in quest of the delinquents. He communicated his fear to his master, and begged of him to begone from thence immediately, and take shelter among the trees and rocks of the neighbouring mountain. "It is well," said Don Quixote; "but I know what is now expedient to be done." Then having called all the slaves together, who were in a fright, and had stripped the commissary to his buff, they gathered in a ring about him to know his pleasure, when he thus addressed them: "To be thankful for the benefits received, is the property of persons well born; and one of the sins at which God is most offended, is ingratitude. This I say, gentlemen, because you have already found, by manifest experience, the benefit you have received at my hands; in recompense whereof, my will and pleasure is that, laden with this chain which I have taken off from your necks, you immediately set out and go to the city of Toboso, and there present

yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her that her knight, he of the Sorrowful Figure sends you to present his service to her; and recount to her every tittle and circumstance of this memorable adventure, to the point of setting you at your wished-for liberty. This done, you may go, in God's name, whither you list [120]."

Ginès de Passamonte answered for them all, and said: "What your worship commands us, noble Sir our deliverer, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to be complied with; for we dare not be seen together on the road, but must go separate and alone, each man by himself, and endeavour to hide ourselves in the very bowels of the earth from the holy brotherhood, who doubtless will be out in quest of us. What your worship may and ought to do is, to change this service and duty to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso into a certain number of *Ave Marias* and *Credos*, which we will say, for the success of your design. This is what we may do by day or by night, flying or reposing, in peace or in war. But to think that we will now return to the brick-kilns of Egypt, I say to take our chains and put ourselves on the way to Toboso, is to think it is now night already, whereas it is not yet ten o'clock in the morning; and to expect this from us is to expect pears from an elm-tree."—"I vow then," quoth Don Quixote, already enraged, "Don son of a trull, Don Ginèsillo de Parapilla, or however you call yourself, you alone shall go, with your tail between your legs and the whole chain upon your back." Passamonte, who was not over passive, and had already perceived that Don Quixote was not wiser than he should be, since he committed such an extravagance as the setting them at liberty, seeing himself treated in this manner, winked upon his comrades; and they all, stepping aside, began to rain such a shower of stones upon Don Quixote, that he could not

[120] Amadis of Gaul, having conquered the giant Madraque, grants him his life, on condition that he turns Christian, he and all his vassals, that he founds certain churches and monasteries, and finally, that he sets at liberty all the prisoners that he has in confinement in his dungeons, who were upwards of a hundred in number, of whom thirty were knights and forty young ladies or duennas. Amadis said to them when they came to kiss his hands, in token of gratitude: "Go, and find queen Brisena, tell her in what manner you have been sent to her by her Knight of the Firm Island, and kiss her hand for me."—(*Amadis de Gaule*, liv. iii. chap. 65.)

contrive to cover himself with his buckler; and poor Rocinante made no more of the spur than if he had been made of brass.—

Sancho got behind the ass, and thereby sheltered himself from the storm and hail that poured upon them both. Don Quixote could not screen himself so well but that he received I know not how many thumps of the body, with such force, that they brought him to the ground; and scarce was he fallen, when the student set upon him, and, taking the basin from off his head, gave him three or four blows with it on the shoulders, and then struck it as often against the ground, whereby he almost broke it to pieces. They stripped him of a jacket he wore over his armour, and would have stripped him of his trowsers too, if the greaves had not hindered them. They took from Sancho his cloak, leaving him in his doublet; *

* En pelota. The phrase signifies "to be stark naked." Pelota is likewise a garment formerly used in Spain, but now unknown. The reader will easily see that it ought not to be understood here in the first of these senses.

and sharing among themselves the spoils of the battle, they made the best of their way off, each by a separate road, with more care how to escape the holy brotherhood they were in fear of, than to load themselves with the chain and to go and present themselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

The ass and Rocinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, remained by themselves; the ass hanging his head and pensive, and now and then shaking his ears, thinking that the storm of stones was not yet over, but still whizzing about his head; Rocinante stretched along close by his master, he also being knocked down with another stone; Sancho in his doublet, and afraid of the holy brotherhood; and Don Quixote very much out of humour to find himself so ill treated by those very persons to whom he had done so much good.

CHAPTER IX.

OF WHAT BEFELL THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE IN THE SIERRA MORENA,[121] BEING ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS AND UNCOMMON ADVENTURES RELATED IN THIS VERACIOUS HISTORY.

DON QUIXOTE, finding himself so ill treated, said to his squire: "Sancho, I have always heard it said, that to do good to low fellows is to throw water into the sea. Had I believed what you said to me, I might have prevented this trouble; but it is done, I must have patience, and take warning henceforward." "Your worship will as much take warning," answered Sancho, "as I am a Turk. But, since you say that if you had believed me you had avoided this mischief, believe me now, and you will avoid a greater; for, let me tell you, there is no putting off the holy brotherhood with chivalries: they do not care two farthings for all the knights-errant in the world; and know, that I fancy already I hear

[121] In Spain, they give the term sierra (saw) to a chain of mountains. The *Sierra-Morena* (brown mountains), which extend nearly from the mouth of the Ebro to Cape St. Vincent, in Portugal, separates La Mancha from Andalusia. The Romans called it Mons Marianus.

their arrows whizzing about my ears[122]." "Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "but that you may not say I am obstinate, and that I never do what you advise, I will for once take your counsel, and get out of the reach of that fury you fear so much. But upon this one condition, that, neither living nor dying, you shall ever tell any body that I retired, and withdrew myself from this peril out of fear, but that I did it out of mere compliance with your entreaties. Should you say otherwise, you will lie in so doing; and from this time to that, and from that time to this, I tell you you lie, and will lie, every time you say or think it. Make no reply; for the bare thought of withdrawing and retreating from any danger, and especially from this, which seems to carry some or no appearance of fear with it, makes me now stand prepared to abide here, and expect alone, not only that holy brotherhood you talk of and fear, but the brothers of the twelve tribes of Israel, and the seven Maccabees, and Castor and Pollux, and even all the brothers and brotherhoods that are in the world." "Sir," answered Sancho, "retreating is not running away, nor is staying wisdom when the danger overbalances the hope: and it is the part of wise men to secure themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all upon one throw. Though I am but a clown and a peasant, I have yet some smattering of what is called good conduct; therefore, repent not of having taken my advice, but get upon Rocinante if you can, and if not, I will assist you; and follow me, for my heart tells me, that for the present we have more need of heels than hands."

Don Quixote mounted without replying a word more; and Sancho leading the way upon his ass, they entered a pass in the Sierra-Morena, which was hard by, it being Sancho's intention to pass quite across that chain of mountains, and to get out at Viso or Almodovar del Campo, and to hide for some days among those craggy rocks, that they might not be found if the holy brotherhood should come in quest of them.—He was encouraged to this by seeing that the provisions carried by his ass had escaped safe from

[122] The Sainte-Hermandad had criminals condemned to death, shot with bow and arrow and left the corpses exposed on a gibbet.

the skirmish with the galley-slaves, which he looked upon as a miracle, considering what the slaves took away, and how narrowly they searched.

That night they got into the heart of the Sierra-Morena, where Sancho thought it convenient to halt and remain some days, at least while the provisions he had with him lasted. Accordingly they took up their lodging between two great rocks, and amidst abundance of cork-trees. But destiny, which according to the opinion of those who have not the light of the true faith, guides fashions, and disposes all things its own way, so ordered it that Ginès de Passamonte, the famous cheat and robber whom the valour and madness of Don Quixote had delivered from the chain, being justly afraid of the holy brotherhood, took it into his head to hide himself in those very mountains. His fortune and his fear carried him to the same place where Don Quixote's fortune and Sancho Panza's prudence had carried them, just at the time he could distinguish who they were, and at the instant they had fallen asleep. As the wicked are always ungrateful, and necessity puts people upon applying to shifts, and the present conveniency overcomes the consideration of the future, Ginès, who had neither gratitude nor good-nature, resolved to steal Sancho Panza's ass, taking no notice of Rocinante, as a thing neither pawnable nor saleable. Sancho Panza slept; the varlet stole his ass, and before it was day, he was too far off to be found.

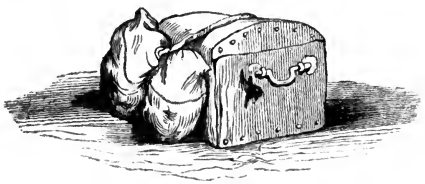
Aurora issued forth, rejoicing the earth, and saddening Sancho Panza, who missed his ass; and finding himself deprived of him, he began the dolefullest lamentation in the world; and so loud it was, that Don Quixote awakened by his cries, heard him say: "O child of my bowels, born in my own house, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the relief of my burdens, and lastly, the half of my maintenance! for, with six-and-twenty maravedis I earned every day by thy means, I half supported my family." Don Quixote, hearing the lamentation and learning the cause, comforted Sancho with the best reasons he could, and desired him to have patience, promising to give him a bill of exchange for three young asses out of five he had left at home.

Sancho was comforted herewith, wiped away his tears, moderated his sighs, and thanked his master for the kindness he shewed him.

Don Quixote's heart leaped for joy at entering into the mountains, such kind of places seeming to him the most likely to furnish him with those adventures he was in quest of. They recalled to his memory the marvellous events which had befallen knights-errant in such solitudes and deserts. He went on meditating on these things, and so wrapped and transported in them that he remembered nothing else. Nor had Sancho any other concern, now that he thought he was out of danger, than to appease his hunger with what remained of the clerical spoils. So, sitting sideling as women do, upon his beast, [123] he jogged after his master, emptying the bag, and filling his belly: and while he was thus employed, he would not have given a farthing to meet with any new adventure whatever.

[123] It appears that Cervantes added subsequently in this chapter, and after he had already written the two following ones, the theft of Sancho's ass by Ginès de Passamonte. In the first edition of *Don Quixote*, he continued, after the relation of the theft, to speak of the ass as though it had not ceased to be in Sancho's possession, and said in this place: "Sancho followed his master, sitting sideways on his ass—." In the second edition, he corrected this in advertance, but incompletely, and allowed it to remain in several places. The Spaniards have religiously preserved his text, even to the contradictions made by this partial correction. We have, after M. Viardot, made them disappear, with the exception of once mentioning the ass, in chapter XI of this book (*post*). It will be seen, in the second part of *Don Quixote*, that Cervantes ridicules himself very pleasantly for his heedlessness, and for the contradictions that it causes in the narrative.

Being thus busied, he lifted up his eyes, and saw his master had stopped, and was endeavouring, with the point of his lance, to raise up some heavy bundle that lay upon the ground. Whereupon he made haste to assist him, if need were, and came up to him just as he had turned over with his lance a saddle-cushion, and a portmanteau fastened to it, half or rather quite rotten and torn. But it



was so heavy that Sancho was forced to alight and help to take it up, and his master ordered him to see what was in it. Sancho very readily obeyed; and though the portmanteau was secured with a chain and padlock, you might see through the breaches what it contained. There were in it four fine holland shirts, and other linen, no less curious than clean; and in a handkerchief he found a good heap of gold crowns. Espying them, he cried: "Blessed be Heaven, which has presented us with one profitable adventure." Searching farther, he found a little pocket-book, richly bound. Don Quixote desired to have it, and bade him take the money and keep it for himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the favour; and emptying the portmanteau of the linen, he put it in the provender-bag. Observing

all this, Don Quixote said: "I am of opinion, Sancho, nor can it

possibly be otherwise, that some traveller must have lost his way in these mountains, and have fallen into the hands of robbers, who have killed him and brought his body to this remote and secret part to bury." "It cannot be so," answered Sancho; "for had they been robbers, they would not have left this money." "You say right," said Don Quixote, "and I cannot guess nor think, what it should be: but stay, let us see whether this pocket-book has any thing written in it, whereby we may trace and discover what we want to know." He opened it, and the first thing he found was a kind of rough draught of a sonnet, very legible, which he read aloud that Sancho might hear it. It ran as follows:

Or Love doth nothing know, or cruel is,
Or my affliction equals not the cause
That doth condemn me to severest pains.
But if Love be a god, we must suppose
His knowledge boundless, nor can cruelty
With reason be imputed to a god.
Whence then the grief, the cruel pains, I feel?
Chloë, art thou the cause? impossible!
Such ill can ne'er subsist with so much good;
Nor does high Heaven's behest ordain my fall.
I soon shall die; my fate's inevitable:
For where we know not the disease's cause,
A miracle alone can hit the cure.

"From this parcel of verses," quoth Sancho, "nothing can be collected, unless by the clue here given you can come at the whole bottom."—"What clue is here?" said Don Quixote. "I thought," said Sancho, "your worship named a clue."—"No, I said Chloe," answered Don Quixote; "and doubtless that is the name of the lady, whom the author of this sonnet complains of; and in faith, either he is a tolerable poet, or I know but little of the art."—"So then," said Sancho, "your worship understands making verses too!" "Yes, and better than you think," answered Don Quixote; "and you shall see I do, when you carry a letter to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, written in verse from top to bottom. Know, Sancho, that all or most of the knights-errant of times past were great poets, and great musicians; these two accomplishments, or rather graces, being annexed to lovers-errant. True it is, that the couplets of former knights have more of passion than elegance in them. [124]" "Pray, Sir, read on farther," said Sancho: "perhaps you may find something to satisfy us." Don Quixote turned over the leaf, and said: "This is in prose, and seems to be a letter." "A letter of business, [125] Sir?" demanded Sancho. "By the beginning, it seems rather one of love," answered Don Quixote. "Then pray, Sir, read it aloud," said Sancho; "for I mightily relish these love-matters." "With all my heart," said Don Quixote; and reading aloud, as Sancho desired, he found it to this effect:—

"Your promise, and my certain hard fate, hurry me to a place whence you will sooner hear the news of my death than the cause of my complaint. You have undone me, ungrateful maid, for the sake of one who has larger possessions, but not more merit than I. But if virtue were a treasure now in esteem, I should have had no reason to envy any man's good fortune, nor to bewail my own wretchedness. What your beauty built up, your behaviour has

[124] That of *Amadis de Gaule* to wit,

Leonoreta sin roseta
Blanca sobre toda flor,
Sin roseta no me meta
En tal culpa vuestro amor, etc.
(Lib. II, cap. 54.)

[125] *Carta* means both *letter* and *charter*; hence Sancho's question.

thrown down: by that I took you for an angel, and by this I find you are a woman. Farewell, O cause of my disquiet; and Heaven grant, that your husband's perfidy may never come to your knowledge, to make you repent of what you have done, and afford me that revenge which I do not desire."

The letter being read, Don Quixote said: "We can gather little more from this than from the verses; only that he who wrote it, is some slighted lover." Turning over most of the book, he found other verses and letters, some of which were legible, and some not: but the purport of them all was complaints, lamentations, suspicions, desires, dislikings, favours and slights, some extolled with rapture, and others as mournfully deplored.

While Don Quixote was examining the book, Sancho examined the portmanteau, without leaving a corner in it, or in the saddle-cushion, which he did not search, scrutinize, and look into; nor seam which he did not rip; nor lock of wool, which he did not carefully pick; that nothing might be lost for want of diligence, or through carelessness; such a greediness the finding the gold crowns, which were more than a hundred, had excited in him. Though he found no more of them, he thought himself abundantly rewarded, by the leave given him to keep what he had found, for the tossings in the blanket, the vomitings of the balsam of Fierabras, the benedictions of the pack-staves, the cuffs of the carrier, the loss of the wallet and the theft of his cloak; together with all the hunger, thirst and weariness he had undergone in his good master's service.

The Knight of the Sorrowful Figure was extremely desirous to know who was the owner of the portmanteau, conjecturing by the sonnet and the letter, by the money in gold* and by the fineness of the shirts, that it must certainly belong to some lover of condition, whom the slights and ill treatment of his mistress had reduced to terms of despair. But, there being no one in that uninhabitable and craggy place to give him any information, he thought of nothing but going forward which way soever Rocinante pleased,

* Gold was not current in those days among the common people of Spain.

and that was wherever the poor brute found the way easiest, still possessed with the imagination that he could not fail of meeting with some strange adventure among those briars and rocks.

As he went on musing, he espied on the top of a hillock just before him, a man skipping from crag to crag, and from bush to

bush, with extraordinary agility. He seemed to be naked, his beard black and bushy, his hair long and tangled, his legs and feet bare: on his thighs he wore a pair of breeches of sad-coloured velvet, but so ragged, that his skin appeared through several parts.

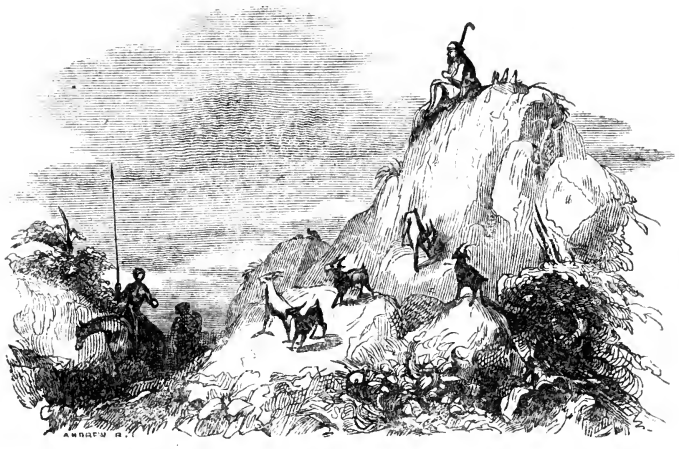
His head was bare; he passed with the swiftness already mentioned, but the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure saw and observed all these particulars. Though he endeavoured to follow him he could not; for it was not given to Rocinante's feebleness to make way through those craggy places; and besides he was naturally slow-footed and phlegmatic. Don Quixote immediately fancied this must be the owner of the saddle-cushion and portmanteau, and so resolved to go in search of him even if he were sure to wander a whole year among those mountains before he should find him. He therefore commanded Sancho to cut short over one side of the mountain, while he coasted on the other, in hopes, that by this diligence they might light on the man who had so suddenly vanished. "I cannot do it," answered Sancho; "for the moment I offer to stir from your worship, fear is upon me, assaulting me with a thousand kinds of terrors and apparitions. Let this serve to advertise you, that from henceforward I have not the power to stir a finger's breadth from your presence." "Be it so," said he of the Sorrowful Figure, "and I am very well pleased that you rely upon my courage, which shall never be wanting to you, though your very soul in your body should fail you. Follow me step by step, or as you can, and make spying-glasses of your eyes. We will go round this craggy hill, and perhaps we may meet with the man we saw, who doubtless is the owner of what we have found." To this Sancho replied: "It would be much more prudent not to look after him; for if we should find him, and he perchance proves to be the owner of the money, it is plain I must restore it. Therefore it would be better, without this unnecessary diligence, to keep possession of it, 'bona fide,' until by some way less curious and officious, its true owner shall be found. Perhaps that may be at a time when I shall have spent it all, and then I am free by law." "You deceive yourself in this, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for since we have a suspicion who is the right owner, we are obliged to seek him, and return it; and if we should not look for him, the vehement suspicion we have that this may be he, makes us already as guilty as if he really were. So that, friend Sancho, you should be in no pain at searching after him, considering the uneasiness I shall be freed

from in finding him." Then he pricked Rocinante on, and Sancho followed on foot, carrying the ass's burden, thanks to Ginès de Passamonte.

Having gone round part of the mountain, they found a dead mule lying near a brook, saddled and bridled, and half devoured by

dogs and crows; which confirmed them the more in the suspicion that he who fled from them was owner of the mule and of the bundle. While they stood looking at the mule they heard a whistle, like that of a shepherd tending his flock; and presently, on their left hand, appeared a good number of goats, and behind them on the top of the mountain, the goatherd that kept them, who was an old man. Don Quixote called aloud to him, and desired him to come down. He answered as loudly, and demanded, who had brought them to that desolate place, seldom or never trodden, unless by the feet of goats, wolves, or other wild beasts, which frequented those mountains. Sancho answered him, that if he would come down, they would satisfy his curiosity in every thing. The goatherd descended,

and, coming to the place where Don Quixote was, he said: "I will



lay a wager you are viewing the hackney-mule, which lies dead in this bottom: in good faith, it has lain there these six months already. Pray tell me, have you lighted on his master hereabouts?" "We have lighted on nothing," answered Don Quixote, "but a saddle-cushion and a small portmanteau, which we found not far from here." "I found it too," answered the goatherd, "but would by no means take it up, nor come near it, for fear of some mischief, and lest I should be charged with having stolen it; for the devil is subtle, and lays stumbling-blocks and occasions of falling in our way, without our knowing how or how not." "I say so too," answered Sancho: "for I also found it, and would not go within a stone's throw of it: there I left it, and there it lies as it was for me; for I will not have a dog with a bell." "Tell me, honest man," said Don Quixote, "do you know who is the owner of these goods?" "What I know," said the goatherd, "is, that six months ago, more or less, there arrived at the huts of certain shepherds, about three leagues from this place, a genteel and comely youth, mounted on this very mule which lies dead here, and with the same saddle-cushion and portmanteau, which you say you found and touched not. He enquired of us, which part of this hill was the most craggy and

least accessible. We told him it was this where we now are: and so it is, truly; for if you were to go on about half a league farther, perhaps you would not easily find the way out, and I admire how you could get even hither, since there is no road nor path that leads to this place. The youth then, I say, hearing our answer, turned about his mule and made toward the place we shewed him, leaving us all pleased with his goodly appearance, and in admiration at his question and the haste he made to reach the mountain. From that time, we saw him not again, until, some days after, he issued out upon one of our shepherds, and, without saying a word, came up to him, and gave him several cuffs and kicks, and immediately went to our sumpter-ass, which he plundered of all the bread and cheese she carried; and, this done, he fled again to the rocks with wonderful swiftness. Some of us goatherds, knowing this, spent almost two days in quest of him, in the most intricate part of this craggy hill; and at last we found him lying in the hollow of a large cork-

tree. He came out to us with much gentleness, his garment torn, and his face so disfigured and scorched by the sun, that we should scarcely have known him, but that his clothes, ragged as they were, with the description given us of them, assured us he was the person we sought. He saluted us courteously, and in few, but complaisant

terms, bid us not wonder to see him in that condition, to which he was necessitated in order to perform a certain penance enjoined him for his manifold sins. We entreated him to tell us who he was, but we could get no more out of him. We desired him likewise, that when he stood in need of food, without which he could not subsist, he would let us know where we might find him, and we would very freely and willingly bring him some; and if this was not to his liking, that at least he would come out and ask for it, and not take it away from the shepherds by force. He thanked us for our offers, begged pardon for the violences passed, and promised from thenceforth to ask it for God's sake, without giving disturbance to any body. As to the place of his abode, he said he had no other than what chance presented him, wherever the night overtook him; and he ended his discourse with such melting tears, that we who heard him must have been very stones not to have borne him company in them, considering what he was the first time we saw him, and what we saw him now to be: for, as I before said, he was a very comely and graceful youth, and by his courteous behaviour and civil discourse, shewed himself to be well-born, and a court-like person. If we who heard him were country-people, his genteel carriage was sufficient to discover itself even to rusticity. In the height of his discourse he stopped short, and stood silent, nailing his eyes to the ground for a considerable time, whilst we all stood still in suspense, waiting to see what that fit of distraction would end in, with no small compassion at the sight; for by his demeanour, his staring and fixing his eyes unmoved for a long while on the ground and then shutting them again, by his biting his lips and arching his brows, we easily judged that some fit of madness was come upon him. He quickly confirmed us in our suspicions, for he started up with great fury from the ground, on which he had just before thrown himself, and fell upon the one that stood next him with such resolution and rage, that if we had not taken him off, he would have bitten and cuffed him to death. All this while he cried out: 'Ah traitor Fernando! here, here you shall pay for the wrong you have done me; these hands shall tear out that heart, in which all kinds of wickedness, and especially deceit and treachery,

do lurk and are harboured!' To these he added other expressions, all tending to revile the said Fernando, and charging him with falsehood and treachery. We disengaged him from our companion at last, with no small difficulty; and he, without saying a word, left us and plunged amidst the thickest of the bushes and briars; so that we could not possibly follow him. By this we guessed that his madness returned by fits, and that some person, whose name is Fernando, must have done him an injury of most grievous nature, as the condition to which it has reduced him sufficiently declares. This has been often confirmed to us, since that time, by his issuing out one while to beg of the shepherds part of what they had to eat, and at other times to take it from them by force; for when the mad fit is upon him, though the shepherds freely offer it him, he will not take it without coming to blows for it; but when he is in his senses he asks it for God's sake, with courtesy and civility, and is very thankful for it, even to shedding tears. And truly, gentlemen, I must tell you," pursued the goatherd, "that yesterday I and four young swains, two of them my servants and two my friends, resolved to go in search of him, and having found him, either by force or by fair means to carry him to the town of Almodover, which is eight leagues off, and there to get him cured, if his distemper be curable; or at least inform ourselves who he is when he is in his senses, and whether he has any relations to whom we may give notice of his misfortune. This, gentlemen, is all I can tell you in answer to your enquiry, by which you may understand that the owner of the goods you found is the same whom you saw pass by you so swiftly and so nakedly."

Don Quixote who had already told him, that he had seen that man pass skipping over the craggy rocks, was in admiration at what he heard from the goatherd; and having now a greater desire to learn who the unfortunate madman was, he resolved to prosecute his original intention of seeking him all over the mountain, without leaving a corner or cave in it unexplored, until he should find him. But fortune managed better for him than he thought or expected; for in that very instant the youth they sought appeared from between some clefts of a rock, coming toward the place where they stood,

and muttering to himself something which could not be understood though one were near him, much less at a distance. His dress was such as has been described: only as he drew near, Don Quixote perceived, that a buff doublet he had on, though torn to pieces, still retained the perfume of amber [126]; whence he positively concluded that the person who wore such apparel could not be of the lowest quality. As the youth came up to them, he saluted them with an harsh unmusical accent, but with much civility. Don Quixote returned him the salute with no less complaisance, and alighting from Rocinante, with a genteel air and address advanced to embrace him, and held him for some moments very close between his arms, as if he had been acquainted with him a long time. The other, whom we may call '*the Ragged Knight of the Sorry Figure*,' as Don Quixote of the sorrowful, after he had suffered himself to be embraced, drew back a little, and laying both his hands on Don Quixote's shoulders, stood beholding him, as if to see whether he knew him; in no less admiration, perhaps, at the figure, mien and armour of Don Quixote, than Don Quixote was at the sight of him. In short, the first that spoke after the embracing was the Ragged Knight, and he said what shall be told in the next chapter.

[126] *Coleto de ambar.* This perfumed doublet was called in France, in the seventeenth century, *collet de sentur* or *coellet de fleurs.* (See Montaigne, Book I, chap. XXII, and the notes.)

CHAPTER X.

A CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURE IN THE SIERRA-MORENA.

LISTENING, as the history relates Don Quixote did with great attention to the Ragged Knight of the mountain, the latter began his discourse thus: "Assuredly, Signor, whoever you are, for I do not know you, I am obliged to you for your expressions of civility to me; and I wish it were in my power to serve you with more than my bare good-will for the kind reception you have given me: but my fortune allows me nothing but good wishes to return you for your kind intentions towards me." "Mine," answered Don Quixote, "are to serve you, insomuch that I determined not to quit these mountains until I had found you and learned from your own mouth whether the affliction which, by your leading this strange life, seems to possess you, may admit of any remedy, and if need were, to use all possible diligence to compass it. And though your misfortune were of that sort which keeps the door locked against all kind of comfort, I intended to assist you in bewailing and bemoaning it the best I could; for it is some relief in misfortunes

to find those who pity them. If then you think my intention deserves to be taken kindly, and with any degree of acknowledgement, I beseech you, Sir, by the abundance of civility I see you are possessed of, I conjure you also by whatever in this life you have loved or do love most, to tell me, who you are, and what has brought you hither, to live and die like a brute beast amidst these solitudes; as you seem to intend, by frequenting them in a manner so unbecoming of yourself, if I may judge by your person and what remains of your attire. I swear," added Don Quixote, "by the order of knighthood I have received, though unworthy and a sinner, and by the profession of a knight-errant, if you gratify me in this, to serve you to the utmost of what my profession obliges me to, either in remedying your misfortune, if a remedy may be found, or in assisting you to bewail it, as I have already promised."

The Knight of the Wood, hearing him of the Sorrowful Figure talk in this manner, did nothing but view him and review him, and gaze on him again from head to foot; and when he had surveyed him thoroughly, he said to him: "If you have any thing to give me to eat, give it me for God's sake; and when I have eaten, I will do all you command me, in requital for the good wishes you have expressed toward me." Sancho immediately drew out of his wallet, and the goatherd out of his scrip, some meat, wherewith the Ragged Knight satisfied his hunger, eating what they gave him like a distracted person, so fast, that he took no time between one mouthful and another; for he rather devoured than ate: and while he was eating, neither he nor the by-standers spoke a word. When he had done he made signs to them to follow him, which they did; and he led them to a little green meadow, not far off, at the turning of a rock a little out of the way. Arrived there, he stretched himself along upon the grass, and the rest did the same: and all this without a word spoken, until the Ragged Knight, having settled himself in his place, said: "If you desire, gentlemen, that I should tell you in few words the immensity of my misfortunes, you must promise me not to interrupt, by asking questions or otherwise, the thread of my doleful history; for in the instant you do so, I shall break off, and tell no more." These words brought to Don

Quixote's memory the tale his squire had told him, which by his mistaking the number of the goats that had passed the river, remained still unfinished. But to return to the Ragged Knight; he went on, saying: "I give this caution, because I would pass briefly over the account of my misfortunes; for the bringing them back to my remembrance serves only to add new ones; the fewer questions I am asked, the sooner I shall have finished my story: yet will I not omit any material circumstance, designing entirely to satisfy your desire." Don Quixote promised, in the name of all the rest, it should be so, and upon this assurance he began in the following manner:

"My name is Cardenio; the place of my birth, one of the best cities of all Andalusia; my family noble, my parents rich, my wretchedness so great, that my parents must have lamented it and my relations felt it, without being able to remedy it by all their wealth; for the gifts of fortune seldom avail any thing towards the relief of misfortunes sent from Heaven. In this country there lived an angel of Heaven, on whom love had placed all the glory I could wish for. Such was the beauty of Lucinda, a damsel of as good a family and as rich as myself, but of more good fortune, and less constancy than was due to my honourable intentions. This Lucinda I loved, courted and adored from my childhood and tender years; and she, on her part, loved me with that innocent affection proper to her age. Our parents were not unacquainted with our inclinations and were not displeased at them, foreseeing that if they went on, they could end in nothing but our marriage: a thing pointed out, as it were, by the equality of our birth and circumstances. Our love increased with our years, insomuch that Lucinda's father thought proper, for reasons of decency, to deny me access to his house, imitating, as it were, the parents of that Thisbe so celebrated by the poets. This restraint was only adding flame to flame, and desire to desire; for, though it was in their power to impose silence on our tongues, they could not on our pens, which discover to the person beloved the most hidden secrets of the soul, and that with more freedom than the tongue, for oftentimes the presence of the beloved object disturbs and strikes

mute the most determined intention, and the most resolute tongue. O Heavens! how many billets-doux did I write to her! what charming, what modest answers did I receive! how many sonnets did I pen! how many love-verses indite! in which my soul unfolded all its passion, described its inflamed desires, cherished its remembrances and gave a loose to its wishes. In short, finding myself at my wit's end and my soul languishing with desire of seeing her, I resolved at once to put in execution what seemed to me the most likely means to obtain my desired and deserved reward, namely, to demand her of her father for my lawful wife; which I accordingly did. He answered me: that he thanked me for the inclination I shewed to do him honour in my proposed alliance with his family; but that, my father being alive, it belonged more properly to him to make this demand: for without his full consent and approbation, Lucinda was not a woman to be taken or given by stealth. I returned him thanks for his kind intention, thinking there was reason in what he said, and hoping that my father would come into it as soon as I should break it to him.

"In that hope I went instantly to acquaint my father with my

desires. Upon entering the room where he was, I found him with a letter open in his hand, which he gave me before I spoke a word, saying to me: "By this letter you will see, Cardenio, the inclination Duke Ricardo has to do you service." This Duke Ricardo, gentlemen, as you cannot but know, is a grandee of Spain, whose estate lies in the best part of Andalusia. I took and read the letter, which was so extremely kind, that I judged myself it would be wrong in my father not to comply with what he requested in it. The duke begged that he would send me presently to him, being desirous to place me not as a servant, but as a companion to his eldest son; and he engaged to secure for me a post answerable to the opinion he had of me. I was confounded at reading the letter, and especially when I heard my father say: "Two days hence, Cardenio, you shall

depart, to fulfil the duke's pleasure; and give thanks to God, who is opening you a way to that preferment I know you deserve." To these he added several other expressions, by way of fatherly admonition.

"The time fixed for my departure came: I saw Lucinda the night before and told her all that had passed. I did the same to her father, begging of him to wait a few days, and not to dispose of her until I knew what Duke Ricardo's pleasure was with me. He promised me all I desired; and she, on her part, confirmed it with a thousand vows, with a thousand swoons. I

arrived at length where Duke Ricardo resided; who received and treated me with so much kindness, that envy presently began to do her office, by possessing his old servants with an opinion that every favour the duke conferred upon me was prejudicial to their interests. But the person the most pleased with my being there was a second son of the duke's, called Fernando, a sprightly young gentleman, of a genteel, generous and amorous disposition, who in a short time contracted so intimate a friendship with me, that it became the subject of every body's discourse. Though I had also a great share in the favour and affection of the elder brother, yet they did not come up to that distinguishing manner in which Don Fernando loved and treated me. Now, as there is no secret which is not communicated between friends, and as the intimacy I held with Don Fernando ceased to be barely such by being converted into friendship, he revealed to me all his thoughts, and especially one relating to his being in love, which gave him no small disquiet. He loved a country girl, a vassal of his father's; her parents were

very rich, and she herself was so beautiful, reserved, discreet and modest, that no one who knew her could determine in which of these qualifications she most excelled, or was most accomplished. These perfections of the country-maid raised Don Fernando's desires to such a pitch that he resolved, in order to carry his point and subdue the virtue of the maiden, to give her his promise to marry her: for otherwise it would have been to attempt an impossibility. The obligation I was under to his friendship, put me upon using the best reasons and the most lively examples I could think of, to divert and dissuade him from such a purpose. But finding it was all in vain, I resolved to acquaint his father, Duke Ricardo, with the affair. Don Fernando, being sharp-sighted and artful, suspected and feared no less, knowing that I was obliged, as a faithful servant, not to conceal from my lord and master the duke, a matter so prejudicial to his honour; and therefore, to amuse and deceive me, he said that he knew no better remedy for effacing the remembrance of the beauty that had so captivated him than to absent himself for some months; and this absence, he said, should be effected by our going together to my father's house, under pretence, as he would tell the duke, of seeing and cheapening some very fine horses in our town, which produces the best in the world. Scarcely had I heard him say this, when, prompted by my own love, I approved of his proposal, as one of the best concerted imaginable, and should have done so, had it been less plausible, since it afforded me so good an opportunity of returning to see my dear Lucinda. Upon this motive I came into his opinion, and seconded his design, desiring him to put it in execution as soon as possible; since, probably, absence might have its effect in spite of the strongest inclinations. At the very time he made this proposal to me, he had already, as appeared afterward, enjoyed the maiden under the title of a husband, and only waited for a convenient season to divulge it with safety to himself, being afraid of what the duke his father might do when he should hear of his folly. Now, as love in young men is for the most part nothing but appetite, and as pleasure is its ultimate end, it is terminated by enjoyment; and what seemed to be love vanishes, because it cannot pass the bounds

assigned by nature; whereas true love admits of no limits. I would say, that, when Don Fernando had possessed the country girl, his desires grew faint and his fondness abated: so that in reality, that absence, which he proposed as a remedy for his passion, he only chose in order to avoid what was now no longer agreeable to him. The duke gave him his leave, and ordered me to bear him company.

"We came to my native town, where my father received him according to his quality; I immediately visited Lucinda, and my passion revived, though in truth, it had been neither dead nor asleep. Unfortunately for me, I revealed it to Don Fernando, thinking that, by the laws of friendship, I ought to conceal nothing from him. I expatiated to him, in so lively a manner, on the beauty, good humour and discretion of Lucinda, that my praises excited in him a desire of seeing a damsel endowed with such fine accomplishments. I complied with it to my misfortune, and shewed her to him one night by the light of a taper at a window, where we two used to converse together. She appeared to him, though in an undress, so charming as to blot out of his memory all the beauties he had ever seen before. He was struck dumb, he lost all sense, he was transported; in short, he fell in love to such a degree as will appear by the sequel of the story of my misfortunes. And the more to inflame his desire, which he concealed from me and disclosed to Heaven alone, fortune so ordered it that he one day found a letter of her's to me, desiring me to demand her of her father in marriage, so ingenious, so modest and so full of tenderness, that when he had read it, he declared to me that he thought in Lucinda alone were united all the graces of beauty and good sense which are dispersed and divided among the rest of her sex. True it is, I confess it now, that though I knew what just grounds Don Fernando had to commend Lucinda, I was grieved to hear those commendations from his mouth and I began justly to fear and suspect him. In effect he was every moment talking about this Lucinda, and would begin the discourse himself, though he brought it in ever so abruptly: this awakened in me I know not what jealousy; and though I did not fear any change in the goodness and fidelity of Lucinda, yet I could not but dread the very thing they secured

me against. Don Fernando constantly procured a sight of the letters I wrote to Lucinda, and her answers, under pretence that he was mightily pleased with the wit of both. One day it happened that Lucinda, who was very fond of books of chivalry, having desired me to lend her that of *Amadis de Gaule*.—"

No sooner did Don Quixote hear him mention books of chivalry, than he said: "Had you told me, Sir, in the beginning of your story, that the lady Lucinda was fond of reading books of chivalry, there would have needed no other exaggeration to convince me of the sublimity of her understanding, which could never have been so excellent as you have described it had she wanted a relish for such savoury reading. So that with respect to me, it is needless to waste more words in vaunting her beauty, worth and understanding; since from only knowing her taste, I pronounce her to be the most beautiful and the most ingenious woman in the world. I wish, Sir, that, together with *Amadis de Gaule*, you had sent her the good *Don Rugel of Greece;* for I know that the lady Lucinda will be highly delighted with Daraïda and Garaya, [127] and the witty conceits of the shepherd Darinel; also with those admirable verses of his Bucolics, which he sung and repeated with so much good humour, wit and freedom; but the time may come when this fault may be amended; and the reparation may be made, as soon as ever you will be pleased, Sir, to come with me to our town; where I can furnish you with more than three hundred books, that are the delight of my soul and the entertainment of my life; though, upon second thoughts, I have not one of them left, thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanters. Pardon me, Sir, the having given you this interruption, contrary to what I promised; but when I hear of matters of chivalry and knights-errant, I can as well forbear talking of them as the beams of the sun can cease to give heat, or those of the moon to moisten. So excuse me, and go on; for that is of most importance to us at present."

While Don Quixote was saying all this, Cardenio hung down his head upon his breast, with all the signs of being profoundly thoughtful. Though Don Quixote twice desired him to continue

[127] Personages in the *Chronicle of Don Florisel de Niquea*, by Feliciano de Silva.

his story, he neither lifted up his head, nor answered a word. But after some time, he raised it and said: "I cannot get it out of my mind, nor can any one persuade me to the contrary, and he must be a blockhead who understands or believes otherwise, than that that great villain, master Elisabat[128]; lay with queen Madasima."

"It is false, I swear," answered Don Quixote, in great wrath; "it is extreme malice, or rather villany to say so. Queen Madasima was a very noble lady, and it is not to be presumed, that so high a princess should lie with a quack. Whoever pretends she did, lies like a very great rascal; and I will make him know it on foot or on horseback, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or how he pleases." Cardenio sat looking at him very attentively, and the mad fit being already come upon him, he was in no condition to prosecute his story; neither would Don Quixote have heard him, so disgusted was he at what he had heard of Madasima. How strange it was to see him take her part with as much earnestness, as if she had really been his true and natural princess, so far had his misleading books turned his head.

Cardenio then, being now mad, and hearing himself called liar and villain, with other such opprobrious words, did not like the jest; and catching up a stone that lay close by him, he gave Don Quixote such a thump with it on the breast, that it tumbled him down backward. Sancho Panza, seeing his master handled in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fist; and the Ragged Knight received him in such sort, that with one blow he laid him along at his feet; and presently getting upon him, he pounded his ribs, much to his own heart's content. The goatherd, who endeavoured to defend him, fared little better, and when he had beaten and threshed them all, he left them, and very quietly marched off to his haunts amidst the rocks. Sancho got up in a rage to find himself so roughly handled, and so undeservedly withal; and was for taking his revenge on the goatherd, telling him, he was in fault for not having given them warning that this man had his mad fits; for had they known as much they should have been aware, and upon their guard. The goatherd

[128] Amadis of Gaul's surgeon.

answered that he had already given them notice of it, and that if he had not heard it the fault was none of his. Sancho Panza replied, the goatherd rejoined; and the replies and rejoinders ended in their taking one another by the beard, and cuffing one another so that if Don Quixote had not made peace between them they would have beaten one another to pieces. Sancho, still keeping fast hold of the goatherd, said: "Let me alone, sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure; for, this fellow being a bumpkin like myself, and not dubbed a knight, I may very safely revenge myself on him for the injury he has done me, by fighting with him hand to hand, like a man of honour." "True," said Don Quixote; "but I know that he is not to blame for what has happened." Herewith he pacified them; and Don Quixote enquired again of the goatherd, whether it were possible to find out Cardenio; for he had a mighty desire to learn the end of his story. The goatherd told him, as at first, that he did not certainly know his haunts; but that if he walked thereabouts pretty much, he would not fail to meet him, either in or out of his senses.

CHAPTER XI.

WHICH TREATS OF THE STRANGE THINGS THAT BEFEL THE VALIANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA IN THE SIERRA-MORENA; AND HOW HE IMITATED THE PENANCE OF BELTENEBROS.

DON Quixote took his leave of the goatherd, and mounting again on Rocinante, commanded Sancho to follow him, which he did with a very ill will. They jogged on softly, entering into the most craggy part of the mountain; and Sancho was ready to burst, for want of some talk with his master, but would fain have had him begin the discourse, that he might not break through what he had enjoined him; but not being able to endure so long a silence, he said to him: "Signor Don Quixote, be pleased to give me your worship's blessing, and my dismissal. I will get me home to my wife and children, with whom I shall at least have the privilege of talking, and speaking my mind; for to desire me to bear your worship company through these solitudes, night and day, without suffering me to talk when I list, is to bury me alive. If fate had

ordered it that beasts should talk now, as they did in the days of Issop it had not been quite so bad; since I might then have communed with my ass[129] as I pleased, and thus have forgotten my ill-fortune. But it is very hard, and not to be borne with patience, for a man to ramble about all his life in quest of adventures, and to meet with nothing but kicks and cuffs, tossings in a blanket and brick-bat bangs, and with all this, to sew up his mouth, and not dare to utter what he has in his heart, as if he were dumb."—"I understand you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "you are impatient until I take off the embargo I have laid on your tongue; suppose it taken off, and say what you will, upon condition that this revocation is to last no longer than whilst we are strolling among these craggy rocks."—"Be it so," said Sancho; "let me talk now, for God knows what will be hereafter. And so, beginning to enjoy the benefit of this licence I ask what your worship had to do to stand up so warmly for that same queen Magimasa, or what's her name? or what was it to the purpose whether that abbot was her gallant or no. If you had let that pass, seeing you were not his judge, I verily believe the madman would have gone on with his story, and you would have escaped the thump with the stone, I the kicks and above half a dozen buffets."

"In faith, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "if you did but know, as I do, how honourable and how excellent a lady queen Madasima was, I am certain you would own I had a great deal of patience that I did not dash to pieces the mouth out of which such blasphemies issued. For it is very great blasphemy to say, or even to think, that a queen should be mistress to a barber-surgeon. The truth of the story is, that that same master Elisabat whom the madman spoke of, was a very prudent man, of very sound judgment, and he served as tutor and physician to the queen: but to think she was his paramour, is an impertinence that deserves to be severely chastised. To shew you that Cardenio did not know what he said, you may remember, that when he said it he was out of his wits." "So say I," quoth Sancho; "and therefore no account should have been

[129] Vide note 123, *antè* page 250.

made of his words; for, if good fortune had not been your friend, and the flint-stone had been directed at your head, as it was at your breast, we had been in a fine condition for standing up in defence of that dear lady, whom God confound. Besides, do you think Cardenio, if he had killed you, would not have come off as being a madman?"—"A knight-errant," answered Don Quixote, "is obliged to defend the honour of women, be they what they will, both against men in their senses, and those out of them; how much more then should he stand up in defence of queens of such high degree and worth, as was queen Madasima, for whom I have a particular affection, on account of her good parts; as, besides being extremely beautiful, she was very prudent, and very patient in her afflictions, of which she had many. The counsels and company of master Elisabat were of great use and comfort to her, in helping her to bear her sufferings with prudence and patience. Hence the ignorant and evil-minded vulgar took occasion to say and think that she was his paramour. I say again they lie, and will lie two hundred times more, all who shall dare to say or think her so."—"I neither say nor think so," answered Sancho; "let those who say it eat the lie; and swallow it with their bread. Whether they were guilty or not they have given an account to God before now. I come from my vineyard, I know nothing; I am no friend to enquiring into other men's lives; for he that buys and lies, shall find the lie left in his purse behind. Besides, naked was I born, and naked I remain; I neither win nor lose. If they were guilty what is that to me? Many think to find bacon, where there is not so much as a pin to hang it on; but who can hedge in the cuckoo; especially, do they spare even God himself." "God be my aid!" quoth Don Quixote, "what parcel of impertinences are you stringing! what has the subject we are upon, to do with the proverbs you are threading like beads! Pr'ythee, Sancho, hold your tongue, and henceforth mind spurring your ass, and forbear meddling with what does not concern you; understand, with all your five senses, that whatever I have done, do or shall do, is highly reasonable, and exactly comformable to the rules of chivalry, which I am better acquainted with than all the knights who have professed it in the world."—"Sir," replied Sancho,

"is it a good rule of chivalry that we go wandering through these mountains, without path or road, in quest of a madman, who, when he is found, may have a mind to finish what he begun, not his story, but the breaking of your head, and my ribs?" "Peace, Sancho, I say once again," said Don Quixote; "for know, that it is not barely the desire of finding the madman that brings me to these parts, but the intention I have to perform an exploit in them whereby I shall acquire a perpetual fame and renown over the face of the whole earth: in a word, one that shall set the seal to all that can render a knight-errant complete and famous." "And is the same exploit a very dangerous one?" quoth Sancho Panza. "No," answered he of the Sorrowful Figure; "though the die may chance to run so that we may have an unlucky throw; but the whole will depend upon your diligence." "Upon my diligence!" quoth Sancho. "Yes," said Don Quixote, "for if you return speedily from the place whither I intend to send you, my pain will be soon over, and my glory will presently commence. But as it is not expedient to keep you any longer in suspense, waiting to know what my discourse drives on, understand, Sancho, that the famous Amadis of Gaul was one of the most complete knights-errant: I should not have said one of them, he was the sole, the principal, the only one, in short the prince of all that were in his time in the world. A fig for Don Belianis, and for all those who say he equalled him in any thing! for I swear they are mistaken. I say also, that if a painter would be famous in his art, he must endeavour to copy after the originals of the most excellent masters he knows. The same rule holds good for all other arts and sciences, that serve as ornaments of the commonwealth. In like manner, whoever aspires to the character of prudent and patient, must imitate Ulysses, in whose persons and toils Homer draws a lively picture of prudence and patience; as Virgil also does of a pious son and a valiant and expert captain, in the person of Æneas; not delineating or describing them as they really were, but as they ought to be, in order to serve as patterns of virtue to succeeding generations. In this very manner was Amadis, the polar, the morning star and the sun of all valiant and enamoured knights, and he whom all we who are united under the banners of love and chivalry,

ought to follow. This being so, friend Sancho, the knight-errant who imitates him the most nearly, will, I take it, stand the fairest chance to arrive at the perfection of chivalry. One circumstance, in which this knight most eminently discovered his prudence, worth, courage, patience, constancy and love, was his retiring, when disdained by the lady Oriana, to do penance in the Poor Rock, changing his name to that of Beltenebros; a name most certainly significant, and proper for the life he had voluntarily chosen. [130] Now, it is easier for me to copy after him in this, than in cleaving giants, beheading andriaques, [131] slaying dragons, routing armies, shattering fleets and dissolving enchantments. And since this place is so well adapted for the purpose, there is no reason why I should let slip the opportunity which now so commodiously offers me its forelock." "In effect," quoth Sancho, "what is it your worship intends to do in so remote a place as this?" "Have I not told you," answered Don Quixote, "that I design to imitate Amadis, acting here the desperado, the senseless and the madman; at the same time copying the valiant Don Orlando, when he found by the side of a fountain some indications that Angelica the Fair had dishonoured herself with Medoro: at grief whereof he ran mad, tore up trees by the roots, disturbed the waters of the crystal springs, slew shepherds,

[130] *Amadis de Gaul* chap. 21, 40 and following.
[131] In Amadis de Gaul (chap. 75) is the description of an Andriaque born of the incestuous amours of the giant Bandaguido with his own daughter.

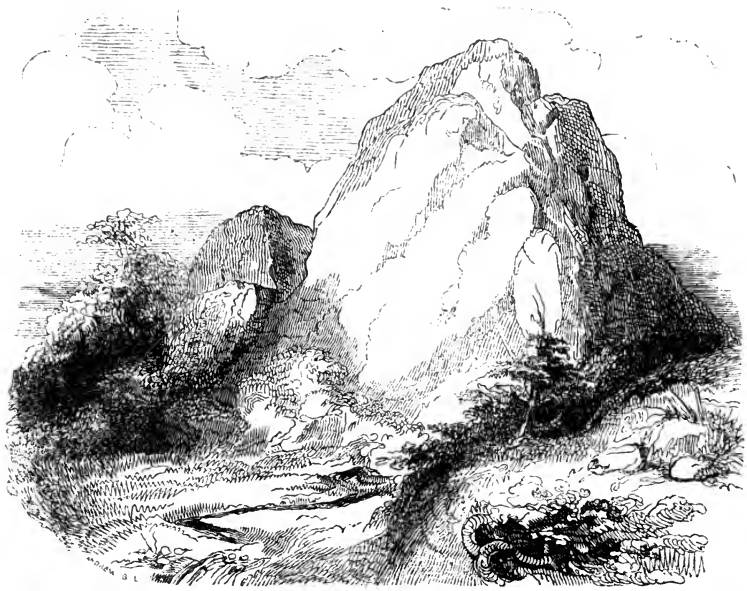
destroyed flocks, fired cottages, demolished houses, dragged mares on the ground, and did an hundred thousand other extravagances worthy to be recorded, and had in eternal remembrance. [132] And, supposing that I do not intend to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotolando, for he had all these three names, in every point, and in all the mad things he acted, said, or thought, I will make a sketch of them the best I can, in what I judge the most essential. Perhaps, I may satisfy myself with only copying Amadis, who, without playing any mischievous pranks, by weepings and tendernesses arrived to as great fame as the best of them all." "It seems to me," quoth Sancho, "that the knights, who acted in such manner, were provoked to it, and had a reason for doing these follies and penances. But pray what cause has your worship to run mad? What lady has disdained you? or what tokens have you discovered to convince you, that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso has committed folly either with Moor or Christian?" "There lies the point," answered Don Quixote, "and in this consists the finesse of my affair. A knight-errant, who runs mad upon a just occasion, deserves no thanks; but to do so without reason is the business, giving my lady to understand what I should perform in the warm, if I do this in the cold. How much rather, since I have cause enough given me by being so long absent from my ever-honoured lady Dulcinea del Toboso? for, as you have heard from that whilome shepherd Ambrosio, 'The absent feel and fear every ill.' So that, friend Sancho, do not waste time in counselling me to quit so rare, so happy, and so unheard-of an imitation. Mad I am, and mad I must be, until you return with an answer to a letter I intend to send by you to my lady Dulcinea: and if it prove such as my fidelity deserves, my madness and my penance will be at an end: but if it prove the contrary, I shall be mad in earnest; and being so, shall feel nothing. Thus, what answer soever she returns, I must get out of the conflict and pain wherein you leave me, either enjoying the good you shall bring, if in my senses; or not feeling the ill you bring, if out of them. But tell me, Sancho, have you taken care of Mambrino's helmet. I saw you take it off the ground, when that graceless fellow would have

[132] *Orlando furioso*, cantos 23 and following.

broken it to pieces, but could not; whence you may perceive the excellence of its temper." To this Sancho answered: "As God liveth, sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, I cannot endure nor bear with patience some things your worship says; they are enough to make me think, that all you tell me of chivalry, and of winning kingdoms and empires, of bestowing islands, and doing other favours and mighty things according to the custom of knights-errant, must be mere vapour and a lie, and all friction or fiction, or how do you call it? For to hear you say that a barber's basin is Mambrino's helmet, and that you cannot be beaten out of this error in several days, what can one think, but that he who says and affirms such a thing must be addle-brained? I have the basin in my wallet, all battered, and I carry it to get it mended at home, for the use of my beard, if Heaven be so gracious to me, as to restore me one time or other to my wife and children." "Behold, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I swear likewise, that thou hast the shallowest brain that any squire ever had in the world. Is it possible that, in all the time you have gone about with me, you do not perceive that all matters relating to knights-errant appear chimeras, follies and extravagancies, and seem all done by the rule of contraries? Not that they are in reality so, but because there is a crew of enchanters always about us, who alter and disguise all our matters, and turn them according to their own pleasure, and as they are inclined to favour or distress us. Hence it is that this, which appears to you but a barber's basin, appears to me Mambrino's helmet, and to another will perhaps appear something else. It was a singular foresight of the sage my friend, to make that appear to every body to be a basin, which really and truly is Mambrino's helmet; because, being of so great value, all the world would prosecute me, in order to take it from me; but seeing that they take it for nothing but a barber's basin, they do not trouble themselves to get it. This was evident in him who endeavoured to break it, and left it on the ground without carrying it off: for in faith, had he known what it was he would never have left it. Take care of it, friend; for I have no need of it at present: I rather think of putting off all my armour, and being naked as I was

born, in case I should have more mind to imitate Orlando in my penance, than Amadis."

While they were thus discoursing, they arrived at the foot of a steep rock, which stood prominently among several others that surrounded it, as if it had been hewn out from the rest. By its



skirts ran a gentle stream, and it was encircled by a meadow so verdant and fertile, that it delighted the eyes of all who beheld it. There grew about it several forest-trees, and some plants and flowers, which added greatly to the pleasantness of the place. This was the scene in which the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure chose to perform his penance. Upon viewing it, he thus broke out in a loud voice as if he had been beside himself: "This is the place, O ye Heavens, which I select and appoint for bewailing the misfortune in which you have involved me. This is the spot where my flowing tears shall increase the waters of the crystal rivulet, and my continual and profound sighs shall incessantly move the leaves of these lofty trees, in testimony and token of the pain my persecuted heart endures. O ye rural deities, whoever ye be that inhabit these

remote deserts, give ear to the complaints of an unhappy lover, whom long absence and some pangs of jealousy, have driven to bewail himself among these craggy rocks, and to complain of the cruelty of that ungrateful fair, the utmost extent and ultimate perfection of all human beauty. O ye Wood-Nymphs and Dryads, who are accustomed to inhabit the closest recesses of the mountains, may the nimble and lascivious satyrs by whom you are beloved in vain never disturb your sweet repose, assist me to lament my hard fate, or at least be not weary of hearing my moan! O Dulcinea del Toboso! light of my darkness, glory of my pain, the north-star of my travels, the overruling planet of my fortune, may Heaven prosper you in whatever you pray for! consider, I beseech you, the place and state to which your absence has reduced me, and how well you return what is due to my fidelity. O ye solitary trees, who from henceforth, are to be the companions of my retirement, wave gently your branches, in token of your kind acceptance of my person. [133] And, O thou, my squire, agreeable companion in my most prosperous and adverse fortune, carefully imprint in thy memory what thou shalt see me here perform, that thou mayest recount and recite it to her, who is the sole cause of it all!" Saying this, he alighted from Rocinante, and in an instant, took off his bridle and saddle; then giving him a slap on the haunch, he said to him: "O steed! as excellent for thy performances as unfortunate by thy fate, he gives thee liberty who wants it himself. Go whither thou wilt; for thou hast it written in thy forehead that neither Astolpho's hippogriff, nor the famous Frontino which cost Bradamante [134] so dear, could match thee in speed!"

Sancho, observing all this, said: "God's peace be with him who saved us the trouble of unpannelling my donkey, for in faith, he should not have wanted a slap nor a speech in his praise. But if he were here, I would not consent to his being unpannelled, there being no occasion for it. He had nothing to do with love or despair, any more than I, who was once his master, when it so pleased God.

[133] A burlesque imitation of the invocation of Albanio in the second eclogue of Garcilaso de la Vega.

[134] *Orlando furioso.* Canto 4, etc.

And truly, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, if it be so, that my departure and your madness go on in earnest, it will be needful to saddle Rocinante again, that he may supply the loss of my ass, and save me time in going and coming; for if I go on foot, I know not when I shall get thither, nor when return, being in truth a sorry footman."—"Be it as you will," answered Don Quixote; "for I do not disapprove your project; and I say you shall depart within three days, for I intend in that time to shew you what I do and say for her, that you may tell it her."—"What have I more to see," quoth Sancho, "than what I have already seen?"—"You are very far from being perfect in the story," answered Don Quixote; "for I have not yet torn my garments, scattered my arms about, and dashed my head against these rocks, with other things of the like sort, that will strike you with admiration."—"For the love of God," said Sancho, "have a care how you give yourself those knocks; for you may chance to light upon such an unlucky point of a rock, that at the first dash you may dissolve the whole machine of this penance. I should think, since your worship is of opinion that knocks of the head are necessary, and that this work cannot be done without them, you might content yourself, being all a fiction, a counterfeit and a sham, I say you might content yourself with running your head against water, or some soft thing, such as cotton; and leave it to me to tell my lady that you dashed your head against the point of a rock harder than that of a diamond."—"I thank you for your good will, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "but I would have you to know that all these things that I do are not in jest, but very good earnest; for otherwise it would be to transgress the rules of chivalry, which enjoin us to tell no lie at all on pain of being punished as apostates; and the doing one thing for another is the same as lying. Therefore my knocks on the head must be real, substantial and sound ones, without equivocation or mental reservation. However, it will be necessary to leave me some lint to heal me, since fortune will have it that we have lost the balsam." "It was worse to lose the ass," answered Sancho; "for in losing him we lost lint and every thing else. I beseech your worship not to put me in mind of that cursed drench;

for at barely hearing it mentioned my very soul is turned upside-down, to say nothing of my stomach. As for the three days allowed me for seeing the mad pranks you are to perform, make account, I beseech you, that they are already passed. I take them all for granted, and will tell wonders to my lady; but do you write the letter, and dispatch me quickly, for I long to come back, and release your worship from this purgatory wherein I leave you." "Purgatory, do you call it?" said Don Quixote. "Call it rather hell, or worse, if any thing can be worse."—"I have heard say," quoth Sancho, "that of hell *nulla est retentio*.[135]"—"I know not," said Don Quixote, "what *retentio* means." "*Retentio*," answered Sancho, "means, that he, who is once in hell, never does nor ever can get out. But it will be quite the reverse with your worship, or it shall go hard with my heels, if I have but spurs to awaken Rocinante. Let me but once get to Toboso, and into the presence of my lady Dulcinea, and I warrant you I will tell her such a story of the foolish and mad things, for they are all no better, which your worship has done, and is doing, that I shall bring her to be as supple as a glove, though I find her harder than a cork-tree; with whose sweet and honeyed answer I will return through the air like a witch, and fetch your worship out of this purgatory, which seems a hell, but is not, because there is hope to get out of it; which, as I have said, none can have that are really in, nor do I believe you will say otherwise."

"That is true," answered he of the Sorrowful Figure. "But how shall we contrive to write the letter?" "And the ass-colt bill," added Sancho. "Nothing shall be omitted," said Don Quixote. "And since we have no paper, we shall do well to write it, as the ancients did, on the leaves of trees, or on tablets of wax; though it will be as difficult to meet with these at present, as with paper. But now I recollect, it may be as well, or rather better, to write it in Cardenio's pocket-book. You must take care to get it fairly transcribed upon paper in the first town you come to, where there is a schoolmaster; or if there be none, any parish-clerk will do it

[135] In inferno nulla est redemptio.

for you: but be sure you give it to no hackney writer of the law, for the devil himself will never be able to read their confounded court-hand." "What must we do about the signing it with your own hand;" said Sancho. "Billet-doux are never subscribed," answered Don Quixote. "Very well," replied Sancho; "but the warrant for the colts must of necessity be signed by yourself; for, if that be copied, people will say the signing is counterfeited, and I shall be forced to go without the colts." "The warrant shall be signed in the same pocket-book; and at sight of it, my niece will make no difficulty to comply with it. As to what concerns the love-letter, let it be subscribed thus: '*Yours, until death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.*' And it is no great matter if it be in another hand; for, by what I remember, Dulcinea can neither write nor read, nor has she ever seen a letter or writing of mine in her whole life; for our loves have always been of the platonic kind, extending no farther than to modest looks at one another; and even those so very rarely, that I dare truly swear, in twelve years during which I have loved her more than the sight of these eyes, which the earth must one day devour, I have not seen her four times; and perhaps of these four times, she may not have once perceived that I looked at her. Such is the reserve and strictness with which her father, Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother, Aldonza Nogalès, have brought her up."

"Hey-day!" quoth Sancho, "what, the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo!—Is she the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, alias Aldonza Lorenzo?"—"It is even she," said Don Quixote? "and she who deserves to be mistress of the universe."—"I know her well," quoth Sancho, "and I can assure you she will pitch the bar with the stoutest swain in the parish. Long live the giver! Why she is a mettled lass, tall, straight and vigorous, and can make her part good with any knight-errant that shall have her for a mistress. O the jade! what a pair of lungs and a voice she has! I remember she got one day upon the church-steeple, to call some young ploughmen who were in the field of her father's, and though they were half a league off, they heard her as plainly as if they had stood at the foot of the tower. And the best of her is, that she is not at

all coy; for she has much of the courtier in her, and makes a jest and a may-game of every body. I say then, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, that you not only may and ought to run mad for her, but also you may justly despair and hang yourself, and nobody that hears it, but will say you did extremely well, though the devil should carry you away. I would fain be gone, if it were only to see her; for I have not seen her this many a day, and by this time she must needs be altered; for it mightily spoils women's faces to be always abroad in the field, exposed to the sun and weather. And I confess to your worship, Signor Don Quixote, that hitherto I have been in a great error; for I thought for certain that the lady Dulcinea was some great princess with whom you were in love, or at least some person of such great quality as to deserve the rich presents you have sent her, as well that of the Biscayan, as that of the galley-slaves; and many others there must have been,

considering the many victories you had gained before I came to be your squire. But, all things considered, what good can it do the lady Aldonza Lorenzo, I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, to have the vanquished, whom your worship sends or may send, fall upon their knees before her?—For who knows but, at the time they arrive, she may be carding flax, or threshing in the barn, and they may be ashamed to see her, and she may laugh, or be disgusted at the present." "I have often told thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that thou art an eternal babbler, and though void of wit, your bluntness often occasions smarting; but to convince you at once of your folly and my discretion, I will tell you a short story.

"Know then that a certain widow, handsome, young, gay and rich, and withal no prude, fell in love with a young, strapping, well set lay-brother. His superior heard of it, and one day took occasion to say to the good widow, by way of brotherly reprehension: "I wonder, madam, and not without great reason, that a woman of such quality, so beautiful and so rich, should fall in love with such a despicable, mean, silly fellow, when there are in this house, so many graduates, dignitaries and divines, among whom you might pick and choose, as you would among pears, and say: 'this I like, that I do not like'." But she answered him, with great frankness and good-humour: "You are much mistaken, worthy Sir, and think altogether in the old fashioned way, if you imagine that I have made an ill choice in that fellow, how silly soever he may appear; as for the purpose I intend him, he knows as much or more philosophy than Aristotle himself." In like manner, Sancho, Dulcinea del Toboso, for the purpose I intend her, deserves as highly as the greatest princess on earth. The poets, who have celebrated the praises of ladies under fictitious names imposed at pleasure, had not all of them real mistresses. Thinkest thou that the Amaryllises, the Phyllises, the Silvias, the Dianas, the Galateas, the Alices and the like, of whom books, ballads, barbers' shops and stage plays are full, were really mistresses of flesh and blood to those who have celebrated them? No, certainly; they are for the most part feigned, on purpose to be the subjects of their verse, and to make the authors pass for men of gallant and amorous

dispositions.[136] Therefore it is sufficient that I think and believe that the good Aldonza Lorenzo is beautiful and chaste. As to her lineage, it matters not, for there needs no enquiry about it, as if she were to receive some order of knighthood;* and for my part, I make account that she is the greatest princess in the world. You must know, Sancho, if you do not know it already, that two things above all others, incite to love: namely, beauty and reputation. Now both these are to be found in perfection in Dulcinea; for in beauty, none can be compared to her, and for a good name, few can come near her. To conclude, I imagine that every thing is exactly as I say, without addition or diminution; and I represent her to my thoughts just as I wish her to be, both in beauty and quality. Helen is not comparable to her, nor is she excelled by Lucretia, or any other of the famous women of antiquity, whether Grecian, Latin, or barbarian. Let every one say what he pleases; for if upon this account I am blamed by the ignorant, I shall not be censured by the most severe judges."—"Your worship," replied, Sancho "is always in the right and I am an ass. But why do I mention an ass, for one ought not to talk of an halter in his house who was hanged. But give me the letter, and God be with you; for I am upon the wing."

Don Quixote pulled out Cardenio's pocket-book, and stepping aside, began very gravely to write the letter. When he had done, he called Sancho, and said he would read it to him, that he might have it by heart if he should chance to lose it by the way; for every thing was to be feared from his ill-fortune. "Write it Sir," answered Sancho, "two or three times in the book, and give it me, and I will carry it carefully; but to think that I can carry it in my memory is a folly. My memory is so bad that I often forget my own name. Nevertheless, read it to me; I shall be glad to hear it, for it must needs be a clever one." "Listen then," said Don Quixote, "for it runs thus:—

[136] The poets, however, did not always celebrate imaginary beauties, and without recurring to the Beatrice of Dante or to the Laura of Petrarch, we may instance, in Spain, the Diana of Montemayor and the Galatea of Cervantes himself.

* Knights of Malta must be noble by father and mother for five generations, &c. For other honours, it is reqnired that they be old Catholics, without any mixture of Moorish or Jewish blood.

"DON QUIXOTE TO DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

"High and Sovereign Lady,

"The stabbed by the point of absence, and the pierced to the heart, O sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, wishes you that health which he does not enjoy himself. If your beauty despises me, if your worth profits me nothing, and if your disdain still pursues me, though I am inured to suffering, I shall ill support an affliction, which is not only violent, but the more durable for being so. My good squire Sancho will give you a full account, O ungrateful fair! O beloved enemy! of the condition I am in for your sake. If it please you to relieve me, I am yours; if not, do what seems good to you, for by my death, I shall at once satisfy your cruelty and my own passion.

"Yours until death,

"THE KNIGHT OF THE SORROWFUL FIGURE."

"By the soul of my father," cried Sancho, when he had heard the letter read, "it is the toppingest thing I ever heard. Odds my life! how curiously your worship expresses in it whatever you please! and how excellently do you close all with *the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure!* Verily, your worship is the devil himself; and there is nothing but what you know." "My profession," answered Don Quixote, "requires me to understand every thing." "Well then," said Sancho, "pray clap on the other side the leaf, the bill for the three ass-colts, and sign it very plain, that people may know your hand at first sight."—"With all my heart," said Don Quixote. And having written it, he read as follows:

"Dear niece, at sight of this my first bill of ass-colts [137], give order that three of the five I left at home in your custody be delivered to Sancho Panza, my squire; which three colts I order to be delivered and paid for the like number received of him here in tale; and this, with his acquittance, shall be your discharge. Done* in the heart of the Sierra-Morena, the 27th of August, this present year."

[137] It is doubtless unnecessary to remark that. to augment the absurdity of this draft, Don Quixote employs the commercial form.

* The king of Spain writes, "Done at our court," &c. as the king of England does, "Given," &c.

"It is mighty well," said Sancho; "pray sign it." "It wants no signature," said Don Quixote; "I need only put my cipher to it, which is the same thing, and is sufficient, not only for three asses, but for three hundred." "I rely upon your worship," answered Sancho: "let me go and saddle Rocinante, and prepare to give me your blessing; for I intend to depart immediately, without staying to see the follies you are about to commit; and I will relate that I saw you act so many that she can desire no more." "At least, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I would have you see, nay, it is necessary, that you should see me naked, and do a dozen or two of mad pranks. I will dispatch them in less than half an hour; and having seen these with your own eyes, you may safely swear to those you intend to add; for assure yourself, you will not relate so many as I intend to perform." "For the love of God, dear Sir," quoth Sancho, "let me not see your worship naked; for it will move my compassion too much, and I shall not be able to forbear weeping; and my head aches so much from last night's grief for the loss of my poor donkey, that I am in no condition to begin new lamentations. If your worship has a mind I should be an eye-witness of some mad pranks, pray do them clothed, and with brevity, and let them be such as will stand you in most stead; and the rather, because for me there needed nothing of all this, and as I said before, it is but delaying my return with the news your worship so much desires and deserves. If otherwise, let the lady Dulcinea prepare herself; for if she does not answer as she should do, I protest solemnly that I will fetch it out of her stomach by dint of kicks and buffets; for it is not to be endured that so famous a knight-errant as your worship should run mad, without why or wherefore, for a——Let not madam provoke me to speak out; by Heaven I will split and out with all to her face. I am pretty good at this sport. She does not know me: if she did, in faith she would fast me like the vigil of a saint [138]." "In troth, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "to all appearance you are as mad as myself." "Not quite so mad," answered Sancho, "but a little more choleric.

[138] A Spanish expression, signifying, She would respect me.

But setting aside all this, what is it your worship is to eat until my return? Are you to go upon the highway to rob the shepherds, like Cardenio?" "Trouble not yourself about that," answered Don Quixote: "though I were provided, I would eat nothing but herbs and fruits, which this meadow and these trees will afford me. The object of my affair consists in not eating, and other austerities." Then Sancho said: "Do you know, Sir, what I fear? that I shall not be able to find the way again to this place where I leave you, it is so concealed." "Observe well the marks, for I will endeavour to be hereabouts," said Don Quixote: "and I will moreover take care to get to the top of some of the highest cliffs, to see if I can discover you when you return. But the surest way not to miss me, nor lose yourself, will be to cut down some boughs off the many broom-shrubs that are here and there, and strew them as you go on,

until you get down into the plain. These branches will serve as land-marks and tokens to find me by at your return, in imitation of Perseus's [139] clue to the labyrinth."

"I will do so," answered Sancho Panza. And having cut down several, he begged his master's blessing, and not without many tears on both sides, took his leave of him. Mounting upon Rocinante, of whom Don Quixote gave him an especial charge, desiring him to be as careful of him as of his own proper person, he rode towards the plain, strewing broom-boughs here and there as his master had directed him; and so away he went, though Don Quixote still importuned him to stay and see him perform though it were but a couple of mad pranks. But he had not gone above a hundred paces, when he turned back, and said: "Your worship, Sir, said

[139] Don Quixote should have said Theseus.

very well that in order to my being able to swear with a safe conscience that I have seen you do mad tricks, it would be proper I should at least see you do one; though in truth I have seen a very great one already, in your staying here." "Did I not tell you so?" quoth Don Quixote: "stay but a moment, Sancho, I will dispatch them in less than a *credo*.*" Then stripping off his breeches in all haste, he remained naked from the waist downwards, and covered only with the tail of his shirt; and presently, without more ado, he cut a couple of capers in the air, and a brace of tumbles, head down and heels up, which made Sancho turn Rocinante about, not to see the extravagance a second time; and fully satisfied him, that he might safely swear his master was stark mad. We will now leave him going on his way until his return, which was speedy.

*The credo is so soon run over in the Catholic countries, that the repeating it is the usual proverb for brevity.

CHAPTER XII.

A CONTINUATION OF THE REFINEMENT PRACTISED BY DON QUIXOTE AS A LOVER IN THE SIERRA-MORENA.

NTERTAINING as well as instructive, the history, turning to recount what the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure did when he found himself alone, informs us that Don Quixote, having finished his tumbles and gambols, naked from the middle downward and clothed from the middle upward, and perceiving that Sancho was gone without caring to see any more of his foolish pranks, got upon the top of a high rock, and there began to think again of what he had often thought before, without ever coming to any resolution. This was to resolve which of the two was best and would stand him in most stead, to imitate Orlando in his extravagant madness, or Amadis in his melancholic moods. Talking to himself, he said. "If Orlando was so good and valiant a knight as every body allows he was, what wonder is it, since in short he was enchanted, and nobody could kill him but by thrusting a needle into the sole of his foot; and therefore he always wore shoes with six soles of iron[140]. These contrivances, however, stood him in no stead against Bernardo del Carpio, who

[140] It was Ferragus who wore seven sheets of iron over his stomach. (*Orlando furioso*, Canto 12.)

knew the secret, and pressed him to death between his arms, in Roncevalles. But setting aside his valour, let us come to his losing his wits, which it is certain he did, in consequence of finding certain tokens in the forest, and of the news brought him by the shepherd, that Angelica had slept more than two afternoons with Medoro, a little Moor with curled locks, and page to Agramant [141]. If he knew this to be true, and that his lady had played him false, he did no great matter in running mad. But how can I imitate him in his madness, if I do not imitate him in the occasion of them? for I dare swear, my Dulcinea del Toboso never saw the shadow of a Moor in all her life, and that she is this day as her mother that bore her. I should do her a manifest wrong, if, suspecting her, I should run mad of the same kind of madness with that of Orlando Furioso. On the other side, I see that Amadis de Gaul, without losing his wits, and without acting the madman, acquired the reputation of a lover, as much as the best of them. For as the history has it, finding himself disdained by his lady Oriana, who commanded him not to appear in her presence until it was her pleasure, he only retired to the Poor Rock, accompanied by a hermit, and there wept his belly-full until Heaven came to his relief, in the midst of his trouble and his excessive anguish. If this be true, as it really is, why should I take the pains to strip myself stark naked, or grieve these trees that never did me any harm? Neither have I any reason to disturb the water of these crystal streams, which are to furnish me with drink when I want it. Live the memory of Amadis, and let him be imitated, as far as may be, by Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom shall be said what was said of another, that, if he did not achieve great things, he died in attempting them [142]. If I am not rejected nor disdained by my Dulcinea, it is sufficient, as I have already said that I am absent from her. Well then; hands to your work; come to my memory, ye deeds of Amadis, and teach me where I am to begin to imitate you. But I know that the most he did was

[141] *Orlando furioso*, Canto 23.

[142] Phæton

Currus auriga paterni,
Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.
(Ovid., Met., lib. II.)

to pray; and so will I do." Whereupon Don Quixote strung some large galls of a cork tree to serve him for a rosary. But what troubled him very much, was his not having a hermit to hear his confession, and to comfort him; and so he passed the time in walking up and down the meadow, writing and graving on the barks of trees and in the fine sand a great many verses, all accommodated to his melancholy, and some in praise of Dulcinea. But those that were found entire and legible, after he was discovered in that place, were only the following. [143]

[143] These strophes are remarkable, in the original, for a singular arrangement and for the oddity of the expressions necessarily used to rhyme with Don Quixote's name: singularities entirely lost in the translation.

"Ye trees, ye plants, ye herbs that grow,
So tall, so green, around this place,
If ye rejoice not at my woe,
Hear me lament my piteous case.
Nor let my loud-resounding grief
Your tender trembling leaves dismay,
Whilst from my tears I seek relief,
In absence from Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

"Here the sad lover shuns the light,
By sorrow to this desert led;
Here, exiled from his lady's sight,
He seeks to hide his wretched head.
Here, bandied betwixt hopes and fears
By cruel love in wanton play,
He weeps a pipkin full of tears,
In absence from Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

"O'er craggy rocks he roves forlorn,
And seeks mishaps from place to place,
Cursing the proud relentless scorn
That banish'd him from human race.
To wound his tender bleeding heart,
Love's hands the cruel lash display;
He weeps, and feels the raging smart,
In absence from Dulcinea
Del Toboso."

The addition of *Del Toboso* to the name of Dulcinea, occasioned no small laughter in those who found the foregoing verses; for they concluded that Don Quixote imagined that if, in naming Dulcinea, he did not add *Del Toboso,* the couplet could not be understood: and it was really so, as he afterwards confessed. He wrote many others; but as has been said, they could transcribe no more than those three stanzas fair and entire. In this amusement, in sighing, and in invoking the fauns and sylvan deities of these woods, the nymphs of the brooks and the mournful and humid echo to answer, to condole and listen to his moan, he passed the time, and in gathering herbs to sustain himself until Sancho's return. If the latter had tarried three weeks, instead of three days, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure would have been so disfigured that the very mother who bore him could not have known him. But here it will be proper to leave him, wrapped up in his sighs and verses, to relate what befel Sancho in his embassy.

When he got into the high road, he steered towards Toboso; and the next day he came within sight of the inn where the mishap of the blanket had befallen him. He had no sooner discovered it at a distance than he fancied himself again flying in the air, and therefore would not go in, though it was the hour that he might and ought to have stopped, that is about noon; and though he had a mind to eat something warm, all having been cold treat with him for many days past. This necessity forced him to draw nigh to the inn, still doubting whether he should go in or not. While he was in suspense, there came out of the inn two persons who presently knew him; and one said to the other: "Pray, Signor licentiate, is not that Sancho Panza yonder on horseback, who, as our adventurer's housekeeper told us, went with her master as his squire?" "Yes it is," said the licentiate; "and that is our Don Quixote's horse." And no wonder they knew him so well, they being the priest and the barber of his village, and the persons who had made the scrutiny and the *auto-da-fé* of the books of chivalry. Having assured themselves that it was Sancho Panza and Rocinante, and being desirous withal to learn some tidings of Don Quixote, they went up to him and the priest, calling him by his name, said: "Friend Sancho

Panza, where have you left your master?" Sancho Panza immediately knew them, and resolved to conceal the place and circumstances in which he had left his master; so he answered, that he was very busy in a certain place and about a certain affair of the greatest importance to him, which he durst not discover for the eyes he had in his head. "No, no, Sancho Panza," quoth the barber; "if you do not tell us where he is, we shall conclude, as we do already, that you have murdered and robbed him, since you come thus upon his horse; and you shall produce the horse's owner, or woe be to you."—"I can see no reason why you should threaten me," quoth Sancho; "for I am not a man to rob or murder any body; let every man's fate kill him, or God that made him. My master is doing a certain penance, much to his liking, in the midst of yon mountains." And thereupon, very glibly and without hesitation, he related to them in what manner he had left him, the adventures that had befallen him, and how he was carrying a letter to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who who was the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, with whom his master was up to the ears in love.

They both stood in admiration at what Sancho told them; and though they already knew Don Quixote's madness, and of what kind it was, they were always struck with fresh wonder at hearing it. They desired Sancho Panza to shew them the letter he was carrying to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. He told them that it was written in a pocket-book, and that it was his master's order he should get it copied out upon paper at the first town he came to. The priest said if he would shew it him he would transcribe it in a very fair character. Sancho Panza put his hand into his bosom to take out the book, but found it not; nor could he have found it had he searched for it until now, for it remained with Don Quixote, who had forgotten to give it him, and he to ask for it. When Sancho perceived he had not the book, he turned as pale as death; and feeling again all over his body in a great hurry, and seeing it was not to be found, without more ado he laid hold of his beard with both hands and tore away half of it; and presently after, he gave himself half a dozen cuffs on the nose and mouth, and bathed them all in blood. Which the priest and barber seeing, they

asked him what had happened to him that he handled himself so roughly. "What should happen to me," answered Sancho, "but that I have lost, and let slip through my fingers three ass-colts, each of them as stately as a castle?" "How so?" replied the barber. "I have lost a pocket-book," answered Sancho, "in which was the letter to Dulcinea and a bill signed by my master, by which he ordered his niece to deliver to me three colts out of four or five he had at home." And with that he recounted to them the loss of his ass. The priest bid him be of good cheer, telling him that when he saw his master he would engage him to renew the order, and draw the bill over again upon paper, according to usage and custom, since those that were written in pocket-books were never accepted, nor complied with. Sancho was comforted by this, and said that since it was so, he was in no great pain for the loss of the letter to Dulcinea, for he could almost say it by heart; so that they might write it down from his mouth where and when they pleased. "Repeat it then, Sancho," quoth the barber, "and we will write it down after you." Then Sancho began to scratch his head to bring the letter to his remembrance; now he stood upon one foot, and then upon the other: one while he looked down upon the ground, another up to the sky; and when he had bitten off half a nail from one of his fingers, keeping them in suspense and expectation of hearing him repeat it, he said after a very long pause: "Before God, master licentiate, let the devil take all I remember of the letter; though at the beginning it said: '*High and subterrane lady*'." "No," said the barber, "not subterrane, but super-humane, or sovereign lady." "It was so," said Sancho. "Then, if I do not mistake, it went on, '*the wounded and the waking—and the smitten kisses your grace's hands, ungrateful and regardless fair;*' and then it said I know not what of '*health and sickness that he sent;*' and so he went on, until at last he ended with '*thine till death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.*'"

They were both not a little pleased to see how good a memory Sancho had, and commended it much, desiring him to repeat the letter twice more, that they also might get it by heart, in order to write it down in due time. Thrice Sancho repeated it, and

thrice he added three thousand other extravagances. After this, he recounted many other things concerning his master, but said not a word of the tossing in the blankets, which had happened to himself in that inn, into which he had refused to enter. He informed them likewise that his lord, upon his carrying him back a kind of despatch from his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, was to set forward to endeavour to become an emperor, or at least a king; for so it was concerted between them; and it would be a very easy matter to bring it about, considering the worth of his person and the strength of his arm: and when this was accomplished, his master was to marry him, for by that time he should without doubt be a widower, and to give him to wife one of the empress's maids of honour, heiress to a large and rich territory on the main land, for as to islands he was quite out of conceit with them.

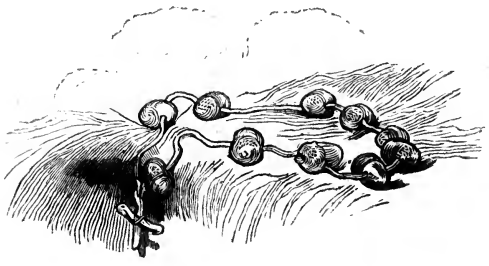
Sancho said all this with so much gravity, ever and anon blowing his nose, and so much in his senses, that they were struck with fresh wonder at the powerful influence of Don Quixote's madness, which had carried away with it this poor fellow's understanding also. They would not give themselves the trouble to convince him of his error, thinking it better, since it did not at all hurt his conscience, to let him continue in it, besides that it would afford them the more pleasure in hearing his follies; and therefore they told him, he should pray to God for his lord's health, since it was very possible and very feasible for him, in process of time, to become an emperor, as he said, or at least an archbishop, or something else of equal dignity. "Gentlemen," replied Sancho, "if fortune should so order it that my master should take it into his head not to be made an emperor, but an archbishop, I would fain know what archbishops-errant[144] usually give to their squires?" "They usually give them," answered the priest, "some benefice, or cure, or vergership, which brings them in a good penny-rent, besides the perquisites of the altar, usually valued at as much more." "For this, it will be necessary," replied Sancho, "that the squire be not married, and that he knows at least the responses to the mass; and if so, woe is me; for I am married, and do not know the

[144] Like archbishop Turpin, in the *Morgante Maggiore* of Luigi Pulci.

first letter of A, B, C. What will become of me if my master should have a mind to be an archbishop, and not an emperor, as is the fashion and custom of knights-errant?"—"Be not uneasy, friend Sancho," said the barber; "for we will entreat your master, and advise him, and even make it a case of conscience, that he be an emperor and not an archbishop; for it will be better for him also, by reason he is more a soldier than a scholar." "I have thought the same," answered Sancho, "though I can affirm he has ability for every thing. What I intend to do, on my part, is to pray to the Lord, that he will direct him to that which is best for him, and will enable him to bestow most favours upon me." "You talk like a wise man," said the priest, "and will act therein like a good christian. But the next thing now to be done, is to contrive how we may bring your master off from the performance of that unprofitable penance; and that we may concert the proper measures, and get something to eat likewise, for it is high time, let us go into the inn." Sancho desired them to go in, and said he would stay there without, and afterwards he would tell them the reason why he did not, nor was it convenient for him to go in; but he prayed them to bring him out something to eat that was warm, and also some barley for Rocinante. They went in and left him, and soon after the barber brought him out some victuals.

They two having laid their heads together how to bring about

their design, the priest bethought himself of a device exactly fitted to Don Quixote's humour, and likely to effect what they desired. This was, as he told the barber, that he designed to put himself in the dress of a damsel-errant, and would have him to equip himself the best he could, so as to pass for his squire. In this disguise they were to go to the place where Don Quixote was; and the curate, pretending to be an afflicted damsel, and in distress, was to beg a boon of him, which he, as a valorous knight-errant, could not choose but vouchsafe. The boon he intended to beg was, that he would go with her whither she should carry him, to redress an injury done her by a discourteous knight, entreating him, at the same time, that he would not desire her to take off her mask, nor enquire any thing farther concerning her, until he had done her justice on that wicked knight. They did not doubt that Don Quixote would by this means be brought to do whatever they desired of him, and that they might thus bring him away from that place and carry him to his village, where they intended to try to find some remedy for his unaccountable madness.



CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER PUT THEIR DESIGN IN EXECUTION, WITH OTHER MATTERS WORTHY TO BE RECITED IN THIS HISTORY.

LIKING the priest's contrivance well, as the barber did, it was immediately put in execution. They borrowed of the landlady a petticoat and head-dress, leaving a new cassock of the priest's in pawn for them. The barber made himself a huge beard of the sorrel tail of a pied ox, in which the inn-keeper used to hang his comb. The hostess asked them why they desired those things. The priest gave them a brief account of Don Quixote's madness, and how necessary that disguise was in order to get him from the mountain where he then was. The host and hostess presently conjectured that this madman was he who had been their guest, the maker of the balsam and master of the blanketed squire; and they related to the priest what had passed between him and them, without sparing what Sancho so industriously concealed. In fine, the landlady equipped the priest so nicely that nothing could be better.

She put him on a cloth petticoat, laid thick with stripes of black

velvet, each the breadth of a span, all pinked and slashed, and a tight waistcoat of green velvet, trimmed with a border of white satin, which together with the petticoat must have been made in the days of king Wamba. [145] The priest would not consent to wear a woman's head-dress, but put on a little white quilted cap, which he wore of nights, and bound one of his garters of black taffeta about his forehead, and with the other made a kind of vizard which covered his face and beard very neatly. Then he sunk his head into his beaver, which was so broad-brimmed that it might serve him for an umbrella, and lapping himself up in his cloak, he got upon his mule sideways, like a woman; the barber got also upon his, with his beard that reached to his girdle, between sorrel and white, being, as has been said, made of the tail of a pied ox. They took leave of all, even of good Maritornes, who promised, though a sinner, to pray over an entire rosary that God might give them good success in so arduous and christian a business as that they had undertaken.

But scarcely had they got out of the inn, when the priest began

[145] A Gothic king, dethroned in 680, whose name remains popular in Spain.

to think he had done amiss in equipping himself after that manner, it being an indecent thing for a priest to be so accoutred, though much depended upon it; and acquainting the barber with his scruples he desired they might change dresses, it being fitter that the barber should personate the distressed damsel, and himself act the squire, as being a less profanation of his dignity; and if he would not consent to do so he was determined to proceed no farther, though the devil should run away with Don Quixote. Upon this Sancho came up to them, and seeing them both tricked up in that manner, could not forbear laughing. The barber consented to what the priest desired; and the scheme being thus altered, the priest began to instruct the barber how to act his part, and what expressions to use to Don Quixote to prevail upon him to go with them, and to make him out of conceit with the place he had chosen for his fruitless penance. The barber answered that without his instructions he would undertake to manage that point to a tittle. He would not put on the dress until they came near to the place where Don Quixote was; and so he folded up his habit, and the priest adjusted his beard, and on they went, Sancho Panza being their guide. On the way, the latter recounted to them what had taken place in relation to the madman they met in the mountain; taking care not to say a word of finding the portmanteau, and what was in it; for, with all his folly and simplicity, the spark was somewhat covetous.

The next day, they arrived at the place where Sancho had strewed the broom-boughs as tokens to ascertain the place where he had left his master. Directly Sancho saw them he told the curate and the barber that they were at the entrance into the mountain, and therefore they would do well to put on their disguise, if that was of any use toward delivering his master. They had previously told him that their going dressed in that manner was of the utmost importance towards disengaging the knight from that evil life he had chosen, and that he must by no means let his master know who they were, nor that he knew them: and if he should ask him, as no doubt he would, whether he had delivered the letter to Dulcinea,

he should say he had, and that she, not being able to read or write, had answered by word of mouth that she commanded him, on pain of her displeasure, to repair to her immediately, it being a matter of great consequence to him. For, they had added, with this, and what they intended to say to him themselves, they made sure of reducing him to a better life, and managing him so, that he should presently set out in order to become an emperor, or a king; for as to his being an archbishop, there was no need to fear that.

Sancho listened attentively to all this, imprinted it well in his memory, and thanked them mightily for their design of advising his lord to be an emperor and not an archbishop; for he was of opinion that, as to rewarding their squires, emperors could do more than archbishops-errant. He told them also, it would be proper he should go before to find him, and deliver him his lady's answer, as perhaps that alone would be sufficient to bring him out of that place, without their putting themselves to so much trouble. They approved of what Sancho said, and so they resolved to wait for his return with the news of finding his master. Sancho entered the openings of the mountain, leaving them in a place, through which there ran a little smooth stream, cool and pleasantly shaded by some rocks and neighbouring trees.

It was in the month of August, when the heats in those parts are very violent, and the hour was three in the afternoon. All this made the situation the more agreeable, and invited them to wait there for Sancho's return, which they accordingly did. While they reposed themselves in the shade, a voice reached their ears, which though unaccompanied by any instrument sounded sweetly and delightfully. They were not a little surprised, that being no place where they might expect to find a person who could sing so well, for though it is usually said, there are in the woods and fields shepherds with excellent voices, it is rather an exaggeration of the poets than what is really true. Their surprise redoubled when they observed that the verses they heard, were not like the compositions of rustic shepherds, but like those of witty and court-like

persons. And the words, which confirmed them in their opinion, were as follows. [146]

" What causes all my grief and pain?
Cruel disdain.
What aggravates my misery?
Accursed jealousy.
How has my soul its patience lost?
By tedious absence crost.
Alas! no balsam can be found
To heal the grief of such a wound,
When absence, jealousy and scorn,
Have left me hopeless and forlorn.

" What in my breast this grief could move?
Neglected love.
What doth my fond desires withstand?
Fate's cruel hand.
And what confirms my misery?
Heav'n's fixed decree.
Ah me! my boding fears portend
This strange disease my life will end;
For die I must, when three such foes,
Heav'n, Fate and Love, my bliss oppose.

[146] As the greatest charm of the three following stanzas consists in the construction of the verse and the ingenious arrangement of the words, we have, to make them understood, transcribed one of them from the original.

¿ Quien menoscaba mis bienes?
Desdenes.
¿ Y quien aumenta mis duelos?
Los zelos.
¿ Y quien prueba mi paciencia?
Ausencia.
De ese modo en mi dolencia
Ningun remedio se alcanza,
Pues me matan la esperanza
Desdenes, zelos y ausencia.

"My peace of mind what can restore?
Death's welcome hour.
What gains love's joys most readily?
Fickle inconstancy.
Its pains what medicine can assuage?
Wild frenzy's rage.
'Tis therefore little wisdom, sure,
For such a grief to seek a cure,
As knows no better remedy,
Than frenzy, death, inconstancy."

The hour, the season, the solitude, the voice and the skill of the person who sung, raised both wonder and delight in the two hearers. They lay still hoping perchance to hear something more: but perceiving the silence continue a good while, they resolved to issue forth in search of the musician who had sung so agreeably. Just as they were about to do so, the same voice hindered them from stirring, and again reached their ears. It sang the following

SONNET.

"Friendship, that hast with nimble flight
Exulting gain'd th' empyreal height,
In Heav'n to dwell, whilst here below
Thy semblance reigns in mimic show.
From thence to earth, at thy behest,
Descends fair Peace, celestial guest.
Beneath whose veil of shining hue
Deceit oft lurks, conceal'd from view.
Leave, Friendship, leave thy heav'nly seat,
Or strip thy livery off the cheat.
If still he wears thy borrowed smiles,
And still unwary truth beguiles,
Soon must this dark terrestrial ball
Into its first confusion fall."

The song ended with a deep sigh, and they again listened very

attentively in hopes of more; but finding that the music was changed into sobs and groans, they agreed to go and find out the unhappy person whose voice was as excellent as his complaints were mournful. They had not gone far when, on doubling the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the same stature and figure that Sancho had described to them when he told them the story of Cardenio. The man expressed no surprise at the sight of them, but stood still, inclining his head upon his breast, in a pensive posture, without lifting up his eyes to look at them, until just at the instant when they came unexpectedly upon him. The priest, who was a well-spoken man, being already acquainted with his misfortune, and knowing him by the description, went up to him, and in a few but very significant words entreated and pressed him to forsake that miserable kind of life, lest he should die in that place, which of all misfortunes would be the greatest.—Cardenio was then in his perfect senses, free from the outrageous fits that so often drove him beside himself. Seeing them both in a dress not worn by any that frequented those solitudes, he could not forbear wondering at them for some time, and especially when he heard them speak of his affair as a thing known to them; for the priest's words gave him no reason to doubt that they were acquainted with his history. He therefore answered in this manner: "I am sensible, gentlemen, whoever you be, that Heaven, which takes care to relieve the good, and very often even the bad, sometimes, without any desert of mine, sends into these places, so remote and distant from the commerce of human kind, persons who setting before my eyes, with variety of lively arguments, how far the life I lead is from being reasonable, have endeavoured to draw me from hence to some better place. But not knowing as I do, that I shall no sooner get out of this mischief than I shall fall into a greater, they doubtless take me for a very weak man, and perhaps what is worse for a fool or madman. And no wonder; for I have some apprehension that the sense of my misfortunes is so forcible and intense, and so prevalent to my destruction, that without my being able to prevent it I sometimes become like a stone, void of all knowledge and sensation. I find this to be the case by people's telling and shewing me the

marks of what I have done while the terrible fit has had the mastery of me. All I can then do is to bewail myself in vain, to load my fortune with unavailing curses, and to excuse my follies by telling the occasion of them to as many as will hear me. Men of sense, seeing the cause, will not wonder at the effects; and if they administer no remedy, at least they will not throw the blame upon me, but convert their displeasure at my behaviour into compassion for my misfortune. If gentlemen, you come with the same intention that others have done, before you proceed any farther in your prudent persuasions, I beseech you to hear the account of my numberless misfortunes. Perhaps when you have heard it, you may save yourselves the trouble of endeavouring to cure a malady which is shut out from all consolation."

The two friends, who desired nothing more than to learn from his own mouth the cause of his misery, entreated him to relate it, assuring him they would do nothing but what he desired, either by way of remedy or advice. Upon this the poor gentleman began his melancholy story, almost in the same words and method he had used in relating it to Don Quixote and the goatherd some few days before, when on the mentioning of master Elisabat, and Don Quixote's punctuality in observing the decorum of knight-errantry, the tale was cut short, as the history left it above. But now, as good fortune would have it, Cardenio's mad fit was suspended, and afforded him leisure to rehearse it to the end.

When he came to the passage of the love-letter which Don Fernando found between the leaves of the book of Amadis de Gaul, he said: "I remember it perfectly well, and it is as follows;

"'LUCINDA TO CARDENIO.

"'I every day discover such worth in you, as forces me to esteem you more and more. If therefore, you would put it in my power to discharge my obligations to you, without prejudice to my honour, you may easily do so. I have a father who knows

you and has an affection for me; who will never force my inclinations, and will comply with whatever you can justly desire, if you really have that value for me which you profess, and I believe you have.'

"This letter made me resolve to demand Lucinda in marriage, as I have already related, and was one of those which gave Don Fernando such an opinion of Lucinda, that he looked upon her as one of the most sensible and prudent women of her time. It was this letter which put him upon the design of undoing me, before mine could be effected. I told Don Fernando what Lucinda's father expected, which was, that my father should propose the match; and that I durst not mention it to him lest he should not come into it; not because he was unacquainted with the circumstances, goodness, virtue and beauty of Lucinda, and that she had qualities sufficient to adorn any other family of Spain whatever, but because I understood by him that he was desirous I should not marry soon, but wait until we should see what duke Ricardo would do for me. In a word, I told him that I durst not venture to speak to my father about it, as well for that reason, as for many others which disheartened me, I knew not why; only I presaged that my desires were never to take effect. To all this Don Fernando answered that he took it upon himself to speak to my father, and to prevail upon him to speak to Lucinda's. [147] Oh treacherous friend! O ungrateful, perfidious and cruel man!—what disservice had the poor wretch done you, who so frankly discovered to you the secrets and the joys of his heart? Wherein had I offended you? what words did I ever utter, or advice did I ever give, that were not all directed to the increase of your honour and your interest? But alas! why do I complain? miserable wretch that I am! Is it not certain that when the strong influences of the stars pour down misfortunes upon us, they fall from on high with such violence and fury that no human force can stop them, no

[147] Notwithstanding our respect to the text of Cervantes, we have, after M. Viardot, here suppressed a long and useless series of imprecations, in which Cardenio gives to Fernando the names of Marius, of Sylla, Cataline, Julian &c., accompanying them with their classic epithets. This college erudition would be a stain in a narration habitually simple and always touching.

human address prevent them? Who could have thought that Don Fernando, an illustrious cavalier, of good sense, obliged by my services and secure of success wherever his amorous inclinations led him, should take such cruel pains to deprive me of my single ewe-lamb,[148] which yet was not in my possession! But let me set aside these vain and unprofitable reflections, and resume the broken thread of my unhappy story.

"Don Fernando, thinking my presence an obstacle to the putting his treacherous and wicked design in execution, resolved to send me to his elder brother for money to pay for six horses, which, merely for the purpose of getting me out of the way, that he might the better succeed in his hellish intent, he had bought that very day on which he offered to speak to my father, and on which he dispatched me for the money. Could I prevent this treachery? could I, alas! so much as suspect it? No, certainly: on the contrary, with great pleasure I offered to depart instantly, well satisfied with the good bargain he had made. That night I spoke with Lucinda, and told her what had been agreed upon between Don Fernando and me, bidding her not doubt the success of our just and honourable desires. She, as little suspecting Don Fernando's treachery as I did, desired me to make haste back, believing that the completion of our wishes would be no longer deferred than until my father had spoken to her's. I know not whence it was, but she had no sooner said this than her eyes stood full of tears, and some sudden obstruction in her throat would not suffer her to utter one word of the many she seemed endeavouring to say to me. I was astonished at this strange accident, having never seen the like in her before; for whenever good fortune or my assiduity gave us an opportunity, we always conversed with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, nor ever intermixed with our discourse tears, sighs, jealousies, suspicions or fears. I did nothing but applaud my good fortune in having her given me by Heaven for a mistress; I magnified her beauty, and admired her merit and understanding. She returned the compliment by

[148] The prophet Nathan's parable to David, to reproach him for carrying off Uriah's wife. (II Samuel, chap. 12.)

commending in me what, as a lover, she thought worthy of commendation. We told one another a hundred little childish stories, concerning our neighbours and acquaintance; and the greatest length my presumption ever ran was to seize, as it were by force, one of her fair and snowy hands, and press it to my lips as well as the narrowness of the iron grate which was between us would permit. But the night that preceded the doleful day of my departure she wept and sighed, and withdrew abruptly, leaving me full of confusion and trepidation, and astonished at seeing such new and sad tokens of grief and tender concern in Lucinda. Not however to destroy my hopes, I ascribed it all to the violence of the love she bore me, and to the sorrow which parting occasions in those who love one another tenderly. In short, I went away sad and pensive, my soul filled with imaginations and suspicions, without knowing what I imagined or suspected: all manifest presages of the dismal event reserved in store for me.

"I arrived at the place whither I was sent; I gave the letters to Don Fernando's brother; I was well received, but my business was not soon dispatched, for he ordered me to wait, much to my sorrow, eight days, and to keep out of his father's sight; for his brother, he said, had written to him to send him a certain sum of money, without the duke's knowledge. All this was a contrivance of the false Don Fernando; for his brother did not want money to have dispatched me immediately. This injunction put me into such a condition, that I could not presently think of obeying it, it seeming to me impossible to support life under an absence of so many days from Lucinda, especially considering I had left her in great sorrow, as I have already told you. Nevertheless I did obey, like a good servant, though I found it was likely to be at the expense of my health. Four days after my arrival, there came a man in quest of me with a letter, which he gave me, and which by the address, I knew to be from Lucinda. I opened it with fear and trembling, believing it must be some very extraordinary matter that induced her to write to me at a distance, a thing she very seldom did when I was near her. Before I read it, I enquired of the messenger who gave it him, and how long he had been coming. He told me that

as he was passing accidentally through a street of the town about noon, a very beautiful lady, with tears in her eyes, called to him from a window, and said to him in a great hurry: "Friend, if you are a christian, as you seem to be, I beg of you for the love of God to carry this letter with all expedition to the place and person it is directed to, for both are well known; and in so doing, you will do a charity acceptable to our Lord. And that you may not want wherewithal to do it, take what is tied up in this handkerchief." "And so saying," added the messenger, "she threw the handkerchief out of the window, in which were tied up a hundred

reals and this gold ring with the letter I have given you; then without staying for my answer, she immediately quitted the window, not however, without observing that I picked up the letter and the

handkerchief, and assured her by signs that I would do what she commanded. Seeing myself so well paid for the pains I was to take in bringing the letter, and knowing by the superscription it was for you, Sir, for I know you very well, and obliged besides by the tears of that beautiful lady, I resolved not to trust any other person, but to deliver it to you with my own hands; and in sixteen hours, for so long it is since it was given me, I have performed the journey, which you know is eighteen leagues." While the kind messenger was speaking thus to me, I hung upon his words, my legs trembling so that I could scarce stand. At length I opened the letter, and saw it contained these few words:

"'The promise Don Fernando gave you, that he would desire your father to speak to mine, he has fulfilled, more for his own gratification than your interest. Know, Sir, he has demanded me to wife; and my father, allured by the advantage he thinks Don Fernando has over you, has accepted this proposal with so much earnestness that the marriage is to be solemnized two days hence, and that with so much secresy and privacy that Heaven, and a few of our family, are to be the only witnesses of it. Imagine what a condition I am in, and consider whether it be convenient for you to return home. Whether I love you or not, the event of this business will shew you. God grant this may come to your hand before mine be reduced to the extremity of being joined with his, who keeps his promised faith so ill.'

"These, in fine, were the contents of the letter. No sooner had I finished reading it than I set out immediately, without waiting for either answer or money, for I plainly perceived it was not the buying of the horses, but the indulging his own pleasures, that had moved Don Fernando to send me to his brother. The rage I conceived against Don Fernando, joined with the fear of losing the prize I had acquired by the services and cares of so many years, added wings to my speed. The next day I reached our town, at the hour and moment most convenient for me to go

and talk with Lucinda. I went privately, having left the mule I rode on at the house of the honest man who brought me the letter. Fortune, which I then found propitious, so ordered it that Lucinda was standing at the grate,* the witness of our loves. We immediately recognized each other, but not as she ought to have known me, and I her.—Who, alas! is there in the world that can boast of having fathomed and thoroughly seen into the intricate and variable nature of a woman? Nobody, certainly. As soon as Lucinda saw me, she said: "Cardenio, I am in my bridal habit; there are now staying for me in the hall the treacherous Don Fernando and my covetous father, with some others, who shall sooner be witnesses of my death than of my nuptials. Be not troubled, my friend, but procure the means to be present at this sacrifice: if my arguments cannot prevent it, I carry a dagger about me which can prevent a more determined force, by putting an end to my life and giving you a convincing proof of the affection I have borne, and still do bear you." I replied to her with confusion and precipitation, fearing I should want time to answer her: "Let your actions O Lucinda, make good your words; if you carry a dagger to secure your honour, I carry a sword to defend you, or kill myself if fortune proves adverse." I do not believe she heard all these words, as she was called away hastily, for the bridegroom waited for her. Herewith the night of my sorrow was fallen, the sun of my joy was set; I remained without light in my eyes, without judgment in my intellects. I was irresolute as to going into her house, nor did I know which way to turn me; but when I reflected on the consequence of my being present at what might happen in that case, I animated myself the best I could, and at last got into her house. As I was perfectly acquainted with all the avenues, and the whole family was busied about the secret affair then transacting, I escaped being perceived by any body; and so, without being seen, I had leisure to place myself in the hollow of a bow-window of the hall, behind the hangings where two pieces of tapestry met. Thence, without being

* In Spain, lovers carry on their courtship at a low window, with a grate before it, being seldom admitted into the house until the parents on both sides are agreed.

seen myself, I could see all that was done in the hall. Who can describe the emotions and beatings of heart I felt while I stood there? the thoughts that occurred to me? the reflections I made? Such and so many were they, that they neither can nor ought to be told. Let it suffice to tell you, that the bridegroom came into the hall, without other ornament than the clothes he usually wore. He had with him for brideman a cousin-german of Lucinda's, and there was no other person in the room but the servants of the house. Soon after, from a withdrawing room, came out Lucinda, accompanied by her mother and two of her own maids, as richly dressed and adorned as her quality and beauty deserved, and as befitted the height and perfection of all that was gallant and court-like. The agony and distraction I was in gave me no leisure to view and observe the particulars of her dress; I could only take notice of the colours, which were carnation and white, and of the splendour of the precious stones and jewels of her head-dress, and of the rest of her habit. Nothing could exceed the singular beauty of her fair and golden tresses, which, vying with the precious stones and the light of four flambeaux that were in the hall, struck the eyes with superior brightness. O memory! thou mortal enemy of my repose! why dost thou represent to me now the incomparable beauty of that my adored enemy? Were it not better, cruel memory, to recall to my imagination what she then did, that moved by so flagrant an injury, I may strive, since I do not revenge it, at least to put an end to my life. Be not weary, gentlemen, of hearing these sorrowful digressions; for my misfortune is not of that kind that can or ought to be related succinctly and methodically: each circumstance seems to me to deserve a long discourse."

The priest replied that, not only were they not tired with hearing it, but they took great pleasure in the minutest particulars he recounted, being such as did not deserve to be passed over in silence, and merited the same attention as the principal parts of the story.

"I say then," continued Cardenio, "that they being all assembled in the hall, the parish-priest entered, and took them both by the hand, in order to perform what is necessary on such occasions.

When he came to these words: 'Will you, Madam, take Signor Don Fernando who is here present, for your lawful husband, as our holy mother the church commands?' I thrust out my head and neck through the partings of the tapestry, and with the utmost attention and distraction of soul, set myself to listen to what Lucinda answered, expecting from her answer the sentence of my death or the confirmation of my life. Oh! that I had dared to venture out then, and to have cried aloud: "Ah Lucinda, Lucinda! take heed what you do; consider what you owe me: behold you are mine, and cannot be another's. Take notice that your saying *yes*, and the putting an end to my life, will both happen in the same moment. —Ah, traitor Don Fernando! ravisher of my glory, death of my life! what is it you would have? what is it you pretend to? Consider that you cannot as a christian arrive at the end of your desires; for Lucinda is my wife, and I am her husband." Ah! fool that I am! now that I am absent, and at a distance from the danger, I am saying I ought to have done what I did not do. Now that I have

suffered myself to be robbed of my soul's treasure, I am cursing the thief, on whom I might have revenged myself if I had had as much heart to do it as I have now to complain. In short, since I was then a coward and a fool, no wonder if I die now ashamed, repentant and mad. The priest stood expecting Lucinda's answer, who gave it not for a long time; and when I thought she was pulling out the dagger in defence of her honour, or letting loose her tongue to avow some truth which might undeceive them and redound to my advantage, I heard her say with a low and faint voice, *I will.* The same said Don Fernando; and the ring being put on, they remained tied in an indissoluble band. The bridegroom came to embrace his bride; and she, laying her hand on her heart, swooned away in her mother's arms.

"It remains now to tell you what condition I was in, when I saw in the fatal affirmative I had heard, my hopes frustrated, Lucinda's vows and promises broken, and no possibility left of ever recovering the happiness I in that moment lost. I was totally confounded, thinking myself abandoned of Heaven, and become an enemy to the earth that sustained me, the air denying me breath for my sighs, and the water moisture for my tears; the fire alone was so increased in me, that I was all inflamed with rage and jealousy. They were all affrighted at Lucinda's swooning; and her mother unlacing her bosom to give her air, she discovered in it a paper folded up, which Don Fernando presently seized, and read it by the light of the flambeaux. Having done reading it, he sat himself down in a chair, leaning his cheek on his hand, with all the signs of a man full of thought, and without attending to the means that were using to recover his bride from her fainting fit.

"Perceiving the whole house in a consternation, I ventured out, not caring whether I was seen or not; and with a determined resolution, if seen, to act so desperate a part, that all the world should know the just indignation of my breast, by the chastisement of the false Don Fernando, and of the fickle, though swooning traitress. But my fate, which has doubtless reserved me for greater evils, if greater can possibly be, ordained that at that juncture I had the use of my understanding, which has since failed

me. Accordingly, without thinking to take revenge on my greatest enemies, which might very easily have been done when they thought so little of me, I resolved to take it on myself, and to execute on my own person that punishment which they deserved; and perhaps with greater rigour than I should have done on them, even in taking away their lives, for a sudden death soon puts one out of pain, but that which is prolonged by tortures is always killing, without putting an end to life. In a word, I got out of the house, and went to the place where I had left the mule. I got it saddled; and without taking any leave, I mounted and rode out of the town, not daring, like another Lot, to look behind me. When I found myself in the fields alone, and covered by the darkness of the night, and the silence thereof inviting me to complain without regard or fear of being heard or known, I gave a loose to my voice, and untied my tongue in a thousand exclamations on Lucinda and Don Fernando, as if that had been satisfaction for the wrong they had done me. I called her cruel, false and ungrateful; but above all covetous, since the wealth of my enemy had shut the eyes of her affection and withdrawn it from me, to engage it to another to whom fortune had shewn herself more bountiful and liberal. But in the height of these curses and reproaches I excused her, saying: "It was no wonder that a maiden, kept up close in her father's house, and always accustomed to obey her parents, should comply with their inclination, especially since they gave her for a husband, so considerable, so rich and so accomplished a cavalier; and that to have refused him, would have made people think she had no judgment, or that her affections were engaged elsewhere; either of which would have redounded to the prejudice of her honour and good name. But on the other hand, supposing she had owned her engagement to me, it would have appeared that she had not made so ill a choice, but she might have been excused, since, before Don Fernando offered himself, they themselves could not consistently with reason have desired a better match for their daughter. How easily might she, before she came to the last extremity of giving her hand, have said that I had already given her mine; for I would have appeared, and confirmed whatever she had invented on this occasion." In fine, I concluded that little

love, little judgment, much ambition and desire of greatness, had made her forget those words by which she had deluded, kept up and nourished my firm hopes, my honest desires.

"With such soliloquies and agitation I journeyed on the rest of the night, and at day-break arrived at an opening into these mountainous parts. I entered it, and went on three days more without any road or path, until at last I came to a certain meadow that lies somewhere hereabouts, and I enquired of some shepherds which was the most solitary part of these craggy rocks. They directed me towards this place. I presently came hither with design to end my life here; and at the entering among these brakes, my mule fell down dead through weariness and hunger, or as I rather

believe, to be rid of so useless a burden. Thus was I left on foot, quite spent and famished, without having or desiring any relief. In this manner I continued, I know not how long, extended on the ground; at length I got up, somewhat refreshed, and found near me some goatherds, who must needs be the persons that relieved my necessity; for they told me in what condition they found me, and that I said so many senseless and extravagant things that they wanted no further proof of my having lost my understanding. Alas! I am sensible I have not been perfectly right ever since; on the

contrary, so shattered and crazy, that I commit a thousand extravagances, tearing my garments, howling aloud through these solitudes, cursing my fortune, and in vain repeating the beloved name of my enemy, without any other design or intent than to end my life with outcries and exclamations. When I come to myself, I find I am so weary and so sore, that I can hardly stir. My usual abode is in the hollow of a cork-tree, large enough to be an habitation for this miserable carcase. The goatherds, who feed their cattle hereabouts, provide me sustenance out of charity, laying victuals on the rocks, and in places were they think I may chance to pass and find it: and though at such times I happen to be out of my senses, natural necessity makes me know my nourishment, and awakes in me an appetite to desire it and will to take it. At other times, as they tell me when they meet me in my senses, I come into the road, and though the shepherds who are bringing food

from the village to their huts, willingly offer me a part of it, I rather choose to take it from them by force. Thus I pass my sad and miserable life, waiting until it shall please Heaven to bring it to a final period, or by fixing the thoughts of that day in my mind, to erase out of it all memory of the beauty and treachery of Lucinda, and the wrongs done me by Don Fernando. If it vouchsafes me this mercy before I die, my thoughts will take a more rational turn; if not, it remains only to beseech God to have mercy on my soul; for I feel no ability nor strength in myself to raise my body out of this strait into which I have voluntarily brought it.

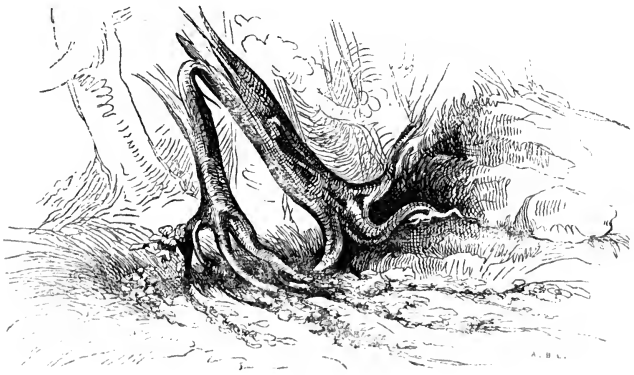
"This, gentlemen, is the bitter story of my misfortune. Tell me now, could it be borne with less concern than you have perceived in

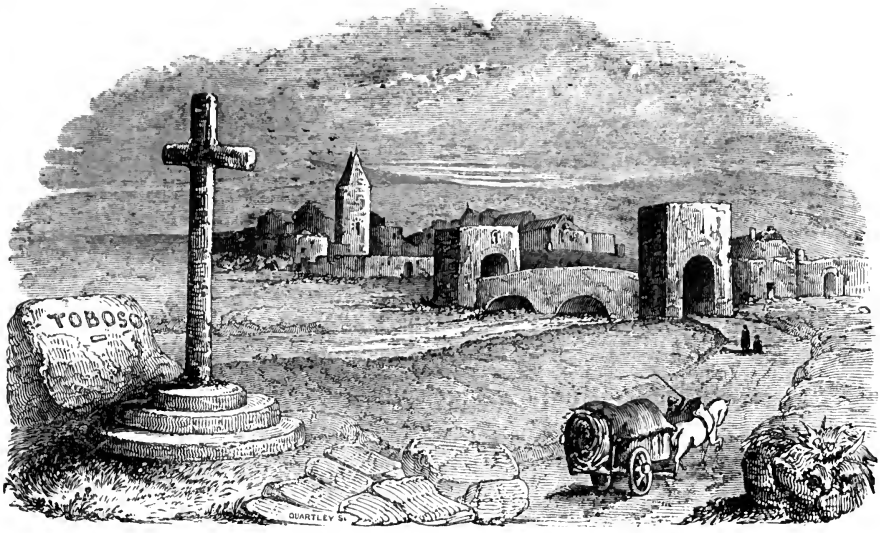
me? Pray give yourselves no trouble to persuade or advise me to follow what you may think reasonable and proper for my cure; for it will do me just as much good, as a medicine prescribed by a skilful physician will do a sick man who refuses to take it. I will have no health without Lucinda; and since she was pleased to give herself to another when she was or ought to have been mine, let me have the pleasure of indulging myself in unhappiness, since I might have been happy if I had pleased. She, by her mutability, would have me irretrievably undone: I, by endeavouring to destroy myself, would satisfy her will; and I shall stand an example to posterity of having been the only unfortunate person whom the impossibility of receiving consolation [149] could not comfort, but plunged in still greater afflictions and misfortunes; for I verily believe they will not have an end even in death itself."

Here Cardenio terminated the long recital of his story, no less full of misfortunes than of love; and just as the priest was preparing to say something to him by way of consolation, he was prevented by a voice, which in mournful accents said what will be related in the fourth book of this history; for at this point the wise and judicious historian, Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, puts an end to the third.

[149] Pellicer imagines this to be an allusion to this sentence of Virgil:

'Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.'



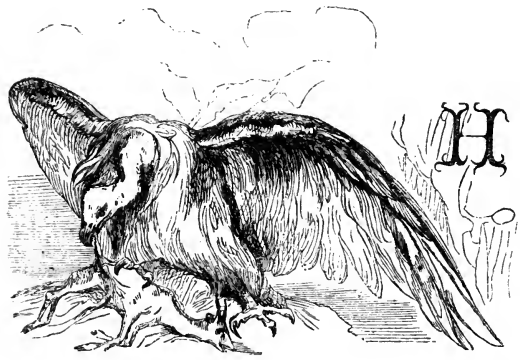


PART I. BOOK IV.

29.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH TREATS OF THE NEW AND AGREEABLE ADVENTURE THAT BEFEL THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER IN THE SIERRA-MORENA.



HAPPY, thrice happy were the times in which the most daring knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, was ushered into the world. Since through the so honourable resolution he took of reviving and restoring to the world the long since lost, and as it were buried, order of knight-errantry, we, in these our times, barren and unfruitful of amusing entertainments, enjoy not only the sweets of his true history, but also the stories and episodes of it, which are, in some sort, no less pleasing,

artificial and true, than the history itself.[150] The latter, resuming the broken thread of the narrative, relates that as the priest was preparing himself to comfort Cardenio, he was hindered by a voice, which, with mournful accents, spoke in this manner:

"O Heavens! is it possible I have at last found a place that can afford a secret grave for the irksome burden of this body, which I bear about so much against my will? Yes, it is, if the solitude which these rocks promise, do not deceive me. Ah, woe is me! how much more agreeable society shall I find in these crags and brakes, which will at least afford me leisure to communicate my miseries to Heaven by complaints, than in the conversation of men, since there is no one living from whom I can expect counsel in doubts, ease in complaints, or remedy in misfortunes."

The priest and they that were with him heard all this very distinctly; and perceiving that the voice was near them they rose up in quest of the speaker. They had not gone twenty paces, when on turning the corner of a rock, they espied a youth, dressed like a peasant, sitting at the foot of an ash-tree, whose face they could not then discern, because he hung down his head, on account that he was washing his feet in a rivulet which ran by. They drew near so silently that he did not hear them; nor was he intent upon any thing but washing his feet, which were such, that they seemed to be two pieces of pure crystal growing among the other pebbles of the brook. They stood in admiration at the whiteness and beauty of the feet, which did not seem to them to be made for breaking of clods, or following the plough, as their owner's dress might have persuaded them they were. Finding they were not perceived, the priest, who went foremost, made signs to the other two to crouch low, or hide themselves behind some of the rocks thereabouts. They accordingly did so, and stood observing attentively what the youth was doing. He had on a grey double-skirted jerkin, girt tight about his body with a linen towel. He wore also a pair of breeches

[150] Notwithstanding this panegyric on the episodes introduced into the first part of *Don Quixote*, Cervantes himself criticises them, by the mouth of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, in the second part, which is much less charged with strange incidents.

and gamashes of grey cloth, and a grey *montera* [151] on his head. His gamashes were now pulled up to the middle of his leg, which really seemed to be of snowy alabaster. Having made an end of washing his beauteous feet, he immediately wiped them with a handkerchief, which he pulled out from under his *montera*; and in taking it from thence, he lifted up his face, and the lookers-on had an opportunity of beholding so incomparable a beauty, that Cardenio said to the priest in a low voice: "Since this is not Lucinda, it can certainly be no human creature." The youth took off his *montera*, and shaking his head, there began to flow down

[151] A sort of head-piece without a visor, worn by the peasants of La Mancha and Andalusia.

and spread over his shoulders a quantity of lovely hair, that Apollo himself might envy. By this they found that the person who seemed to be a peasant was in reality a woman, and a delicate one, nay, the handsomest that two of the three had ever beheld with their eyes, or even Cardenio himself, if he had never seen and known Lucinda; for as he afterwards affirmed, the beauty of Lucinda alone could come in competition with her's. Her long and golden tresses not only fell on her shoulders, but covered her whole body, excepting her feet. Her fingers served instead of a comb; and if her feet in the water seemed to be of crystal, her hands in her hair were like driven snow. All this excited a still greater admiration and desire in the three spectators to learn who she was. They resolved to shew themselves; and at the rustling they made in getting upon their feet, the beautiful maiden raised her head, and, parting her hair from before her eyes with both her hands, saw those who had made the noise. No sooner had she set her eyes on them than she rose up, and without staying to put on her shoes or re-arrange her hair, hastily snatched up something like a bundle of

clothes, which lay close by her, and betook herself to flight, in great confusion and surprise. But she had not gone six steps when, her tender feet not being able to endure the sharpness of the stones, she fell down. On seeing this the three went up to her; the priest was there first, and said: "Stay, madam, whoever you are; for those you see here have no other intention but that of serving you. There is no reason why you should endeavour to make so needless an escape, which neither your feet can bear, nor we permit." To all this she answered not a word, being astonished and confounded. Then the priest, taking hold of her hand, went on saying; "What your dress, madam, would conceal from us, your hair discovers; a manifest indication, that no slight cause has disguised your beauty in so unworthy a habit, and brought you to such a solitude as this, in which it has been our good luck to find you, if not to administer a remedy to your misfortunes, at least to assist you with our advice. No evil, which does not destroy life itself, can afflict so much, or arrive to such extremity, as to make the sufferer refuse to hearken to advice, when given with a sincere intention. Therefore, dear madam, or dear Sir, or whatever you please to be, shake off the surprise which the sight of us has occasioned, and relate to us your good or ill fortune; for you will find us jointly or severally disposed to sympathize with you in your misfortunes."

While the priest was saying this, the disguised maiden stood like one stupified, her eyes fixed on them all, without moving her lips, or speaking a word: just like a country clown, when he is shewn of a sudden something curious, or which he has never seen before. But the priest adding more to the same purpose, she fetched a deep sigh, and thus spoke: "Since neither the solitude of these rocks has been sufficient to conceal me, and the discomposure of my hair has suffered my tongue to belie my sex, it would be in vain for me now to dress up a fiction, which, if you seemed to give credit to, it would be rather out of complaisance than for any other reason. This being the case, I say, gentlemen, that I take kindly the offers you have made me, which have laid me under an obligation to satisfy you in whatever you have desired of me; though I fear the relation I shall make of my misfortunes will raise in you a concern equal to your compassion;

since it will not be in your power, either to remedy or alleviate them. Nevertheless, that my honour may not suffer in your opinions, from your having already discovered me to be a woman, and your seeing me young and alone in this garb, any one of which circumstances is sufficient to bring discredit on the best reputation, I must tell you what I would gladly have concealed had it been in my power." All this she, who appeared so beautiful a woman, spoke without hesitating, so readily, and with so much ease and sweetness both of tongue and voice, that her good sense surprised them no less than her beauty. And they again repeating their kind offers, and entreaties to her that she would perform her promise, she, without more asking, having first modestly put on her shoes and stockings and gathered up her hair, seated herself upon a flat stone; and the three being placed round her, after she had done some violence to herself in restraining the tears that came into her eyes, she began the history of her life, with a clear and sedate voice, in this manner:

"There is a place in this country of Andalusia, from which a duke takes a title, which makes him one of those they call Grandees of Spain.[152] This duke has two sons: the elder, heir to his estate, and in appearance to his virtues; and the younger, heir to I know not what, unless it be to the treachery of Vellido and the deceitfulness of Galalon.[153] My parents are vassals to this nobleman: it is true they are of low extraction, but they are so rich that, if the advantages of their birth had equalled those of their fortune, neither would they have had any thing more to wish for, nor should I have had any reason to fear being exposed to the misfortunes I am now involved in; for it is probable my misfortunes arise from their not being nobly born. It is true, indeed, they are not so low that they need to be ashamed of their condition, nor so high as to hinder me from thinking that their meanness is the cause of my unhappiness.

[152] Cervantes probably meant the Duke of Osuna, there being, perhaps, some foundation to Dorothea's history.

[153] For Galalon, vide note 6 (*antè* page 14 of this volume.)—Vellido was a Castilian knight who assassinated King Sancho II. at the siege of Zamora, in 1075.

In a word they are farmers, plain people, without mixture of bad blood, and, as they usually say, old rusty Christians; but so rusty, that their wealth and handsome way of living, are by degrees acquiring them the name of hidalgos and gentlemen. However the riches and nobility they valued themselves most upon, was their having me for their daughter. As they had no other child to inherit what they possessed, and were besides very affectionate parents, I was one of the most indulged girls that ever father or mother fondled. I was the mirror in which they beheld themselves, the staff of their old age, and she whose happiness was the sole object of all their wishes, under the guidance of Heaven, to which, being so good, mine were always entirely comformable. As I was mistress of their affections, so was I likewise of all they possessed. As I pleased, servants were hired and discharged; through my hands passed the account and management of what was sowed and reaped. The oil-mills, the wine-presses,

the number of herds, flocks and bee-hives; in a word, all that so rich a farmer as my father has, or can be supposed to have, was intrusted to my care. I was both steward and mistress, with so much diligence on my part, and satisfaction on their's, that I cannot easily express it to you. The hours of the day that remained after

giving directions and assigning proper tasks to the head servants, overseers and day-labourers, I employed in such exercises as are not only allowable, but necessary to young maidens, to wit, in handling the needle, making lace, and very often spinning. If occasionally,

to recreate my mind, I quitted these exercises, I entertained myself with reading some book of devotion, or touching the harp; for experience shewed me that music composes the mind when it is disordered, and relieves the spirits after labour. Such was the life I led in my father's house; and if I have been so particular in recounting it, it is not out of ostentation, nor to give you to understand that I am rich, but that you may be apprized how little I deserved to fall from that state into the unhappy one I am now in. In vain I passed my time in so many occupations, and in a retirement that might be compared to that of a nunnery, being seen, as I imagined, by no one besides our own servants, for when I went to mass, it was very early in the morning, and always in company with my mother, and some of the maid-servants, and I was so closely veiled and reserved, that my eyes scarce saw more ground than the space I set my foot upon. Notwithstanding all this, it came to pass that the eyes of love, or rather of idleness, to which those of a lynx are not to be compared, discovered me, through the

industrious curiosity of Don Fernando. That is the name of the duke's younger son, of whom I spoke."

She had no sooner named Don Fernando, than Cardenio's colour changed, and he began to indicate such violent perturbation that the priest and the barber, who perceived it, were afraid he was falling into one of the mad fits to which they heard he was now and then subject. But Cardenio sat still, fixing his eyes most attentively on the fair peasant, imagining who she could be. The latter, taking no notice of the emotions of Cardenio, continued her story as follows.

"Scarcely had he seen me, when, as he afterwards declared, he fell desperately in love with me, as the proofs he then gave of it sufficiently evinced. But, to shorten the account of my misfortunes, which are endless, I pass over in silence the diligence Don Fernando used in getting an opportunity to declare his passion to me. He bribed our whole family; he gave and offered presents, and did favours to several of my relations. Every day was a festival and a day of rejoicing in our street, and nobody could sleep in the night for serenades. Infinite were the billets-doux that came, I knew not how, to my hands, filled with amorous expressions, and offers of kindness, with more promises and oaths in them than letters. All which was so far from softening me, that I grew more obdurate, as if he had been my mortal enemy, and as if all the measures he took to bring me to his lure had been designed for a quite contrary purpose. Not that I disliked the gallantry of Don Fernando, or thought him too importunate; for it gave me I know not what secret satisfaction to see myself thus courted and respected by so considerable a cavalier, and it was not disagreeable to me to find my own praises in his letters: for let us women be ever so ill-favoured, I take it, we are always pleased to hear ourselves called handsome. But all this was opposed by my own virtue, together with the repeated good advice of my parents, who plainly saw through Don Fernando's design. Indeed, he took no pains to hide it from the world. My parents told me, that they reposed their credit and reputation in my virtue and integrity alone: they bade me consider the disproportion between me and Don Fernando, whence I ought

to conclude that his thoughts, whatever he might say to the contrary, were more intent upon his own pleasure than my good. They added, that if I had a mind to throw an obstacle in the way of his designs, in order to make him desist from his unjust pretensions, they would marry me out of hand to whomsoever I pleased, either of the chief of our town, or of the whole neighbourhood around us; since their considerable wealth and my good character put it in their power easily to provide a suitable match for me. With this promise, and the truth of what they said, I fortified my virtue, and would never answer Don Fernando the least word that might afford him even the remotest hope of succeeding in his design. All this reserve, which he ought to have taken for disdain, served rather to quicken his appetite; for I can give no better name to the passion he shewed for me, which, had it been such as it ought, you would not now have known it, since there would have been no occasion for my giving you this explanation. At length Don Fernando discovered that my parents were looking out for a match for me, in order to deprive him of all hope of gaining me, or at least were resolved to have me more narrowly watched. This news, or suspicion, put him upon doing what I am about to relate to you.

"One night I was in my chamber, attended only by a maid that waited upon me, the doors being fast locked, lest by any neglect my virtue might be endangered. Suddenly, without my knowing or imagining how, in the midst of all this care and precaution, and in this my silent and solitary retreat, he stood before me. When I saw him I was struck blind and dumb, and had no power to cry out; nor do I believe he would have suffered me to have done it, for he instantly ran to me, and taking me in his arms, I had no power to struggle being in such confusion, he began to say such things, that one would think it impossible falsehood should be able to frame them with an appearance of truth. The traitor made his tears gain credit to his words, and his sighs to his designs. I, an innocent girl, bred always at home, and not at all versed in affairs of this nature, began I know not how, to deem true so many and so great falsehoods: not that his tears or sighs could move me to any criminal compassion. My first surprise being over, I began a little to recover my lost

spirits; and, with more courage than I thought I could have had, said: "If, Sir, as I am between your arms I were between the paws of a fierce lion, and my deliverance depended upon my doing or saying any thing to the prejudice of my virtue, it would be as impossible for me to do or say it, as it is impossible for that which has been not to have been, so that, though you hold my body

confined between your arms, I hold my mind restrained within the bounds of virtuous inclinations, very different from your's, as you will see, if you proceed to use violence. I am your vassal, but not your slave: the nobility of your blood neither has, nor ought to have the privilege to dishonour and insult the meanness of mine; and though a country-girl, and a farmer's daughter, my reputation is as dear to me as your's can be to you, who are a noble cavalier. Your employing force will do little with me; I set no value upon your riches; your words cannot deceive me, nor can your sighs and tears subdue me. If I saw any of these things in a person whom my parents should assign me for a husband, my will should conform itself to their's, and not transgress the bounds which they prescribed. Therefore, Sir, with the safety of my honour, though I sacrificed my private satisfaction, I might freely bestow on you what you are now endeavouring to obtain by force. I have said all this, because I would not have you think that any one who is not my lawful husband shall ever prevail on me.

" 'Most beautiful Dorothea,' (for that is the name of this unhappy woman who is addressing you) said the treacherous cavalier, 'here I offer you my hand and heart, and let the Heavens, from which nothing is hid, and this image of our lady you have here, be witness to the truth of my words.' "

When Cardenio heard her call herself Dorothea, he fell again into his disorder, and was thoroughly confirmed in his first opinion: but he would not interrupt the story, being desirous to hear the event of what he partly knew already; he only said: "What! madam, is your name Dorothea? I have heard of one of the same name, whose misfortunes very much resemble your's. But proceed; for some time or other I may tell you things, that will equally move your wonder and compassion." Dorothea took notice of Cardenio's words, and of his strange and tattered dress; and desired him, if he knew any thing of her affairs, to tell it presently; for if fortune had left her any thing that was good, it was the courage she had to bear any disaster that might befall her, secure in this, that none could happen that would in the least add to those she already endured. "Madam," replied Cardenio, "I would not be the means of

destroying that courage in you, by telling you what I think, if what I imagine should be true; and hitherto there is no opportunity lost, nor is it of any importance that you should know it as yet." "Be that as it will," answered Dorothea, "I go on with my story.

"Don Fernando, taking the image that stood in the room, and placing it for a witness of our espousals, with all the solemnity of vows and oaths, gave me his word to be my husband. I warned him, however, to consider well what he was about to do, and the uneasiness it must needs give his father to see him married to a farmer's daughter, and his own vassal; and that he therefore ought to beware lest my beauty, such as it was, should blind him, as that would not be sufficient excuse for his fault. If he intended me any good, I conjured him, by the love he bore me, that he would suffer my lot to fall equal to what my rank could pretend to; for such disproportionate matches are seldom happy, or continue long in that state of pleasure with which they set out.

"All these reasons here recited, and many more which I do not remember, I then urged to him; but they availed nothing towards making him desist from prosecuting his design; just as he, who never intends to pay, sticks at nothing in making a bargain. In this strait I briefly reasoned thus with myself: 'Well, I shall not be the first who, by the way of marriage, has risen from a low to a high condition; nor will Don Fernando be the first whom beauty, or rather blind affection, has induced to take a wife beneath his quality. Since, then, I do not make a new custom, surely I may be allowed to accept this honour which fortune throws in my way, even though the inclination he shews for me should last no longer than the accomplishment of his will; for in short, in the sight of God, I shall be his wife. Besides, should I reject him with disdain, I see him prepared to set aside all sense of duty, and to have recourse to violence; and so I shall remain dishonoured and without excuse, when I am censured by those who do not know how innocently I came into this strait. For what reasons can be sufficient to persuade my parents and the world, that this cavalier got into my apartment without my consent?' All these questions and answers I revolved in my imagination in an instant. But what

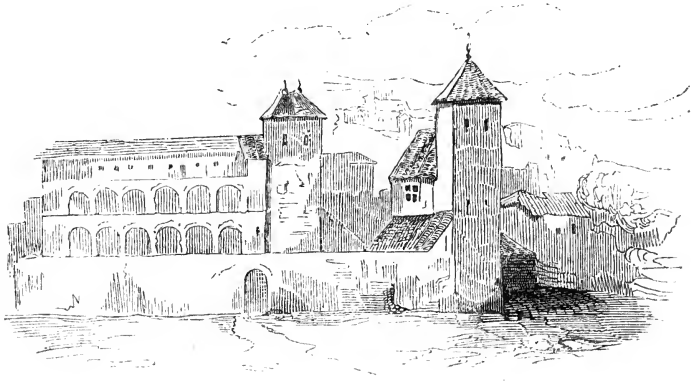
principally inclined and drew me, thoughtless as I was, to my ruin, were Don Fernando's oaths, the witnesses by which he swore, the tears he shed, and in fine his genteel carriage and address, which, together with the many tokens he gave me of unfeigned love, might have captivated any heart, though before as much disengaged, and as reserved as mine. I called in my waiting-maid, to be a joint witness on earth with those in Heaven. Don Fernando repeated and confirmed his oaths. He attested new saints, and imprecated a thousand curses on himself if he failed in the performance of his promise. The tears came again into his eyes; he redoubled his sighs, and pressed me closer between his arms, from which he had never once loosed me. With this, and on my maid's going again out of the room, he completed my dishonour and became a perjured traitor.

"The day that succeeded the night of my misfortune, came on, but not so fast as, I believe, Don Fernando wished; for, after

the accomplishment of our desires, the greatest pleasure is to get away from the place of enjoyment. I say this, because Don Fernando made haste to leave me; and by the intervention of the same maid who had betrayed me, he got in the street before break of day. At parting, he said, though not with the same warmth and vehemency as at his coming, I might entirely depend upon his honour, and on the truth and sincerity of his oaths. As a confirmation of his promise, he drew a ring of great value from his finger and put it on mine. In short, he went away, and I remained, I know not whether sad or joyful. I can truly say that I remained confused and thoughtful, and almost distracted at what had passed; and either I had no heart, or I forgot to chide my maid for the treachery she had been guilty of in conveying Don Fernando into my chamber. Indeed, I had not yet determined with myself whether what had befallen me was to my good or harm. I told Don Fernando, at parting, he might, if he pleased, since I was now his own, see me on other nights by the same method he had now taken, until he should be pleased to publish what was done to the world. But he came no more after the following night, nor could I get a sight of him in the street or at church, for above a month, though I tired myself with looking after him in vain; and though I knew he was in the town, and that he went almost every day to the chase, an exercise of which he was very fond. Those days, and those hours, I too well remember, were sad and dismal ones to me; for in them I began to doubt, and at last to disbelieve, the fidelity of Don Fernando. I remember too, that I then made my damsel hear those reproofs for her presumption which she had escaped before. I was forced to set a watch over my tears, and the air of my countenance, that I might avoid giving my parents occasion to enquire into the cause of my discontent, and laying myself under the necessity of inventing fictions to deceive them. But this was soon put an end to by an accident which bore down all respect and regard to my reputation, which deprived me of all patience, and exposed my most secret thoughts on the public stage of the world. Some few days after, a report was spread in the town that Don Fernando had been married, in a neighbouring city, to a young lady

of extreme beauty, whose parents were of considerable quality, but not so rich that her dowry might make her aspire to so noble an alliance. Her name, it was said, was Lucinda, and many strange things were reported to have happened at their wedding."

When Cardenio heard the name of Lucinda, he only shrugged up his shoulders, bit his lips, arched his brows, and soon after let fall two streams of tears from his eyes. Dorothea did not, however, discontinue her story, but went on to say: "This sad news soon reached my ears; and my heart, instead of being chilled at hearing it, was so incensed and inflamed with rage and anger, that I could scarcely forbear running out into the streets, and making known how basely and treacherously I had been used. But this fury was moderated for the present by a resolution I took and executed that very night; which was, to put myself into this garb, which was given me by a domestic of my father's, one of those, who in farmers' houses are called *Zagals* to whom I discovered my whole misfortune and begged of him to accompany me to the city, where I was informed my enemy then was. He, finding me bent upon my design, after he had condemned the rashness of my undertaking and blamed my resolution, offered himself to bear me company, as he expressed it, to the end of the world. I immediately put in a pillow-case a woman's dress, with some jewels and money, to provide against whatever might happen: and in the dead of that very night, without letting my treacherous maid into the secret, I left our house,



accompanied only by the zagal, and a thousand anxious thoughts, and took the way that led to the town on foot. The desire of getting thither added wings to my flight, that if I could not prevent what I concluded was already done, I might at least demand of Don Fernando with what conscience he had done it. In two days and a half I arrived at the place, and, going into the town, I enquired where Lucinda's father lived: and the first person I addressed myself to answered me more than I desired to hear. He told me where I might find the house, and related to me the whole story of what happened at the young lady's wedding: all which was so public in the town, that the people assembled in every street to talk of it. He told me that on the night Don Fernando was married to Lucinda, after she had pronounced the *yes*, by which she became his wedded wife, she fell into a swoon; and the bridegroom, in

unclasping her bosom to give her air, found a written paper in Lucinda's own hand writing, in which she affirmed and declared that she could not be wife to Don Fernando, because she was already married to Cardenio (who, as the man told me, was a very considerable cavalier of the same town,) and that she had given her consent to Don Fernando, merely in obedience to her parents. In short, the paper gave them to understand that she designed killing herself as soon as the ceremony was over, and contained likewise her reasons for so

doing: all which, they say, was confirmed by a poignard they found about her, concealed in her clothes. Don Fernando, seeing all this and concluding himself deluded, mocked and despised by Lucinda, made at her before she recovered her fainting fit, and with the same poignard that was found, endeavoured to stab her: which he would certainly have done, if her parents, and the rest of the company had not prevented him. They said farther, that Don Fernando immediately absented himself, and that Lucinda did not come to herself until the next day, when she confessed to her parents that she was really wife to the cavalier aforesaid. I learned moreover, that it was rumoured that Cardenio was present at the ceremony, and that seeing her married, which he could never have thought, he went out of town in despair, leaving behind him a written paper, in which he set forth at large the wrong Lucinda had done him, and his resolution of going where human eyes should never more behold him. All this was public and notorious over the town, and in every body's mouth; but the talk increased when it was known that Lucinda was missing from her father's house; at which her parents were almost distracted, not knowing what means to use to find her. This news rallied my scattered hopes, and I was better pleased not to find Don Fernando than to have found him married, flattering myself that the door to my relief was not quite shut; and hoping that possibly, Heaven might have laid this impediment in the way of his second marriage, to reduce him to a sense of what he owed to the first, and to make him reflect that he was a christian, and obliged to have more regard to his soul, than to any worldly considerations. These things I revolved in my imagination, and, having no real consolation, comforted myself with framing some faint and distant hopes, in order to support a life I now abhor."

"Being then in the town without knowing what to do with myself, since I did not find Don Fernando, I heard a public crier promising a great reward to any one who should find me, describing my age, and the very dress I wore. As I heard, it was reported, that I was run away from my father's house with the young fellow that attended me, a thing, which struck me to the very soul, to see how low my credit was sunk; as if it was not enough to say that I was

gone off, but it must be added with whom and he too a person so much below me, and so unworthy of my better inclinations. At the instant I heard the crier, I went out of the town with my servant, who already began to discover some signs of staggering in his promised fidelity; and that night we penetrated into the most intricate part of these mountains, for fear of being found. But as it is commonly said that one evil calls upon another, and that the end of one disaster is the beginning of a greater, so it befell me: my good servant, until then faithful and trusty, seeing me in this desert place, and incited by his own baseness rather than by any beauty of mine, resolved to lay hold of the opportunity this solitude seemed to afford him; and, with little shame, and less fear of God or respect to his mistress, he began to make love to me. Finding that I answered him with such language as the impudence of his attempt deserved, he laid aside entreaties, by which at first he hoped to succeed, and began to use force. But just Heaven, that seldom or never fails to regard and favour righteous intentions, favoured mine in such a manner that with the little strength I had, and without much difficulty, I pushed him down a precipice where I left him, I know

not whether alive or dead. Then, with more nimbleness than could be expected from my surprise and weariness, I entered into this desert mountain, without any other thought or design than to hide myself here from my father, and others who by his order were in search after me. It is, I know not how many months since, that I came hither, with this design, when I met with a shepherd, who took me for his servant to a place in the very midst of these rocks. I served him all this time as a shepherd's boy, endeavouring to be always abroad in the field, the better to conceal my hair, which has now so unexpectedly discovered me. But all my care and solicitude were to no purpose; for my master came to discover I was not a man, and the same wicked thoughts sprung up in his breast that had possessed my servant. But as fortune does not always with the difficulty present the remedy, and as I had now no rock nor precipice to rid me of the master, as before of the servant, I thought it more advisable to leave him and hide myself once more among these brakes and cliffs, than to venture a trial of my strength or dissuasions with him. I say then, I again betook myself to these deserts, where, without molestation, I might beseech Heaven, with

sighs and tears, to have pity on my disconsolate state, and either to assist me with ability to struggle through it, or to put an end to my life, so that no memory may remain of this wretched creature, who, without any fault of her own, has ministered matter to be talked of and censured, in her own and in other countries.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH TREATS OF THE GENTLE ARTIFICE MADE USE OF TO WITHDRAW OUR AMOROUS KNIGHT FROM THE RUDE PENITENCE THAT HE PRACTISED.

THIS, gentlemen, is the true history of my tragedy. See now, and judge whether you might not reasonably have expected more sighs than those you have listened to, more words than those you had heard, and more tears than have yet flowed from my eyes. The quality of my misfortune considered, you will perceive that all council is in vain, since a remedy is nowhere to be found. All I desire of you is, (what with ease you can and ought to do), that you would advise me where I may pass my life without the continual dread and apprehension of being discovered by those who are searching after me. I know I may depend upon the great love of my parents towards me for a kind reception; but so great is the shame that overwhelms me at the bare thought of appearing before them not such as they expected, that I choose rather to banish myself for ever from their sight, than to behold their face with the consciousness that they no longer see in mine that purity and innocence they had good reason to promise themselves from their daughter."

Here she held her peace, and her face was overspread with such a colour as plainly discovered the concern and shame of her soul. The hearers felt no less pity than admiration at her misfortune. The priest was just going to administer to her some present comfort and counsel, when Cardenio prevented him: "It seems then, madam," said he, "that you are the beautiful Dorothea, only daughter of the rich Clenardo!" Dorothea was surprised at hearing her father's name, and to see what a sorry figure he made who named him; for we have already taken notice how poorly Cardenio was apparelled. She said: "Pray, Sir, who are you that are so well acquainted with my father's name? for to this minute, if I remember right, I have not mentioned it in the whole course of the account of my misfortune." "I am," answered Cardenio, "that unfortunate person whom, according to your relation, Lucinda owned to be her husband. I am the unhappy Cardenio, whom the base actions of him who has reduced you to the state you are in, have brought to the pass you see; to be thus ragged, naked, destitute of all human comfort, and what is worst of all, deprived of reason; for I enjoy it only when Heaven is pleased to bestow it on me for some short interval. I, Dorothea, am he who was an eye-witness of the wrong Don Fernando did me; he who heard the fatal *yes*, by which Lucinda confirmed herself his wife. I am he who had not the courage to stay and see what would be the consequence of her swooning, nor what followed the discovery of the paper in her bosom. My soul could not bear such accumulated misfortunes; and therefore I abandoned the house and my patience together. Leaving a letter with my host, whom I entreated to deliver it into Lucinda's own hands, I betook myself to these solitudes, with a resolution of ending here my life which, from that moment, I abhorred as my mortal enemy. But fate would not deprive me of it, contenting itself with depriving me of my senses, perhaps to preserve me for the good fortune I have had in meeting with you. As I have no reason to doubt of the truth of what you have related, Heaven, peradventure, may have reserved us both for a happier termination to our misfortunes than we expected. Since Lucinda cannot marry Don Fernando, because she is mine, as she publicly declared, nor Don Fernando, Lucinda,

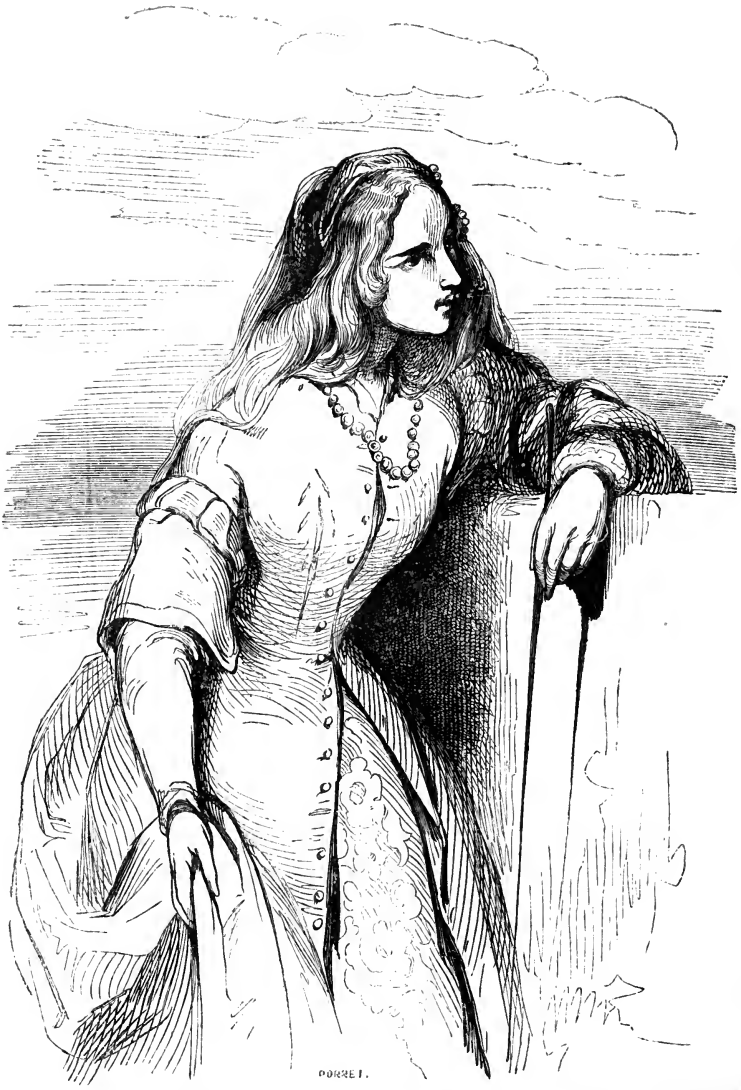
because he is yours, there is still room for us to hope that Heaven will restore to each of us our own, since it is not yet alienated, nor past recovery. Having this consolation, not arising from very distant hopes, nor founded in extravagant conceits, I entreat you, madam, to entertain other resolutions in your honourable thoughts, as I intend to do in mine, preparing yourself to expect better fortune. I swear to you, upon the faith of a cavalier and a christian, not to forsake you until I see you in possession of Don Fernando. If I cannot by fair means persuade him to acknowledge what he owes you, I will take the liberty allowed me as a gentleman of calling him to an account with my sword for the wrong he has done you; without reflecting on the injuries offered to myself, the revenge of which I leave to Heaven, that I may the sooner redress yours on earth."

Dorothea was quite amazed at what Cardenio said; not knowing how to thank him for such great and generous offers, she would have thrown herself at his feet to have kissed them, but Cardenio would by no means suffer her. The licentiate answered for them both, and approved of Cardenio's generous resolution. Above all things, he besought and advised them to go with him to his village, where they might furnish themselves with whatever they wanted, and consult how to find Don Fernando, or to carry back Dorothea to her parents, or do whatever they might think most expedient. Cardenio and Dorothea thanked him, and accepted of the favour he offered them. The barber, who all this time had stood silent and in suspense, paid also his compliment, and, with no less good-will than the priest, made them an offer of whatever was in his power for their service. He briefly informed them of the cause that brought him and the curate thither, and of Don Quixote's strange madness; and added that they were then waiting for Don Quixote's squire, who was gone to seek his master. Cardenio hereupon remembered, as if it had been a dream, the quarrel he had had with Don Quixote, which he related to the company, but could not recollect whence it arose.

At that instant they heard a voice, and knowing it to be Sancho Panza's, who, not finding them where he left them, was calling as

loud as he could to them, they went forward to meet him. On their asking him after Don Quixote, he told them that he found him naked to his shirt, feeble, wan and half dead with hunger, and sighing for his lady Dulcinea. "Though I told him," added Sancho, "that she laid her commands on him to come out from that place and repair to Toboso, where she expected him, his answer was, that he was determined not to appear before her beauty until he had performed exploits that might render him worthy of her favour. If my master persist in that humour, he will run a risk of never becoming an emperor, as he is in honour bound to be, nor even an archbishop, which is the least he can be. Consider, therefore, in God's name, what is best to be done to draw him thence." The licentiate bade Sancho be in no pain about that matter, for they would get him away whether he would or no.

He then recounted to Cardenio and Dorothea what they had contrived for Don Quixote's cure, or at least for decoying him to his own house. Upon which Dorothea said that she would undertake to act the distressed damsel better than the barber, especially since she had there a woman's apparel, with which she could do it to the life; she added that they might leave it to her to perform what was necessary for carrying on their design, she having read many books of chivalry, and being well acquainted with the style the distressed damsels were wont to use when they begged their boons of the knights-errant. "Then there needs no more," quoth the priest, "to put the design immediately in execution. Doubtless fortune declares in our favour, since she has begun so unexpectedly to open a door for your relief, and furnished us so easily with what we stood in need of." Dorothea presently took out of her bundle a petticoat of very rich stuff, and a mantle of fine green silk, and out of a casket, a necklace and other jewels, with which, in an instant, she adorned herself in such a manner that she had all the appearance of a rich and great lady. All these, and more, she said, she had brought from home to provide against what might happen; but until then she had had no occasion to make use of them, They were all highly delighted with the gracefulness of her person, the affability of her disposition and her beauty: and



they agreed that Don Fernando must be a man of little judgment or taste, who could slight so much excellence. But he who admired most was Sancho Panza. Never, in all the days of his life, had he seen so beautiful a creature. He therefore earnestly desired the priest to tell him who that charming lady was, and what she

was looking for in those parts. "This beautiful lady, friend Sancho," answered the priest, "is, to say the least of her, heiress in the direct male line to the great kingdom of Micomicon; she comes in quest of your master, to beg a boon of him, which is to redress her a wrong or injury done her by a wicked giant; and it is the fame of your master's prowess, which is spread over all Guinea, that has brought this princess to seek him." "Now a happy seeking and a happy finding," quoth Sancho Panza; "and especially if my master prove so fortunate as to redress that injury, and right that wrong by killing the rascally giant you mentioned: and kill him he certainly will, if he encounters him, unless he be a goblin; for my master has no power at all over goblins. But one thing, among others, I would beg of your worship, Signor licentiate: it is, that you would not let my master take into his head to be an archbishop, which is what I fear, but that you would advise him to marry this princess out of hand, and then he will be disqualified to receive archiepiscopal orders; and so he will come with ease to his kingdom, and I to the end of my wishes. I have considered the matter well, and find, by my account, it will not be convenient for me that my master should be an archbishop, as I am unfit for the church, being a married man; and for me to be now going about to procure dispensations for holding church-livings, having, as I have, a wife and children, would be an endless piece of work. So that, Sir, the whole business rests upon my master's marrying this lady out of hand. I do not yet know her grace, and therefore do not call her by her name." "She is called," replied the priest, "the princess Micomicona; for her kingdom being called Micomicon, it is clear she must be called so." "There is no doubt of that," answered Sancho; "for I have known many take their title and surname from the place of their birth, as Pedro de Alcala, John de Ubeda, Diego de Valladolid; and for aught I know, it may be the custom yonder in Guinea for queens to take the names of their kingdoms." "It is certainly so," said the priest. "As to your master's marrying, I will promote it to the utmost of my power." With this assurance Sancho remained as well satisfied as the priest was amazed at his simplicity, and to see how strongly the same absurdities were rivetted in his fancy as in his master's;

since he could so firmly pursuade himself that Don Quixote would come to be an emperor.

By this time Dorothea had got upon the priest's mule, and the barber had fitted on the ox-tail beard. Then they bid Sancho conduct them to the place where Don Quixote was, cautioning him not to say he knew the licentiate or the barber, for that the whole stress of his master's coming to be an emperor depended upon his not seeming to know them. Neither the priest nor Cardenio would go with them; the latter that he might not put Don Quixote in mind of the quarrel he had with him; and the priest, because his presence was not then necessary: accordingly they let the others go on before, and followed them fair and softly on foot. The priest would have instructed Dorothea in her part, but she said that they need give themselves no trouble, for she would perform all to a tittle, according to the rules and precepts of the books of chivalry.

They had gone about three quarters of a league, when, among some intricate rocks, they discovered Don Quixote, by this time clothed, but not armed. As soon as Dorothea espied him, and was informed by Sancho that he was his master, she whipped on her palfrey, being attended by the well-bearded barber. When she came up to Don Quixote, the squire threw himself off his mule, and went to take down Dorothea in his arms, who alighting briskly, went and kneeled at Don Quixote's feet; and, though he strove to raise her she, without getting up, addressed him in this manner:

"I will never arise from this place, O valorous and redoubted knight, until your goodness and courtesy vouchsafe me a boon, which will redound to the honour and glory of your person, and to the weal of the most disconsolate and aggrieved damsel the sun has ever beheld. And, if it be true that the valour of your puissant arm is correspondent to the voice of your immortal fame, you are obliged to protect an unhappy damsel, who is come from regions so remote, led by the odour of your renowned name, to seek at your hands a remedy for her misfortunes." "I will not answer you a word, fair lady," replied Don Quixote, "nor will I hear a jot more of your business, until you arise from the ground." "I will not arise, Signor," answered the afflicted damsel, "if, by your courtesy,

the boon I beg be not first vouchsafed me." "I do vouchsafe, and grant it you," answered Don Quixote, "provided my compliance therewith be of no detriment or disservice to my king, my country, or her who keeps the key of my heart and liberty." "It will not be to the prejudice or disservice of any of these, dear Sir," replied the doleful damsel. As she was saying this, Sancho Panza approached his master's ear, and said to him softly: "Your worship, Sir, may very safely grant the boon she asks, for it is a mere trifle—only to kill a great lubberly giant; and she who begs it is the mighty princess Micomicona, queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, in Ethiopia." "Whoever she may be," answered Don Quixote, "I shall do what is my duty, and what my conscience dictates, in conformity to the rules of my profession." Turning himself to the

damsel, he then said: "Fairest lady, arise, for I vouchsafe you whatever boon you ask." "Then what I ask," said the damsel, "is that your magnanimous person will go with me whither I will conduct you; and that you will promise me not to engage in any other adventure, or comply with any other demand whatever, until you have avenged me on a traitor, who against all right, human and divine, has usurped my kingdom." "I repeat it, that I grant your request," answered Don Quixote; "therefore, lady, from this day forward, shake off the melancholy that disturbs you, and let your fainting hopes recover fresh force and spirits. By the help of God, and of my arm, you shall soon see yourself restored to your kingdom and seated on the throne of your ancient and high estate, in spite of all the miscreants that shall oppose it. Now therefore all hands to the work; for the danger, they say, lies in the delay." The distressed damsel would fain have kissed his hands, but Don Quixote, who was in every thing a most gallant and courteous knight, would by no means consent to it. Making her arise, he embraced her with much politeness and respect, and ordered Sancho to get Rocinante ready, and to help him on with his armour instantly. Sancho took down the armour, which was hanging like a trophy on the branches of an oak, and having got Rocinante ready, helped his master to don it. The latter, finding himself armed, said: "Let us go hence, in Heaven's name to succour this great lady." The barber was still kneeling, and had enough to do to forbear laughing and to keep his beard from falling, which, had it happened, would probably have occasioned the miscarriage of their ingenious device. Seeing that the boon was already granted, and with what alacrity Don Quixote prepared himself to accomplish it, he got up and took his lady by the other hand; and thus, between them both, they sat her upon the mule. Immediately Don Quixote mounted Rocinante, and the barber settled himself upon his beast, Sancho remaining on foot, which renewed his grief for the loss of his donkey. But he bore it cheerfully, with the thought that his master was now in the right road, and just upon the point of being an emperor: for he made no doubt that he was to marry that princess, and be at least king of Micomicon. He was troubled to think, that that kingdom was in

the land of the negroes, and that the people who were to be his subjects were all blacks. But he presently bethought himself of a special remedy, and said to himself: "What care I, if my subjects be blacks? what have I to do but to ship them off, and bring them over to Spain, where I may sell them for ready money; with which money I may buy some title or employment, on which I may live at my ease all the days of my life. Before God, I will make them fly, little and big, or as I can; and let them be never so black, I will transform them into white and yellow: let me alone to lick my own fingers." With these conceits he went on, so busied, and so satisfied, that he forgot the pain of travelling on foot.

All this Cardenio and the priest beheld from behind the bushes, and did not know how to contrive to join company. But the priest, who was a grand schemer, soon hit upon an expedient. With a pair of scissors which he carried in a case, he whipped off Cardenio's beard in an instant; then he put on him a grey doublet, and gave him his own black cloak, himself remaining in his breeches and doublet. Cardenio made so different a figure from what he did before, that he would not have known himself, though he had looked in a glass. This being done, though the others were got a good way

before them while they were thus disguising themselves, they easily got first into the high road; for the rockiness and narrowness of the way would not permit those on horseback to go on so fast as those on foot. In short, they got into the plain at the foot of the mountain; and when Don Quixote and his company came out, the priest set himself to gaze at him very earnestly for some time, giving signs as if he began to know him: after he had stood some moments viewing him, he ran to him with open arms, crying aloud: "In a happy hour are you met, mirror of chivalry, my noble countryman Don Quixote de la Mancha, the flower and cream of gallantry, the shelter and relief of the needy, the quintessence of knights-errant!" As he said this, he embraced Don Quixote by the knee of his left leg; who being amazed at what he saw and heard, set himself to consider him attentively. At length he knew and was surprised

to see him, and made no small effort to alight. This the priest would not suffer, whereupon Don Quixote said: "Permit me, Signor licentiate, to alight; for it is not fit I should be on horseback, and so reverend a person as your worship on foot." "I will by no means consent to it," said the priest; "let your greatness continue on horseback; for on horseback you achieve the greatest exploits and adventures that our age hath beheld. As for me, who am a priest, though unworthy, it will suffice me to get up behind some one of these gentlemen who travel with you, if it be not too troublesome to them: and I shall fancy myself mounted on Pegasus, or on a zebra, or the sprightly courser bestrode by the famous moor Muzaraque, who lies to this day enchanted in the great mountain Zulema, not far distant from the grand city of Compluto." [154] "I did not think of that, dear Signor licentiate," said Don Quixote; but I know my lady the princess will, for my sake, order her squire to accommodate you with the saddle of his mule; and he may ride behind, if the beast will carry double." "I believe she will," answered the princess; "and I know it will be needless to lay my commands upon my squire; for he is so courteous and well-bred, that he will not suffer an ecclesiastic to go on foot, when he may ride." "Very true," answered the barber. And alighting, he complimented the priest with the saddle, which the latter accepted without much entreaty. But it unluckily happened that as the barber was getting up behind, the mule, which was no other than a hackney, and consequently a vicious jade, flung up her hind-legs twice or thrice into the air; and had they come in contact with master Nicholas's breast or head, he would have given his coming for Don Quixote to the devil. However, he was so frightened, that he tumbled to the ground, with so little heed of his beard, that it fell off. Perceiving himself without it, he had no other shift than to cover his face with both hands, and to cry out that his jaw-bone was broken. Don Quixote, seeing that bundle of a beard, without jaws, and without blood, lying at a distance from the face of the fallen

[154] Zulema is the name of a mountain situated S. W. of Alcala de Henares, in Cervantes's native country. A ruin has been discovered on the summit of this mountain, supposed to be that of the ancient Complutum.

squire, said: "Odd's-life! this is very wonderful! no barber could have shaved off his beard, more clean and smooth." The priest, who saw the danger their project was in of being discovered, immediately picked up the beard, and ran with it to master Nicholas, who still lay bemoaning himself; and holding his head close to his breast, at one jerk he fixed it on again, muttering over him some words, which he said were a specific charm [155] for fastening on beards, as they should soon see. When all was adjusted he left them, and the squire remained as well bearded and as whole as before. Don Quixote marvelled greatly, and desired the priest, when he had leisure, to teach him that charm; for he was of opinion that its virtue must extend farther than to the fastening-on of beards, since it was clear that where the beard was torn off, the flesh must be left wounded and bloody, and since it wrought a perfect cure it must be good for other things besides beards. "It is so," said the priest; and he promised to teach Don Quixote the very first opportunity.

They now agreed that the priest should get up first, and that

[155] In Spain, they call *ensalmo* a miraculous method of curing illness, by reciting certain prayers over the patient. The charm derives its name (*en salmo*), from the circumstance of the sacramental words being generally taken from the Psalms.

they should all three ride by turns until they came to the inn, which was about two leagues off. The three being now mounted, that is to say, Don Quixote, the princess and the priest; and the other three on foot, to wit, Cardenio, the barber and Sancho Panza; Don Quixote said to the damsel: "Your grandeur, madam, will be pleased to lead on which way you like best." And before she could reply, the licentiate said: "Toward what kingdom would your ladyship go? toward that of Micomicon, I presume: for it must be thither, or I know little of kingdoms." Dorothea, being perfect in her lesson, knew very well what she ought to answer and therefore said: "Yes, Signor, my way lies toward that kingdom." "If it be

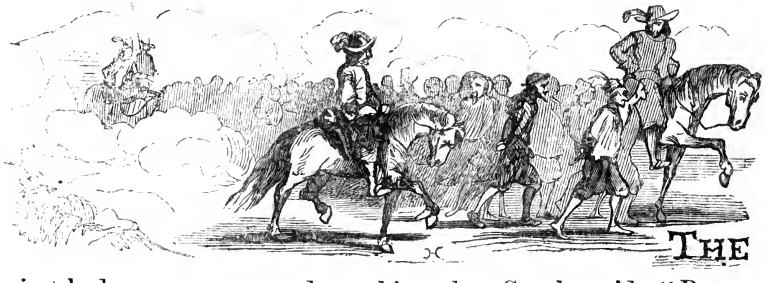
so," said the priest, "we must pass through our village; and from thence you must go straight to Carthagena, where you may embark in God's name; and if you have a fair wind, a smooth sea and no storms, in less than nine years you may get sight of the great lake Meona, I mean Palus-Meotides, which is a trifle more than a hundred day's journey on this side of your highness's kingdom." "You are mistaken, good Sir," said she; "for it is not two years since I left it; and though, in truth, I had very bad weather during the whole passage, I am already got hither, and behold with my eyes, what I so much longed for, namely, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, the fame of whose valour reached my ears the moment I set foot in Spain, and put me upon finding him out, that I might recommend myself to his courtesy, and commit the justice of my cause to the valour of his invincible arm." "No more; cease your compliments," said Don Quixote, "for I am an enemy to all sorts of flattery; and though this be not such, still my chaste ears are offended at this kind of discourse. What I can say, dear madam, is, that whether I have valour or not, what I have or have not shall be employed in your service, even to the loss of my life. So, leaving these things to a proper time, I desire that Signor the licentiate would tell me what has brought him into these parts, alone, unattended and so lightly clad, that I am surprised at it." "To this I shall answer briefly," replied the priest. "Your worship then must know, Signor Don Quixote, that I and master Nicholas, our friend and barber, were going to Seville to receive some monies which a relation of mine, who went many years ago to the Indies, had sent me; and it was no inconsiderable sum, for it was above sixty thousand pieces of eight, all of due weight, which is no trivial matter. As we were passing yesterday through these parts, we were attacked by four highway robbers, who stripped us of all we had, to our very beards, and in such a manner that the barber thought it expedient to put on a counterfeit one; and as for this youth here (pointing to Cardenio), they have made him as if he were just born. The best of the story is, that it is publicly reported hereabouts that the persons who robbed us were certain galley-slaves, who, they say, were liberated near this very place, by a man so valiant that in spite of the commissary

and his guards, he let them all loose. Doubtless he must have been out of his senses, or as great a rogue as they, or one void of all conscience and humanity, seeing that he let loose the wolf among the sheep, the fox among the hens, and the wasps among the honey. He has defrauded justice of her due, and has set himself up against his king and natural lord, by acting against his lawful authority. He has, I say, disabled the galleys of their hands, and disturbed the many years' repose of the holy brotherhood: in a word, he has done a deed whereby he may lose his soul, and not gain his body."

Sancho had related to the priest and the barber the adventure of the galley-slaves, achieved with so much glory by his master; and therefore the priest laid it on thick in the relation, to see what Don Quixote would do or say. The poor knight's colour changed at every word, and yet he durst not own that he had been the deliverer of those worthy gentlemen. "These," said the priest, "were the persons that robbed us. May God, of his infinite mercy, pardon him who prevented their being carried to the punishment they so richly deserved."

CHAPTER III.

WHICH TREATS OF THE DELICACY OF WIT DISPLAYED BY THE BEAUTIFUL DOROTHEA, WITH OTHER MATTERS SINGULARLY DIVERTING.



THE priest had no sooner ceased speaking than Sancho said: "By my troth, Signor licentiate, it was my master who did this feat. Not but that I gave him fair warning and advised him to beware what he did, and that it was a sin to set them at liberty, for that they were all going to the galleys for being most notorious villains." "Blockhead," said Don Quixote, "it is not incumbent on knights-errant to enquire whether the afflicted, enchained and oppressed whom they meet upon the road are reduced to those circumstances, or that distress, by their faults or their misfortunes. Knights-errant are bound to assist them merely as being in distress, and to

regard their sufferings alone, and not their crimes. I lighted on a bead-roll and string of miserable wretches, and did by them what my profession requires of me. For the rest I care not; and whoever takes it amiss, saving the holy dignity of Signor the licentiate and his honourable person, I say he knows little of the principles of chivalry, and lies like a base-born son of a rustic: and this I will make good with my sword in the most ample manner." As he said this, Don Quixote set himself in his stirrups and clapped down the visor of his helmet; for the barber's basin, which in his account was Mambrino's helmet, hung at his saddle-bow until it could be repaired of the damages it had received from the galley-slaves.

Dorothea, who was witty, and of a pleasant disposition, already perceiving Don Quixote's frenzy, and that every body, except Sancho Panza, made a jest of him, resolved not to be behind-hand with the rest; and seeing him in such a heat: "Sir Knight," said she to him, "be pleased to remember the boon you have promised me, in virtue of which you are engaged not to intermeddle in any other adventure, be it ever so urgent. Therefore assuage your wrath; for if the Signor licentiate had known that the galley-slaves were freed by that invincible arm, he would sooner have sewed up his mouth with three stitches, and thrice have bit his tongue, than he would have said a word that might redound to the disparagement of your worship." "I would so, I swear," quoth the priest, "and even sooner have pulled off a mustachio." "I will say no more, madam," said Don Quixote; "and I will repress that just indignation raised in my breast, and go on peaceably and quietly until I have accomplished for you the promised boon. But, in requital of this good intention, I beseech you to tell me, if it be not too much trouble, what is your grievance, and who, how many and of what sort are the persons on whom I must take due, satisfactory and complete revenge." "That I will do, with all my heart," answered Dorothea, "if it will not prove tedious and irksome to you to hear nothing but afflictions and misfortunes." "Not at all, dear madam," answered Don Quixote. "Since it is so," replied Dorothea "pray favour me with your attention."

She had no sooner said this, than Cardenio and the barber placed themselves on each side of her, to hear what kind of story the ingenious Dorothea would invent. The same did Sancho, who was as much deceived about her as his master. Then Dorothea, after settling herself well in her saddle, with a hem or two and the like preparatory airs, began, with much good humour, in the following manner:

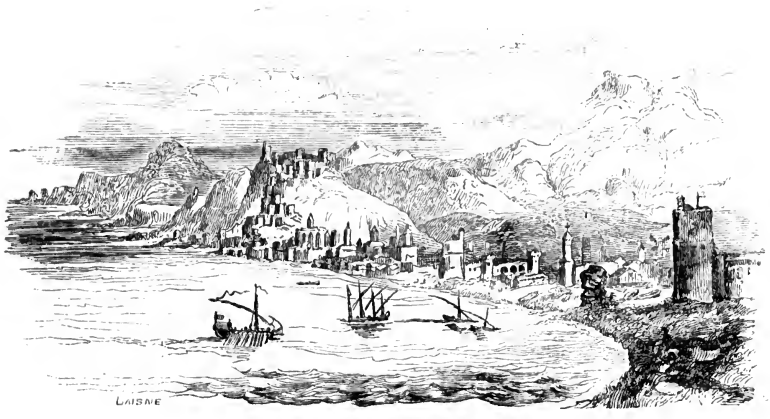
"In the first place, you must know, gentlemen, that my name is ——." Here she stopped short, having forgot the name the priest had given her: but he presently helped her out, for he knew what stopped her: "It is no wonder, madam," said he "that your grandeur should be disturbed and in some confusion at recounting your misfortunes. They are often of such a nature as to deprive us of our memory, and make us forget our very names; as they have now done by your high ladyship, who appears to have forgotten that you are called the princess Micomicona, rightful heiress of the great kingdom of Micomicon. With this intimation your grandeur may easily bring back to your doleful remembrance whatever you have a mind to relate." "You are in the right," answered Dorothea; "and henceforward I believe it will be needless to give me any more hints; for I shall be able to conduct my true history to a conclusion without them. To begin then:

"My father, who was called Tinacrio-the-Wise, was very learned in what they call the magic art. He knew, by the assistance of his art, that my mother, who was called Queen Xaramilla, should die before him, and that he himself must soon after depart this life, and I be left an orphan, deprived both of father and mother. But this, he used to say, did not trouble him so much as the certain fore-knowledge he had that a monstrous giant, lord of a great island almost bordering upon our kingdom, called Pantafilando of the Gloomy-Aspect, (for it is averred that, though his eyes stand right, and in their proper place, he always looks askew as if he squinted; and

this he does out of pure malignity to scare and frighten those he looks at); I say my father knew that this giant would take advantage of my being an orphan invade my kingdom with a mighty force, and take it all from me, without leaving me the smallest village to hide my head in. It was in my power, however, to avoid all this ruin and misfortune by marrying him; though as far as he,

could understand, he believed I would never consent to so unequal a match. In this he was right, for it never entered into my head to marry this giant, nor any other, however huge and colossal. My father said also that after his death, when I should find Pantafilando begin to invade my kingdom, he advised me not to stay to make any defence, for that would be my ruin; but, if I would avoid death and prevent the total destruction of my faithful and loyal subjects, my best way was freely to abandon the kingdom to him without opposition, since it would not be possible for me to defend myself against the diabolical power of the giant. He added that I ought immediately to set out with a few attendants for Spain, where I should find a remedy for my distress in meeting with a knight-errant, whose fame about that time should extend itself all over this kingdom, and whose name, if I remember right, was to be Don Fricote, or Don Gigote." "Don Quixote, you would say, madam," quoth Sancho Panza, "otherwise the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure." "You are right," said Dorothea. "He said farther, that he was to be tall and thin-visaged, and that, on his right side, under his left shoulder or thereabouts, he was to have a grey mole with hairs like bristles."

Don Quixote on hearing this called to his squire: "Here son Sancho, help me to strip: I would know whether I am the knight prophesied of by that wise king." "Why would you pull off your clothes, Sir?" said Dorothea. "To see whether I have the mole your father spoke of," answered Don Quixote. "You need not strip," said Sancho; "I know you have a mole with those same marks on the ridge of your back, which is a sign of being a strong man." "It is enough," said Dorothea; "for, among friends, we must not stand upon trifles. Whether it be on the shoulder or on the back-bone, imports little: it is sufficient that there is a mole, let it be where it will, since it is all the same flesh. Doubtless my good father was right in every thing; and I have not gone amiss in recommending myself to Signor Don Quixote; he must be the knight of whom my father spoke, since the features of his face correspond exactly with the great fame he has acquired, not only in Spain, but in all La Mancha.



"I was hardly landed in Osuna, before I heard so many of his exploits recounted, that my mind immediately told me that he must be the very person I came to seek." "But, dear madam, how came you to land at Osuna," interrupted Don Quixote, "since it is no sea-port town?"* Before Dorothea could reply, the priest interposing said: "Doubtless the princess meant to say that after she had landed at Malaga, the first-place where she heard news of your worship was Osuna." "That was my meaning," said Dorothea. "It is very likely," quoth the priest; "please your Majesty to proceed." "I have little more to add," replied Dorothea, "but that having at last had the good fortune to meet with Signor Don Quixote, I already look upon myself as queen and mistress of my whole kingdom, since he, out of his courtesy and generosity, has promised, in compliance with my request, to go with me wherever I please to carry him; which shall be only where he may have a sight of Pantafilando of the Gloomy-Aspect, that he may slay that traitor and

* This geographical error of the princess, is probably a satire on the same mistake by the historian Mariana, who very gravely relates, that Quintus Fabius Maximus Emilianus the consul, having sent 15,000 men into Spain against Viriatus these troops were landed at a city called Orsuna (or Ussuna) in Andalusia; whereas this city is many leagues from the sea. Hence we may conclude there are many other fine satirical strokes in this work, on the Spanish writers, which we cannot point out for want of a thorough acquaintance with those authors.

restore to me what he so unjustly usurps. All this may come about with the greatest ease, according to the prophecy of Tinacrio the Wise, my good father, who moreover left it written in letters Chaldean or Greek, for I cannot read them, that if this knight of the prophecy, after he has cut off the giant's head, should have a mind to marry me, I should immediately submit to be his lawful wife, without any reply, and give him at the same time possession of my kingdom and my person."

"What think you now, friend Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote: "do you not hear what passes? did not I tell you so? See whether we have not now a kingdom to command, and a queen to marry." "I swear it is so," quoth Sancho, "and plague take him for a son of a gun, who will not marry as soon as Signor Pantafilando's wizen is cut. About it then: her majesty's a dainty bit; I wish all the fleas in my bed were no worse." So saying, he cut a couple of

capers, with signs of very great joy; and presently laying hold of the reins of Dorothea's mule and making her stop, he fell down upon his knees before her, beseeching her to give him her hand to kiss, in token that he acknowledged her for his queen and mistress. What by-stander could forbear laughing, to see the madness of the master, and the simplicity of the man? Dorothea held out her hand to him, and promised to make him a great lord in her kingdom,

when Heaven should be so propitious as to put her again in possession of it. Sancho returned her thanks in such expressions as called forth new bursts of laughter

"This, gentlemen," continued Dorothea, "is my history: it remains only to tell you, that of all the attendants I brought with me out of my kingdom, I have none left but this honest squire with the long beard; for the rest were drowned in a violent storm, which overtook us in sight of the port. He and I got ashore on a couple of planks, as it were by miracle; and indeed the whole progress of my life is miracle and mystery, as you may have observed. If I have exceeded in any thing, or not been so exact as I ought to have been, let it be imputed to what the Signor licentiate said at the beginning of my story, that continual and extraordinary troubles deprive the sufferers of their very memory." "I will preserve mine, O high and worthy lady," said Don Quixote, "under the greatest that can befal me in your service. So I again confirm the promise I made you, and swear to bear you company to the end of the world, until I come to grapple with that fierce enemy of your's whose proud head I intend, by the help of Heaven, and of this my

arm, to cut off, with the edge of this (I will not say good) sword, thanks to Ginès de Passamonte, who carried off my own. *" This

* It does not appear by the story, either that Ginès took away Don Quixote's sword, or that the knight had any way exchanged his own for another.

he muttered between his teeth, and went on saying: "After having cut it off, and put you into peaceable possession of your dominions, it shall be left to your own will to dispose of your person as you shall think proper; since, while my memory is taken up, my will enthralled and my understanding subjected to her—I say no more; it is impossible I should prevail upon myself so much as to think of marrying, though it were with the Phœnix."

What Don Quixote said last about not marrying was so displeasing to Sancho, that, in a great fury, he said, in a loud voice: "I vow and swear, Signor Don Quixote, your worship cannot be in your right senses. How is it possible you should scruple to marry so high a princess as this lady is? Think you, fortune is to offer you, at every turn, such good luck as she now offers? Is my lady Dulcinea more beautiful? no indeed, not by half; nay, I could almost say she is not worthy to tie this lady's shoe-string. I am very likely to get the earldom I expect, if your worship stands fishing for mushrooms in the bottom of the sea. Marry, marry out of hand, in the devil's name, and take this kingdom that is ready to drop into your mouth *vobis, vobis*; and when you are king, make me a marquis or a lord-lieutenant, and then let Satan take all the rest if he will." Don Quixote, hearing such blasphemies against his lady Dulcinea, could not bear it. Lifting up his lance, without speaking a word to Sancho, or giving him the least warning, gave him two such blows that he laid him flat on the ground; and had not Dorothea called out to him to hold his hand, doubtless he had killed him on the spot. "Thinkest thou," said he to him, after some pause, "pitiful scoundrel, that I am always to stand with my hands in my pockets, and that there is nothing to be done but transgressing on thy side and pardoning on mine? never think it, excommunicated varlet; for so doubtless thou art, since thou hast dared to speak ill of the peerless Dulcinea. Knowest thou not, rustic, slave, beggar, that were it not for the force she infuses into my arm, I should not have enough to kill a flea? Tell me, envenomed scoffer, who, thinkest thou, has gained this kingdom, cut off the head of this giant and made thee a marquis (for all this I look upon as already done,) but the valour of Dulcinea, employing my arm as the instrument of her

exploits? She fights in me, and overcomes in me: and in her I live and breathe, and of her I hold my life and being. O base born villain! what ingratitude, when thou seest thyself exalted from the dust of the earth to the title of a lord, to make so base a return for so great a benefit, as to speak contemptuously of the hand that raised thee!"

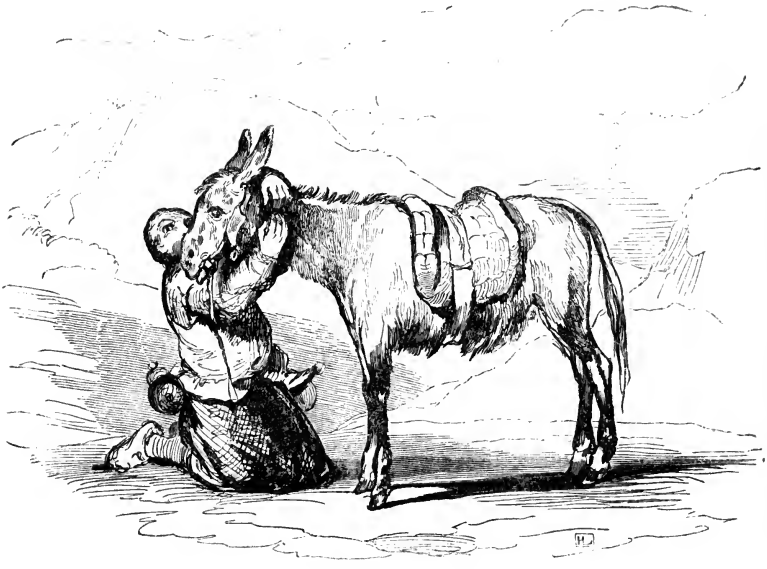
Sancho was not so much hurt, as not to hear all his master said to him; and getting up pretty nimbly, he ran behind Dorothea's palfrey, and thence said to his master: "Pray, Sir, tell me; if you are resolved not to marry this princess, it is plain the kingdom will not be your's, and then what favours will you be able to bestow on me? this is what I complain of. Marry her, Sir, once for all, now we have her as it were rained down upon us from Heaven, and afterwards you may converse with my lady Dulcinea; for, I think, it is no new thing for kings to keep misses. As to the matter of beauty, I have nothing to say to that; for, if I must speak the truth, I really think them both very well to pass, though I never saw the lady Dulcinea."—"How! never saw her, blasphemous traitor!" said Don Quixote: "have you not just brought me a message from her?"—"I say, I did not see her so leisurely," said Sancho, "as to take particular notice of her beauty and her features, piece by piece; but take her altogether, she looks well enough."—"Now I excuse you," said Don Quixote, "and pardon me the displeasure I have given you; for the first motions are not in our own power."—"I have found it so," answered Sancho; "and so in me, the desire of talking is always a first motion, and I cannot forbear uttering, for once at least, whatever comes to my tongue's end."—"For all that," quoth Don Quixote, "take heed, Sancho, what it is you utter; for the pitcher goes so often to the well——I say no more."—"Well then," answered Sancho, "God is in Heaven, who sees all guiles, and shall be judge who does most harm, I, in not speaking well, or your worship in not doing so."—"Let there be no more of this," said Dorothea; "run, Sancho, and kiss your master's hand, and ask his forgiveness; and henceforward go more warily to work with your praises and censures. Above all, speak no ill of that lady Toboso, whom I do not know otherwise than as I am her humble servant; and put

your trust in God, for there will not be wanting an estate for you to live upon like a prince."

Sancho went hanging his head, and begged his master's hand, which he held to him with great gravity. When he had kissed it, Don Quixote gave Sancho his blessing, and told him he would have him get on a little before, for he had some questions to put to him, and wanted to talk with him about some matters of vast consequence. Sancho did so; and when they were got a little before the rest, Don Quixote said: "Since your return, I have had neither opportunity nor leisure to enquire after many particulars concerning the message you carried and the answer you brought back. Now that fortune affords us time and leisure, do not deny me the satisfaction you may give me by such good news."—"Ask me what questions you please, Sir," answered Sancho: "I warrant I shall get out as well as I got in. But I beseech your worship, dear Sir, not to be so very revengeful for the future."—"Why do you press that, Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote. "Because," replied Sancho, "the blows you were pleased to bestow on me just now, were rather on account of the quarrel the devil raised between us the other night, than for what I said against my lady Dulcinea, whom I love and reverence like any relic, (though she be not one,) only as she belongs to your worship."— "No more of these discourses, Sancho, on your life," said Don Quixote, "they offend me. I forgave you before, and you know the common saying: 'For a new sin a new penance.'"

While they were thus talking, they saw coming along the same road in which they were going, a man riding upon an ass; and when he came near, he seemed to be a gipsy. But Sancho Panza, who wherever he saw an ass had his eyes and his soul fixed there, had scarcely seen the man when he knew him to be Ginès de Passamonte, and by the clue of the gipsy found his ass: for it was really his donkey upon which Passamonte rode. The latter that he might not be known, and that he might sell the animal the better, had put himself into the garb of a gipsy whose language, as well as several others, he could speak as readily as if they were his own native tongues. Sancho saw and knew him, and scarcely had he seen and known him, when he cried out to him aloud: "Ah! rogue

Ginésillo, leave my darling, let go my life, rob me not of my repose, quit my ass, leave my delight; fly rapscallion; get you gone thief, and relinquish what is not your own." There needed not so many words, nor so much railing: for at the first word, Ginès nimbly dismounted, and taking to his heels as if it had been a race, was gone in an instant, and out of reach of them all. Sancho ran to his ass, and embracing him, said: "How hast thou done, my dearest donkey, delight of my eyes, my sweet companion?" And then he kissed and caressed him, as if he had been a human creature. The ass held his peace, and suffered himself to be kissed and caressed by Sancho, without



answering one word. They all came up, and wished him joy of the finding his ass; especially Don Quixote, who assured him, that he did not for all this revoke the order for the three colts. Sancho thanked him heartily.

While this passed, the priest told Dorothea that she had performed her part very ingeniously, as well in the contrivance of the story as in its brevity, and the resemblance it bore to the narrations in books of chivalry. She answered, that she had often amused herself with reading such books, but that she did not know the situation of provinces or of sea-ports, and therefore had said at a venture that she landed at Osuna. "I found it was so," said the priest, "and therefore immediately said what you heard, which set all to rights. But is it not strange to see how readily this unhappy gentleman believes all these inventions and stories, only because they resemble the style and manner of his foolish books?" —"It is, indeed," said Cardenio, "and something so rare, and unseen before, that I much question whether, if one had a mind to dress up a

fiction like it, any genius could be found capable of succeeding in it." "There is another thing remarkable in it," said the priest. "Setting aside the follies this honest gentleman utters in every thing relating to his madness, he can discourse very sensibly upon other points, and seems to have a clear and settled judgment in all things; insomuch that if you do not touch him upon the subject of chivalries, you would never suspect but that he had a sound understanding."

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE RELISHING CONVERSATION WHICH PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA, WITH OTHER ADVENTURES.

HE rest, meanwhile, being engaged in this conversation, Don Quixote proceeded in his, and said to Sancho: "Friend Panza, let us forget what is past, and tell me now, all rancour and animosity apart, where, how and when did you find Dulcinea? What was she doing? what did you say to her? what answer did she return? how did she look, when she read my letter? who transcribed it for you? and whatever else, in this case, is worth knowing, enquiring after or being satisfied in: inform me of all, without adding or diminishing to give me pleasure, or curtailing aught to deprive me of any satisfaction." "Sir," answered Sancho, "if I must tell the truth, nobody transcribed the letter for me; for I carried no letter at all."—"It is as you say," quoth Don Quixote;

"for I found the pocket-book I had written it in two days after your departure; which troubled me exceedingly, not knowing what you would do when you should find you had no letter; and I still believed you would come back as soon as you should miss it." "So I should have done," answered Sancho, "had I not got it by heart, when your worship read it to me, and so perfectly, that I repeated it to a parish-clerk, who wrote it down as I dictated, and said that though he had read many letters of excommunication, he had never seen or read so pretty a letter in all the days of his life." "And have you it still by heart, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "No, Sir," answered Sancho: "for after I had delivered it, seeing it was to be of no farther use, I forgot it on purpose. If I remember aught of it, it is the beginning, *the high and subterrane*, I mean *sovereign lady*, and the conclusion, *thine until death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.* And between these two things, I put above three hundred souls and lives, and dear eyes."

"All this does not displease me; go on," said Don Quixote. "You arrived: and what was that queen of beauty doing? Without doubt you found her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device with threads of gold for this her captive knight." "No, I did not," answered Sancho; "but I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in a back-yard of her house." "Then make account," said Don Quixote, "that the grains of that wheat were so many grains of pearl, when touched by her hands. And did you take notice, friend, whether the wheat was fine, or the ordinary sort?" "It was neither," answered Sancho, "but of the reddish kind." "Be assured, however," quoth Don Quixote, "that when winnowed by her hands, it certainly made the finest manchet-bread; but go on. When you gave her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she put it to her head? Did she use any ceremony worthy of such a letter, or what did she do?" "When I was going to give it her," answered Sancho, "she was very busy in winnowing a good sieve-full of the wheat; and she said to me, 'Lay the letter, my lad, upon that sack; for I cannot read it until I have done winnowing all that is here.'" "Discreet lady!" said Don Quixote; "this was, to be sure, that she might read it and entertain herself with it at leisure.

Proceed Sancho: while she was thus employed, what discourse had she with you? what did she enquire of you concerning me? and what did you answer? Make an end; tell it me all; leave nothing at the bottom of the ink-horn." "She asked me nothing," said Sancho; "but I told her how your worship was doing penance for her service among these rocks, naked from the waist upwards, * as if you were a savage, sleeping on the ground, not eating bread on a napkin, nor combing your beard, but weeping and cursing your fortune." "In saying that I cursed my fortune, you said amiss," quoth Don Quixote. "I rather bless it, and shall bless it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to love so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso." "So high indeed," answered Sancho, "that, in good faith, she is a handful taller than I am." "Why, how, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "have you measured with her?" "I measured thus," answered Sancho: "as I was

* In the description of Don Quixote's penance (book 3, ch. 11.) we find him naked from the waist downwards.

helping her to put a sack of wheat upon an ass, we stood so close that I perceived she was taller than I by more than a full span."

"If it be so," replied Don Quixote, "does she not accompany and set off this stature of body with a million graces of the mind? But, Sancho, conceal not one thing from me: when you stood so near her, did you not perceive a Sabean odour, an aromatic fragrance, and something so sweet, that I know not what name to give it? I say a scent, a smell, as if you were in some curious perfumer's shop?" "All I can say is," quoth Sancho, "that I perceived somewhat of a mannish smell, which must have proceeded from her being in a dripping sweat with over-much pains-taking." "It could not be so," answered Don Quixote: "you must either have had a cold in your head, or smelt your own self; for I very well know the scent of that rose among thorns, that lily of the valley, that liquid amber." "All that may be," answered Sancho; "for

the same fragrance often comes from me, as methought then came from my lady Dulcinea: but where's the wonder that one devil should be like another?"

"Well then," continued Don Quixote, "she has now done winnowing, and the corn is sent to the mill. What did she do, when she had read the letter?" "The letter," quoth Sancho, "she did not read; for she told me she could neither read nor write: on the contrary, she tore it to pieces, saying, she would not give it to any body to read, that her secrets might not be known in the village; and that what I had told her by word of mouth, concerning the love your worship bore her, and the extraordinary penance you were doing for her sake, was enough. Lastly, she bid me tell your worship that she kissed your hands, and that she remained with greater desire to see you than to write to you; and therefore she humbly entreated and commanded you, at sight hereof, to quit those brakes and bushes, to leave off those foolish extravagancies, and set off immediately for Toboso, if some other business of greater importance did not intervene; for she had a mighty mind to see your worship. She laughed heartily, when I told her how you called yourself *the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.* I asked her whether the Biscayan of the other day had been there with her; she told me he had, and that he was a very honest fellow. I asked her after the galley-slaves; but she told me she had not yet seen any of them." "All goes well, as yet," said Don Quixote. "But, tell me, what jewel did she give you at your departure, for the news you had brought her of me? For it is an usual and an ancient custom among knights and ladies-errant, to bestow some rich jewel on the squires, damsels or dwarfs, who bring them news of their mistresses or servants, as a reward or acknowledgement for their welcome news." "Very likely," quoth Sancho, "and a very good custom it was; but it must have been in days of yore: for now-a-days the custom is to give only a bit of bread and cheese; for that was what my lady Dulcinea gave me over the pales of the yard, when she dismissed me; by the same token that the cheese was made of sheep's milk." "She is extremely generous," said Don Quixote: "and if she did not give you a jewel of gold, it must be because she had

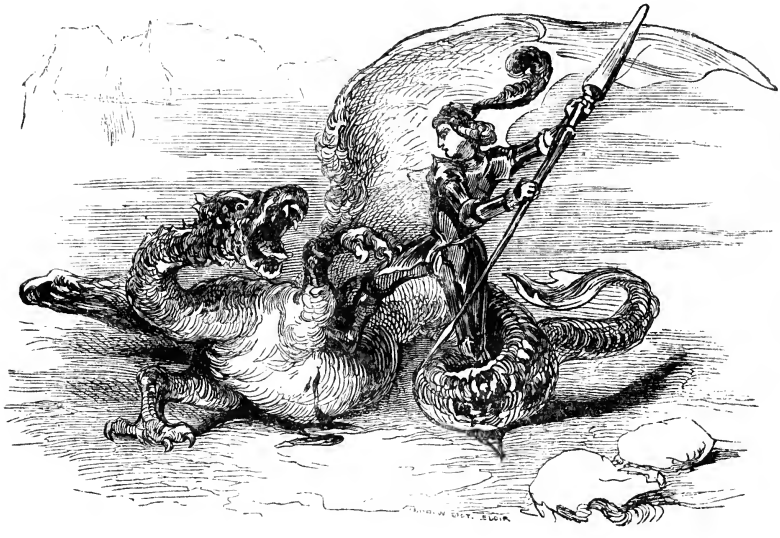
not one about her: but sleeves are good after Easter. * I shall see her, and all shall be set to rights.

"But, do you know, Sancho, what I am surprised at? It is, that you must have gone and come through the air; for you have been

little more than three days in going and coming between this and Toboso, though it is more than thirty leagues from hence thither. I therefore conclude that the sage enchanter, who has the superintendance of my affairs and is my friend, for such a one there is, and must of necessity be, otherwise I should be no true knight-errant, I say I conclude that this same enchanter must have assisted you in travelling, without your perceiving it. In fact there are sages who will take you up a knight-errant sleeping in his bed, and without his knowing how, or in what manner, he awakes the next day above a thousand leagues from the place where he fell asleep. Were it not for this, the knights-errant could not succour

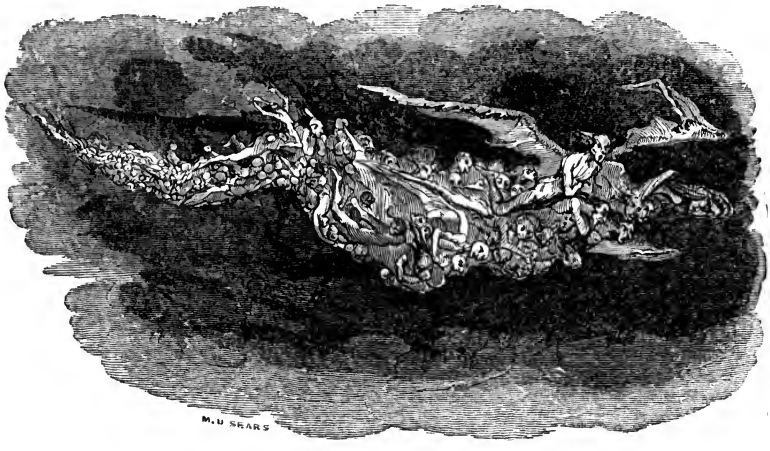
* A proverbial expression, signifying that "a good thing is always seasonable." The Spaniards, for the sake of warmth, wear sleeves in winter until about Easter; but if the weather continues cold sleeves may be proper after Easter.

one another in their dangers, as they now do at every turn. For a knight happens to be fighting in the mountains of Armenia with



some dreadful monster, or fierce andriaque, or perhaps some other knight; he has the worst of the combat and is just upon the point of being killed, and lo! on a sudden when he least expects it, there appears upon a cloud, or in a chariot of fire, another knight his friend, who just before was in England. The latter takes his part, and delivers him from death; and that night he finds himself in his own chamber, supping with a very good appetite, though there be the distance of two or three thousand leagues between the two countries. All this is brought about by the industry and skill of sage enchanters, who undertake the care of valorous knights. Thus, friend Sancho, I make no difficulty in believing that you went and came in so short a time between this place and Toboso, since, as I have said, some sage our friend must have expedited your journey without your being sensible of it." "It may be so," quoth Sancho; "for, in good faith, Rocinante went like any Bohemian's ass with

quick quicksilver in his ears." [156] "With quicksilver!" said Don Quixote; "ay, and with a legion of devils to boot; a sort of cattle



that travel and make others travel, as fast as they please, without being tired.

"But, setting this aside, what would you advise me to do now, as to what my lady commands me about going to see her? Though I know I am bound to obey her commands, I find myself at present under an impossibility of doing it, on account of the boon I have promised to grant the princess who is in our company; and the laws of chivalry oblige me to comply with my word rather than indulge my pleasure. On the one hand, the desire of seeing my lady persecutes and perplexes me; on the other, I am incited and called by my promised faith and the glory I shall acquire in this enterprise. But what I propose to do is this: I will travel in all haste and get quickly to the place where this giant is; having arrived, I will cut off his head, and settle the princess peaceably in her kingdom, and that instant return and see that sun which enlightens my

[156] In allusion to a trick practised by the Bohemian horse-dealers, who, to give paces to the most stupid mule or to the idlest ass, were in the habit of pouring a small quantity of quicksilver into its ears.

senses. I will make such an excuse that far from being irritated she shall allow your delay was necessary, seeing that all redounds to the increase of her glory and fame, since what I have won, do win or shall win, by force of arms, in this life, proceeds wholly from the succour she affords me and from my being her's." "Ah!" quoth Sancho, "how disordered your worship is in your head! Pray tell me, Sir, do you intend to take this journey for nothing? and will you let slip so considerable a match as this, when the dowry is a kingdom, which, as I have heard say, is above twenty thousand leagues in circumference, abounding in all things necessary for the support of human life, and bigger than Portugal and Castille together? For the love of God, say no more, and take shame to yourself for what you have said already; follow my advice, pardon me, and be married out of hand at the first place where there is a priest; and if there be none, here is our licentiate who will do it cleverly. I pray you to take notice that I am of age to give advice, and what I now give is as fit as if it were cast in a mould for you: for a sparrow in the hand is worth more than a bustard on the wing;

and he that may have good if he will, it is his own fault if he chooses ill." "Look you, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "if you advise me to marry, that by killing the giant I may immediately become a king, and have it in my power to reward you by giving you what I promised you, I would have you to know that, without marrying, I can easily gratify your desire. I will covenant, before I enter into the battle, that upon my coming off victorious, without marrying the princess, I shall be entitled to a part of the kingdom to bestow on whom I please; and when I have it, to whom do you think I should give it but to yourself?" "That is clear," answered Sancho; "but pray, Sir, take care to choose it toward the sea, that, if I should not like living there, I may ship off my black subjects, and dispose of them, as I said before.* And trouble not yourself now to go and see my lady Dulcinea, but go and kill the giant, and let us make an end of this business; for before Heaven, I verily believe it will bring us much honour and profit." "You are in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and I take your advice as to going first with the princess before I go to see Dulcinea. Be sure you say nothing to any body, no, not to those who are in our company, of what we have been discoursing and conferring upon: for since Dulcinea is so reserved that she would not have her thoughts known, it is not fit that I, or any one else for me should discover them." "If it be so," quoth Sancho, "why does your worship send all those you conquer by the might of your arm to present themselves before my lady Dulcinea, unless it is to give it under your hand that you are in love with her? If these persons must fall upon their knees before her, and declare they come from you to pay their obeisance to her, how can your mutual inclinations be a secret?" "How dull and foolish you are!" said Don Quixote. "You perceive not, Sancho, that all this redounds the more to her exaltation: for you must know that, in this our style of chivalry, it is a great honour for a lady to have many knights-errant who serve her merely for her own sake, without expectation of any

* Sancho had not told his master in what manner he intended to dispose of his negroes, but had only resolved upon it in soliloquy.

other reward for their manifold and good desires than the honour of being admitted into the number of her knights." "I have heard it preached," quoth Sancho, "that God is to be loved with this kind of love, for himself alone, without our being moved to it by the hope of reward or the fear of punishment; though for my part, I am inclined to love and serve him for what he is able to do for me." "The devil take you for a bumpkin," said Don Quixote; "you are ever and anon saying such smart things that one would almost think you have studied." "And yet, by my faith," quoth Sancho, "I cannot so much as read."

While they were thus talking, master Nicholas called aloud to them to halt a little, for they had a mind to stop and drink at a small spring hard by. Don Quixote, halted much to the satisfaction of

Sancho, who began to be tired of telling so many lies and was afraid his master should at last catch him tripping: for though he knew Dulcinea was a farmer's daughter of Toboso, he had never seen her in all his life. In the meanwhile, Cardenio had put on the clothes which Dorothea wore when they found her; and though they were none of the best, they were far beyond those he had put off. They all alighted near the fountain, and with what the priest had furnished himself at the inn, they somewhat appeased the violence of their hunger.

They were thus employed, when a young lad happened to pass by, travelling along the road. He stopped, and looking very earnestly at those who were at the fountain, presently ran to Don Quixote, and, embracing his legs, began weeping in good earnest, and said: "Ah! dear Sir, does not your worship know me? Consider me well: I am Andrew, the lad whom you delivered from the oak to which I was tied."

Don Quixote knew him again, and taking him by the hand he turned to the company and said: "To convince you of what importance it is that there should be knights-errant in the world, to redress the wrongs and injuries committed in it by insolent and wicked men, you must know, good people, that a few days ago, as I was passing by a wood, I heard certain outcries, and a very lamentable voice, as of some person in distress. I hastened immediately, prompted by my duty, towards the place whence the voice seemed to come; and I found, tied to an oak, this lad whom you see here —I am glad, in my soul, he is present, for he will attest the truth of what I say—I say he was tied to the oak, naked from the waist upward; and a country fellow, whom I afterwards found to be his master, was cruelly lashing him with the reins of a bridle. As soon as I saw it, I asked him the reason of so severe a whipping. The clown answered that he was his servant, and that he whipped him for some instances of neglect, which proceeded rather from knavery than simplicity.—On which this boy cried: 'Sir, he whips me only because I ask him for my wages.' The master replied with I know not what speeches and excuses, which I heard indeed, but did not admit. In short, I made him untie the boy, and swear to take him

home and pay him every real that he owed him, and interest into the bargain. Is not all this true, son Andrew? Did you not observe with what authority I commanded, and how submissively he promised to do whatever I enjoined, notified and required of him? Answer; be under no concern, but tell these gentlefolks what passed, that they may see and consider how useful it is, as I said, that there should be knights-errant upon the road."

"All that your worship has said is very true," answered the lad; "but the business ended quite otherwise than you imagine." "How otherwise?" replied Don Quixote: "did not the rustic instantly pay you?" "He not only did not pay me," answered the boy, "but as soon as your worship was got out of the wood and we were left alone, he tied me again to the same tree, and gave me so many fresh strokes that I was flayed like Saint Bartholomew; and, at every lash he gave me, he said something by way of scoff or jest upon your worship; at which, if I had not felt so much pain, I could not have forborne laughing. In short, he laid me on in such a manner that I have been ever since in an hospital, under cure of the bruises the barbarous countryman then gave me. And your worship was the cause of all this; for had you gone on your way, and not come where you were not called, nor meddled with other folks' business, my master would have been satisfied with giving me a dozen or two of lashes, and then would have loosed me, and paid me what he owed me. But by your worship's abusing him so inopportunely and calling him so many hard names, his wrath was kindled; and not having it in his power to be revenged on you, no sooner had you left him than he discharged the tempest upon me in such sort that I shall never be a man again while I live."

"The mischief," said Don Quixote, "was in my going away too soon: I should not have stirred until I had seen you paid. I might have known, by long experience, that no rustic will keep his word longer than he finds it convenient so to do. But you may remember, Andrew, that I swore, if he did not pay you, I would seek him out, and find him, though he hid himself in the whale's belly." "That is true," quoth Andrew; "but it signifies nothing." "You shall see now whether it signifies," said Don Quixote; and so saying, he

arose up very hastily, and ordered Sancho to bridle Rocinante, who was grazing while they were eating. Dorothea asked him what it was he meant to do? He answered that he would go and find out the rustic, chastise him for so base a proceeding and make him pay Andrew to the last farthing, in spite and defiance of all the rustics in the world. She desired he would consider what he did, since, according to the promised boon, he could not engage in any other adventure until he had accomplished her's; and since he could not but know this better than any body else, she entreated him to moderate his resentment until his return from her kingdom. "You are in the right," answered Don Quixote; "and Andrew must have patience until my return, as you say, madam; and I again swear and promise not to rest until he is revenged and paid."

"I do not depend upon these oaths," said Andrew; "I would rather have wherewithal to carry me to Seville than all the revenges in the world. If you have any thing to give me to eat, and to carry with me, let me have it; and God prosper your worship and all knights-errant, and may they prove as luckily errant to themselves, as they have been to me." Sancho pulled a lump of bread and a piece of cheese out of his knapsack, and giving them to the lad, he said: "Here, brother Andrew, we all have a share in your misfortunes."—"Why, what share have you in it?" said Andrew. "This piece of bread and cheese which I give you," answered Sancho: "God knows whether I may not want it myself; for I would have you to know, friend, that we squires to knights-errant are subject to much hunger, and to ill luck, and to other things too, which are more easily conceived than told."— Andrew took the bread and cheese, and seeing that nobody else gave him any thing, he made his bow, and marched off. He only said at parting, to Don Quixote: "For the love of Heaven, Signor knight-errant, if ever you meet me again, though yon see they are beating me to pieces, do not succour nor assist me, but leave me to my misfortune, which cannot be so great but a greater will follow from your worship's aid, whom may the curse of Old Nick light upon, and upon all the knights-errant that ever were born in the world!" Don Quixote was getting up to chastise him, but he fled so fast that nobody offered to pursue him.

Don Quixote was mightily abashed at Andrew's story; and the rest were forced to refrain, though with some difficulty, from laughing, that they might not put him quite out of countenance.

CHAPTER V.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT BEFEL DON QXIXOTE'S WHOLE COMPANY IN THE INN.

LEAVING the vicinity of the fountain, their notable repast being ended, they saddled immediately, and, without any thing happening to them worthy to be related, they arrived the next day at the inn, that dread and terror of Sancho Panza, who, though he would fain have declined going in, could not avoid it. The hostess, the host, their daughter and Maritornes, seeing Don Quixote and Sancho coming, went out to meet them with signs of joy. Our knight received them with a grave deportment and a nod of recognition, bidding them prepare him a better bed than they had done the time before; to which the hostess answered that, provided he could pay better than the time before, she would get him a bed for a prince. Don Quixote said he would; and so they made him a tolerable one in the same large room where he had lain before; and he immediately threw himself down upon

it, for he arrived very much shattered both in body and brains. He was no sooner shut into his chamber, than the hostess fell upon the barber, and taking him by the beard, said: "By my faith, you shall use my horse tail no longer for a beard: give me my tail again, for my husband's property is tossed up and down so, that it is a shame; I mean the comb I used to stick in my good tail." The barber would not part with it, for all her tugging, till the licentiate bid him give it up, as there was no farther need of that artifice, and he might now discover himself, and appear in his own shape. "You can tell Don Quixote," added he, "that being robbed by those thieves, the galley-slaves, you fled to this inn; if he should ask for the princess's squire, we can tell him she despatched him before, with advice to her subjects that she was coming and bringing with her their common deliverer." The barber then willingly surrendered to the hostess the tail, together with all the other appurtenances she had lent in order to Don Quixote's enlargement.

All the folks of the inn were surprised at the beauty of Dorothea and the comely personage of the shepherd Cardenio. The priest ordered them to get ready what the house afforded; and the host, in hopes of being better paid, soon served up a tolerable supper. All this while Don Quixote was asleep, and they agreed not to awake him; for at that time he had more occasion for sleep than victuals.

The discourse at supper, at which were present the inn-keeper, his wife, his daughter, Maritornes and all the passengers, turned upon the strange madness of Don Quixote, and the condition in which they had found him. The hostess related to them what befel him with the carrier; and looking about to see whether Sancho was by, and not seeing him, she gave them a full account of his being tossed in a blanket, at which they were not a little diverted. The priest happening to say that the books of chivalry which Don Quixote had read had turned his brain, the inn-keeper said: "I cannot conceive how that should be; for really, as far as I can understand, there is no choicer reading in the world. I have by me three or four of them, with some manuscripts, which, in good truth, have kept me alive, and not me only, but many others beside. In

harvest-time, many of the reapers come hither every day for shelter during the noon-day heat; and there is always one or other among them that can read, who takes one of these books in hand, while above thirty of us place ourselves round him, and listen with so much pleasure, that it prevents a thousand hoary hairs. At least, I can say for myself that, when I hear of those furious and terrible blows which the knights-errant lay on, I have a great wish to be doing as much, and could sit and hear them day and night." "I wish you did," quoth the hostess; "for I never have a quiet moment in my house but when you are listening to the reading; you are then so besotted that you forget to scold for the time." "It is true," said Maritornes; "and in good faith, I too am very much delighted at hearing those things, for they are very fine, especially when they tell us how such a lady and her knight lie embracing

each other under an orange-tree, and how a duenna stands upon the watch, dying with envy, and her heart going pit-a-pat. I say all this is pure honey." "And pray miss, what is your opinion of these matters?" said the priest, addressing himself to the inn-keeper's daughter. "I do not know, indeed, Sir," answered the girl: "I listen too, and though I do not understand it, I really take some pleasure in hearing it. But I have no relish for those blows and flashes, which please my father so much: what I chiefly like is, the complaints the knights make when they are absent from their mistresses; and really sometimes they make me weep out of the pity I have for them." "You would soon afford them relief, young gentlewoman," said Dorothea, "if they wept for you." "I do not know what I should do," answered the girl; "only I know that several of those ladies are so cruel that their knights call them tigers and lions, and a thousand other ugly names. And, Jesu! I cannot imagine what kind of folks they be who are so hard-hearted and unconscionable that, rather than bestow a kind look on an honest gentleman, they will let him die or run mad. For my part, I cannot see why all this coyness: if it is out of honesty, why not marry them, for that is what the gentlemen would be at." "Hold your tongue, hussey," said the hostess; "methinks you know a great deal of these matters, and it does not become young maidens to know or talk so much." "When this gentleman asked me a civil question," replied the girl, "I could do no less than answer him." "It is mighty well," said the priest; "pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them."—"With all my heart," answered the host; and going into his chamber, he brought out a little old portmanteau, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes and some manuscript papers written in a fair character. The first book he opened he found to be *Tirante el Blanco*, the next *Felixmarte of Hircania*[158],

[157] ...ance was composed by Bernardo de Vergas; it is intituled: *The books ...ilio of Thrace, son f the noble king Elesphron of Macedonia, as they ...n Greek by Novareus, and by Promusis in Latin.* Folio, Seville, 1545.

[158] 19, *antè*, page 57 of this volume.

the third the *History of the Grand Captain, Gonzalo of Cordova*[159], with the *Life of Diego Garcia de Parédès.* When the priest had read the titles of the two first, he turned to the barber and said: "We want here our friend's housekeeper and niece."—"Not at all," answered the barber, "for I myself can carry them to the yard, or to the chimney, where there is a very good fire."—"What, Sir, would you burn my books?" said the inn-keeper. "Only these two," said the priest, "that of *Don Cirongilio,* and that of *Felixmarte.*"—"What then, are my books heretical or phlegmatical, that you have a mind to burn them?"—"Schismatical, you would say, friend," said the barber, "and not phlegmatical."—"It is true," replied the inn-keeper; "but if you intend to burn any, let it be this of the Grand Captain, and this of Diego Garcia; for I will sooner let you burn one of my children, than either of the others."

[159] Gonzalo Hernandez of Cordova. His history, without the author's name, was printed at Saragossa, in 1559.

"Dear brother," said the priest, "those two books are great liars, and full of extravagant and foolish conceits; this on the contrary, of the *Grand Captain* is a true history, and contains the exploits of Gonzalo Hernandez of Cordova, who, for his many and brave actions, deserved to be called by all the world the Grand Captain; a name renowned and illustrious, and merited by him alone. As

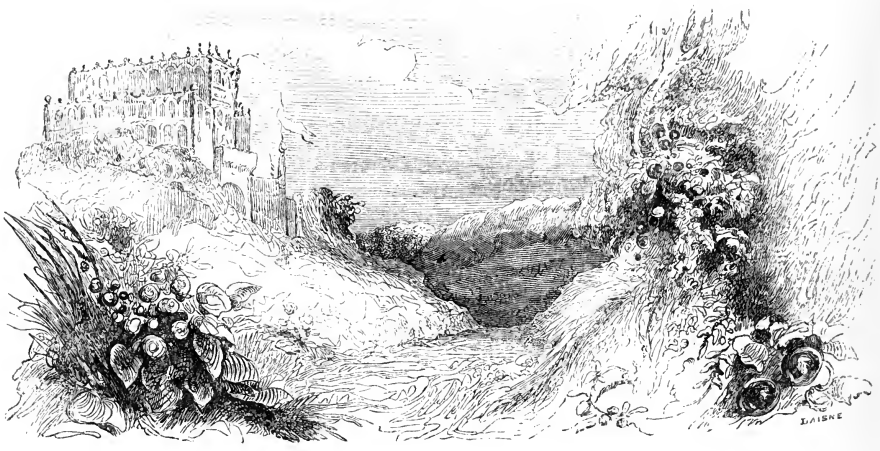
for Diego Garcia de Parédès, he was a gentleman of note, born in the town of Truxillo in Estremadura[160], a very brave soldier, and of such great natural strength that he could stop a mill-wheel in its greatest rapidity with a single finger. Being once posted with a two-handed sword at the entrance upon a bridge, he repelled a prodigious army, and prevented their passage over it[161]. If that and his other exploits, instead of being related by himself with the modesty of a cavalier who is his own historian[162], had been written by some dispassionate and unprejudiced author, they would have eclipsed the actions of the Hectors, Achilleses and Orlandos." "Tell that to my grandmother," quoth the inn-keeper; "do but see what it is he wonders at, the stopping of a mill-wheel! Before God your worship should have read what I have read concerning Felixmarte of Hircania, who, with one back-stroke, cut asunder five giants in the middle, as if they had been so many bean-cods, of which the children make little puppet-friars.* At another time he encountered a very great and powerful army of above a million and six hundred thousand soldiers, all armed from head to foot, and defeated them all as if they had been a flock of sheep. But what will you say of the good Don Cirongilio of Thrace, who was so stout and valiant, as you may see in the book wherein is related, that as he was sailing on a river, a fiery serpent appeared above water; and he, as soon as he saw it, threw himself upon it, and getting astride upon his scaly shoulders, squeezed its throat with both his hands, and with so much force that the serpent, finding itself in danger of being choked, had no other remedy, but to

[160] In 1469. He died at Boulogne, in 1533.

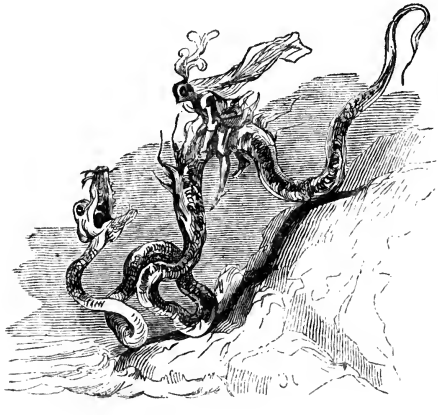
[161] In the *Chronicle of the Grand Captain* this adventure is thus related: "Diego Garcia de Parédès put a two-handed sword over his shoulder——and placed himself on the bridge of Garellano which the French had recently thrown up, and, fighting against them, he began to perform such mighty feats, that Hector, Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, nor other valorous captains of antiquity, in their respective times, never surpassed, seeming, by his resolution and intrepidity, to be actually another Horatius Coclès."—(chap. cvi.)

[162] At the end of the *Chronicle of the Grand Captain* is given a *Memoir of the Life and actions of Diego Garcia de Parédès* (Breve suma de la vida y hechos de Diego Garcia de Parédès), written by himself, and having his signature attached to it.

* Children in Spain, it is said make puppets resembling friars out of bean-cods, by breaking as much of the upper end as discovers part of the first bean, which is to represent the bald head, and letting the broken cod hang back like a cowl.



let itself sink to the bottom of the river, carrying along with him



the knight, who would not quit his hold: and, when they got to the bottom, he found himself in a fine palace, and in so pretty a garden, that it was wonderful to behold; and presently the serpent turned to a venerable old man, who said so many things to him that the like was never heard. Therefore, pray say no more, Sir; for if you were but to hear all this you would run mad with pleasure. A fig for the Grand Captain, and for that Diego Garcia you speak of."

Dorothea, hearing this, said softly to Cardenio: "Our landlord wants but little to act the second part of Don Quixote."—"I think so too," answered Cardenio: "for it would appear that he takes all that is related in these books for gospel, and neither more nor less than matters of fact; and the bare-footed friars themselves could not make him believe others."—"Look you, brother," said the priest; "there never was in the world such a man as Felixmarte of Hircania, nor Don Cirongilio of Thrace, nor any other knights, such as the books of chivalry mention. All is but the contrivance and invention of idle wits, who composed them for the purpose of wiling away time, as you see your reapers do in reading them. I vow and swear to you there never were any such knights in the world, nor were such feats, or extravagant exploits ever achieved in it."—"To another dog with this bone," answered the host; "as if I did not know how many make five, or where my own shoe pinches: do not think, Sir, to feed me with pap; for, before God, I am no suckling. A good jest, indeed! that your worship should endeavour to make me believe that all the contents of these good books are lies and extravagancies, being printed with the licence of the king's privy-council! as if they were people that would allow the impression of such a pack of lies, battles and enchantments as are enough to make one distracted." "I have already told you, friend," replied the priest, "that it is done for the amusement of our idle thoughts: and as, in all well-instituted commonwealths, the games of chess, tennis and billiards are permitted for the entertainment of those who have nothing to do, and who ought not or cannot work; for the same reason they permit such books to be written and printed; presuming, as they well may, that nobody can be so ignorant as to take them for true histories. If it were proper at this time, and my hearers required it, I could lay down such rules for the composing books of chivalry as should perhaps make them agreeable, and even useful to many persons. But I hope the time will come that I may communicate this design to those who can remedy it. In the meanwhile, Signor inn-keeper, believe what I have told you; take your books again, and settle the point whether they contain truths or lies as you please; and much good

may you do with them. God grant you do not halt on the same foot your guest Don Quixote does." "Not so," answered the inn-keeper, "I shall not be so mad as to turn knight-errant; for I know very well that times are altered since those famous knights-errant wandered about the world."

Sancho came in about the middle of this conversation, and was much confounded and very pensive at hearing that knights-errant were not now in fashion, and that all books of chivalry were mere lies and fooleries; he resolved with himself to wait the event of this expedition of his master's; and, if it did not succeed happily as he expected, he determined to leave him and return home to his wife and children, and to his accustomed labour.

The inn-keeper was about to carry away the portmanteau and the books when the priest said to him: "Pray stay, for I would see what papers those are that are written in so fair a character." The host took them out, and having given them to him to read, he found about eight sheets in manuscript, and on the first page a large title, which was, *The Novel of the Curious Impertinent.* The priest read three or four lines to himself, and said: "In truth I do not dislike the title of this novel, and I have a mind to read it all." To which the inn-keeper answered: "Your reverence may well venture to read it; for I assure you that some of my guests, who have read it, liked it mightily, and begged it of me with great earnestness: but I would not give it them, designing to restore it to the person who forgot and left behind him this portmanteau with these books and papers. Perhaps their owner may come this way again some time or other; and, though I know I shall have a great want of the books, in faith I will restore them; for, if I am an inn-keeper, thank God I am a Christian." "You are much in the right, friend," said the priest; "nevertheless, if the novel pleases me, you must give me leave to take a copy of it." "With all my heart," answered the inn-keeper. While they were thus talking, Cardenio had taken up the novel, and began to peruse it; being likewise pleased with it, he desired the priest to read it aloud so that they might all hear it. "I will," said the priest, "if it be not better to spend our time in sleeping than in reading." "It will be as well

for me," said Dorothea, "to pass the time in listening to some story; for my spirits are not yet so composed as to give me leave to sleep, though it were needful." "Well then," said the priest, "I will read it, if it were but for curiosity; perhaps it may contain something that is entertaining." Master Nicholas and Sancho joined in the same request: then the priest, perceiving that he should give them all pleasure and receive some himself, said: "Be all attentive, for the novel begins in the following manner."

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH IS RECITED THE NOVEL OF "THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT." *

AT Florence, a rich and famous city of Italy, in the province of Tuscany, lived Anselmo and Lothario, two gentlemen of fortune and quality, and such great friends that all who knew them styled them, by way of eminence and distinction, *the Two Friends*. They were both bachelors, young, of the same age, and of the same taste: all which was a sufficient foundation for their reciprocal friendship. It is true, indeed, that Anselmo was somewhat more inclined to

* In strict propriety of speech, the novel ought to be entitled, The Impertinently Curious, since it is certain the subject of it is, not Anselmo's Curious Impertinence, but his Impertinent Curiosity.

amorous dalliance than Lothario, who was fonder of country sports; but, upon occasion, Anselmo neglected his own pleasures, to pursue those of Lothario; and Lothario quitted his, to follow those of Anselmo: and thus their inclinations went hand in hand, with such harmony that no clock kept such exact time. Anselmo fell desperately in love with a beautiful young lady of quality in the same

city, called Camilla, daughter of such good parents and herself so good, that he resolved (with the approbation of his friend Lothario, without whom he did nothing,) to demand her of her father in marriage; which he accordingly did. It was Lothario who carried the message; and it was he who concluded the match, so much to the good liking of his friend, that in a little time he found himself in the possession of what he desired, and Camilla so satisfied with having obtained Anselmo for her husband that she ceased not to give thanks to Heaven, and to Lothario, by whose means such good fortune had befallen her.

For some days after the wedding, days usually dedicated to mirth, Lothario frequented his friend Anselmo's house as he was wont to do, striving to honour, please and entertain him to the utmost of his power: but the nuptial season being over, and compliments of congratulation at an end, Lothario began to remit the frequency of his visits to Anselmo, thinking, as all discreet men should, that one ought not to visit and frequent the houses of one's friends when married in the same manner as when they were bachelors. For, though true and real friendship neither can nor ought to be suspicious in any thing, yet so nice is the honour of a married man, that it is thought it may suffer even by a brother, and much more by a friend.

Anselmo soon took notice of Lothario's remissness. He complained greatly of it, telling him that, had he suspected that his being married would have been the occasion of their not conversing together as formerly, he would never have done it; and since by the entire harmony between them, while both bachelors, they had acquired so sweet a name as that of *the two friends,* he desired he would not suffer so honourable and so pleasing a title to be lost, by overacting the cautious part; and therefore he besought him, if such a term might be used between them, to return and be master of his house, and come and go as heretofore; assuring him that his wife Camilla had no other pleasure or will than he desired she should have; and that, knowing how sincerely and ardently they loved each other, she was much surprised to find him so shy.

To all these and many other reasons which Anselmo urged to

Lothario to persuade him to use his house as before, Lothario replied with so much prudence, discretion and judgment, that Anselmo rested satisfied with the good intention of his friend; and they agreed that, two days in a week besides holidays, Lothario should come and dine with him. But, though this was concerted between them, Lothario resolved to do what he should think most for the honour of his friend, whose reputation was dearer to him than his own. He said, and he said right, that a married man on whom Heaven has bestowed a beautiful wife should be as careful what man he brings home to his house, as what female friends she converses with abroad; for that which cannot be done nor concerted in the markets, at churches, at public shows, or assemblies, (things which husbands must not always deny their wives), may be concerted and brought about at the house of a female friend or relation of whom we are most secure. Lothario said also that a married man stood in need of some friend to advertise him of any mistakes in his conduct; for it often happens that the fondness a man has at first for his wife makes him either not take notice, or not tell her for fear of offending her, that she ought to do or avoid doing some things, the doing or neglecting whereof may reflect honour or disgrace; all which might be easily remedied by the timely admonition of a friend. But where shall we find a friend so discreet, so faithful and sincere as Lothario here seems to require? Indeed, I cannot tell, unless in Lothario himself, who, with the utmost diligence and attention, watched over the honour of his friend, and contrived to retrench and abridge the number of visiting-days agreed upon, lest idle eyes, and malicious tongues, should censure the free access of a young and rich cavalier, so well born and of such accomplishments as he could not but be conscious to himself he was master of, to the house of a lady so beautiful as Camilla; for though his integrity and worth might bridle the tongues of the censorious, yet he had no mind that his own honour or that of his friend should be in the least suspected. He, therefore, on most of the days agreed upon, busied and employed himself about such things as he pretended were indispensable. Thus the time passed on in complaints on the one hand, and excuses on the other.

One day, as the friends were walking in a meadow without the city, Anselmo addressed Lothario in words to this effect:

"I know very well, Lothario, I can never be thankful enough to God for the blessings he has bestowed upon me, first in making me the son of such parents as mine were, and giving me, with so liberal a hand, what men call the goods of nature and fortune; and especially in having given me such a friend as yourself and such a wife as Camilla; two jewels, which if I value not so highly as I ought, I value at least as highly as I can. Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, which usually are sufficient to make men live contented, I live the most uneasy and dissatisfied man in the whole world; having been for some time past harassed and oppressed with a desire so strange, and so much out of the common track of other men, that I wonder at myself, and blame and rebuke myself for it when I am alone, endeavouring to stifle and conceal it even from my own thoughts; and yet I have succeeded no better in my endeavours to stifle and conceal it than if I had made it my business to publish it to all the world. Since, in short, it must one day break out, I would fain have it lodged in the archives of your breast; not doubting that through your secrecy and friendly application to relieve me, I shall soon be freed from the vexation it gives me, and that, by your diligence, my joy will rise to as high a pitch as my discontent has done by my own folly."

Lothario was in great suspense at Anselmo's discourse, and unable to guess at what he aimed by so tedious a preamble; and though he revolved in his imagination what desire it could be that gave his friend so much disturbance, he still shot wide of the mark. To be quickly rid of the perplexity into which this suspense threw him, he said that it was doing a monstrous injury to their great friendship to seek for round-about ways to acquaint him with his most hidden thoughts, since he might depend upon him, either for advice or assistance in what concerned them. "It is very true," answered Anselmo; "and in this confidence I give you to understand, friend Lothario, that the thing which disquiets me is a desire to know whether my wife Camilla be as good and as perfect as I imagine her to be; and I cannot be thoroughly informed of

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this truth but by trying her in such a manner that the proof may manifest the perfection of her goodness, as fire does that of gold. For it is my opinion, my friend, that a woman is honest only so far as she is or is not courted and solicited *: and that she alone is really chaste who has not yielded to the force of promises, presents and tears, or the continual solicitations of importunate lovers. What thanks are due to a woman for being virtuous when nobody persuades her to be otherwise? what mighty matter if she be reserved and cautious who has no oppotunity given her of going astray, and knows she has a husband who, the first time he catches her transgressing, will be sure to take away her life? The woman, therefore, who is honest out of fear or for want of opportunity, I shall not hold in the same degree of esteem with her who, after solicitation and importunity, comes off with the crown of victory. For these reasons, and for many more I could assign in support of my opinion, I desire that my wife Camilla may pass through these trials, and be purified and refined in the fire of courtship and solicitation, and that by some person worthy of placing his desires on her. If she comes off from this conflict, as I believe she will, with the palm of victory, I shall applaud my matchless fortune. I shall then have it to say, that I have attained the utmost of my wishes, and may safely boast that the virtuous woman has fallen to my lot, she of whom the wise man says, 'Who can find her[163]?' And if the reverse of all this should happen, the satisfaction of being confirmed in my opinion will enable me to bear without regret the trouble so costly an experiment may reasonably give me. Further, as nothing you may urge against my design can be of any avail towards hindering me from putting it in execution, I would have you, friend Lothario, dispose yourself to be the instrument of performing this work of my fancy; and I will give you opportunity to do it, and you shall want for no means that I can think necessary towards gaining upon a modest, virtuous, reserved and disinterested

"* Casta est, quam nemo rogavit."——OVID.

"The nymph may be chaste that has never been tried."——PRIOR.

"She must be chaste who ne'er was tried."——THURSTON.

[163] Proverbs, Chap. XXXI.

woman. Among other reasons which induce me to trust this nice affair to your management, one is, my being certain that if Camilla should be overcome you will not follow up the victory to the last extremity, but only account that for done which for good reasons ought not to be done. Thus I shall be wronged only in the intention, and the injury will remain hidden in the virtue of your silence, which in what concerns me, will, I am assured, be eternal as that of death. Therefore, if you would have me enjoy a life that deserves to be called such, you must immediately enter upon this amorous combat, not languidly and lazily, but with all the fervour and diligence my design requires, and with the confidence of which our friendship assures me."

This was what Anselmo said to Lothario; to all which he was so attentive that, excepting what he is already mentioned to have said, he opened not his lips until his friend had done. Perceiving that he was silent, after gazing at him earnestly for some time as if he had been looking at something he had never seen before and which occasioned in him wonder and amazement, he said to him: "I cannot persuade myself, friend Anselmo, but that what you have been saying to me is all in jest: certainly, if I had thought you in earnest, I would not have suffered you to proceed so far, but, by not listening to you, I would have prevented your long harangue. I think, either that you do not know me, or that I do not know you. But, no: I well know you are Anselmo, and you know I am Lothario: the mischief is, that I think you are not the Anselmo you used to be, and that you must imagine I am not that Lothario I ought to be; for neither is what you have said to me becoming that friend of mine, Anselmo, nor is what you require of me to be asked of that Lothario whom you know. True friends ought to prove and use their friends, as the poet expresses it *usque ad aras;* as much as to say they ought not to employ their friendship in matters against the law of God. If an heathen [164] had this notion of friendship, how much more ought a Christian to have it, who knows that the divine friendship ought not to be forfeited for any human friendship

[164] Pericles. (Vide Plutarch.)

whatever. When a friend goes so far as to set aside his duty to Heaven in compliance with the interests of his friend, it must not be for light and trivial matters, but only when the honour and life of his friend are at stake. Tell me then, Anselmo, which of these two are in danger, that I should venture to compliment you with doing a thing in itself so detestable as that you require of me? Neither, assuredly: on the contrary, if I understand you right, you would have me take pains to deprive you of honour and life, and at the same time myself too of both. For if I must do that which will deprive you of your honour, it is plain I take away your life, since a man without honour is worse than if he were dead: and I being the instrument, as you would have me to be, of doing you so much harm, shall I not bring dishonour upon myself, and consequently rob myself of life? Hear me, friend Anselmo; have patience, and forbear answering until I have said all I have to say concerning your unreasonable desire. There will be time enough for you to reply, and for me to hear you."—"With all my heart," said Anselmo: "say what you please."

Then Lothario went on, saying: "Methinks, O Anselmo, you are at this time in the same disposition that the Moors are always in, whom you cannot convince of the error of their sect by citations from holy scripture, nor by arguments drawn from reason or founded upon articles of faith; but you must produce examples that are plain, easy, intelligible, demonstrative and undeniable, with such mathematical demonstrations as cannot be denied; as when it is said: *If from two equal parts we take equal parts, those that remain are also equal;* and, when they do not comprehend this in words, as in reality they do not, you must show it to them with your hands, and set it before their very eyes; and after all no one can convince them of the truths of our holy religion. In this very way and method must I deal with you; for this desire which possesses you is so extravagant and wide of all that has the least shadow of reason, that I look upon it as mis-spending time to endeavour to convince you of your folly, for at present I can give it no better name. I am even tempted to leave you to your indiscretion, as a punishment of your preposterous desire: but the friendship I have

for you will not let me deal so rigourously with you, nor will it consent that I shall desert you in such manifest danger of undoing yourself. That you may clearly see that it is so, answer me Anselmo: have you not told me that I must solicit her that is reserved? persuade her that is virtuous? bribe her that is disinterested? court her that is prudent? Yes, you have told me all that. If then you know that you have a reserved, virtuous, disinterested and prudent wife, what is it you would have? If you are of opinion she will come off victorious from all my attacks, as doubtless she will, what better titles do you think to bestow on her afterwards than those she has already? Will she be better then than she is now? Either you do not take her for what you pretend, or you do not know what it is you ask. If you do not take her for what you say you do, to what purpose would you try her, and not rather suppose her guilty and treat her as such? But if she be as good as you believe she is, it is impertinent to try experiments upon truth itself, since when that is done, it will remain but in the same degree of esteem it had before. Hence we must conclude that to attempt things whence mischief is more likely to ensue than any advantage to us, is the part of rash and inconsiderate men, especially when they are such as we are no way bound or obliged to attempt, when it may be easily seen at a distance that the enterprise itself is manifest folly. Difficult things are undertaken for the sake of God, of the world, or of both together. Those which are done for God's sake are such as are enterprised by the saints, while they endeavour to live a life of angels in human bodies: those which are taken in hand for love of the world are done by men who pass infinite oceans of water, various climates, many foreign countries, to acquire what are usually called the goods of fortune; and those which are undertaken for the sake of God and the world together are the actions of brave soldiers, who no sooner espy in the enemy's wall so much breach as may be made by a single cannon-ball, than, laying aside all fear, without deliberating, without regarding the manifest danger that threatens them, and borne upon the wings of desire to act in defence of their faith, their country and their king, they throw themselves intrepidly into the midst of a thousand opposing deaths

that await them. These are difficulties which are commonly attempted; and it is honour, glory and profit to attempt them, though so full of dangers and inconveniences. But that which you say you would have attempted and executed will neither procure you glory from God, the goods of fortune nor reputation among men. For, supposing the event to answer your desires, you will be neither happier, richer, nor more honoured than you are at present, and if you should miscarry, you will find yourself in the most miserable condition that can be imagined. Then it will avail you nothing to think, that nobody else knows the misfortune that has befallen you: it will sufficiently afflict and undo you, to know it yourself. As a farther confirmation of this truth, I will repeat a stanza of the famous poet Luigi Tansilo, at the end of his first part of the *Tears of Saint Peter* [165].

> " When conscious Peter saw the blushing east,
> He felt redoubled anguish in his breast,
> And, though by privacy secured from blame,
> Saw his own guilt, and seeing died with shame.
> For generous minds, when once to evil wrought,
> No witness want, but self-condemning thought;
> To such the conscious earth alone, and skies,
> Supply the place of thousand prying eyes.

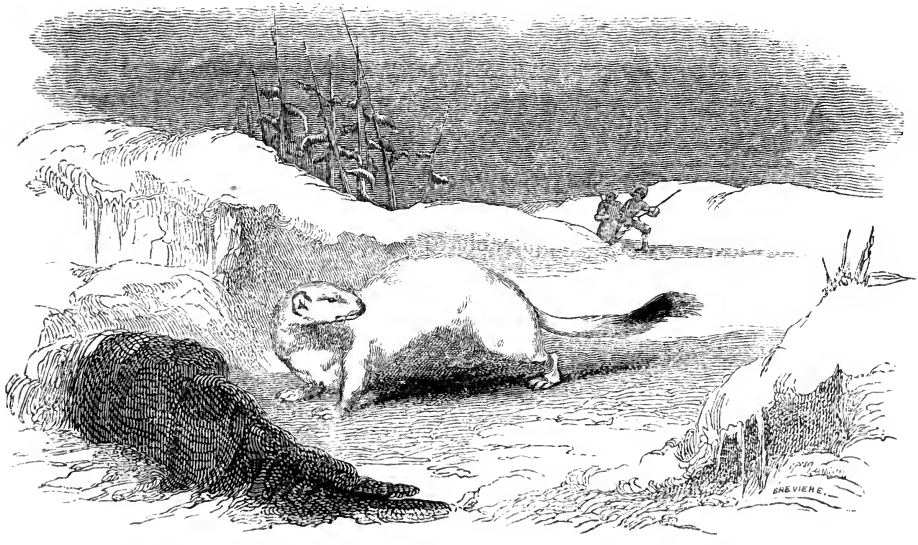
" Thus, the circumstance of its being a secret will not prevent your sorrow, but rather make it perpetual, and be a continual subject for weeping, if not tears from your eyes, tears of blood from your heart, such as that simple doctor wept, who as the poet relates of him made trial of the cup, which the prudent Reinaldo more wisely declined [166]. If that be a poetical fiction, there is a concealed moral in it, worthy to be observed, understood and imitated.

[165] Luigi Tansilo, of Nola, in the kingdom of Naples, wrote the poem called *Saint Peter's Tears* (Le Lagrime di San Pietro), to do away with the odium cast on his name by his other (licentious) poem, entitled the *Vintager* (il Vendemmiatore). The former was translated into Spanish, partially, at first, by the Licentiate Gregorio Hernandez de Velasco, the celebrated translator of Virgil; then, completely, by Fray Damian Alvarez. The version of the stanza quoted in the text is by Cervantes.

[166] In allusion to the allegory related by Ariosto, in the XLIIId canto of his *Orlando Furioso*, whence Cervantes borrowed the idea of the present novel. Ariosto himself borrowed the story of the trial vase from the first book of Tristan de Leonais.

But I have still something more to say upon this subject which I hope will bring you to a full conviction of the great error you would commit. Tell me, Anselmo, if Heaven, or good fortune had made you master and lawful possessor of a superlatively fine diamond, of a diamond whose goodness and beauty all jewellers who had seen it were fully satisfied; if they should all unanimously declare that, in weight, goodness and beauty, it came up to whatever the nature of such a stone is capable of, and you yourself should believe as much, knowing nothing to the contrary; would it be right that you should take a fancy to lay this diamond between the anvil and the hammer, and, by dint of heavy blows, try whether it were so hard and so fine as it was thought to be? Supposing this put in execution, and the stone to have resisted so foolish a trial, would it acquire thereby any additional value or reputation? and if it should break, as it might,

would not all be lost? yes, certainly, and make its owner to pass for a simple fellow in every body's opinion. Know then, dear friend Anselmo, that Camilla is an exquisitely fine diamond, both in your own opinion and in that of other people, and that it is unreasonable to put her to the hazard of being broken, since, though she should remain entire, she cannot rise in her value; and should she fail, and not resist, consider in time what a condition you would be in without her, and how justly you might blame yourself for having been the cause both of her ruin and your own. There is no jewel in the world so valuable as a virtuous woman; and all the honour of women consists in the good opinion the world has of them; and since that of your wife is unquestionably good, why will you bring this truth into doubt? Consider, friend, that woman is an imperfect creature, and that one should not lay stumbling-blocks in her way, to make her trip and fall, but rather remove them, and clear the way before her, that she may without hindrance advance towards her proper perfection, which consists in being virtuous. Naturalists inform us that the ermine is a little white creature with fine fur, and that



when the hunters have a mind to catch it, they make use of this artifice: knowing the way it usually takes, or the places it haunts, they lay all the passes with dirt, and then frighten the creature with noise, and drive it towards those places; when the ermine comes to the dirt it stands still, suffering itself rather to be taken, than, by passing through the mire, destroy and sully its whiteness, which it values more than liberty or life. The virtuous and modest woman is an ermine, and the virtue of chastity is whiter and clearer than snow; and he who would not have her lose, but rather guard and preserve it, must take a quite different method from that which is used with the ermine: for he must not lay in her way the mire of the courtship and assiduity of importunate lovers, since perhaps, and without a perhaps, she may not have virtue and natural strength enough to enable her, of herself, to trample down and get clear over those impediments. It is necessary, therefore, to remove such things out of her way, and set before her pure and unspotted virtue, and the charms of an unblemished reputation. A good woman may also be compared to a mirror of crystal, shining and bright, but liable to be sullied and dimmed by every breath that comes near it. The virtuous woman is to be treated in the same manner as relics are, to be adored but not handled. The good woman is to be looked after and prized like a fine garden full of roses and other flowers, the owner of which suffers nobody to walk among them, or touch any thing; but only at a distance and through iron rails, to enjoy their fragrance and beauty. Lastly, I will repeat to you some verses which I remember to have heard in a modern comedy, and which seem very applicable to our present purpose. A prudent old man advises the father of a young maiden to look well after her and lock her up; among several other reasons, he gives the following:

If woman's glass, why should we try
  Whether she can be broke, or no?
Great hazards in the trial lie,
  Because perchance she may be so.

Who that is wise, such brittle ware
  Would careless dash upon the floor,
Which, broken, nothing can repair,
  Nor solder to its form restore?

In this opinion all are found,
  And reason vouches what I say,
Wherever Danaës abound,
  There golden showers will make their way.

"All that I have hitherto said, O Anselmo! relates only to you; it is now fit I should say something concerning myself; and pardon me if I am prolix; for the labyrinth into which you have run yourself, and out of which you would have me extricate you, requires no less. You look upon me as your friend, and yet against all rules of friendship, you would deprive me of my honour; nor is this all: you would have me take away yours. That you will rob me of mine is plain; for when Camilla finds that I make love to her, as you desire I should, it is certain she will look upon me as a man void of honour and modesty, since I attempt to do a thing so contrary to what I owe to myself and to your friendship. That you would have me deprive you of yours, there is no doubt; for Camilla, perceiving that I make addresses to her, must think I have discovered some mark of lightness in her which has emboldened me to declare to her my guilty passion; and her looking upon herself as dishonoured affects you, as being her husband. Hence arises what we so commonly find, that the husband of the adulterous wife, though he does not know it, nor has given his wife any reason for transgressing her duty, and though his misfortune be not owing to his own neglect or want of care, is nevertheless called by a vilifying and opprobrious name, and those who are not unacquainted with his wife's incontinence are apt to look upon him with an eye rather of contempt than of pity. But I will demonstrate to you why the husband of a vicious wife is justly dishonoured, though he does not know that he is or has been at all in fault, or connived at or given her occasion to become such. Be not weary of hearing me, since the whole will redound to your own advantage.

"When God created our first parent in the terrestial paradise,

(as the holy scripture informs us,) he infused a sleep into Adam; and while he slept, he took a rib out of his left side, of which he formed our mother Eve. When Adam awaked and beheld her, he said: 'This is flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.' And God said: 'For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and they two shall be one flesh.' And at that time the holy sacrament of marriage was instituted, with such ties as death only can loosen. This miraculous sacrament is of such force and virtue that it makes two different persons to be but one flesh. It doth more in the properly married; for, though they have two souls, they have but one will. Hence it is that, as the flesh of the wife is the very same with that of the husband, the blemishes or defects thereof are participated by the flesh of the husband, though, as is already said, he was not the occasion of them. For, as the whole body feels the pain of the foot, or of any other member, because they are all one flesh; and the head feels the smart of the ankle, though it was not the cause of it, so the husband partakes of the wife's dishonour by being the self-same thing with her. And as the honours and dishonours of the world all proceed from flesh and blood, and as those of the naughty wife are of this kind, the husband must of necessity bear his part in them, and be reckoned dishonoured without his knowing it[167]. Behold then, O Anselmo! the danger to which you expose yourself in seeking to disturb the quiet your virtuous consort enjoys; consider through how vain and impertinent a curiosity you would stir up the humours that now lie dormant in the breast of your chaste spouse. Reflect that what you adventure to gain is little, and what you may lose will be so great that I will pass over in silence what I want words to express. But, if all I have said be not sufficient to dissuade you from your preposterous design, you must look out for some other instrument of your disgrace and misfortune; for I resolve not to act this part, though I should thereby lose your friendship, which is the greatest loss I am able to conceive."

[167] Guzman d'Alfarache comprises all this reasoning in a few words: "My wife alone has the power of dishonouring me, according to the Spanish idea, by dishonouring herself; for, as she and I make but one, my honour and hers likewise make only one and not two, even as we are but one flesh." (Book II, chap. 2.)

Here the virtuous and discreet Lothario ceased, and Anselmo was so thoughtful and troubled, that for some time he could not answer him a word. At last he said: "You have observed, friend Lothario, with what attention I have listened to all you have been saying to me; and in your arguments, examples and comparisons, I plainly discover your great discretion, and the perfection of that friendship you have attained to. I see also and acknowledge that, in rejecting your opinion and adhering to my own, I fly the good and pursue the evil. Yet, this supposed, you must consider that I labour under the infirmity to which some women are subject, who have a longing to eat dirt, chalk, coals and other things still worse, even such as are loathsome to the sight, and much more so to the taste. Therefore some art must be made use of to cure me. It may be done with ease, only by your beginning to court Camilla, though but coldly and feignedly, for she cannot certainly be so yielding and pliant that her modesty should fall to the ground at the first onset: with this faint beginning I shall rest satisfied, and you will have complied with what you owe to our friendship, not only in restoring me to life, but by persuading me not to be the cause of my own dishonour. There is one reason especially which obliges you to undertake this business, which is that whereas I am determined as I am to put this experiment in practice, it behoves you not to let me disclose my frenzy to another person, and so hazard that honour you are endeavouring to preserve. Though your own should lose ground in Camilla's opinion while you are making love to her, it is of little or no consequence; since in a short time, when we shall have experienced in her the integrity we expect, you may discover to her the pure truth of our contrivance; whereupon you will regain your former credit with her. Thus, since you hazard so little, and may give me so much pleasure by the risk, do not decline the task, whatever inconveniences may appear to you in it, since, as I have already said, if you will but set about it, I shall give up the cause for determined."

Lothario, perceiving Anselmo's fixed resolution, and not knowing what other examples to adduce, nor what farther reasons to offer to dissuade him from his purpose; finding also he threatened to impart his extravagant desire to some other person, resolved, in order to

avoid a greater evil, to gratify him, and to undertake what he desired; but with a full purpose and intention so to order the matter that, without giving Camilla any disturbance, Anselmo should rest satisfied. He therefore returned for answer that he trusted his friend would not communicate his design to any other person whatever, for he would take the business upon himself, and would begin it whenever he pleased. Anselmo embraced him with great tenderness and affection, thanking him for this offer as if he had done him some great favour. Then it was agreed between them that he should set about the work the very next day, when he would give him opportunity and leisure to talk with Camilla alone, and would also furnish him with money and jewels to present her with. He advised him to give her music, and to write verses in her praise, and if he did not care to be at the pains, he would make them for him. Lothario consented to every thing, but with an intention very different from what Anselmo imagined. Things thus settled, they returned to Anselmo's house, where they found Camilla waiting with great uneasiness and anxiety for her spouse, who had stayed abroad longer that day than usual. Lothario, after some time, retired to his own house, and Anselmo remained in his, as contented as Lothario was pensive, who was at a loss what stratagem to invent to extricate himself handsomely from this impertinent business. But that night he bethought himself of a method to deceive Anselmo without offending Camilla. The next day he went to dine with his friend, and was kindly received by Camilla, who always entertained and treated him with much good-will, knowing the affection her spouse had for him. Dinner ended and the cloth taken away, Anselmo desired Lothario to stay with Camilla while he went upon an urgent affair, which he would dispatch, and be back in an hour or two. Camilla prayed him not to go, and Lothario offered to bear him company; but it signified nothing with Anselmo; on the contrary, he importuned Lothario to stay and wait for him, for he had a matter of great importance to talk to him about. He also desired Camilla to bear Lothario company until his return. In short, he knew so well how to counterfeit a necessity for his absence, that no one could perceive it was feigned.

Anselmo went away, and Camilla and Lothario remained by

themselves at table, the rest of the family being all gone to dinner. Thus Lothario found himself entered into the lists, as his friend had desired, with an enemy before him able to conquer, by her beauty alone, a squadron of armed cavaliers. Think then whether Lothario had no cause to fear! The first thing he did, was to lay his elbow on the arm of the chair, and his cheek on his hand; and, begging Camilla to pardon his ill-manners, he said he would willingly repose himself a little until Anselmo's return. Camilla answered that he might repose himself more at ease on the couch than in the chair, and therefore desired him to walk in and lie down there. Lothario excused himself, and slept where he was until Anselmo's return. When the latter returned and found Camilla retired to her chamber and Lothario asleep, he believed that as he had staid so long, they had had time enough both to talk and to sleep; and he waited impatiently until Lothario awakened, that he might go out with him and enquire after his success. All fell out as he wished. Lothario awaked, and presently they went out together, and Anselmo questioned him concerning what he wanted to be informed of. Lothario answered that he did not think it proper to open too

far the first time, and therefore all he had done was to tell her she was very handsome, and that the whole town spoke of her wit and beauty. "This I think a good introduction," added he, "as it may insinuate me into her good-will, and dispose her to listen to me the next time with pleasure; I have made use of the same artifice which the devil uses to deceive a person who is on his guard; when he, being in reality an angel of darkness, transforms himself into one of light, and, setting plausible appearances before him, at length discovers himself, and carries his point, if his deceit be not found out at the beginning." Anselmo was mightily pleased with all this, and said he would give him the like opportunity every day without going abroad; for he would so employ himself at home that Camilla should never suspect his stratagem.

Many days passed thus, and Lothario, though he spoke not a

word to Camilla on the subject, told Anselmo that he had, and that he could never perceive in her the least thing that was amiss, or even discover the least glimpse or shadow of hope for himself; that, on the contrary, she threatened to tell her husband if he did not quit his base design. "It is very well," said Anselmo; "hitherto Camilla has resisted words, we must now see how she will resist deeds: to-morrow I will give you two thousand crowns in gold to present her with, and as many more to buy jewels, by way of lure; for women, especially if they are handsome, though never so chaste, are fond of being well dressed and going fine. If she resists this temptation, I will be satisfied, and give you no farther trouble." Lothario answered that, since he had begun, he would go through with this affair, though he was sure he should come off wearied and repulsed.

The next day he received the four thousand crowns, and with them four thousand confusions, not knowing what new fable to invent. Eventually, he resolved to tell him that Camilla was as inflexible to presents and promises as to words, so that he need not weary himself any farther, since all the time was spent in vain. But fortune, which directed matters otherwise, so ordered it that Anselmo, having left Lothario and Camilla alone as usual, shut himself up in an adjoining chamber, and stood looking and listening through the key-hole how they behaved themselves. He saw that, in above half an hour, Lothario said not a word to Camilla; nor would he have said a word, had he stood there an age. On which he concluded that all his friend had told him of Camilla's answers was mere fiction. To try whether it was so or not, he came out of the chamber, and, calling Lothario aside, asked him what news he had for him, and what disposition he found Camilla in? Lothario replied that he was resolved not to mention that business any more to her, for she had answered him so sharply and angrily that he had not the courage to open his lips again to her. "Ah!" said Anselmo, "Lothario, Lothario! how ill do you answer your engagement to me, and the great confidence I repose in you! I am just come from looking through the key-hole of that door, and have found that you have not spoken a word to Camilla; whence I con-

clude that you have never yet spoken to her at all. If it be so, as doubtless it is, why do you deceive me? or why would you industriously deprive me of those means I might otherwise find to compass my desire?"

Anselmo said no more; but what he had said was sufficient to leave Lothario abashed and confounded. Thinking his honour touched by being caught in an untruth, he swore to Anselmo that from that moment he took upon him to satisfy him, and would tell no more lies, as he should find, if he had the curiosity to watch him; which however he might save himself the trouble of doing, for he would endeavour so earnestly to procure him satisfaction that there should be no room left for suspicion. Anselmo believed him; and, to give him an opportunity more secure and less liable to surprise, he resolved to absent himself from home for eight days, and to visit a friend of his who lived in a village not far from the city. To excuse his departure to Camilla, he contrived that his friend should press earnestly for his company. Rash and unhappy Anselmo! what is it you are doing? what is it you intend? what is

it you are contriving? Consider, you are acting against yourself, designing your own dishonour, and contriving your own ruin. Your spouse Camilla is virtuous; you possess her peaceably and quietly; nobody disturbs your enjoyment of her; her thoughts do not stray beyond the walls of her house; you are her Heaven upon earth, the aim of her desires, the accomplishment of her wishes, and the rule by which she measures her will, adjusting it wholly according to yours and the dictates of honour. If then the mine of her truth, beauty, virtue and modesty, yield you, without any toil, all the wealth they contain or you can desire, why will you ransack those mines for other veins of new and unheard-of treasures, and thereby put the whole in danger of ruin, since it is supported only by the feeble props of woman's weak nature. Consider that he who seeks after what is impossible ought in justice to be denied what is possible, as a certain poet has better expressed in these verses:

"In death I life desire to see,
Health in disease, in tortures rest,
In chains and prisons liberty,
And truth in a disloyal breast.

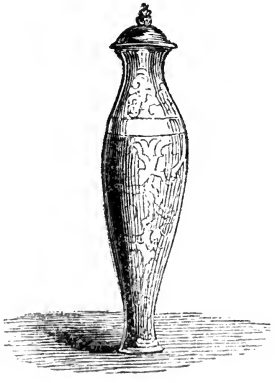
"But adverse fate and Heaven's decree
In this, to baffle me, are joined,
That, since I ask what cannot be,
What can be I shall never find."

The next day, Anselmo went to his friend's house in the country, telling Camilla that, during his absence, Lothario would come to take care of his house and dine with her, and desiring her to treat him as she would do his own person. Camilla, as a discreet and virtuous woman should be, was troubled at the order her husband gave her, and represented to him how improper it was that any body, in his absence, should take his place at his table; and if he did it as doubting her ability to manage his family, she desired he would try her for this time, and he should see by experience that she was equal to trusts of greater consequence. Anselmo replied it was his pleasure it should be as he had said, and that she had

nothing to do but to aquiesce and be obedient. Camilla said she would, though much against her inclination.

Anselmo went away, and the next day Lothario came to his house, where he was received by Camilla with a kind and modest welcome. But she never exposed herself to be left alone with Lothario, being constantly attended by her men and maid servants, especially by her own maid, called Leonella, whom, as they had been brought up together from their infancy in her father's house, she loved very much, and whom, upon her marriage with Anselmo, she had brought with her. Lothario said nothing to her the three first days, though he had opportunities when the cloth was taken away, and the servants were gone to make a hasty dinner; for so Camilla had directed. Leonella even had orders to dine before her mistress, and never to stir from her side; but she, having her thoughts intent upon other matters of her own pleasure, and wanting to employ those hours and that opportunity to her own purposes, did not always observe her mistress's orders. On the contrary, she often left her alone with her guest, as if she had been expressly commanded so to do. Nevertheless the modest presence of Camilla, the gravity of her countenance and her composed behaviour, were such, that they awed and bridled Lothario's tongue. But the influence of her virtues in silencing Lothario's tongue, redounded to the greater prejudice of them both; for, if his tongue lay still, his thoughts were in motion, and he had leisure to contemplate, one by one, all those perfections of goodness and beauty of which Camilla was mistress, and which were sufficient to inspire love into a statue of marble, and how much more into a heart of flesh. Lothario gazed at her all the while he might have talked to her, and considered how worthy she was to be beloved; and this consideration began, by little and little, to undermine the regard he had for Anselmo. A thousand times he thought of withdrawing from the city and going where Anselmo should never see him, nor he Camilla, more; but the pleasure he took in beholding her had already thrown an obstacle in the way of his intention. He did violence to himself, and had frequent struggles within him to get the better of the pleasure he received in gazing

at Camilla. He blamed himself, when alone, for his folly; he called himself a false friend, and a bad Christian. He reasoned on and made comparisons between his own conduct and that of Anselmo, and concluded that Anselmo's folly and presumption were greater than his own infidelity; and that, if what he had in his thoughts were but as excusable before God as it was before men, he should fear no punishment for his fault. In fine, the beauty and goodness of Camilla, together with the opportunity which the thoughtless husband had put into his hands, quite overturned Lothario's integrity. Without heeding any thing but what tended to the gratification of his passion, at the end of three days from the time of Anselmo's absence, during which he had been in perpetual struggles with his desires, he began to solicit Camilla with such earnestness and disorder, and with such amorous expressions, that Camilla was astonished, and could only rise from her seat and retire to her chamber without saying a word. But, notwithstanding this sudden blast, Lothario's hope was not withered; for hope, being born with love, always lives with it. On the contrary, he was the more eager in the pursuit of Camilla; who, having discovered in Lothario what she could never have imagined, was at a loss how to behave. But thinking it neither safe nor right to give him opportunity or leisure of talking to her any more, she resolved, to send that very night one of her servants to Anselmo with a letter, conceived in the following terms:



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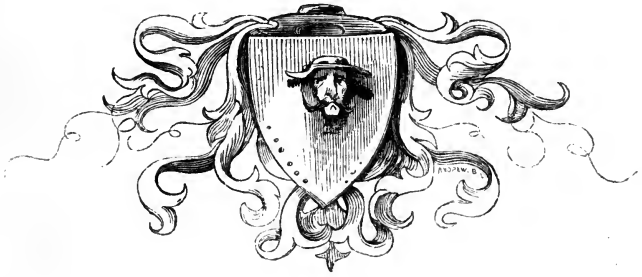

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LOTHARIO AND CAMILLA, BOOK IV., CHAP. VII.

5

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA,

BY

CHARLES JARVIS, ESQ.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED.

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY JOHANNOT.

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DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK IV.

(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE NOVEL OF "THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT."

CUSTOMARY, as it is, to say that an army makes but an ill appearance without its general, and a castle without its governor, a young married woman, I say, makes a still worse appearance without a husband, when there is no just cause for his absence. I am so uneasy without you, and so entirely unable to support this absence, that, if you do not return speedily, I must go and pass my time at my father's house,

though I leave your's without a guard; for the guard you left me, if you left him with that title, is, I believe, more intent upon his own pleasure than upon any thing which concerns you. You are wise, I say no more, nor is it proper I should[168]."

Anselmo received this letter, and understood by it that Lothario had begun the attack, and that Camilla must have received it according to his wish. Overjoyed at this good news, he sent Camilla a verbal message not to stir from her house upon any account, for he would return very speedily. Camilla was surprised at Anselmo's answer, which increased the perplexity she was under, for now she durst neither stay in her own house, nor retire to that of her parents. By staying she hazarded her virtue, and by going she would act contrary to her husband's positive command. At length she resolved upon that which proved the worst for her, to stay, and not to shun Lothario's company, lest it might give her servants occasion to talk. Already she began to be sorry that she had written what she had to her spouse, fearing lest he should think Lothario must have observed some signs of lightness in her which had emboldened him to lay aside the respect he owed her. But conscious of her own integrity, she trusted in God and her own virtuous disposition, resolving to resist, by her silence, whatever Lothario should say to her, without giving her husband any farther account, lest it should involve him in any quarrel or trouble. She even began to consider how she might excuse Lothario to Anselmo, when the latter should ask her the cause of her writing the letter.

With these thoughts, more honourable than wise, the next day she sate still, and heard what Lothario had to say to her, who plied her so warmly, that Camilla's firmness began to totter, and her virtue had much ado to get into her eyes and prevent some indications of the amorous compassion which the tears and arguments of Lothario had awakened in her breast. All this Lothario observed, and all contributed to inflame him the more. In short, he thought it necessary, while he had the time and opportunity

[168] This billet is literally preserved in the Comedy composed by Don Guillen de Castro, on the same subject and under the same title as this novel.

which Anselmo's absence afforded him, to shorten the siege of this fortress. Therefore he attacked her pride with the praises of her beauty; for there is nothing which sooner reduces and levels the towering castles of the vanity of the fair sex, than vanity itself when employed by the tongue of adulation. In effect, he undermined the rock of her integrity with such engines, that Camilla, though she had been made of brass, must have fallen to the ground. Lothario wept, entreated, flattered and solicited with such earnestness and demonstrations of sincerity, that he quite overthrew Camilla's reserve, and at last triumphed over what he least expected and most desired. Camilla surrendered, Camilla was overcome. And what wonder, when even Lothario's friendship could not stand its ground? A striking example, shewing us that the passion of love is to be vanquished only by flying, and that we must not pretend to grapple with so powerful an enemy, since divine assistance is necessary to subdue such force, though human.

Leonella alone was privy to her lady's frailty, for the two faithless friends and new lovers could not hide it from her. Lothario would not acquaint Camilla with Anselmo's project, nor with his having designedly given him the opportunity of arriving at that point, lest she should esteem his passion the less, or should think he had made love to her by chance rather than out of choice. A few days after, Anselmo returned home; but he did not miss what he had lost, which was what he took least care of, and yet valued most. He presently went to make a visit to Lothario, and found him at home. They embraced each other, and Anselmo enquired what news concerning his life or death. "The news I have for you, friend Anselmo," said Lothario, "is that you have a wife worthy to be the pattern and crown of all good women. The words I have said to her are given to the wind; my offers have been despised, my presents refused; and when I shed some few feigned tears, she made a mere jest of them. In short, as Camilla is the sum of all beauty, she is also the repository in which modesty, good-nature and reserve, with all the virtues which can make a good woman praiseworthy and happy, are treasured up. Therefore, friend, take back your money; here it is; I had no occasion to make

use of it, for Camilla's integrity is not to be shaken by things so mean as presents and promises. Be satisfied, Anselmo, and make no farther trials. Since you have safely passed the gulf of those doubts and suspicions we are apt to entertain of women, do not again expose yourself on the deep sea of new disquiets, nor make a fresh trial, with another pilot, of the goodness and strength of the vessel which Heaven has allotted you for your passage through the ocean of this world; but make account, on the contrary that you are arrived safe in port; and secure yourself with the anchor of serious consideration, and lie by, until you are required to pay that debt from which no human rank is exempted."

Anselmo was entirely satisfied with Lothario's words, and believed them as if they had been delivered by some oracle. Nevertheless he desired him not to give over the undertaking, though he carried it on merely out of curiosity and amusement,—without in future plying her so closely as he had done. "All I now desire of you," said he, "is that you will write some verses in her praise, under the name of Cloris; and I will give Camilla to understand that you are in love with a lady, to whom you have given that name that you may celebrate her with due regard to her modesty. And if you do not care to be at the trouble of writing these verses, I myself will compose them for you." "There will be no need of that," said Lothario; "the Muses are not so unpropitious to me but that now and then they make me a visit. Tell Camilla your thoughts of my counterfeit passion, and leave me to make the verses, which if not so good as the subject deserves, shall at least be the best I can make."

Thus agreed the imprudent and the treacherous friend. Anselmo, having returned to his house, enquired of Camilla what she wondered he had not already enquired, namely, the occasion of her writing the letter she had sent him. Camilla answered that she then fancied Lothario looked at her a little less respectfully than when he was at home; but that now she was undeceived, and believed it to be but a mere imagination of her own, as Lothario had of late avoided seeing and being alone with her. Anselmo replied that she might be very secure from that suspicion; for, to

his knowledge, Lothario was in love with a young lady of condition in the city, whom he celebrated under the name of Cloris; and, though it were not so, she had nothing to fear, considering Lothario's virtue and the great friendship that subsisted between them. Had not Camilla been before-hand advertised by Lothario that this story of his love for Cloris was all a fiction, and that he had told it Anselmo that he might have an opportunity now and then of employing himself in the praises of Camilla herself, she had doubtless fallen into the desperate snare of jealousy; but, being prepared for it, it gave her no disturbance.

The next day, they all three being together at table, Anselmo desired Lothario to recite some of the verses he had composed on his beloved Cloris, remarking that since Camilla did not know her, he might safely repeat what he pleased. "Though she did know her," answered Lothario, "I should have no reason to conceal what I have written: for, when a lover praises his mistress's beauty and at the same time taxes her with cruelty, he casts no reproach upon her good name. But, be that as it will, I must tell you that yesterday I made this sonnet on the ingratitude of Cloris:

SONNET.

"In the dead silence of the peaceful night,
When other's cares are hush'd in soft repose,
The sad account of my neglected woes
To conscious Heaven and Cloris I recite.
And when the sun, with his returning light,
Forth from the east his radiant journey goes,
With accents such as sorrow only knows,
My grief to tell is all my poor delight.
And when bright Phœbus, from his starry throne,
Sends rays direct upon the parched soil,
Still in the mournful tale I persevere.
Returning night renews my sorrow's toil;
And though from morn to night I weep and moan,
Nor Heaven nor Cloris my complainings hear[169]."

[169] Cervantes has repeated this sonnet in his Comedy entitled: *La Casa de los zelos* (the House of Jealousy), in the beginning of the second *jornada*.

Camilla was very well pleased with the sonnet, but Anselmo still more; he commended it, and said the lady was extremely cruel, who made no return to so much truth. "What, then," replied Camilla, "are we to take all that the enamoured poets tell us for truth?" "Not all they tell us as poets," answered Lothario, "but as lovers; for though, as poets, they may exceed, as lovers they always fall short of the truth." "There is no doubt of that," replied Anselmo, resolved to second and support the credit of every thing Lothario said with Camilla, who was now become as indifferent to Anselmo's artifice, as she was in love with Lothario. Being therefore pleased with every thing that was his, and taking it likewise, for granted that all his desires and verses were addressed to her, and that she was the true Cloris, she desired him, if he could recollect any other sonnet or verses, to repeat them. "I remember one,"

answered Lothario; "but I believe it is not so good as the former, or, to speak more properly, worse. But judge for yourselves:

SONNET.

"I die; if not believed, 'tis sure I die;
For ere I cease to love and to adore,
Or fly, ungrateful fair, your beauty's pow'r,
Dead at your feet you shall behold me lie.
When to the regions of obscurity
I hence am banish'd, to enjoy no more
Glory and life, you, in that luckless hour,
Your image graven in my heart shall see,
That relic, with a lover's generous pride,
I treasure in my breast, the only source
Of comfort, whilst thy rigour lets me live.
Unhappy he, who steers his dangerous course
Through unfrequented seas, no star to guide,
Nor port his shatter'd vessel to receive!"

Anselmo commended this second sonnet as much as he had done the first, thus adding link after link to the chain wherewith he bound himself, and secured his own dishonour. In effect, when Lothario dishonoured him most, he assured him his honour was safest, and every step of the ladder Camilla descended toward the centre of her disgrace, she ascended, in her husband's opinion, toward the uppermost round of virtue and good fame.

One day Camilla being alone with her maid, said to her: "I am ashamed, dear Leonella, to think how little value I set upon myself, in not making it cost Lothario more time to gain the entire possession of my inclinations, which I gave up so soon. I fear he will look upon my easiness in surrendering, as levity, without reflecting on the violence he used, which put it out of my power to resist him." "Dear madam," answered Leonella, "let not this trouble you, for there is nothing in it; the value of a gift, if it be good in itself and worthy of esteem, is not lessened by being soon given. It is even customary to say, that he who gives quickly gives twice." "They

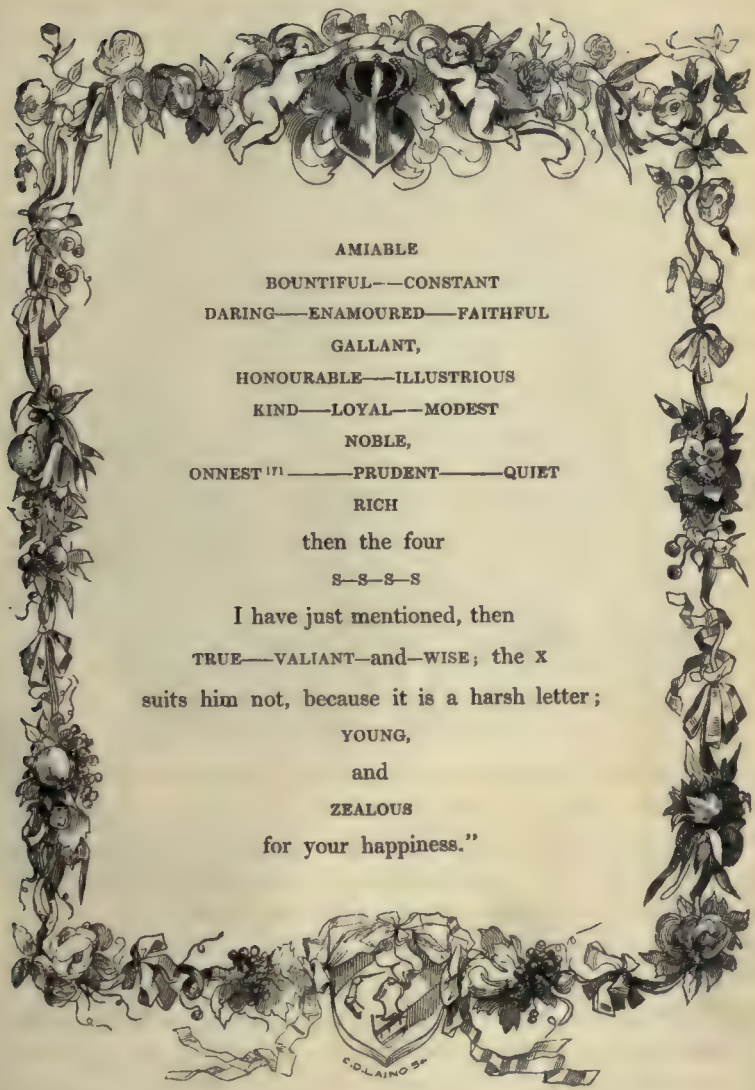
say also," quoth Camilla, "that which costs little is less valued." "This does not affect your case," answered Leonella; "for Love, as I have heard say, sometimes flies, and sometimes walks; runs with one person, and goes leisurely with another, some he warms, and some he burns, some he wounds, and others he kills. In one and the same instant he begins and concludes the career of his desires; in the morning, he lays siege to a fortress, and in the evening it surrenders to him, for no force is able to resist him. This being the case, what are you afraid of? And it is the very same with Lothario, Love having made my master's absence the instrument to oblige you to surrender to him, and it being absolutely necessary to finish in that interval what Love had decreed, without giving Time himself any time to bring back Anselmo, and, by his presence, render the work imperfect; for Love has no surer minister to execute his designs than opportunity; it is opportunity that he makes use of in all his exploits, especially in the beginnings. All this I am well acquainted with, and from experience rather than hearsay; and one day or other, madam, I may let you see that I also am a girl of flesh and blood. Besides, madam, you did not declare your passion, nor engage yourself so soon, but you had first seen in his eyes, in his sighs, in his expressions, in his promises and his presents, Lothario's whole soul; nor before judging from that, and seeing in all his accomplishments, how worthy Lothario was of your love. As it is so, let not these scruples and niceties disturb you, but rest assured that Lothario esteems you no less than you do him; and live contented and satisfied, that, since you are fallen into the snare of love, it is with a person of worth and character. In fact, he possesses not only the four S.S.S.S. which, they say, all true lovers ought to have, but the whole alphabet[170]. Do but hear me, and you shall see how I have it by heart. He is, if I judge right:

[170] According to a verse of Luis Brahona, in his poem of *The Tears of Angelica* (Lagrinas de Angelica, Canto IV.), these four S.S S S. represented the following line:

SABIO, SOLO, SOLICITO Y SECRETO,

which may be translated thus:

Sprightly, Sightly, Sincere and Secret.



AMIABLE

BOUNTIFUL——CONSTANT

DARING——ENAMOURED——FAITHFUL

GALLANT,

HONOURABLE——ILLUSTRIOUS

KIND——LOYAL——MODEST

NOBLE,

ONNEST[171]————PRUDENT————QUIET

RICH

then the four

S—S—S—S

I have just mentioned, then

TRUE——VALIANT—and—WISE; the X

suits him not, because it is a harsh letter;

YOUNG,

and

ZEALOUS

for your happiness."

[171] We have preserved this orthographical inaccuracy as it stands in the original (*onesto* for honesto); a lady's maid would not be so nice.

Camilla laughed at her maid's alphabet, and took her to be more conversant in love matters than she had hitherto owned. Leonella then confessed as much, and discovered to Camilla that she had a love-affair with a young gentleman of the same city. On hearing this Camilla was much disturbed, fearing lest, from that quarter, her own honour might be in danger; therefore she sifted her, to know whether her amour had gone farther than words. Leonella, with little shame and much boldness, owned it had. Indeed, it is certain that the slips of the mistress take off all shame from the maid-servants, who, when they see their mistresses trip, make nothing of downright halting, nor of its being known. Camilla could do no more than beg of Leonella to say nothing of her affair to the person she said was her lover, and to manage her own with such secrecy that it might not come to the knowledge of Anselmo or of Lothario. Leonella answered she would do so; but she kept her word in such a manner as justified Camilla's fears that she might lose her reputation by her means.

The culpable and audacious Leonella, when she found that her mistress's conduct was not the same it used to be, had the assurance to introduce and conceal her lover in the house, presuming that her lady durst not speak of it, though it came to her knowledge. This inconvenience, among others, attends the failings of mistresses: they become slaves to their very servants, and are necessitated to conceal their dishonesty and wantonness. This was the case with Camilla, who, though she saw several times that Leonella was with her gallant in a room of her house, she was so far from daring to chide her, that she gave her opportunities of locking him in, and did all she could to prevent his being seen by her husband.

But all her precautions did not hinder Lothario from seeing him once go out of the house at break of day. Not knowing who he was, he thought at first it must be some apparition; but when he saw him steal off, muffling himself up and concealing himself with care, he changed one foolish opinion for another, which must have been the ruin of them all, if Camilla had not remedied it. Lothario was so far from thinking that the man whom he had seen coming out of Anselmo's house at so unseasonable an hour came thither

upon Leonella's account, that he did not so much as remember there was such a person as Leonella in the world. His only thought was that Camilla, as she had been easy and complying to him, was so to another; for the wickedness of a bad woman carries this additional mischief along with it, that it weakens her credit even with the man to whose entreaties and persuasions she surrendered her honour; and he is ready to believe, upon the slightest grounds, that she yields to others even with greater facility. All Lothario's good sense and prudent reasonings, seem to have failed him upon this occasion. Without making one proper or even rational reflection, without more ado, impatient and blinded with a jealous rage that gnawed his bowels, and dying to be revenged on Camilla, who had offended him in nothing, he went to Anselmo before he had risen.

"Know, Anselmo," said he, "that for several days past I have struggled with myself to keep from you what it is no longer possible nor just to conceal. Know, that Camilla's fort has surrendered, and that she is ready to submit to my will and pleasure. If I have delayed discovering to you this truth, it was to satisfy myself whether it was any wanton desire in her, or whether she had a mind to try me, and to see whether the love I made to her with your connivance was in earnest. I still believed that, if she were what she ought to be, and what we both thought her, she would before now have given you an account of my solicitations. But since I find she has not, I conclude she intends to keep the promise she has made me of giving me a meeting, the next time you are absent from home, in the wardrobe (and, indeed, that was the place where Camilla used to entertain him).—As the fault is not yet committed, excepting in thought only, I would not have you run precipitately to take revenge; for perhaps between this and the time of putting it in execution, Camilla may change her mind, and repent; therefore, as you have hitherto always followed my advice, excepting in one instance, follow and observe this I shall now give you, that, without possibility of being mistaken, and upon maturest deliberation, you may satisfy yourself as to how it is most fitting for you to act. Pretend an absence of three or four days, as you used to do at other times, and contrive to hide yourself in the wardrobe, where the tapestry and furniture will serve to conceal you. Then, you will see with your own eyes, and I with mine, what Camilla intends. If her intention is culpable, as is rather to be feared than expected, you may, with secrecy and caution, be the avenger of your own injury."

Poor Anselmo was thunderstruck at Lothario's communication. It came upon him at a time when he least expected it, for he already piously looked upon Camilla as victorious over Lothario's feigned assaults, and began to enjoy the glory of the conquest. He stood a good while with his eyes fixed motionless on the ground; at length he cried: "Lothario, you have done what I expected from your friendship; I must follow your advice in every thing; do what you will, and be as secret as so unlooked-for an event requires."

Lothario promised him he would; and scarcely had he left him when he began to repent of all he had said, and was convinced he had acted foolishly, since he might have revenged himself on Camilla by a less cruel and less dishonourable method. He cursed his want of sense, condemned his heedless resolution, and was at a loss how to undo what was done, or to get tolerably well out of the scrape. At last he resolved to discover all to Camilla; and, as he could not long want an opportunity of seeing her in secret, that very day he found her alone. Immediately on his coming in, she said: "Know, dear Lothario, that I have an uneasiness at heart which tortures me in such a manner that methinks it will make it break. Leonella's impudence is arrived to such a pitch that she every night entertains a gallant in the house, who stays with her until daylight; judge how much to the prejudice of my reputation, and what a wide field it will leave for censure to whoever shall see him go out at such unseasonable hours. But what gives me the most concern is, that I cannot chastise, or so much as reprimand her: for her being in the secret of our intrigue, puts a bridle into my mouth, and obliges me to conceal her's, whence I fear some unlucky catastrophe."

At first, when Camilla said this, Lothario believed it a piece of cunning to deceive him, by persuading him that the man he saw go out was Leonella's gallant, and not Camilla's; but, perceiving that she wept, and afflicted herself, and begged his assistance to find a remedy, he soon came into the belief of what she said, and was filled with confusion and repentance for what he had done. He desired Camilla to make herself easy, for he would take an effectual course to restrain Leonella's insolence. He also confided to her all that the furious rage of jealousy had instigated him to tell Anselmo, and how it was agreed that Anselmo should hide himself in the wardrobe to be an eye-witness from thence of her disloyalty to him. He begged her to pardon this madness, and entreated her advice how to remedy what was done, and extricate them from the perplexed labyrinth his rashness had involved them in. Camilla was astonished at hearing what Lothario said, and with much resentment began to reproach him for the ill thoughts he had entertained of her, and to set before him the folly and rashness of

the resolution he had taken. But, as women have naturally a more ready invention, either for good or bad purposes, than men, an invention which often fails them when they set themselves purposely to deliberate, Camilla instantly hit upon a way to remedy an affair so seemingly irremediable. She told Lothario to see that Anselmo hid himself the next day where he had proposed; for by this very hiding she trusted to secure for the future their mutual enjoyment without fear of surprise. Though she refused to impart to him the whole of her design, she desired him not to fail, after Anselmo was posted, to be ready at Leonella's call, and to take care to answer to whatever she should say to him just as he would do if he did not know that Anselmo was listening. Lothario pressed her to explain to him her whole design, that he might be able to act with more safety and caution. "Nothing is necessary," said Camilla, "but to answer directly the questions I shall ask you." She was not willing to let him into the secret of what she intended to do, lest he should not come into her design which she thought so good, and should look out for some other, not likely to prove so successful.

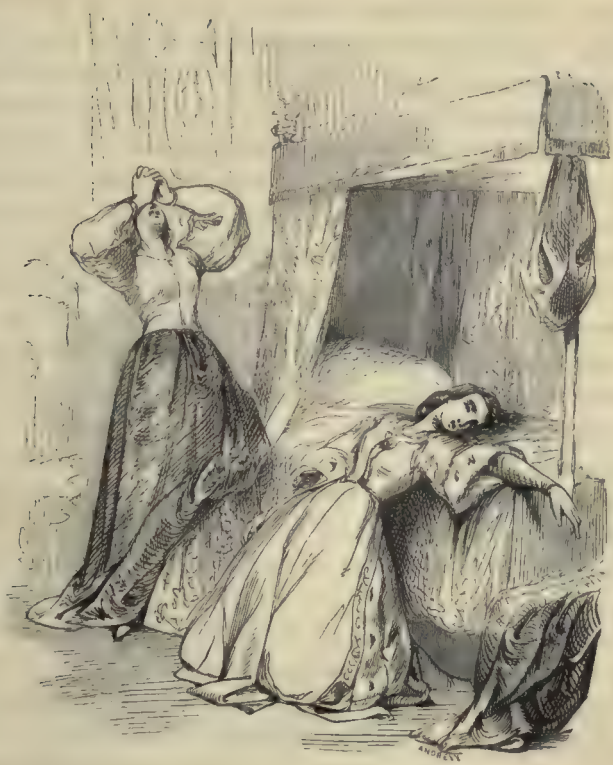
Lothario then left her; and the next day Anselmo, under pretence of going to his friend's villa, went from home, but turned presently back to hide himself; which he might conveniently enough do, for Camilla and Leonella were out of the way on purpose. Anselmo being now hidden, with all the agitation of mind which may be imagined in one who expected to see with his own eyes the bowels of his honour ripped up, fully expected that he was upon the point of losing that supreme bliss he thought himself possessed of in his beloved Camilla. The latter and Leonella, being well assured that Anselmo was behind the hangings, came together into the wardrobe; Camilla had scarcely set her foot in it, when, fetching a deep sigh, she said: "Ah, dear Leonella, would it not be better, before I put that in execution which I would keep secret from you, lest you should endeavour to prevent it, that you should take Anselmo's dagger, and plunge it into this infamous breast? But no; it is not reasonable I should bear the punishment of another's fault. I will first know what

the bold and wanton eyes of Lothario saw in me, to give him the assurance to discover so wicked a design as that he has made known to me, in contempt of his friend and of my honour. Step to the window, Leonella, and call him: doubtless he is wait-

ing in the street, in hopes of putting his wicked design in execution; but first, my cruel though honourable purpose shall be executed. "Ah, dear madam!" answered the cunning Leonella, "what is it you intend to do with this dagger? Is it to take away your own life or Lothario's? whichever of the two you do, will redound to the ruin of your credit and fame. It is better you should dissemble

your wrong, than let this wicked man now into the house, while we are alone. Consider, madam, that we are weak women, and that he is a resolute man, who, as he comes blinded with passion and big with his wicked purpose, may, perhaps, before you can execute yours, do what would be worse for you than taking away your life. Mischief take my master Anselmo, for giving this impudent fellow such an ascendant in his house. But, pray, madam, if you kill him as I imagine you intend, what shall we do with him after he is dead?" "What child!" answered Camilla: "why leave him here for Anselmo to bury him: for it is but just he should have the agreeable trouble of burying his own infamy. Call the traitor, without more delay, for all the time I lose in deferring to take due revenge for my wrong, methinks I offend against that loyalty I owe to my husband."

To all this Anselmo listened, and at every word Camilla spoke his sentiments changed. But when he understood that she intended to kill Lothario, he was inclined to prevent it by coming out and discovering himself; but he was withheld by the strong desire he had to see what would be the end of so brave and virtuous a resolution, holding himself ready, however, to discover himself in time to prevent mischief. At that moment Camilla appeared to be taken with a strong fainting fit and Leonella having thrown her upon a bed that was there, began to weep bitterly, and to say: "Ah! woe is me, that I should be so unhappy as to see die here, between my arms, this flower of virtue, this model of good women, this pattern of chastity!" with other such expressions, that no one who had heard her could have taken her for any other than the most compassionate and faithful servant in the universe, and her lady for another persecuted Penelope. Camilla soon recovered from her swoon, and as she opened her eyes she said: "Why do you not go, Leonella, and call the most faithless friend of all friends that the sun ever saw, or the night covered? Be quick, run, fly; let not the fire of my rage evaporate and be spent by delay, and my just vengeance pass off in empty threatenings and curses."—"I am going to call him," said Leonella; "but dear madam, you must first give me that dagger, lest when I am gone you should do a deed which might give those who love you cause



to weep all their lives long."—"Go, dear Leonella, and fear not," said Camilla; "I will not do it: for though I am resolute, and in your opinion sincere in defending my honour, I shall not be so to the degree that Lucretia was, of whom it is said that she killed herself without having committed any fault, and without first killing him who was the cause of her misfortune. I will die, if die I must, after I have satiated my revenge on him who is the occasion of my being now here to bewail his insolence, which proceeded from no fault of mine."

Leonella wanted more entreating before she would go and call Lothario; but at last she went, and, while she was away, Camilla, as if she was talking to herself, said: "Good God, would it not have

been more advisable to have dismissed Lothario, as I have done many other times, than to give him room, as I have now done, to think me dishonest and immodest, though it be only for the short time I defer undeceiving him? Without doubt it would have been better; but should I be revenged, or my husband's honour satisfied, if he were to get off so clean, and so smoothly, from the attempt to which his wicked thoughts have led him? No! let the traitor pay with his life for what he enterprises with so lascivious a desire. Let the world know, (if perchance it comes to know it), that Camilla not only preserved her loyalty to her husband, but revenged him on the person who sought to wrong him. After all, would it not perhaps be better to give an account of the whole matter to Anselmo? But I have already hinted it to him in the letter I wrote him into the country; and I fancy his neglecting to remedy the mischief I pointed out to him, must be owing to his pure good nature, and to a confidence in Lothario, which will not let him believe that the least thought to the prejudice of his honour can be lodged in the breast of so faithful a friend: nor did I myself believe it for many days, nor should I ever have given credit to it, if his insolence had not risen so high, and his avowed presents, large promises and continual tears, put it past all dispute. But why do I talk thus? does a brave resolution stand in need of counsel? no, certainly. Traitor, avaunt! come vengeance! let the false one come, let him enter, let him die, and then befal what will. Unspotted I enter into the power of him, whom Heaven allotted me for my husband, and unspotted I will leave him, though bathed all over in my own chaste blood, and the impure gore of the falsest friend that friendship ever saw." Saying this, she walked up and down the room with the drawn dagger in her hand, taking such irregular and huge strides, and with such gestures, that one would have thought her beside herself, and have taken her, not for a soft and delicate woman, but for some desperate ruffian.

Anselmo observed all from behind the arras where he had hidden himself. Amazed and confounded, he already thought what he had seen and heard sufficient to balance still greater suspicions, and began to wish that Lothario might not come, for fear of some

sudden disaster. Being now upon the point of discovering himself, and coming out to embrace and undeceive his wife, he was prevented by seeing Leonella return leading Lothario by the hand. As soon as Camilla saw him, she drew with the dagger a long line between her and him, and said: "Take notice, Lothario, of what I

say to you. If you shall dare to pass this line you see here, or even come up to it, that moment I will pierce my breast with this dagger I hold in my hand. Before you answer me a word to this injunction, hear a few words I have to say to you, and then answer me as you please. In the first place, Lothario, I desire you to tell me whether you know Anselmo, my husband, and in what estimation you hold him; in the next place, I would be informed whether you know me. Answer me to this, and be under no concern nor study for an answer; for they are no difficult questions I ask you." Lothario was not so ignorant, but that, from the instant Camilla bade him hide Anselmo, he guessed what she intended to do, and accordingly humoured her design so well, that they were able,

between them, to make the counterfeit pass for something more than truth. Therefore he answered Camilla in this manner:—"I did not imagine, fair Camilla, that you called me to answer to questions so wide of the purpose for which I came hither. If you do it to delay me the promised favour, why did you not adjourn it to a still farther day? for the nearer the prospect of possession is, the more eager we are to enjoy the desired good. But, that you may not say I do not answer to your questions, I reply that I know your husband Anselmo, and that we have known each other from our tender years: of our friendship I will say nothing, that I may not be a witness against myself of the wrong which love, that powerful excuse for greater faults, has made me do him. You too I know, and prize you as highly as he does. Were it not so, I should not for less excellence, have acted so contrary to my duty as a gentleman, and so much against the holy laws of true friendship, which I have now broken and violated, through the tyranny of that enemy, love." "If you acknowledge so much," replied Camilla, "mortal enemy of all that justly deserves to be loved, with what face dare you appear before her whom you know to be the mirror in which Anselmo looks, and in which you might have seen upon what slight grounds you injure him? But alas! unhappy me! I now begin to find what it was that made you forget yourself. It was doubtless some indiscretion of mine, for I will not call it immodesty, since it proceeded not from design, but from some one of those inadvertencies which women frequently fall into unawares, when there is nobody present before whom they think they need be upon the reserve: if not, tell me, O traitor, when did I ever answer your addresses with any word or sign that could give you the least shadow of hope that you should ever accomplish your infamous desires? When were not your amorous expressions repulsed and rebuked with rigour and severity? When were your many promises, and greater presents, believed or accepted? But, knowing that no one can persevere long in an affair of love unless it be kept alive by some hope, I take upon myself the blame of your impertinence; doubtless, some inadvertence of mine has nourished your hope so long. Therefore I will chastise and inflict that punishment

on myself, which your offence deserves. To convince you that, being so severe to myself, I could not possibly be otherwise to you, I had a mind you should come hither to be a witness to the sacrifice I intend to make to the offended honour of my worthy husband, injured by you with the greatest deliberation imaginable, and by me too, through my carelessness in not shunning the occasion (if I gave you any) of countenancing and authorizing your wicked intentions. It is the suspicion, I repeat, that some inadvertence of mine has given birth to such licentious thoughts in you, that disturbs me the most, and which I most desire to punish with my own hands, for should some other executioner do it, my crime, perhaps, would be more public. Yes, I will die, but not alone; I will carry with me one whose death shall entirely satisfy the thirst of my revenge, and who will learn, go wherever he may, that justice always overtakes perseverance in wickedness."

At these words, Camilla flew upon Lothario, with the drawn dagger, so swiftly, with such incredible violence, and with such seeming earnestness to stab him to the heart, that he was almost in doubt himself whether those efforts were feigned or real, and was forced to make use of all his dexterity and strength to prevent being wounded. Camilla played the counterfeit so to the life, that, to give this strange imposture still more the appearance of truth, she resolved to stain it with her own blood. Perceiving, or rather pretending to perceive, that she could not wound Lothario, she said: "Since fortune denies a complete satisfaction to my just desires, it shall not however be in its power to defeat that satisfaction entirely." Making an effort to free her dagger-hand, held by Lothario, she got it loose, and directing the point to a part where it could not enter deeply, she stabbed herself above the breast, near the left shoulder, and immediately fell to the ground as in a swoon. Leonella and Lothario were equally terrified and surprised at this accident, and were in doubt what to think of it, especially when they saw Camilla lying on the floor, bathed in her own blood. Lothario ran hastily to draw out the dagger; but perceiving the slightness of the wound, the fear he had been in vanished, and he admired afresh the sagacity, prudence and great ingenuity of the

fair Camilla. To act his part, he began to make a long and sorrowful lamentation over the body of Camilla, as if she were dead, imprecating heavy curses, not only on himself, but on him who had been the cause of bringing him to that pass; and, knowing that his friend Anselmo overheard him, he said such things, that whoever had heard them would have pitied him more than they would have done Camilla herself, though they had judged her to be really dead. Leonella took her in her arms and laid her on the bed, beseeching Lothario to procure somebody to dress Camilla's wound secretly. She also desired his advice and opinion what they should say to Anselmo about it, if he should chance to come home before it was healed. He answered that they might say what they pleased; that he was not in a condition to give any advice worth following; he bade her endeavour to staunch the blood, and as for himself, he would go where he should never be seen more. With a show of much sorrow and concern, he left the house; and when he found himself alone, and in a place where nobody saw him, he ceased not to cross himself in admiration at the cunning of Camilla, and the suitable behaviour of Leonella. He considered what a thorough assurance Anselmo must have of his wife's being a second Portia, and wanted to be with him, that they might rejoice together over the most skilfully dissembled truth and the most cleverly planned artifice that can be imagined.

Leonella, as she was bidden, staunched her mistress's blood, which had flowed in just a sufficient quantity to give credit to her stratagem. Having washed the wound with a little wine, she bound it up the best she could, saying such things, while she was dressing it, as were alone sufficient to make Anselmo believe that he had in Camilla an image of chastity. To the words Leonella said, Camilla added others, calling herself coward, in that she wanted the resolution, at a time when she stood most in need, to deprive herself of that life she so much abhorred. She asked her maid's advice whether she should give an account of what had happened, to her beloved spouse, or not. Leonella persuaded her to say nothing about it, since it would lay him under a necessity of revenging himself on Lothario, which he could not do without greater

danger to himself; and added, a good woman was bound to avoid all occasion of involving her husband in a quarrel, and should rather prevent all such as much as she possibly could. Camilla replied that she approved of her opinion and would follow it; but that by all means they must contrive what to say to say to Anselmo about the wound, which he must needs see. To which Leonella answered that, for her part, she knew not how to tell a lie though but in jest. "Then, pray," replied Camilla, "how should I know how, who dare not invent or stand in one though my life were at stake? if we cannot contrive to come well off, it will be better to tell him the naked truth than that he should catch us in a false story." "Be in no pain, madam," answered Leonella; "for, between this and to-morrow morning I will study what we shall tell him; and perhaps, the wound being where it is, you may conceal it from his sight, and Heaven may be pleased to favour our just and honourable intentions. Compose yourself, madam; endeavour to quiet your spirits, that my master may not find you in so violent a disorder; and leave the rest to my care, and to that of Heaven, which always favours good intentions."

Anselmo stood, with the utmost attention, listening to and beholding represented the tragedy of the death of his honour, a tragedy in which the actors performed with such strange and moving passions, that it seemed as if they were transformed into the very characters they personated. He longed for the night, and for an opportunity of slipping out of his house, that he might see his dear friend Lothario, and rejoice with him on finding so precious a jewel, by the perfectly clearing up of his wife's virtue. They both took care to give him a convenient opportunity of going out; which he made use of, and immediately went to seek Lothario; he found him at home, and it is impossible to recount the embraces he gave him, the satisfaction he expressed, and the praises he bestowed on Camilla. Lothario listened, without being able to show any signs of joy; for he could not but reflect how much his friend was deceived, and how ungenerously he treated him. Though Anselmo perceived that Lothario did not express any joy, he believed it was because Camilla was wounded, and that he had been the occasion of it.

Therefore, he desired him to be in no pain about Camilla, for without doubt the wound must be very slight, since her maid and she had agreed to hide it from him. "So," he added, "depend upon it there is nothing to fear on that score; nothing remains but for you to rejoice with me, for, by your diligence and intervention, I find myself raised to the highest pitch of happiness I conceive myself capable of enjoying. For myself, in future I will employ all my leisure in writing verses in praise of Camilla, to perpetuate her chaste memory in all future ages." Lothario applauded his good resolution, and said that he too would lend a helping hand towards raising so illustrious an edifice to his wife's glory. Anselmo now remained the most agreeably deceived man in the world. He led home by the hand, the instrument, as he thought, of his glory, but in reality the ruin of his fame. Camilla received Lothario with a countenance seemingly shy, but with inward gladness of heart. This imposture lasted some time, until, a few months after, fortune turned her wheel; the iniquity, until then so artfully concealed, came to light, and his impertinent curiosity cost poor Anselmo his life.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHICH TREATS OF THE DREADFUL BATTLE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND CERTAIN SKINS OF RED WINE, AND IN WHICH IS CONCLUDED THE NOVEL OF "THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT."

HERE remained but little more of the novel to be read, when from the room where Don Quixote lay, Sancho Panza came running out all in a fright, crying aloud: "Run, Sirs, quickly, and succour my master, who is over head and ears in the toughest and closest battle my eyes have ever beheld. As God shall save me, he has given the giant, that enemy of the Princess Micomicona, such a stroke that he has cut off his head close to his shoulders, as if it had been a turnip."—"What say you, brother?" quoth the priest, leaving off reading the remainder of the novel, "are you in your senses, Sancho? how the devil can this be, seeing the giant is two thousand leagues off?" At that instant they heard a great noise in the room, and Don Quixote calling aloud: "Stay, cowardly thief, robber, rogue; for here I have you, and your scimitar shall avail you nothing." Then it seemed as if he gave several hacks and slashes against the walls. "Do not stand listening," quoth Sancho; "but go in and end the fray, or aid my master; though by this time there will be no occasion, for doubtless the giant is already dead, and giving an account to God of his past wicked life; for I saw the

blood run about the floor, and the head cut off and fallen on one side, and as big as a great wine-skin."—" I will be hanged," quoth the inn-keeper, at this juncture, " if Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has not given a gash to some of the wine-skins that stand at his bed's head, and the wine he has let out must be what this honest fellow takes for blood."

So saying, the host went into the room, and the whole company after him; they found Don Quixote in the strangest situation in the world. He was in his shirt, which was not quite long enough

before to cover his thighs, and was six inches shorter behind: his legs were very long and lean, full of hair, and not over clean: he

had on his head a little red cap, somewhat greasy, which belonged to the inn-keeper. About his left arm he had twisted the bed-blanket, to which Sancho owed a grudge, and he very well knew why, and in his right hand he held his drawn sword, with which he was laying about him on all sides, and uttering words as if he had really been fighting with some giant. The best of it was that his eyes were shut; for he was asleep, and dreaming that he was engaged in battle with the giant. His imagination was so taken up with the adventure he had undertaken, that it made him dream he was already arrived at the kingdom of Micomicon and engaged in fight with his enemy. Fancying he was cleaving the giant down, he had given the skins so many cuts that the whole room was afloat with wine.

When the inn-keeper saw this havock, he fell into such a rage, that he set upon Don Quixote, and, with his clenched fists, began

to give him so many cuffs, that, if Cardenio and the priest had not taken him off, he would have put an end to the war of the giant. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the poor gentleman did not awake until the barber brought a large bucket of cold water from the well, and soused it all over his body at a dash. Then Don Quixote awakened, but not so thoroughly as to be sensible of the pickle he

was in. Dorothea, perceiving how scantily and airily he was arrayed, would not go in to see the fight between her champion and her adversary. Sancho searched on all fours about the floor for the head of the giant; and not finding it, he said: "Well, I see plainly that every thing about this house is enchantment; the time before, in this very same place where I now am, I had several punches and thumps given me without knowing whence they came, or seeing any body; and now the head is vanished, which I saw cut off with my own eyes, the blood spouting from the body like any fountain."—"What blood, and what fountain? thou enemy to God and his saints?" said the inn-keeper: "dost thou not see, thief, that the blood and the fountain are nothing but these skins pierced and ripped open, and the red wine floating about the room? I wish I may see his soul floating in hell that pierced them!"—"I know nothing," said Sancho; "only that I should be so unfortunate that, for want of finding this head, my earldom will melt away like salt in water." Sancho, wide awake, was madder than his master asleep; so besotted was he with the promises Don Quixote had made him.

The inn-keeper lost all patience to see the squire's phlegm after the knight's wicked handy-work; he swore they should not escape this time as they did before, without paying; and that, this bout, the privileges of his chivalry should not exempt him from discharging both reckonings, even to the patches of the torn skins. The priest held Don Quixote by the hands, who, imagining he had finished the adventure, and that he was in the presence of the princess Micomicona, fell on his knees before the priest, and said: "High and renowned lady, well may your grandeur from this day forward live more secure, now that this ill-born creature can do you no hurt; and I also, from this day forward, am freed from the promise I gave you, since, by the assistance of Heaven, and through the favour of her by whom I live and breathe, I have so happily accomplished it."—"Did not I tell you so?" quoth Sancho, hearing this; "so that I was not drunk: see, if my master has not already put the giant in pickle: here are my bulls *; my earldom is cock-sure."

* In allusion to the joy of the mob in Spain, when they see the bulls coming into the arena, previous to a bull-fight.

Who could forbear laughing at the absurdities of both master and man? they all laughed except the inn-keeper, who cursed himself to the devil. At length, the barber, Cardenio and the priest, with much ado, threw Don Quixote on the bed; who fell fast asleep, with signs of very great fatigue. They left him to sleep on, and went out to the inn-door, to comfort Sancho for not finding the giant's head. But they had most to do to pacify the inn-keeper, who was out of his wits for the murder of his wine-skins. The hostess muttered, and said: "In an unlucky minute, and in an evil hour, came this knight-errant into my house: O that my eyes had never seen him! he has been a dear guest to me. The last time, he went away with a night's reckoning, for supper, bed, straw and barley, for himself and for his squire, for a horse and an ass, telling us, forsooth, that he was a knight-adventurer, (evil adventures befal him, and all the adventurers in the world!) and

that therefore he was not obliged to pay any thing; for so it was written in the registers of knight-errantry. Then again, on his account too, comes this other gentleman and carries off my tail, and returns it me diminished by half, with all the hair off, so that it can serve no more for my husband's purpose. Now, to crown all, he rips open my skins, and wastes all my wine! would I could see his blood so let out. But let him not think to escape; for, by the bones of my father and the soul of my mother, they shall pay me down upon the nail every farthing, or may I never be called by my own name, nor be my own father's daughter." The hostess said all this and more, in great wrath, and honest Maritornes, her maid, seconded her; the daughter held her peace, and now and then smiled.

The priest quieted the tempest only by promising to make the best reparation he could for their loss, as well in the wine-skins as the wine, and especially for the damage done to the tail, which they valued so much. Dorothea comforted Sancho Panza, telling him that as it really appeared that his master had cut off the giant's head, she promised, when she was peaceably seated on her throne, to bestow on him the best earldom in her dominions. On this promise Sancho was comforted, and assured the princess she might depend that he had seen the giant's head, by the same token that it had a beard which reached down to the girdle; and if it was not to be found, it was, because every thing passed in that house, by way of enchantment, as he had experienced the last time he lodged there. Dorothea said she believed so, and bid him be in no pain, for all would be well, and succeed to his heart's desire.

Peace being re-established, the priest had a mind to read the remaining pages of the novel. Cardenio, Dorothea, and the rest, entreated him to do so; and the curate willing to please all the company, and himself among the rest, went on with the story as follows:

Anselmo, through the satisfaction he took in the supposed virtue of Camilla, now lived with all the content and security in the world; and Camilla purposely looked shy on Lothario, that Anselmo might

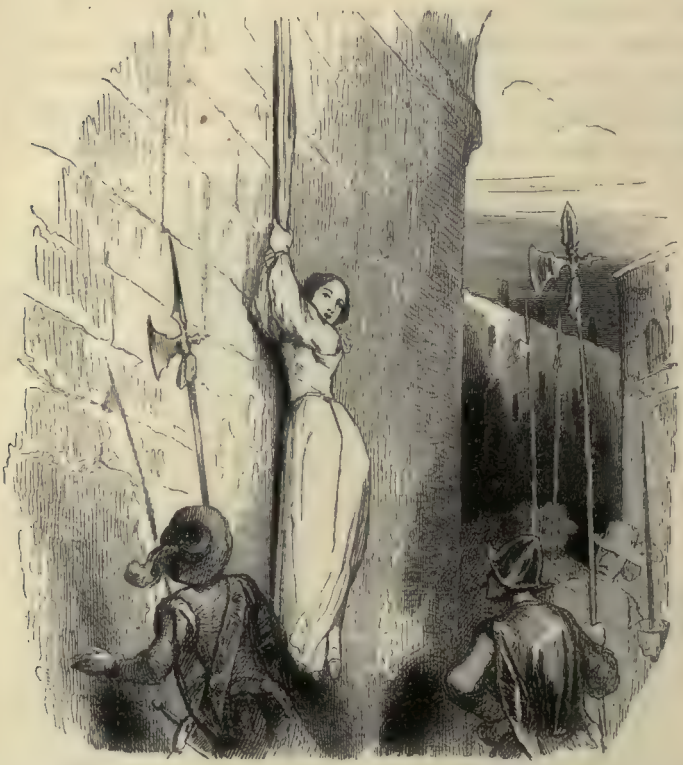
think she rather hated than loved him; and Lothario, for farther security in his affair, begged Anselmo to excuse his coming any more to his house, since it was plain the sight of him gave Camilla great uneasiness. But the deceived Anselmo would by no means comply with his request, thus, by a thousand different ways, becoming the contriver of his own dishonour, while he thought he was so of his pleasure. As for Leonella, she was so pleased to find herself thus at liberty to follow her amour, that, without minding any thing else, she let loose the reins and took her swing, being confident that her lady would conceal it, and even put her in the most commodious way of carrying it on. At last, one night, Anselmo perceived somebody walking in Leonella's chamber; and, being desirous to go in to know who it was, he found the door was held against him. Irritated at this resistance, which increased his desire of getting in, he made such an effort, that he burst open the door, and entered just in time to see a man leap down from the window into the street, Anselmo was about to follow him, to seize him or at least find out who he was; but he was hindered by Leonella, who clung about him, crying: "Dear Sir, be calm; be not so greatly disturbed, nor pursue the man who leaped out. He belongs to me; in short, he is my husband." Anselmo would not believe Leonella, but, blinded by rage, drew his poniard and offered to stab her, assuring her that, if she did not tell him the whole truth, he would kill her. She in an agony, not knowing what she was saying, cried: "Do not kill me, Sir, and I will tell you things of greater importance than any you can imagine."—"Tell me then, quickly," said Anselmo, "or you are a dead woman."—"At present it is impossible," said Leonella, "I am in such confusion; give me until to-morrow morning, and then you shall learn from me what will amaze you. In the meantime, be assured that the person who jumped out of the window is a young man of this city who has given me a promise of marriage." With this Anselmo was somewhat pacified, and was content to wait the time she desired, not dreaming he should hear any thing against Camilla, of whose virtue he was so satisfied and secure. So, leaving the room, he locked Leonella in, telling her she should not stir from thence until

she had told him what she had to say to him. He went immediately to Camilla, and related to her all that had passed with her waiting-woman, and the promise she had given him to acquaint him with things of the utmost importance. It is needless to say whether Camilla was disturbed or not. So great was the consternation she was in that, verily believing, (as indeed it was very likely), that Leonella would tell Anselmo all she knew of her disloyalty, she had not the courage to wait until she saw whether her suspicion was well or ill grounded. That very night, when she found Anselmo was asleep, taking with her all her best jewels and some money, without being perceived by any body, she left her house and went to Lothario's. Arrived there, she recounted to him all that had passed, desiring him to conduct her to some place of safety, or to go off with her where they might live secure from Anselmo. Camilla put Lothario into such confusion that he knew not how to answer her a word, much less to resolve what was to be done. At length he bethought himself of carrying Camilla to a convent, the prioress of which was a sister of his. Camilla having consented, Lothario conveyed her to the convent with all the haste the case required, and left her there. He, too, immediately left the city, without acquainting any body with his departure.

When it was day-break, Anselmo, without missing Camilla from his side, so impatient was he to know what Leonella had to tell him, arose and went to the chamber where he had left her locked up. He opened the door and went in, but found no Leonella there; he only found the sheets tied to the window, an evident sign that by them she had slid down and effected her escape, He presently returned, full of concern, to acquaint Camilla with it; and, not finding her in bed, nor any where in the house, he stood confounded, astonished. He enquired of the servants for her, but no one could give him any tidings. It accidentally happened, as he was searching for Camilla, that he found her cabinet open, and most of her jewels gone. Then the first suspicion of the fatal truth flashed on his mind, and he ceased to think that Leonella was the cause of his misfortune. Without even waiting to put on the remainder of his clothes, he went, sad and pensive, to give an

account of his disaster to his friend Lothario; but not finding him, and his servants telling him that their master went away that night and took all the money he had with him, Anselmo was ready to run mad. To complete all, when he came back to his house, he found not one of his servants there, man or maid: the house abandoned and deserted. He knew not what to think, say or do, and, by little and little, his wits began to fail him. He considered, and saw himself in an instant deprived of wife, friend and servants, abandoned by Heaven and all nature, and, above all, robbed of his honour; since, in the flight of Camilla, he saw his own ruin. After some thought, he resolved to go to his friend's country-house, where he had been when he gave the opportunity for plotting this unhappy business. He locked the doors of his house, mounted a horse, and set forward in great depression of spirits. Scarcely had he gone half way when, overwhelmed by his melancholy thoughts, he was forced to alight and tie his horse to a tree, at the foot whereof he

dropped down, breathing out bitter and mournful sighs. He staid there until nearly dusk, about which time he saw a man coming on horseback from the city; and having saluted him, he enquired what news there was in Florence? "The strangest," replied the passenger, "that has been heard these many days. It is publicly talked, that last night Lothario, that great friend of Anselmo the rich, who lived at St. John's, carried off Camilla, wife to Anselmo, and that he also is missing. All this was told by a maid-servant of Camilla, whom the governor caught in the night letting herself down by a



sheet from a window of Anselmo's house. I do not know the particulars; all I know is, that the whole town is in admiration at this

accident, for no one could have suspected any such thing, considering the strict friendship that united Anselmo and Lothario, which, it is said, was so remarkable that they were styled the *two friends*."

"Pray, is it known," said Anselmo, "which road Lothario and Camilla have taken?"—"It is not," replied the Florentine, "though the governor has ordered diligent search to be made for them."

"God be with you," said Anselmo. "And with you also," said the passenger, and went his way.

This dismal news reduced Anselmo almost to the losing, not only his wits, but his life. He got up as well as he could, and arrived at his friend's house, who had not yet heard of his misfortune; but seeing him come in pale, spiritless and faint, he concluded he was oppressed by some heavy affliction. Anselmo begged him to lead him immediately to a chamber, and to let him have pen, ink and paper. They did so, and left him alone on the bed, locking the door at his request. When he found himself alone, his imagination was so overwhelmed by the thoughts of his misfortunes, that he plainly felt he was drawing near his end. Wishing to leave behind him some account of the cause of his strange death, he seized a pen and began to write; but before he had set down all he had intended, his breath failed him, and he expired of the grief occasioned by his impertinent curiosity.

The master of the house, finding that it grew late and Anselmo did not call, determined to go in to him to learn whether his indisposition increased. He found him motionless, with his face downward, half of his body in bed, and half leaning on the table, with the paper he had written, open, and his hand still holding the pen. His friend, having first called to him, went and took him by the hand; and finding he did not answer him, and that he was cold, perceived that he was dead. He was very much surprised and troubled, and called the family to be witnesses of the sad mishap that had befallen Anselmo. Afterwards he read the paper, which he recognized to be Anselmo's own hand-writing, and which contained only the following words:

"A foolish and impertinent desire has deprived me of life. If the news of my death reaches Camilla's ears, let her know I forgive her; for she was not obliged to do miracles, nor was I under a necessity of desiring she should. Since I was the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no reason why——"

Thus far Anselmo wrote; by which it appeared that at this point, without being able to finish the sentence, he gave up the ghost. The next day his friend sent his relations an account of his death; they had already heard of his misfortune, and of Camilla's retiring to the convent, where she was almost in a condition of bearing her husband company in that inevitable journey, through the news, not of his death, but of her lover's absenting himself. It is said that, though she was now a widow, she would neither quit the convent nor take the veil until, not many days after, news arrived of Lothario's being killed in a battle fought between Monsieur

de Lautrec and the great captain Gonzalo of Cordova[172], in the kingdom of Naples, whither the too late repenting friend had made his retreat. On hearing this news Camilla took the religious habit, and soon after gave up her life of grief and melancholy. Such was the deplorable end of them all, an end sprung from an extravagant folly at the beginning.

"I like this novel very well," said the priest; "but I cannot persuade myself it is a true story. If it be a fiction, the author has erred against probability: for it cannot be imagined there can be any husband so senseless as to desire to make so dangerous an experiment as did Anselmo. Had this case been supposed between a gallant and his mistress, it might pass; but, between husband and wife, there is something impossible in it; however, I am not displeased with the manner in which it is related."

[172] Cervantes is here guilty of an anachronism. The *Great Captain*, having quitted Italy in 1507, died in Grenada in 1515. Lautrec did not appear at the head of the French army until the year 1527, when the Prince of Orange commanded that of Charles V.

CHAPTER IX.

WHICH TREATS OF OTHER UNCOMMON ADVENTURES THAT HAPPENED IN THE INN.

ENTERING at that moment from the door-way, where he had been standing while the priest was reading the conclusion of the novel, the host cried: "Here comes a goodly company of guests; if they stop here, we shall sing *gaudeamus* *." —"What folks are they?" said Cardenio.—"Four men," answered the host, "on horseback à la Gineta †, with lances and targets, and black masks on their faces [173]; in the midst of them rides a woman on a side-saddle, dressed in white, and her face likewise covered; and two attendants

* O be joyful.

† A kind of riding with short stirrups, which the Spaniards took from the Arabians, and is still used by all the African and eastern nations, with part of the northern, such as the Hungarians, and is advantageous in fight: for, being ready to strike with their sabres, they rise on their stirrups, and following as it were the blow, give more force to it.

[173] At that time masks (*antifaces*) were worn, especially when on a journey; they were made of light stuff and generally black.

besides on foot."—"Are they near at hand?" demanded the priest. "So near," replied the inn-keeper, "that they are already at the

door." Dorothea, hearing this, veiled her face; and Cardenio went into Don Quixote's chamber. Scarcely had they done so, when the persons the host mentioned entered the yard. The four horsemen, who by their appearance seemed to be persons of distinction, having alighted, went to help down the lady, who came on the side-saddle; one of them took her in his arms, and set her down in a chair which stood at the door of the room into which Cardenio had withdrawn. In all this time, neither she nor they had taken off their masks, nor spoken one word: but the lady sitting down in the chair, fetched a deep sigh, and let fall her arms, like one sick and about to faint. The servants on foot took the horses to the stable. The priest, seeing all this, and desirous to know who they were in that odd guise, and that kept such silence, went where the servants were, and enquired of one of them. "In truth, Signor, I cannot inform you who those gentlefolks are; I can only tell you they must be people of considerable quality, especially he who took

the lady down in his arms; I say this, because all the rest pay him such respect, and do nothing but what he orders and directs."—"And the lady, pray, who is she?" demanded the priest. "Neither can I tell that," replied the lacquey; "for I have not once seen her face during the whole journey. I have indeed often heard her sigh, and utter such groans that one would think one of them enough to break her heart. But it is no wonder we know no more than we have told you; for it is not above two days since my comrade and I came to serve them. Having met us upon the road, they asked and persuaded us to go with them as far as Andalusia, promising to pay us very well."—"And have you heard any of them called by their names?" said the priest. "No, indeed," answered the lad; "for they all travel with so much silence that you would think they were performing a vow. Nothing is heard among them but the sighs and sobs of the poor lady, which move us to pity her, and make us think that whithersoever she is going, it must be against her will. By what we can gather from her habit, she must be a nun, or going to be one, which seems most probable, and perhaps, because she is averse to taking the veil, she goes thus heavily."—"Very likely," quoth the priest; and leaving the stable he returned to the room where he had left Dorothea. The latter, hearing the lady in the mask sigh, moved by a natural compassion went to her and said: "What is the matter, dear madam? if it be any thing that we women can assist you in, speak; for, on my part, I am ready to serve you with great good-will." To all this the afflicted lady returned no answer, and though Dorothea urged her still more, she persisted in her silence. At last the cavalier in the mask, who the servant said was superior to the rest came up, and said to Dorothea: "Trouble not yourself, madam, to offer any thing to this woman; for it is her way not to be thankful for service done her; nor endeavour to get any answer from her, unless you would hear some lie from her mouth."—"No," said she, who hitherto had held her peace, "on the contrary, it is for being too sincere, and too averse to lying and deceit, that I am now reduced to such hard fortune; and of this you may be a witness yourself, since it is my truth alone which makes you act so false and treacherous a part."

Cardenio heard these words plainly and distinctly, being very near to her who spoke them; for Don Quixote's chamber-door only was between. Uttering a piercing cry: "Good God!" he exclaimed, "what is this I hear? what voice is this which has reached my ears?" The lady, all in surprise, turned her head at these exclamations; and, not seeing who uttered them, she got up and was going into the room; but the cavalier, who was watching her motions, stopped her, and would not suffer her to stir a step. In the agitation of her dress caused by her sudden rising, her mask fell off, and she discovered a beauty incomparable, and a countenance almost divine, though pale and full of horror, for she rolled her eyes round as far as she could see, examining every place with so much eagerness that she seemed distracted. Dorothea and the rest, though ignorant of the cause of her grief were moved to great compassion. The cavalier held her fast by the shoulders; and, his hands being thus employed, he could not keep on his mask, which was falling off and at last did fall. Dorothea, who had clasped the lady in her arms, lifting up her eyes, discovered that the person who also held her was her husband, Don Fernando. No sooner did she recognize him than, fetching from the bottom of her heart a deep and dismal sigh, she fell backward in a swoon; and, had not the barber, who stood close by, caught her in his arms, she would have fallen to the ground. The priest ran immediately, and took off her veil to throw water in her face; and no sooner had he uncovered it than Don Fernando, for it was he who held the other in his arms, knew her and stood like one half dead at the sight. Nevertheless, he did not let go Lucinda, who was the lady struggling so hard to get from him. She knew Cardenio's voice in his exclamations, and he knew her's. Cardenio heard also the exclamations of Dorothea when she fainted away; and believing it came from his Lucinda, he started out of the room, and the first thing he saw was Don Fernando holding Lucinda close in his arms. Don Fernando presently knew Cardenio; and all three, Lucinda, Cardenio and Dorothea, were struck dumb, hardly knowing what had happened to them. They stood silent and gazing at one another, Dorothea on Don Fernando, Don Fernando on Cardenio,

Cardenio on Lucinda, and Lucinda on Cardenio. But the first who broke silence was Lucinda, who addressed herself to Don Fernando in this manner: "Suffer me, Signor Don Fernando, as you are a gentleman, since you will not do it upon any other account; suffer me to cleave to that wall of which I am the ivy; to that prop from which neither your importunities, your threats, your promises nor your presents, were able to separate me. Observe how Heaven, by unusual, and to us hidden, ways, has brought me into the presence of my true husband; and well you know, by a thousand dear bought proofs, that death alone can efface him from my memory. Then (since all farther attempts are vain), let this open declaration convert your love into rage, your good will into despite, and put an end to my life; for if I lose it in the presence of my dear husband, I shall reckon it well disposed of. Perhaps my death may convince him of the fidelity I have preserved for him to my last moment."

Dorothea, meanwhile, had revived, and had listened to all that Lucinda said, whereby she discovered who she was. Seeing that Don Fernando did not yet let her go from between his arms, nor make her any answer, she got up as well as she could, then kneeled down at his feet, and pouring forth an abundance of piteous tears, she began to say: "If, my dear lord, the rays of that sun you hold now eclipsed between your arms had not dazzled and obscured your eyes, you must have seen that she who lies prostrate at your feet is the unhappy (so long as you are pleased to have it so) and unfortunate Dorothea. I am that humble country girl, whom you, through goodness or love, deigned to raise to the honour of calling herself your's. I am she who, confined within the bounds of modesty, lived a contented life until, to the voice of your importunities and seemingly sincere and real passion, opened the gates of her reserve, and delivered up to you the keys of her liberty: a gift by you so ill requited, as appears by my being driven into the circumstances in which you find me, and forced to see you in the posture you are now in. Notwithstanding all this, I would not have you imagine, that I am brought hither by any dishonest motives, but only by those of grief and concern to see

myself neglected and forsaken by you. You would have me be your's, and would order it in such a manner that, though now you would not have it be so, it is not possible you should cease to be mine. Consider, my lord, that the matchless affection I have for you may balance the beauty and nobility of her for whom I am abandoned. You cannot be the fair Lucinda's, because you are mine; nor can she be your's, because she is Cardenio's. And it is easier, if you take it right, to reduce your inclination to love her who adores you, than to bring her to love who detests you. You importuned my indifference; you solicited my integrity; you were not ignorant of my condition; you know very well in what manner I gave myself up entirely to your will; you have no room to pretend any deceit. This being the case, and if you are as much a christian as a gentleman, why do you, by so many evasions, delay making me as happy at last as you did at first? If you will not acknowledge me for what I am, your true and lawful wife, at least admit me for your slave; for, so I be under your power, I shall account myself happy and very fortunate. Do not, by forsaking and abandoning me, give the world occasion to censure and disgrace me. Do not so sorely afflict my aged parents, whose constant and faithful services as good vassals to your's do not deserve it. And if you fancy your blood is debased by mixing it with mine, consider there is little or no nobility in the world but what has run in the same channel, and that what is derived from women is not essential in illustrious descents. Besides, true nobility consists in virtue; and if you forfeit that, by denying me what is so justly my due, I shall then remain with greater advantages of nobility than you. In short, Sir, I shall only add that, whether you will or not, I am your wife. Witness your words, which, if you value yourself on that account on which you undervalue me, cannot be false: witness your handwriting; and witness Heaven, which you invoked to bear testimony to what you promised. Though all this should fail, your conscience will not fail to whisper you in the midst of your guilty joys, justifying this truth I have proclaimed to you, disturbing your greatest pleasures and satisfactions."

These and other reasons did the afflicted Dorothea urge so

feelingly, and with so many tears, that all who were present at this scene, even the cavaliers who accompanied Don Fernando, could not forbear sympathizing with her. Don Fernando himself listened to her without answering a word, until she had ceased to speak, her voice becoming choked by so many sighs and sobs, that it must have been a heart of brass which the signs of so much sorrow could not soften. Lucinda gazed at her, with no less pity for her affliction, than admiration at her wit and beauty. She had a mind to go to her, and endeavour to comfort her, but she was prevented by Don Fernando still holding her fast in his arms. That guilty person, full of confusion and astonishment, after he had attentively beheld Dorothea for a good while, opened his arms, and leaving Lucinda free, he said: "You have conquered, fair Dorothea, you have conquered. There is no withstanding so many united truths." Scarcely recovered from her swoon, Lucinda was so faint, when Don Fernando let her go, that she was just falling to the ground. But Cardenio, who was near her, and had placed himself behind Don Fernando that he might not know him, ran to support Lucinda. Catching her between his arms; "If," said he, "it pleases pitying Heaven that at last you should have some rest, my dear, faithful and constant mistress, I believe you can find it no where more secure than in these arms, which now receive you, and did receive you heretofore, when fortune was pleased to allow me to call you mine." At these expressions Lucinda fixed her eyes on Cardenio; and having begun first to know him by his voice, and being then assured by sight that it was he, almost beside herself with joy, she threw her arms about his neck, aud joining her face to his, said: "You, my dear Cardenio, you are the true owner of this your slave, though fortune were yet more adverse, and though my life, which depends upon your's, were threatened yet more than it is."

A strange sight it was to Don Fernando and all the by-standers, who were astonished at so unexpected an event. Dorothea fancied that Don Fernando changed colour, and looked as if he had a mind to revenge himself on Cardenio; for she saw him put his hand towards his sword. Quick as lightning she ran immediately, and embracing his knees. she covered them with her kisses and tears,

holding him so fast that he could not stir. "What is it you intend to do," she said "my only refuge in this unexpected crisis? you have your wife at your feet, and she whom you would have to be your's is in the arms of her own husband. Consider: is it fit or possible for you to undo what Heaven has done? Would it not better become you to raise her to an equality with yourself, who, regardless of all obstacles and confirmed in her truth and constancy, is bathing the bosom of her true husband, before your face, with the tears of love flowing from her eyes? For God's sake, and your own character's sake, I beseech you that this public declaration, far from increasing your wrath, may appease it in such sort, that these two lovers shall be permitted, without any impediment from you, to live together in peace all the time Heaven shall be pleased to allot them. By this you will shew the generosity of your noble and illustrious breast, and the world will see that reason sways more with you than appetite."

While Dorothea was saying this, Cardenio, holding Lucinada between his arms, kept his eyes fixed on Don Fernando, with a resolution, if he saw him make any motion toward assaulting him, to endeavour to defend himself, and also to act offensively against all who should take part against him, though it cost him his life. But Don Fernando's friends, together with the priest and the barber, who were present all the while, not omitting honest Sancho Panza, ran and surrounded Don Fernando, entreating him to have regard to Dorothea's tears, and not to suffer her, if, as they verily believed, she had said nothing but what was true, to be disappointed in her just expectations. And the curate, making his voice heard above the rest, desired he would consider that, not by chance, as it seemed, but by the particular providence of Heaven, they had all met in a place where one would have least imagined they should meet. Then the priest put him in mind that nothing but death could part Lucinda from Cardenio, and that, though they should be severed by the edge of the sword, they would account their deaths most happy. In a case which could not be remedied, the highest wisdom would be, by forcing and overcoming himself, to shew a greatness of mind, in suffering that couple, by his mere good-will, to enjoy that happiness which Heaven had already granted them. He desired him also to turn his eyes on the beauty of Dorothea, and see how very few, if any, could equal, much less exceed her; and that to her beauty he would add her humility, and the extreme love she had for him; but especially that he would remember that, if he valued himself on being a gentleman and a christian, he could do no less than perform the promise he had given her, and that in so doing he would please God, and do what was right in the eyes of all wise men, who know and understand that it is the prerogative of beauty, though in a mean subject, if it be accompanied with modesty, to be able to raise and equal itself to any height, without any disparagement to him who raises and equals it to himself; and that, in complying with the strong dictates of appetite, there is nothing blame-worthy, provided there be no sin in the action. To these remonstrances of the curate, all present added such and so many powerful arguments, that the generous heart of

Don Fernando, being nourished with noble blood, was softened, and suffered itself to be overcome by that truth, which, if he had had a mind, he could not have resisted. The proof he gave of surrendering himself, and submitting to what was proposed, was, to stoop down, and embrace Dorothea, saying: "Rise, dear madam; for it is not fit she should kneel at my feet, who is mistress of my soul; and if hitherto, I have given no proof of what I say.

perhaps it has been so ordered by Heaven, that, by finding in you the constancy of your affection to me, I may know how to esteem you as you deserve. What I beg of you is, not to reproach me with my past unkind behaviour and great neglect of you, for the very same cause and motive that induced me to take you for mine, influenced me to endeavour not to be your's. To shew you the truth of what I say, turn and behold the eyes of the now satisfied Lucinda; in them you will see an excuse for all my errors. Since she has found and attained to what she desired, and I have found in

you all I want, let her live secure and contented many happy years with her Cardenio; and I will beseech Heaven, that I may do the like with my dear Dorothea." Saying this, he embraced her again, and joined his face to her's, with such tenderness of passion, that he could scarcely restrain his tears from giving undoubted signs of his love and repentance. It was not so with Lucinda and Cardenio, and almost all the rest of the company present; for they began to shed so many tears, some for joy on their own account, and some on the account of others, that one would have thought some heavy and dismal disaster had befallen them all. Even Sancho Panza wept, though he owned afterwards that, for his part, he wept only to see that Dorothea was not as he imagined, queen Micomicona, from whom he expected so many favours.

Their joint wonder and weeping lasted for some time. After a while, Cardenio and Lucinda went and kneeled before Don Fernando, thanking him for the favour he had done them, in such terms of respect, that Don Fernando knew not what to answer; so he raised them up, and embraced them with much courtesy and many demonstrations of affection. Then he desired Dorothea to tell him how she came to that place so far from home. She related, in few and discreet words, all she had before related to Cardenio; with which Don Fernando and his company were so pleased, that they wished the story had lasted much longer, such was the grace with which Dorothea recounted her misfortunes. And when she had made an end, Don Fernando related what had befallen him in the city, after his finding the paper in Lucinda's bosom wherein she declared that she was wife to Cardenio, and could not be his. He said that he had a mind to have killed her, and should have done it, if her parents had not hindered him; then he quitted the house, enraged and ashamed, with a resolution of revenging himself at a more convenient time. The following day, he heard that Lucinda was missing from her father's house, no one knowing whither she was gone. In fine, at the end of some months, he came to know, that she was in a convent, purposing to remain there all her days, unless she could spend them with Cardenio. As soon as he knew it, choosing those three gentlemen for his companions, he went to the place where she

was, but did not speak to her, fearing that, if she knew he was there, the monastery would be better guarded. So waiting for a day when the porter's lodge was open, he left two to secure the door, and he with the other entered the convent in search of Lucinda, whom they found in the cloisters talking to a nun. Snatching her away without giving her time to resist, they came with her to a place where they accommodated themselves with whatever was needful for the carrying her off: all which they could very safely do, the monastery being in the fields, a good way out of the town. He added, when Lucinda saw herself in his power, she swooned, and

on coming to herself, she did nothing but weep and sigh without speaking. "Thus," Don Fernando concluded, "accompanied by silence and tears, we arrived at this inn which to me was arriving at Heaven, where all earthly misfortunes have an end."

CHAPTER X.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS INFANTA MICOMICONA, WITH OTHER PLEASANT ADVENTURES.

SANCHO listened to all this with no small grief of mind, seeing that the hope of his preferment was disappearing and vanishing into smoke; since the fair princess Micomicona was turned into Dorothea, and the giant into Don Fernando, while his master lay in a sound sleep, without troubling his head about what passed. Dorothea could not be sure whether the happiness she enjoyed was not a dream; Cardenio was in the same doubt, and Lucinda knew not what to think. Don Fernando gave thanks to Heaven for the blessing bestowed on him in bringing him out of that perplexed labyrinth, in which he was upon the brink of losing his honour and his soul. In short, all the persons were pleased at the happy conclusion of such intricate and hopeless affairs. The priest, like a man of sense, placed every thing in its true light, and congratulated every one upon his

individual share of general happiness. But she who was most delighted was the hostess, Cardenio and the priest having promised to pay her with interest for all the damage sustained upon Don Quixote's account.

Sancho, as has been said, was the only unhappy and sorrowful person. With dismal looks he went in to his master, who had just then awakened, and said: "Your worship may very well sleep your fill, Signor Sorrowful Figure, without troubling yourself about killing

any giant, or restoring the princess to her kingdom; for all is done and over already."—"I verily believe it," answered Don Quixote, "for I have had the most monstrous and dreadful battle with the giant, that ever I believe I shall have in all the days of my life; with one back-stroke I tumbled his head to the ground, and so great was the quantity of blood that gushed from it, that the streams ran along the ground as if it had been water."—"As if it had been red wine, your worship might better say," answered Sancho; "for

I would have you to know, if you do not know it already, that the dead giant is a pierced skin, and the blood, eighteen gallons of red wine contained in its belly; and may the devil take all for me." "What is it you say, fool?" replied Don Quixote; "are you in your senses?"—"Pray get up, Sir, quoth Sancho, and you will see what a fine job of work you have made, and what a reckoning we have to pay. You will see also, the queen converted into a private lady called Dorothea, with other accidents, which, if you take them right, will astonish you."—"I shall wonder at nothing of this" replied Don Quixote; "for, if you remember well, the last time we were here I told you that all things in this place went by enchantment. It would be no wonder therefore, if it should be so now."—"I should believe so too," answered Sancho, "if my being tossed in a blanket had been a matter of this nature; but it was downright real and true. I saw that the inn-keeper, who was here this very day, held a corner of the blanket, and canted me toward Heaven with notable alacrity and vigour, and with as much laughter as force. Where it happens that we know persons, in my opinion, simple and a sinner though I be, there is no enchantment at all, but much misusage and much mishap."—"Well, Fortune will remedy it," quoth Don Quixote, "give me my clothes, that I may go and see the accidents and transformations you talk of."

Sancho reached him his apparel, and while he was assisting him to dress, the priest gave Don Fernando and the rest an account of Don Quixote's madness, and of the artifice they had made use of to get him from the Poor Rock, to which he imagined himself banished through his lady's disdain. He related also to them almost all the adventures which Sancho had recounted; at which they did not a little wonder and laugh, thinking, as every body did, that it was the strangest kind of madness that ever entered into an extravagant imagination. The priest said farther, that, since madam Dorothea's good-fortune would not permit her to go on with their design, it was necessary to invent and find out some other way of getting him home to his village. Cardenio offered to assist in carrying on the project, and proposed that Lucinda should personate Dorothea. "No," said Don Fernando, "it must not be so: I will have Dorothea

herself go on with her contrivance; and if it is not far from hence to this good gentleman's village, I shall be glad to contribute to this cure."—"It is not above two days' journey," said the priest. "Though it were farther," said Don Fernando, "I would undertake it with pleasure to accomplish so good a work."

By this time Don Quixote sallied forth, completely armed with his whole furniture; Mambrino's helmet, though bruised and battered, on his head, his target braced on, and resting on his saplin, or lance. The strange appearance he made greatly surprised Don Fernando and his company. They gazed with astonishment on his tawny, withered, lengthy lantern jaws, his ill-matched armour, his calm and haughty bearing, and awaited in silence to hear what he would say. Don Quixote, with much gravity and solemnity, fixing his eyes on the fair Dorothea, said: "I am informed, fair lady,

by this my squire, that your grandeur is annihilated and your very being demolished; that, from a queen and great lady, which you

were wont to be, you are metamorphosed into a private maiden. If this has been done by the order of the necromantic king your father, out of fear lest I should not afford you the necessary and due aid, I say he neither knows, nor ever did know, one half of his trade, and that he is but little versed in the histories of knight-errantry: for, had he read and considered them as attentively and as much at leisure as I have read and considered them, he would have found, at every turn, how other knights of a great deal less fame than myself, have achieved matters much more difficult; it being no such mighty business to kill a pitiful giant, be he never so arrogant: for not many hours are past since I had a bout with one myself, and—I say no more, lest I should be thought to lie; but time, the revealer of all things will tell it when we least think of it."—"It was with a couple of wine-skins, and not a giant," quoth the inn-keeper. But Don Fernando commanded him to hold his peace, and in no wise to interrupt Don Quixote's discourse, who went on saying: "I say, in fine, high and disinherited lady, that if, for the cause aforesaid, your father has made this metamorphosis in your person, I would have you give no heed to it at all: for there is no danger upon earth, through which my sword shall not force a way and; by bringing down the head of your enemy to the ground, place the crown of your kingdom upon your own in a few days."

Don Quixote said no more, but awaited the princess's answer; who, knowing Don Fernando's inclination, that she should carry on the deceit until Don Quixote was brought home to his house, with much grace and gravity answered him: "Whoever told you, valorous Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, that I was changed and altered from what I was, did not tell you the truth; for I am the same to-day that I was yesterday. It is true, indeed, some fortunate accidents that have befallen me, to my heart's desire, have made some alteration in me for the better; for all that, I do not cease to be what I was before, and to have the same thoughts I always had of employing the prowess of your redoubted and invincible arm. So, dear Sir, of your accustomed bounty, restore to the father who begot me his honour, and esteem him to be a wise and prudent man, since by his skill he found out so easy and certain a way to remedy

my misfortune. I verily believe, had it not been for you, Sir, I should never have alighted upon the happiness I now enjoy: and in this I speak the very truth, as most of these gentlemen here present can testify. What remains is, that to-morrow morning we set forward on our journey; as to-day we could not go far: and for the rest of the good success I expect, I refer it to God, and to the valour of your breast."

Thus spoke the discreet Dorothea; and Don Quixote, having heard her, turned to Sancho, and, with an air of much indignation, said to him: "I tell thee now, little Sancho, that thou art the greatest rascal in all Spain; say, thief, vagabond, didst thou not tell me just now, that this princess was transformed into a damsel called Dorothea; with other absurdities, which put me into the greatest confusion I ever was in all the days of my life? I vow" (and here he looked up to Heaven, and gnashed his teeth), "I have a great mind to make such havock of thee as shall put wit into the noddles of all the lying squires of knights-errant that shall be from henceforward in the world."—"Pray, dear Sir, be pacified," answered Sancho, "for I may easily be mistaken as to the transformation of madam the princess Micomicona; but as to the giant's head, or at least the piercing of the skins, and the blood being but red wine, I am not deceived as God liveth. The skins yonder at your worship's bed's-head are cut and slashed, and the red wine has turned the room into a pond. If not, it will be seen at the frying of the eggs,* I mean, you will find it when his worship Signor inn-keeper here demands damages. As for the rest, I rejoice in my heart that madam the queen is as she was; for I have my share in it, as every neighbour's child has."—"I tell thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, thou art an ass; forgive me, that's enough."—"It is enough," said Don Fernando, "and let no more be said of this; and since madam the princess says we must set forward in the morning, it being too late to-day, let us do so, and let us pass this night in

* When eggs are to be fried, there is no knowing their goodness until they are broken. Royal Dic. Or, a thief stole a frying-pan, and the woman who owned it meeting him, asked him what he was carrying away; he answered, you will know when your eggs are to be fried. Pineda.

agreeable conversation, until to morrow, when we will all bear Signor Don Quixote company, for we desire to be eye witnesses of the valorous and unheard-of deeds which he is to perform in the progress of this grand enterprize which he has undertaken."—"It is I that am to wait upon you, and bear you company," answered Don Quixote, "and I am much obliged to you for the favour you do me, and the good opinion you have of me; which it shall be my endeavour not to disappoint, or it shall cost me my life and even more, if more it could cost me."

Many compliments, and many offers of service passed between Don Quixote and Don Fernando: but all was put a stop to by a

traveller, who just then entered the inn. By his garb he seemed to be a Christian newly come from among the Moors. He had on a blue cloth loose coat, with short skirts, half-sleeves, and no collar; his breeches also were of blue cloth, and he wore a cap of the same colour. He had on a pair of date-coloured stockings, and a Moorish scimitar hung in a shoulder-belt that came across his breast. There came immediately after him a woman, mounted on an ass, in a Moorish dress, her face veiled, a brocade turban on her head, and covered with a mantle from her shoulders to her feet. The man was of a robust and agreeable make, a little above forty years old of a brownish complexion, large whiskers and a well-set beard. In short, his mien, if he had been well-dressed, would have denoted him a person of quality and well-born. At coming in he asked for a room, and he seemed to be troubled on being told there was none to spare in the inn. Going however, to the woman, who by her habit seemed to be a Moor, he took her down in his arms. Lucinda, Dorothea, the landlady, her daughter and Maritornes, gathered about the Moorish lady, attracted by the novelty of her dress, the like of which they had never seen before; and Dorothea, who was always obliging and thoughtful, imagining that both she and her conductor were uneasy for want of a room, said to her: "Be not much concerned, madam, about proper accommodations: it is what one must not expect to meet with in inns. But as it is so, if you please to take share with us (pointing to Lucinda), perhaps, in the course of your journey, you may have met with worse welcome." The veiled lady returned her no answer; but rising from her seat and laying her hands across on her breast, she bowed her head and body, in token that she thanked her. By her silence they concluded she must be a Moor, and could not speak the Christian language.

By this time the captive, who had hitherto been employed about something else, came in. Seeing that they were all standing about the woman that accompanied him, and that whatever they said to her she continued silent, he said: "Ladies, this young woman understands scarcely any thing of our language, nor can she speak any other than that of her own country; and therefore it is that she

has not answered to any thing you may have asked her."—"Nothing has been asked her," answered Lucinda, "but whether she would accept of our company for this night, and take part of our lodging, where she shall be accommodated and entertained as well as the place will afford, and with that good-will which is due to all strangers that are in need of it, and especially from us to her, as she is of our own sex."—"Dear madam," answered the stranger, "I kiss your hands for her and for myself, and highly prize, as I ought, the favour offered us, which, at such a time and from such persons as you appear to be, must be owned to be very great." "Pray tell me, Signor," said Dorothea, "is this lady a Christian or a Moor? for her habit and silence make us think she is what we wish she were not."—"She is a Moor," answered the captive, "in her attire and in her body; but in her soul she is already very much a Christian, having a very strong desire to become one."—"She is not yet baptized then?" answered Lucinda. "There has been no time for that yet," answered the captive, "since she left Algiers, her native country and place of abode; and she has not hitherto been in any danger of death so imminent as to make it necessary to have her baptized, before she be instructed in all the ceremonies our holy mother the church enjoins. But I hope, if it please God, she shall soon be baptized with the decency becoming her quality, which is above what her habit or mine seem to denote."

This discourse gave all who heard him, a desire to know who the Moor and the captive were; but nobody would ask them just then, seeing it was more proper at that time to let them take some rest than to be enquiring into their lives. Dorothea took the stranger by the hand, and led her to sit down by her, desiring her to uncover her face. She looked at the captive, as if she asked him what they said, and what she should do. He told her in Arabic, that they desired she would uncover her face, and that he would have her do so. Accordingly she removed her veil, and discovered a face so beautiful, that Dorothea thought her handsomer than Lucinda, and Lucinda than Dorothea; and all the by-standers saw that, if any beauty could be compared with theirs,

it must be that of the Moor; nay, some of them thought she surpassed them in certain points. And as beauty has the prerogative and power to reconcile minds and attract inclinations, they all presently fell to caressing and making much of the beautiful Moor. Don Fernando asked of the stranger the Moor's name, who answered Lella Zoraïda[174]; but, as soon as she heard this name, she understood what they had enquired of the Christian, and said hastily, with a sprightly but concerned air: "*No, not Zoraïda; Maria Maria;*" letting them know her name was Maria, and not Zoraïda. These words, and the great earnestness with which she pronounced them, extorted more than one tear from those who heard her, especially from the women, who are naturally tender-hearted and

[174] Lella, or rather Elella, means in Arabic, according to the Spanish Academy, the adorable, the divine, the superlatively happy. This name is only applied to the Virgin Mary. Zoraïda is a diminutive of *zorath*. flower.

compassionate. Lucinda embraced her very affectionately, saying to her: "Yes, Maria, Maria." To this the Moor answered, "*Si, si, Maria. Zoraïda macangé* [175];" as much as to say, *not Zoraïda.*

By this time it was four in the afternoon, and, by order of Don Fernando and his company, the inn-keeper had taken care to provide a collation for them, the best it was possible for him to get. It being now ready, they all sat down at a long table, like those in halls, there being neither a round nor a square one in the house. They gave the upper end and principal seat (though he would have declined it) to Don Quixote, who would needs have the lady Micomicona sit next him, as being her champion. Then sat down Lucinda and Zoraïda, opposite to them Don Fernando and Cardenio, and then the stranger and the rest of the gentlemen; next to the ladies sat the priest and the barber. Thus they made their repast, with appetite and good-humour, and it gave them

[175] *Macangé* is a barbarous Turkish word (*angé mac*) which signifies *not at all, by no means.*

an additional pleasure to hear Don Quixote, moved by the same spirit that had prompted him to talk so much when he supped with the goatherds, instead of eating, speak as follows:

"In truth, gentlemen, if it be well considered, great and unheard-of things do they see, who profess the order of knight-errantry. If any one think otherwise, let me ask him what man living, that should now enter at this castle-gate, and see us sitting in this manner, could judge or believe us to be the persons we really are? who could say that this lady sitting here by my side is that great queen that we all know her to be, and that I am that knight of the Sorrowful Figure, so blazoned abroad by the mouth of fame? There is no doubt that this art and profession exceeds all that have been ever invented by men; and so much the more honourable is it, as it is exposed to more dangers. Away with those who say that letters have the advantage over arms; I will tell them, be they who they will, that they know not what they say [176]. For the reason they usually give, and upon which they lay the greatest stress, is that the labours of the brain exceed those of the body, and that arms are exercised by the body alone; as if the use of them were the business of porters, for which nothing is necessary but downright strength; or as if in this, which we who profess it call chivalry, were not included the acts of fortitude, which require a very good understanding to execute them; or as if the mind of the warrior who has an army, or the defence of a besieged city, committed to his charge, does not labour with his understanding as well as his body. If not, let us see how, by mere bodily strength, he will be able to penetrate into the designs of the enemy, to form stratagems, overcome difficulties, and prevent dangers which threaten: for all these things are acts of the understanding, in which the body has no share at all. It being admitted then, that arms employ the mind as well as letters, let us next see whose mind labours most, the scholar's or the warrior's. This may be determined by the scope and ultimate end of each; for that intention is to be the most

[176] Thus, according to Don Quixote, Cicero, with his adage *cedant arma togæ*, did not know what he said.

esteemed, which has the noblest end for its object. Now the end and design of letters, (I do not now speak of divinity, which has for its aim the raising and conducting souls to Heaven, for to an end so endless as this no other can be compared,) I speak of humane learning [177], whose end, I say, is to regulate distributive justice, to give to every man his due, to know good laws and cause them to be strictly observed. This end is most certainly, generous and exalted, and worthy of high commendation; but it is not equal to that which is annexed to the profession of arms, whose object and end is peace, the greatest blessing men can wish for in this life. Accordingly, the first good news the world and men received, was what the angels brought, on that night which was our day, when they sung in the clouds: '*Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace and good-will towards men.*' In like manner, the salutation, which the best Master of earth or Heaven taught his followers and disciples, was that, when they entered into any house, they should say: '*Peace be to this house!*' And many other times he said: '*My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you, peace be amongst you*' [178], a jewel and a legacy, worthy of coming from such a hand! a jewel, without which there can be no happiness either in earth or in Heaven! This peace is the true end of war, for to say arms or war, is the same thing. Granting therefore this truth, that the end of war is peace, and that in this it has the advantage of the end proposed by letters, let us come now to the bodily labours of the scholar, and to those of the professsor of arms; and let us see which are the greatest."

[177] The word *letras*, adapted from Spanish to English, unavoidably produces an equivoque. In Cervantes' mind, *divine letters* meant theology, and *humane letters* jurisprudence, taught in the universities. The word *letrado*, which he always opposes to the word *guerrero*, means, not a man of letters, in the strict sense of that expression, but a man of the robe. In a word, it is the magistracy and its dependencies, that he opposes to the army.

[178] Don Quixote, who borrows texts from St. Luke. St. John and St. Matthew, forgets these passages of Ecclesiastes (chap IX):—"Then said I, wisdom is better than strength."—"Wisdom is better than weapons of war."

Don Quixote went on with his discourse in such a manner, and in such proper expressions, that none of those who heard him at that time could take him for a madman. On the contrary, most of his hearers being gentlemen to whom the use of arms properly belongs, they listened to him with pleasure:

"I say then," he continued "that the hardships of the scholar[179] are these: in the first place, and above all, poverty; not that they are all poor, but I would put the case in the strongest manner possible. When I have said that he endures poverty, methinks no more need be said to shew his misery; for he who is poor is destitute of every thing. He endures poverty in all its parts, sometimes in hunger and cold, sometimes in nakedness, and sometimes in all these together. But notwithstanding all this, it is not so great but that still he eats, though somewhat later than usual, or of the rich man's scraps and leavings, or, which is the scholar's greatest misery, by what is called among them *going a sopping*[180]. Neither do they always want a fire-side or chimney-corner of some other person, which, if it does not quite warm them, at least abates their extreme cold; and lastly, at night they sleep somewhere under cover. I will not mention other trifles, such as want of shirts, and no plenty of shoes, the thinness and threadbareness of their clothes, nor that laying about them with so much eagerness and pleasure, when good fortune sets a plentiful table in their way. By this way that I have described, rough and difficult, here stumbling, there falling, now rising, then falling again, they arrive to the degree they desire. That end attained, we have seen many, who, having passed these shoals, these Scyllas, these Charybdises, buoyed up, as it were, by favourable fortune, from a chair, have commanded and

[179] *Estudiante.* This name is given indiscriminately to the pupils of universities who are destined to the church, the magistracy, the bar, or to any learned profession.

[180] *To go to soup (andar à la sopa)* is said of mendicants who go at fixed hours to the gates of endowed convents to receive doles of broth, bread, and broken victuals. The condition of students in Spain has little changed since the time of Cervantes'. Numbers of them are to be seen at the present day doing better then *going to soup*; with the assistance of a cornered hat and a long black cloak, they beg in houses, in coffee-shops and in the streets.

govern the world; their hunger converted into satiety, their pinching cold into refreshing coolness, their nakedness into embroidery, and their sleeping on a mat to reposing in holland and damask; a reward justly merited by their virtue. But their hardships, opposed to and compared with those of the warrior, fall far short!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE CONTINUATION OF DON QUIXOTE'S CURIOUS DISCOURSE UPON ARMS AND LETTERS.

DON QUIXOTE here paused to take breath; continuing his discourse, he said: "Since in speaking of the scholar we began with his poverty and its several branches, let us see whether the soldier be richer; and we shall find that poverty itself is not poorer. Effectively, he either depends on his wretched pay, which comes late, or perhaps never, or on what he can pilfer, with great peril of his life and conscience. Sometimes his nakedness is such that his slashed buff doublet serves him both for finery and shirt; and, in the midst of winter, being in the open field, what has he to warm him? Nothing but the breath of his mouth, which issuing from an empty place, must needs come out cold, against all the rules of nature. But let us wait until night, and see whether his bed will make amends for these inconveniences. That, if it be not his own fault, will never offend in point of narrowness; for he may measure out as many feet of earth as he pleases, and roll himself thereon at pleasure, without fear of rumpling the sheets. Suppose now the day and hour come of taking the degree of his profession; I would say, suppose the

day of battle come, and then his doctoral cap will be of lint, to cure some wound made by a musket-shot, which perhaps has gone through his temples, or crippled him in the leg or arm. Though this should not happen, and merciful Heaven should keep and preserve him alive and unhurt, he shall remain, perhaps, in the same poverty as before; and there must happen a second and a third engagement, and battle after battle, and he must come off victor from them all, to get any thing considerable by it. But these miracles are seldom seen. But tell me, gentlemen, if you have observed it, how much fewer are they who are rewarded for their services in war, than those who have perished in it? Doubtless you must answer that there is no comparison between the numbers, that the dead cannot be reckoned up, whereas, those who live and are rewarded may be numbered with three figures.—All this is

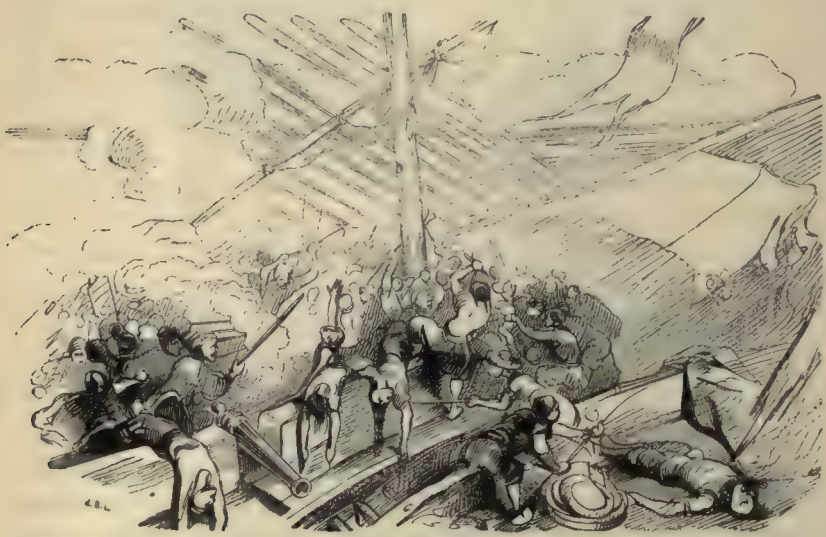
quite otherwise with scholars, who, from the gown, (I am loth to say the sleeves, [181]) are all handsomely provided for:—thus, though the hardships of the soldier are greater, his reward is less. To this it may be answered that it is easier to reward two thousand scholars than thirty thousand soldiers, for the former are rewarded by giving them employments, which must of course be given to men of their profession, whereas the latter cannot be rewarded but with the very property of the master whom they serve; but this impossibility serves to strengthen my assertion.

"But, setting aside this, which is a very intricate point, let us turn to the pre-eminence of arms over letters; a controversy hitherto undecided, so strong are the reasons which each party advances on its own side: for, besides those I have already mentioned, letters, allege that, without them, arms could not subsist, for war also has its laws, to which it is subject, and laws are the province of letters and learned men. To this arms answer, that laws cannot be supported without them, for by arms republics are defended, kingdoms are preserved, cities are guarded, highways are secured, the seas are cleared from pirates; in short, were it not for them, republics, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, journeys by land and voyages by sea, would be subject to the cruelties and confusion which war carries along with it while it lasts, and is at liberty to make use of its priveleges and its power. Besides, it is past dispute that, what costs most the attaining, is and ought to be most esteemed. Now, what is requisite in order to arrive at a degree of eminence in learning? It costs time, watching, hunger, nakedness, dizziness in the head, weakness of the stomach, and other like inconveniences such as I have already mentioned in part. But for a man to rise gradually to be a good soldier costs him all it can cost the scholar, and that in so much greater a degree that there is no comparison, since at every step he is in imminent danger of his life. What dread of necessity and poverty can affect or distress a scholar, equal to that which a soldier feels, who, being besieged in some fortress, and placed as a sentinel at the angle of some ravelin,

[181] It is well known what is meant by the expression *to have a capacious sleeve.*

perceives that the enemy is mining toward the place where he stands, and yet must on no account stir from his post, or shun the danger that so nearly threatens him? All that he can do, is to give notice to his officer of what passes, that he may remedy it by some counter-mine; and, in the mean time, he must stand his ground, fearing and expecting the instant when of a sudden he is to mount to the clouds without wings, and then descend headlong to the deep against his will. If this be thought but a trifling danger, let us see whether it be equalled or exceeded by the encounter of two galleys, prow to prow, in the midst of the wide sea; which, being locked and grappled together, there is no more room left for the soldier than the two-foot plank at the beak-head. He sees as many threatening ministers of death before him, as there are pieces of artillery and small arms pointed at him from the opposite side, not the length of a lance from his body, he knows that the first slip of his foot will send him to visit

the profound depths of Neptune's bosom; notwithstanding all this, with an undaunted heart, carried on by honour that inspires him, he exposes himself as a mark to all their fire, and endeavours, by that narrow pass, to force his way into the enemy's vessel. And what is most to be admired is, that scarce is one fallen, whence he cannot arise until the end of the world, when another takes his place; and



if he also fall into the sea, which lies in wait for him like an enemy, another and another succeeds, without any intermission between their deaths: an instance of bravery and intrepidity the greatest that is to be met with in all the extremities of war, A blessing on those happy ages, strangers to the dreadful fury of those devilish instruments of artillery, whose inventor, I verily believe, is now in hell, receiving the reward of his diabolical invention! By means of which latter, it is in the power of a cowardly and base hand to take away the life of the bravest cavalier; and to which is owing, that, without knowing how, or from whence, in the midst of that resolution and bravery, which inflame and animate gallant spirits, comes a chance ball, shot off by one who, perhaps, fled affrighted at the very flash in the pan, and in an instant cuts short and puts an end to the

thoughts and life of him who deserved to have lived for many years[182]. Therefore, when I consider this, I could almost say I repent having undertaken this profession of knight-errantry, in so detestable an age as that in which we live. Certes, though no danger can daunt me, it gives me some concern to think that powder and lead may chance to deprive me of the opportunity of becoming famous and renowned, by the valour of my arm and the edge of my sword, over the face of the whole earth. But Heaven's will be done; I have this satisfaction, that I shall acquire so much the greater fame, if I succeed, in the same proportion that the perils to which I expose myself are greater than those to which the knights-errant of past ages were exposed."

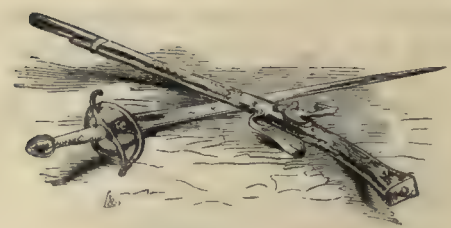
Don Quixote made this long harangue while the rest were eating, forgetting to reach a bit to his mouth, though Sancho Panza ever and anon desired him to mind his victuals, telling him he would have time enough afterwards to talk as much as he pleased.—Those who heard him were moved with fresh compassion to see a man who to every body's thinking had so good an understanding, and could talk so well upon every other subject, so egregiously want it whenever the discourse happened to turn upon his unlucky and cursed chivalry. The priest told him there was great reason in all he had said in favour of arms, and that he, though a scholar and a graduate, was of his, Don Quixote's, opinion.

The collation being over, and the cloth taken away, while the hostess, her daughter and Maritornes were preparing the chamber where Don Quixote de la Mancha lay, in which it was ordered that

[182] Cervantes here repeats the imprecations of Ariosto in the eleventh canto of *Orlando furioso*.

Comme trovasti, o scelerata e brutta
Invenzion, mai loco in uman core!
Per te la militar gloria è distrutta
Per te il mestier dell' armi è senza honore;
Per te è il valore e la virtù ridutta,
Che spesso par del buono il rio migliore—
Che ben fu il più crudele, e il più di quanti
Mai furo al mondo ingegni empi e maligni
Chi immaginò si abdominosi ordigni.
E crederò che Dio, perche vendetta
Ne sia in eterno, nel profondo chiuda
Del cieco abisso quella maladetta
Anima appresso al maladetto Giuda.

the ladies should be lodged by themselves that night, Don Fernando desired the captive to relate to them the history of his life, since it could not but be extraordinary and entertaining, if they might judge by his coming in company with Zoraïda. The captive answered that he would very willingly do what they desired, and that he only feared the story would not prove such as might afford them the pleasure he wished; however, rather than not comply with their request, he would relate it. The priest and all the rest thanked him, and entreated him to begin. Then finding himself courted by so many, he said: "There is no need of entreaties, gentlemen, where you may command, therefore pray be attentive, and you shall hear a true story, not to be equalled, perhaps, by any feigned ones which are usually composed with the most curious and studied art." Those words made the company seat themselves in order, and observe a strict silence. The captive, observing that they held their peace, expecting what he would say, with an agreeable and composed voice, began as follows:



CHAPTER XII.

WHEREIN THE CAPTIVE RELATES HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

CHARMINGLY situated in the mountains of Leon, is a certain town, wherein my lineage had its beginning, to which nature was more kind and liberal than fortune; though, amidst the penury of those parts, my father passed for a rich man, and really would have been such, had he had the knack of saving, as he had that of squandering his estate. This disposition of his to prodigality and profusion, proceeded from his having been a soldier in his younger days; for the army is a school in which the niggardly become generous, and the generous prodigal; and if there are some soldiers misers, they are a kind of monsters but very rarely seen. My parent exceeded the bounds of liberality, and bordered near upon being prodigal; a thing very inconvenient to married men, who have children to inherit their name and quality.

My father had three sons, all men, and of age to choose their way of life: and seeing, as he himself said, that he could not bridle his natural propensity, he resolved to deprive himself of the means that made him a prodigal and a spendthrift; he resolved to rid himself of his riches, without which Alexander himself could not be generous. Accordingly, one day, having called us all three into a room by ourselves, he spoke to us in this manner:

"My sons, to tell you that I love you, it is sufficient that I say

you are my children; and to make you think that I do not love you, it is sufficient that I am not master enough of myself to forbear dissipating your inheritance. But, that from henceforth you may see that I love you like a father, and have no mind to ruin you like a step-father, I design to do a thing by you which I have had in my thoughts this good while, and which I have weighed with mature deliberation. You are all three of an age to choose for yourselves a settlement in the world, or at least to pitch upon some way of life which may be for your honour and profit when you are grown up. What I have resolved upon is, to divide what I possess into four parts; three I will give to you, share and share alike, without making any difference; and the fourth I will reserve to subsist upon for the remaining days of my life. But when each has his share that belongs to him in his own power, I would have him follow one of these ways I shall purpose. We have a proverb here in Spain, in my opinion a very true one, as most proverbs are, seeing that they are short sentences drawn from long experience, and it is this: *The church, the sea, or the court,* [183] meaning more plainly: whoever would thrive and be rich, let him either get into the church, or go to sea and exercise the art of merchandising, or serve the king in his court; for it is said farther, *the king's crumbs are better than the lord's bounty.* Accordingly, it is my will that one of you follow letters, another merchandise, and the third serve the king in his wars, for it is difficult to get admission into his household, and though the wars do not procure a man much wealth, they usually procure him much esteem and reputation. Within eight days I will give you each your share in money, without wronging you of a farthing, as you will see in effect. Tell me now, whether you will follow my opinion and advice in what I have proposed?"

Then my father bade me, being the eldest, to answer. After I had desired him not to part with what he had, but to spend whatever he pleased, we being young enough to shift for ourselves, I

[183] Lope de Vega thus cites this old adage, in one of his comedies (*Dorotea*, jorn. 1ª escena 151): *Three things make man prosper: science, the sea and the king's house.*

concluded by assuring him I would do as he desired, and take to the army, there to serve God and the king. My second brother complied likewise, and chose to go to the Indies, turning his portion into merchandise. The youngest, and I believe the wisest, said he would take to the church, and finish his studies at Salamanca. When we had agreed and chosen our several professions, my

father embraced us all; and, with the dispatch he had promised, put his design in execution, giving to each his share, which, as I

remember, was three thousand ducats; for an uncle of ours bought the whole estate, and paid for it in ready money, that it might not be alienated from the main branch of the family. On the same day we all took leave of our good parent; and it then seeming to me inhuman to leave my father at his age with so little to subsist on, I prevailed upon him to take back two thousand ducats out of my three, the remainder being sufficient to equip me with what was necessary for a soldier. Each of my two brothers, incited by my example, returned him a thousand ducats; so that my father now had four thousand in ready money, and three thousand more, which was the value of the land that fell to his share, and which he would not sell; then we took our leave of him, and of our aforesaid uncle, not without much concern and tears on all sides. They charged us especially to acquaint them of our success, whether prosperous or adverse, as often as we had the opportunity. We promised so to do; and they having embraced us, and given us their blessing, one of us took the road to Salamanca, the other to Seville, and I to Alicant, where I heard of a Genoese ship that loaded wool there for Genoa. It is now two-and-twenty years since I first left my father's house; and in all that time, though I have written several letters, I have had no news, neither of him nor of my brothers. As to what has befallen me in the course of that time, I will briefly relate it.

I embarked at Alicant, and had a good passage to Genoa; thence I went to Milan, where I furnished myself with arms, and some military finery, and then determined to go into the service in Piedmont. Being upon the road to Alexandria, I was informed that the great duke D'Alva was passing into Flanders with an army. Hereupon I changed my mind, went with him, and served under him in all his engagements. I was present at the death of the counts D'Egmont and Horn, and I got an ensign's commission in the company of a famous captain of Guadalaxara, called Diego de Urbina [184]. Soon after my arrival in Flanders, news came of the league concluded between Pope Pius V., of happy memory, and

[184] This Diego de Urbina was captain of the company in which Cervantes fought at the battle of Lepanto.

Spain, against the common enemy, the Turk; who, about the same time, had taken with his fleet the famous island of Cyprus, which was before subject to the Venetians; a sad and unfortunate loss! It was known for certain, that the most serene Don Juan of Austria,

natural brother of our good king Philip, was appointed generalissimo of this league; and great preparations for war were every where talked of. This incited vehement desire in me to be present at the battle that was expected; and though I had reason to believe, and had some promises and almost assurances, that, on the first occasion that offered, I should be promoted to the rank of a captain, I resolved to quit all, and go, as I did, into Italy. My good fortune would have it that Don Juan of Austria was just then come to Genoa, and was going to Naples to join the Venetian fleet, as he afterwards did at Messina. In short, I was present at the glorious action, at Lepanto [185], being already made a captain of foot, to which honourable post I was advanced rather by my good fortune than by my deserts. But that day, which was so fortunate to Christendom, for all nations were then undeceived of their error, in believing that the Turks were invincible by sea; on that day, I say, on which the Ottoman pride and haughtiness were broken, among so many happy persons as were there (for sure the Christians who died there

[185] Cervantes speaks as an eye witness of this battle, and it is thought that he took pleasure in relating the details of his campaigns.

had better fortune than the survivors and conquerors), I alone remained unfortunate; since, instead of what I might have expected, had it been in the times of the Romans, a naval crown, I found myself, the night following that famous day, with chains on my feet and manacles on my hands. Thus it happened. Uchali [186], king of Algiers, a bold and successful corsair, having boarded and taken the captain-galley * of Malta, three knights only being left alive in her, and those desperately wounded [187], the captain-galley of John Andrea Doria came up to her relief. I was on board of this last named vessel, with my company; and, doing my duty upon this occasion, I leaped into the enemy's galley, which getting off

[186] He was called Aluch-Ali, corrupted by the Christians into Uchali. "Aluch," says Father Haedo, "means, in Turkish, *new mussulman, a new convert*, or renegade; so it is not a name, but a surname. The name is Ali, and the compound means, the renegade Ali."—(*Epitome de los reyes de Argel.*)

* The galleys are always commanded by a general, and not an admiral.

[187] "Uchali," says Arroyo, "attacked this captain with seven galleys, and ours were unable to assist them because they were too far in advance of the line of battle. Of the three wounded knights, one was, F. Piétro Giustinian, prior of Messina and general of Malta; another, a Spaniard; and the other a Sicilian. They were found, still living, interred among the heaps of slain." (*Relacion de la santa Liga*, fol. 67, etc.)

suddenly from ours, my soldiers could not follow me. Thus was I left alone among my enemies, whom I could not resist, being so many. After an ineffectual struggle I was carried off prisoner, sorely wounded; and as you must have heard, gentlemen, that Uchali escaped with his whole squadron, I remained a captive in his power. Thus I became the only sad person among so many joyful, and the only captive among so many who had just escaped, for fifteen thousand Christians, who were at the oar in the Turkish galleys, that day recovered their long-wished-for liberty.

They carried me to Constantinople, where the Grand Signor Selim made my master general of the sea[188], for having done his duty in the fight, and having brought off as proof of his valour the flag of the order of Malta. The year following, which was 1572[189], I was at Navarino, rowing in the captain-galley called the *Three Lanterns*. There, I saw and observed the opportunity that was lost of taking the whole Turkish navy in port; for all the Levantines[190] and Janizaries on board took it for granted that they should be attacked in the very harbour, and had their baggage and papooshes in readiness for running away immediately by land, without staying for an engagement, such terror had our navy struck into them. But Heaven ordered it otherwise, not through any fault or neglect of the general who commanded our men, but for the sins of Christendom, and because God permits and ordains that there should always be some scourges to chastise us. In effect, Uchali got into Modon, an island near Navarino; and, putting his men on shore, he fortified the entrance of the port, and lay still until the season of the year forced Don Juan to return home[191].

[188] Capitan-Pacha.

[189] Cervantes was at this campaign, and likewise at that of the year 1575.

[190] The sailors of the Grecian Archipelago were so called.

[191] "Don Juan of Austria," says Arroyo, "marched all the night of the 16th of September 1572, to gain by day-break the port of Navarino, where the Turkish fleet lay at anchor; as he had been informed by the captains Luis de Acosta and Pedro Pardo de Villamarin."—"But the commander of the galley," adds Aguilera, "and the pilots were deceived in their reckoning by their hour-glass, and in the morning they found themselves off an isle called Prodano, about three leagues from Navarino. Thus Uchali had time to quit the port with his squadron, and place the latter under the cannon of the fortress of Modon."

In this campaign, the galley called *the Prize*, whose captain was a son of the famous corsair Barbarossa, was taken by the captain-galley of Naples called *the She-Wolf*, commanded by that thunderbolt of war, that father of the soldiers, that fortunate and invincible captain, Don Alvaro de Bazan, marquis of Santa Cruz [192]. I cannot forbear relating what happened at the taking of *the Prize*. The son of Barbarossa was so cruel, and treated his captives so ill, that, as soon as they who were at the oar saw that *the She-wolf* was ready to board and take them, they all at once let fall their oars and seized their captain, who stood near the poop*, ordering them to row hard;

then passing him along, from bank to bank, and from the poop to the prow, they gave him such blows that before he was so far forward as

[192] Cervantes and his brother Rodrigo, on their return from their captivity, served under the Marquis of Santa-Cruz at the taking of the Island of Terceira from the Portuguese.

* *Estanterol.* The estanterol is the pillar near the poop to which the poop-awning is stretched, and is at the end of the path of communication which runs fore and aft the galley, amidships, from stem to stern.

the mast, his soul had passed into hell, such was the cruelty wherewith he treated them, and the hatred they bore to him [193].

We returned to Constantinople, and the year following, 1573, it was known there that Don Juan had taken Tunis by assault, and put Muley-Hamet in possession of that town, cutting off the hopes that Muley-Hamida had of reigning again there, who was one of the cruellest and yet bravest Moors, that ever was in the world [194]. The grand Turk felt this loss sensibly, and putting in practice that sagacity which is inherent in the Ottoman family, he concluded a peace with the Venetians, who desired it more than he. The next year, 1574, he attacked the fortress of Goleta, and the Fort which Don Juan had left half finished near Tunis [195]. During all these transactions I was still at the oar, without any hope of

[193] Maco Antonio Arroyo says that this captain, called Hamet-Bey, grand-son and not son of Barbarossa, "was slain by one of the Christian slaves, and that the others tore him in pieces with their teeth." Geronimo Torrès de Aguilera, who was, like Cervantes and Arroyo, at the battle of Lepanto, says that: "the galley of Hamet-Bey was taken to Naples; and, in commemmoration of this event, was christened *the Captured.*" (*Cronica de varios Sucesos*) P. Haedo adds that the unmerciful Moor flogged the Christian captives who composed part of his galley's crew, with an arm that he had severed from the body of one of them." (*Historia de Argel*, fol. 123).

[194] Muley-Hamida and Muley-Hamet were sons of Muley-Hassan, king of Tunis. Hamida usurped the throne from his father, and had him blinded by burning out his eyes with a red-hot copper basin. Hamet, flying from his brother's cruelty, took refuge in Palermo, in Sicily. Uchali and the Turks drove Hamida out of Tunis, when he fortified himself in the Goleta. Don Juan of Austria, in his turn, drove the Turks out of Tunis, recalled Hamet from Palermo, made him governor of the kingdom, and delivered up the cruel Hamida into the hands of Don Carlos of Arragon, duke of Sesa, viceroy of Sicily. Hamida was conducted to Naples, where one of his sons became a convert to christianity. Don Juan of Austria himself was his god-father, and Donna Violante de Moscoso his god-mother, who christened him Don Carlos of Austria. Hamida died of grief, in consequence. (*Torrès de Aguilera.* pag. 105 y sig. *Bibliot. real., cod.* 45, *f.* 551 y 558.)

[195] Don Juan of Austria raised this fort capable of containing 8,000 soldiers, beyond the walls of the city, whose canal he governed and near the island of Estano. He conferred the command of it on Gabrio Cervelon, a celebrated engineer, who had constructed it. This fort was erected in direct opposition to the express orders of Philip II., who had commanded Tunis to be demolished. But Don Juan of Austria, abused by the flattery of his secretaries Juan de Soto and Juan de Escovedo, had an idea of having himself crowned King of Tunis, and obstinately resolved to preserve that town. This was doubtless one of the causes of Escovedo's death, whom Antonio Perez, a minister of Philip II., had asassinated by *order of his superior*, as he afterwards confessed when put to the torture, and doubtless also of the disgrace of Antonio Perez, who was overwhelmed by his enemies in the end. *Torrès de Aguilera*, f. 107. *Don Lorenzo Vander-Hemmen*, in his book entitled *Don Felipe el Prudente*, f. 98 and 152).

redemption; at least I did not expect to be ransomed; for I was determined not to write an account of my misfortune to my father. In short, the Goleta was lost and then the Fort. Before these places the Turks had 65,000 men in pay, besides above 400,000 Moors and Arabs from all parts of Africa. This vast multitude of combatants was furnished with such quantities of ammunition, and such large warlike stores, together with so many pioneers, that, each man bringing only a handful of earth, they might therewith have covered both the Goleta and the Fort. The Goleta, until then thought impregnable, was first taken, not through default of the besieged, who did all that men could do, but because experience had shewn how easily trenches might be raised in that desert sand, in which though the water was within two spans of the surface, it was averred that the Turks met with none within two yards. So by the help of an immense number of sacks of sand, they raised their work so high as to overlook and command the fortification, and levelling from a cavalier, they put it out of the power of the besieged to make any defence. It was the general opinion that our troops ought not to have shut themselves up in the Goleta, but have met the enemy in the open field, at the place of debarkation. They who talk thus speak at random, and like men little experienced in affairs of this kind, for there were scarcely seven thousand soldiers in the Goleta and in the Fort. How could so small a number, though ever so resolute, both take the field and garrison the forts against such a multitude as that of the enemy? And how is it possible that a place can be maintained which is not relieved, and especially when besieged by an army that is both numerous and obstinate, and, besides, in their own country? But many were of opinion, and I was of the number, that Heaven did a particular grace and favour to Spain, in suffering the destruction of that forge and refuge of all iniquity, that devourer, that sponge, and that moth of infinite sums of money, idly spent there, to no other purpose than to preserve the memory of its having been a conquest of the invincible emperor Charles V. as if it were necessary to the making that memory eternal, as it will be, that those stones should record it.

The Fort also was taken at last; but the Turks were at least

forced to purchase it inch by inch. The soldiers who defended it, fought with such bravery and resolution, that they killed above twenty-five thousand of the enemy in twenty-two general assaults. Of three hundred that were left alive, not one was taken prisoner unwounded; an evident proof of their courage and bravery, and of the vigorous defence they had made. A little fort also, or tower, built on a small island called Estano [196], in the middle of the lake, commanded by Don John Zanoguera, a cavalier of Valencia and a famous soldier, surrendered upon terms. They took prisoner Don Pedro Puertocarrero, general of the Goleta, who did all that was possible for the defence of his fortress, and took the loss of it so much to heart that he died for grief on the way to Constantinople, whither they were carrying him prisoner. They took also the commander of the fort, called Gabrio Cervellon, a Milanese gentleman, a great engineer and a most valiant soldier [197]. Several persons of distinction lost their lives in these two garrisons; among whom was Pagano Doria, Knight of Malta, a gentleman of great generosity, as appeared by his exceeding liberality to his brother, the famous John Andrea Doria. What made his death more lamented, was his dying by the hands of some Arabs, who, upon seeing that the Fort was lost, offered to convey him, disguised as a Moor, to Tabarca, a small haven or settlement, which the Genoese have on that coast for the coral-fishing. These Arabs cut off his head, and carried it to the general of the Turkish fleet; the latter made good upon them our Castilian proverb, *though we love the treason, we hate the traitor*, for it is said he ordered that those who brought him the present should be instantly hanged, because they had not brought him alive.

[196] This little island of Estano formed, according to Ferreras, the ancient port of Carthage. The engineer Cervellon found on it an ancient tower, of which he formed a fortress, by adding curtains and bulwarks. (*Aguilera*, f. 122.)

[197] Gabrio Cervellon was general of the artillery and fleet of Philip II., grand-prior of Hungary, &c. When he was taken at the Goleta, Suian-Pacha treated him ignominiously, boxed his ears, and, notwithstanding his grey hair, made him walk on foot before his horse to the sea shore. Cervellon recovered his liberty at the exchange which took place of the Austrian prisoners of the Goleta and Tunis and the Mussulmans of Lepanto. He died at Milan in 1580.

Among the Christians who were taken in the Fort, was one Don Pedro de Aguilar, a native of some town in Andalusia, who had been an ensign in the garrison, a good soldier, and a man of excellent parts; in particular, he had a happy talent in poetry. I mention this, because his fortune brought him to be slave to the same patron with myself, and we served in the same galley and at the same oar; and before we parted from that port, this cavalier made two sonnets, by way of epitaphs, one upon the Goleta, and the other upon the Fort. Indeed I have a mind to repeat them; for I

have them by heart, and I believe they will rather be entertaining than disagreeable to you.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE HISTORY OF 'THE CAPTIVE.'

AT the instant the captive named Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his companions, who all three smiled; and when he mentioned the sonnets, one of them said: "Pray, Sir, before you go any further, I beseech you to tell me what became of that Don Pedro de Aguilar you talk of?"—"All I know," answered the captive, "is that after he had been two years at Constantinople, he escaped in the habit of an Arnaut[198], with a Greek spy; but I cannot tell whether he recovered his liberty, though I believe he did, for, about a year after, I saw the Greek in Constantinople, but had not an opportunity of asking him the success of their journey."—"He returned to Spain," said the gentleman; "for that Don Pedro is

[198] This is the name by which the Albanese were known at that day.

my brother, and is now in our town, rich and in health; is married, and is the father of three children."—"Thanks be to God," said the captive, "for the blessings bestowed on him, for, in my opinion there is not on earth a satisfaction equal to that of recovering one's liberty."—"Besides," replied the gentleman, "I have by heart the sonnets my brother made."—"Then pray, Sir, repeat them," said the captive; "for you will be able to do it better than I can." "With all my heart," answered the gentleman: "that upon the Goleta ran thus:

SONNET.

"Ah! happy souls, by death at length set free
From the dark prison of mortality,
By glorious deeds, whose memory never dies,
From earth's dim spot exalted to the skies!
What fury stood in every eye confess'd!
What generous ardour fir'd each manly breast!
Whilst slaughter'd heaps distain'd the sandy shore,
And the ting'd ocean blush'd with hostile gore.
O'erpower'd by numbers, gloriously ye fell:
Death only could such matchless courage quell.
Whilst dying thus ye triumph o'er your foes,
Its fame the world, its glory Heaven bestows."

"You have it right," said the captive. "That on the Fort," said the gentleman, "if I do not forget, was as follows:

SONNET.

"From 'midst these walls, whose ruins spread around,
And scatter'd clods that heap th' ensanguined ground,
Three thousand souls of warriors, dead in fight,
To better regions took their happy flight.
Long with unconquer'd force they bravely stood,
And fearless shed their unavailing blood;
Till, to superior force compell'd to yield,
Their lives they quitted in the well-fought field.
This fatal soil has ever been the tomb:
Of slaughter'd heroes, buried in its womb.
Yet braver bodies did it ne'er sustain,
Nor send more glorious souls the skies to gain."

The sonnets were not disliked, and the captive, pleased with the news they told him of his comrade, resumed the thread of his story: the Goleta and the Fort being delivered up, the Turks gave orders to dismantle the former; as for the Fort, it was in such a condition, that there was nothing left to be demolised. To do the work more speedily and with less labour, they undermined it in three places; it is true they could not blow up what seemed to be least strong, the old walls; but whatever remained of the new fortification, made by the Fratin [200], came very easily down. In short, the fleet returned to Constantinople victorious and triumphant; and, within a few months, died my master, the famous Uchali, whom people called *Uchali Fartax*, that is to say, in the Turkish language, *the scabby renegado*, [201] for he was so; and it is customary among the Turks to nick-name people from some personal defect, or give them a name from some good quality belonging to them. This leper had been at the oar fourteen years, being a slave of the grand Signor's; when he was about thirty-four years of age, being enraged at a blow given him by a Turk while he was at the oar, in order to be revenged on him, he renounced his religion. So great was his valour that, without rising by those base methods, by which the minions of the grand Signor generally rise, he came to be king of Algiers [202], and afterwards general of the sea, which is the third command in that empire. He was born in Calabria, and was a good moral man and treated his slaves with great humanity. He had three thousand of them, and they were divided

[200] Fratin, the little friar.—The real name of this engineer, who served Charles V. and Philip II., was Jacomo Paleazzo. Besides the military works made mention of here by Cervantes, he repaired, in 1573, the walls of Gibraltar, and raised fortifications at the bridge of Zuazo, before Cadiz. It was his brother, George Paleazzo, who planned the fortifications of Majorca, in 1583, and directed the works of the citadel of Pampeluna, in 1592.

[201] P. Haedo gives the same etymology to his name.

[202] P. Haedo, in his *Topografia de Argel* (chap. XXXI.) gives him the title of *Capitan of the Corsairs*. "This," he says, "is a charge conferred by the Grand-Turk. There is a captain of the corsairs at Algiers, another at Tripoli and a third at Tunis." This Uchali Fartax was a native of Licastelli, in Calabria. Having become a mussulman, he was present in 1560, at the defeat of Gelvès, when upwards of 10,000 Spaniards were taken prisoners. Later, being Dey of Algiers, he assisted the Moors of Grenada in their revolt against Philip II. Having been appointed general of the Turkish fleet, in 1571, after the battle of Lepanto, he was present the following year at Navarino, and died of poison in 1580.

after his death, as he had ordered by his last will, one half to the grand Signor, (who is every man's heir in part, sharing equally with the children of the deceased,) and the other among his renegades. I fell to the lot of a Venetian renegade, who, having been cabin-boy in a ship, was taken by Uchali, and was so beloved by him that he became one of his most favourite boys. He was one of the cruellest renegades that was ever seen; his name was Hassan-Aga [203]. He grew very rich, and became king of Algiers; and with him I came from Constantinople, a little comforted by being so near Spain; not that I intended to write an account to any body of my unfortunate circumstances, but in hopes fortune would be more favourable to me in Algiers than it had been in Constantinople, where I had tried a thousand ways of making my escape, but none rightly timed nor successful. In Algiers I purposed to try other means of compassing what I desired, for the hope of recovering my liberty never entirely abandoned me; and whenever what I devised, contrived and put in execution did not answer my design, I presently, without desponding, searched out and formed to myself fresh hopes to sustain me, though they were slight and inconsiderable.

Thus I made a shift to support life, shut up in a sort of prison-house, which the Turks call a *bagne* [204], where they keep their Christian captives locked up, as well those who belong to the king as some of those belonging to private persons, and those also whom they call of the *almacen*, that is to say captives of the council, who serve the city in its public works, and in other offices. This kind of captives find it very difficult to recover their liberty; for, as they

[203] The Spaniards call him Azanaga.

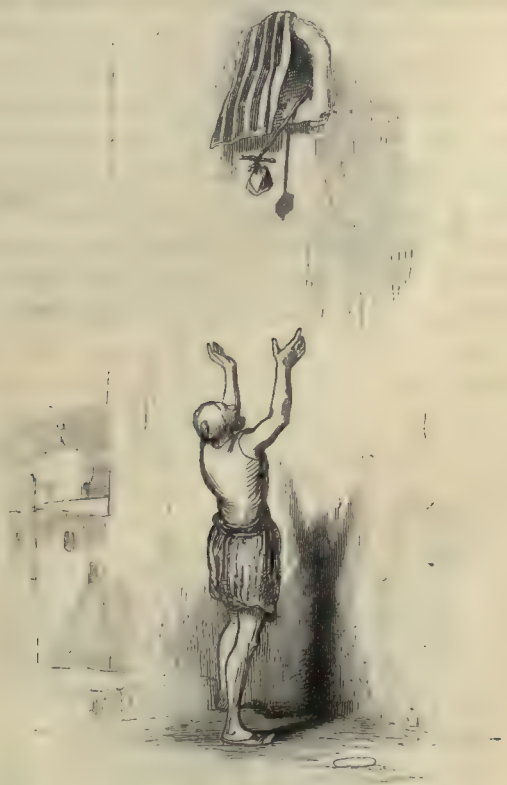
[204] Bagne *(bano)* means, according to the Arab root whence the Spaniards have derived their word *albanil* (mason), an edifice of plaster. The life led by the captives in these bagnes was not so miserable as it is commonly thought to have been. They had places of prayer where their priests celebrated mass, where divine service was performed with pomp and accompanied by music, where children were baptized, and where all the sacraments were administered; in these oratories, likewise, sermons were preached, processions made, and brotherhoods instituted; in them *autos Sacramentales* were represented on Christmas-night, and during Passion-week; in a word, as Clemencin remarks, it is quite certain that the mussulman prisoners in Spain, or, indeed, in any other christian country, had not nearly so much liberty. (Gomez de Losada, *Escuela de trabajos y cautiverio de Argel*, Lib. ii. cap. 46, y sig.)

belong to the public and have no particular master, there is nobody for them to treat with about their ransom, though they should have it ready. To these bagnes, as I have said, private persons sometimes carry their slaves, especially when their ransom is agreed upon; for there they keep them without work, and in safety until their ransom comes. The king's slaves also, who are to be ransomed, do not go out to work with the rest of the gang; unless it be when their ransom is long coming, for in that case, to make them write for it with greater importunity, they are made to work, and go for wood with the rest, which is no small toil and pains. As they knew I had been a captain, I was one upon ransom; for, though I assured them I wanted both interest and money, it did not hinder me from being put among the gentlemen and those who were to be ransomed. They put a chain on me, rather as a sign of ransom than to secure me; and so I passed my life in that bagne with many distinguished gentlemen, and other persons of condition accounted as ransomable. And though hunger and nakedness often, and indeed generally afflicted us, nothing troubled us so much as to see, at every turn, the unparallelled and excessive cruelties with which our master used the Christians. Each day he hanged one, impaled another, and cut off the ears of a third; and that upon the least provocation, and sometimes none at all, insomuch that the very Turks were sensible he did it for the mere pleasure of doing it, and to gratify his murderous and inhuman disposition[205]. One Spanish soldier only, called such an one of Saavedra, happened to be in his good graces, and did things which will remain in the memory of those people for many years, and all towards obtaining his liberty. Yet Hassan-Aga never gave him a blow, nor ordered one to be given him, nor ever gave him so much as a hard word, while for the least of the many

[205] This slave master was a Venetian, and his name was Andreta. He was made a captive while serving as purser's clerk on board a ship of Ragusa. Having become a Turk, he assumed the name of Hassan-Aga; he was appointed élamir or treasurer to Uchali, succeeded that person in the government of Algiers, and subsequently in the post of general of the sea, and died, like his predecessor, of poison administered by a rival who governed in his stead. (Haedo, *Historia de Argel*, fol. 89.)

things he did, we all feared that he would be impaled alive, and he feared it himself more than once. If I had time to do so, I would now tell you of some things done by this soldier which would be more entertaining and more surprising than the relation of my story[206]. But to return.

The court-yard of our prison was overlooked by the windows of a house belonging to a rich Moor of distinction. As is usual in that country, they were rather peep-holes than windows; and even these had thick and close lattices. One day, I was upon a terrace of our

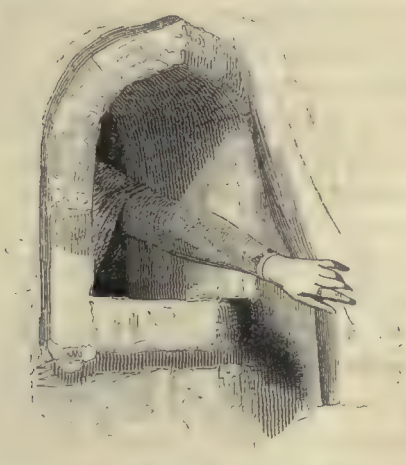


[206] This *such an one* of Saavedra was Cervantes himself. P. Haedo expresses himself as follows on this subject: "Of what occurred in this cavern during the seven months that the Christians were in it, also of the captivity and exploits of Miguel de Cervantes, a separate history might be written."—(*Topografia*, fol. 184.) With regard to the captive who here relates his own history, he was captain Ruy Perez de Viedma, a slave, like Cervantes, of Hassan-Aga, and one of his companions in captivity.

prison with three of my companions, trying, by way of pastime, who could leap farthest with his chains on, being by ourselves, for all the rest of the Christians were gone out to work. Happening by chance to look up, I saw, from out of one of those little windows I have mentioned, a cane appear, with a handkerchief tied at the end of it, the cane being moved up and down, as if in sign for us to come and take it. We looked earnestly up at it, and one of my companions went and placed himself under the cane, to see whether they who held it would let it drop, or what they would do. But as he came near, the cane was pulled up and moved from side to side, as much as to say *no* with the head. The Christian came back, and the cane was let down with the same motions as before. Another of my companions went, and the same happened to him as to the former; then the third went, and he had the same success with the first and second. Seeing this, I resolved to try my fortune likewise; and, as soon as I had placed myself under the cane, it was let fall at my feet. I immediately untied the handkerchief, and in a knot at a corner of it I found ten *cianis*, a sort of base gold coin used by the Moors, each piece worth about ten reals * of our money.

* About an English crown.

I need not tell you whether I rejoiced at the prize; and indeed I was no less pleased than surprised to think whence this good fortune could come to us, especially to me; for the letting fall the cane to me alone, plainly shewed that the favour was intended to me alone. I took my precious money, broke the cane to pieces, returned to the terrace to look once more at the window,



and I perceived a very white hand open the lattice, show itself and again hastily close it. Thence we understood, or fancied that it must be some woman, living in that house, who had been thus charitable to us, and to express our thanks, we made our

reverences [207] after the Moorish fashion, inclining the head, bending the body, and laying the hands on the breast.

A moment afterwards, there was put out of the same window a little cross made of cane, which was immediately withdrawn. On this signal we concluded that some Christian woman was a captive in that house, and that it was she who had done us the kindness. But the whiteness of the hand, and the bracelets we had a glimpse of, soon destroyed that fancy. Then we imagined it must be some Christian renegade, whom their masters often marry, reckoning it happy to get one of them, for they value them more than the women of their own nation.

All our reasonings and conjectures were very wide of the truth; and now all our entertainment was to gaze at and observe the window, the north whence our pole-star, the cane, had appeared. But full fifteen days passed without our seeing either hand or any other signal whatever. Though in this interval we endeavoured all we could to inform ourselves who lived in that house, and whether there was any Christian renegade there, we never could learn any thing more than that the house was the residence of a considerable and rich Moor, named Agi-Morato, who had been kayd of the fort of Bata, an office among them of great authority [208]. But, when we least dreamed of its raining any more cianis from thence, we perceived, unexpectedly, another cane appear, and another handkerchief tied to it, with another knot larger than the former. This was at a time when the bagne, as before, was empty, and without people. We made the same trial as before, each of my three companions going before me; but the cane was not let down to either of them; but when I went up to it, it was let fall. I untied the knot, and found in it forty Spanish crowns in gold, and a paper written in Arabic; and at the end of the writing was a large cross.

[207] *Zalemas.*

[208] P. Haedo, in his *Topografia* and in his *Epitome de los reyes de Argel*, frequently mentions this Agi-Morato, a renegade captive, as one of the richest inhabitants of Algiers.

I kissed the cross, took the crowns, and returned to the terrace; we all made our reverences, the hand appeared again, I made signs that I would read the paper, and the window was immediately closed. We all remained amazed and overjoyed at what happened; but as none of us understood Arabic, great was our desire to know what the paper contained, and greater the difficulty to find one to read it. At last I resolved to confide in a renegade, a native of Murcia [209], who professed himself very much my friend, and we had exchanged such pledges of our mutual confidence, as obliged him to keep whatever secret I should commit to him. For it is usual with renegades, when they have a mind to return to Christendom, to carry with them certificates from the most considerable captives, attesting, in the most ample manner, and best form they can get, that such a renegade is an honest man, has always been kind and obliging to the Christians, and that he has a desire to make his escape the first opportunity that offers. Some procure these certificates with a good intention; others make use of them occasionally, and out of cunning only. They go out to rob and plunder on the Christian coasts; and if they happen to be shipwrecked or taken, they produce their certificates, pretending that those papers will shew the design they came upon, namely, to get into some Christian country, and affirm that as the reason of their going pirating with the Turks. By this means they escape the first fury, reconcile themselves to the church, and live unmolested; and, when an opportunity offers, they return to Barbary and to their former course of life. Others there are, who procure and make use of these papers with a good design, and remain in the Christian countries. Now this friend of mine was a renegade of the latter sort, and had certificates from all of us, wherein we recommended him as much as possible; and if the Moors had found these papers about him, they would certainly have burnt him alive. I knew he understood Arabic very well, and could not only speak, but write

[209] He was called Morato Raez Maltrapillo. This renegade was that friend who saved Cervantes from punishment and perhaps from death, when he attempted to make his escape in 1579. Haedo frequently makes mention of this Maltrapillo.

it. But, before I would let him into the whole affair, I desired him to read that paper, which I found by chance in a hole of my cell. He opened it, and stood a good while looking at and translating it to himself. I asked him if he understood it. He said he did very well, and, if I desired to know its contents word for word, I must give him pen and ink, that he might translate it with more exactness. We gave him presently what he required, and he went on translating it in order, and having done, he said:

"What is here set down in Spanish is precisely what is contained in this Moorish paper; and you must take notice that where it says *Lella Maryem*, it means *Our Lady the Virgin Mary*." We then read the paper, which ran as follows:

"When I was a child, my father had a woman-slave [210] who taught me to repeat the azala [211] in my own language, and told me

[210] This slave's name was Juana de Renteria. Cervantes makes mention of her in his comedy called *Los Banos de Argel*, of which the subject is likewise the history of Zoraïda. The captive Don Lope asks of the renegade Hassem: "Is there, by chance, any renegade or Christian slave in this house?" *Hassem*, "There was, one, some years ago, whose name was Juana, and whose family name was, if I am not mistaken, de Renteria." *Lope*, "What has become of her?" *Hassem*, "She is dead. It was she who brought up the Moor that I was speaking to you about. She was a rare matron, &c."—(*Jornada*, 1*a*.)

[211] Prayer, orison.

many things of Lella Maryem. This Christian died, and I know she did not go to the fire, but to Allah, for I saw her twice afterwards, and she bid me go to the country of the Christians to see Lella Maryem, who loved me very much. I know not how to go there. I have seen many Christians from this window, and none has looked like a gentleman but yourself. I am beautiful and young, and have a great deal of money to carry away with me. Try if you can find out how we may get away, and you shall be my husband there, if you please; and if not, I shall not care, for Lella Maryem will provide me a husband. I write this myself, but be careful to whom you give it to read; trust not to any Moor, for they are all treacherous. This makes me very much perplexed, and I would not have you discover yourself to any body, for if my father comes to know it, he will immediately throw me into a well and cover me with stones. I will fasten a thread to the cane; tie your answer to it, and if you have nobody that can write Arabic, tell me by signs: for Lella Maryem will make me understand you. She and Allah keep you, and this cross, which I very often kiss; for so the captive directed me to do."

Think, gentlemen, whether we had not reason to be overjoyed and surprised at the contents of this paper. Our joy and surprise were so great that the renegade perceived that the paper was not found by accident, but was written to one of us. He entreated us, if what he suspected was true, to confide in him and tell him all, promising to venture his life for our liberty. So saying, he pulled a brass crucifix out of his bosom, and, with many tears, swore by the God that image represented, in whom he, though a great sinner, truly and firmly believed, that he would faithfully keep secret whatever we should discover to him. He imagined and almost divined that, by means of the person who had written that letter, himself and all of us should regain our liberty, and he, in particular, attain what he so earnestly desired, which was to be restored to the bosom of holy Church, his mother, from which, like a rotten member, he had been separated and cut off through his sin and ignorance. The renegade spoke to that effect with so many tears, and with such signs

of repentance, that we unanimously agreed to tell him the truth of the case, and gave him in effect an account of the whole, without concealing any thing. We shewed him the little window out of which the cane appeared, and having marked the house, he resolved to take especial care to inform himself who lived in it. We also agreed it would be right to answer the Moor's billet, and as we now had one who knew how to do it, the renegade wrote what I dictated to him, which was exactly what I shall repeat to you, for of all the material circumstances which befel me in this adventure, not one has yet escaped my memory, nor shall I ever forget them whilst I have breath. The answer to the Moor was this:

" The true Allah preserve you, dear lady, and that blessed Maryem, who is the true mother of God, and who has put into your heart the desire of going into the country of the Christians, because she loves you. Pray to her that she will be pleased to instruct you how to bring about what she commands you to do; for she is so good she will assuredly do it. On my part, and that of all the Christians with me, I offer to do for you all we are able, at the hazard of our lives. Do not fail writing to me, and acquainting me with whatever resolutions you take, and I will constantly answer you. The great Allah has given us a Christian captive, who speaks and writes your language well, as you may perceive by this paper. So that you may, without fear, give us notice of your intentions. As to what you say of becoming my wife, when you get into a Christian country, I promise you, on the word of a good Christian, it shall be so; and you know that the Christians keep their words better than the Moors Allah and Maryem his mother have you in their keeping, dear lady!"

This letter being written and folded up, I waited two days until the bagne was empty as before, and then presently I took my accustomed post upon the terrace to look for the cane; it was not long before it appeared. As soon as I saw it, though I could not discern who held it out, I shewed the paper, as giving them notice to put the thread to it; but it was already fastened to the cane. I affixed

the letter, and in a short time after, our star appeared again with the white flag of peace, the handkerchief. It was let drop and I took it up, and found in it, in all kinds of coin, both silver and gold, above fifty crowns; which multiplied our joy fifty times, confirming the hopes we had conceived of regaining our liberty. That same evening, our renegade returned. He told us he had learned that the same Moor we were before informed of dwelt in that house, and that his name was Agi Morato; that he was extremely rich, and had one only daughter, heiress to all he had; that it was the general opinion of the whole city that she was the most beautiful woman in Barbary; and that several of the viceroys who had been sent thither had sought her to wife [212], but that she never would consent to marry; finally, that she had had a Christian woman slave, who died some time before. All this agreed perfectly with what was in the paper. We presently consulted with the renegade what method we should take to carry off the Moorish lady, and make our escape into Christendom. It was agreed for that time that we should wait for a second letter from Zoraïda, (that was the name of her who now desires to be called Maria), for it was easy to see that she, and no other, could find the means of surmounting the difficulties that lay in our way. After we had come to this resolution, the renegade bid us not be uneasy, for he would either lose his life or set us at liberty.

The bagne, after this, was full of people for four successive days, which occasioned the cane's not appearing. At the end of that time, the bagne being empty as usual, it appeared, with the handkerchief so pregnant that it promised a happy birth. The cane and the linen inclined toward me: I found in it another paper, and a hundred crowns in gold only, without any other coin. The renegade being present, we gave him the paper to read in our cell, and he told us that it contained the following:

"I do not know, dear Sir, how to contrive a method for our going

[212] Cervantes says, in his comedy intituled *Los Banos de Argel* (jornada III), that this only daughter of Agi-Morato married Muley-Maluch, who was crowned king of Fez in 1576. This statement is confirmed by P. Haedo, in his *Epitome*, and by Antonio de Herrera, in his *Historia de Portugal*.

to Spain, nor has Lella Maryem informed me, though I have asked it of her. All that I can do, is to convey to you through this window a large sum of money in gold. Redeem yourself and your friends with this money, and let one of you go to the country of the Christians and buy a bark, and return with it for the rest. I shall be found in my father's garden, at the Bab-Azoun [213] gate close to the sea-side, where I am to be all this summer with my father and my servants. Thence you may carry me off by night without fear, and put me on board the bark [214]. And remember you are to be my husband; for if not, I will pray Maryem to punish you. If you can trust nobody to go for the bark, ransom yourself and go; for I shall be more secure of your return than another's, as you are a gentleman and a Christian. Take care not to mistake the garden; and when I see you walking where you now are, I shall conclude the bagne is empty, and will furnish you with money enough. Allah preserve you, dear Sir!"

Such were the contents of the second letter; which being heard by us all, every one offered himself, and would fain be the ransomed person, promising to go and return very punctually. I also offered myself. But the renegade opposed these offers, saying he would in no wise consent that any one of us should get his liberty before the rest, experience having taught him how ill men, when free, keep the promises they have made while in slavery. "Several considerable captives," he said, "have tried this expedient, ransoming some one who should go to Valencia, or Majorca, with money to buy and arm a vessel, and return for those who ransomed him; but the person sent has never come back, for liberty once regained and the fear of losing it again

[213] *Bab-Azoun* signifies *the gate for flocks of sheep.* P. Haedo, in his *Topografia*, says, in the sixth chapter: "Four hundred steps lower down, is another principal gate, called Bab-Azoun, which looks towards the south and east——All those who go to the field, the villages and to the Moorish tribes, pass through this gate." Algiers it would appear, had undergone no change since the captivity of Cervantes.

[214] This project of Zoraïda is precisely similar to that contrived by Cervantes, when his brother Rodrigo obtained his liberty, for the latter to send him immediately a vessel in which he and the other Christian captives proposed to make their escape: he attempted this project, but failed of success, in 1577.

effaced from the memory all obligations in the world." In confirmation of this truth, he told us briefly a case which had happened very lately to certain Christian gentlemen, the strangest that had ever fallen out even in those parts, where every day the most surprising and wonderful things come to pass [215]. He concluded by saying that the best way would be to give him the money designed for the ransom of a Christian, to buy a vessel there in Algiers, upon pretence of turning merchant and trading to Tetuan and on that coast; and that, being master of the vessel, he would easily contrive how to get them all out of the bagne and put them on board [216]. But if the Moor, as she promised, should furnish money enough to redeem them all, it would be a very easy matter for them, being free, to go on board even at noon-day. The greatest difficulty, he said, was that the Moors do not allow any renegade to buy or keep a vessel, unless it be a large one to go pirating, for they suspect that he who buys a small vessel, especially if he be a Spaniard, designs only to get into Christendom therewith. But this inconvenience, he added, he would obviate by taking in a tagarin Moor [217] for partner of the vessel and in the profits of the merchandise. Under this colour our renegade purposed becoming master of the vessel, and then he reckoned the rest as good as achieved. Though to me and my companions it seemed better to send for the vessel to Majorca, as the Moorish lady said, yet we did not dare to contradict him, fearing that, if we did not do as he would have us, he should betray our design and put us in danger of losing our lives, by discovering Zoraïda's intrigue, for whose life we would all have laid down our own. Therefore we resolved to commit ourselves into the hands of God, and those of the renegade. We forthwith answered Zoraïda that we would do all that she advised, for she had directed as well as if Lella

[215] This is an allusion to the adventure of the bark which came, in 1577, to enable Cervantes and the other Christian gentlemen who were remaining in the cavern to make their escape into Spain.

[216] This arrangement for the purchase of a bark is exactly similar to that made by Cervantes, in 1579, not with Maltrapillo, but with another renegade named the licentiate Giron.

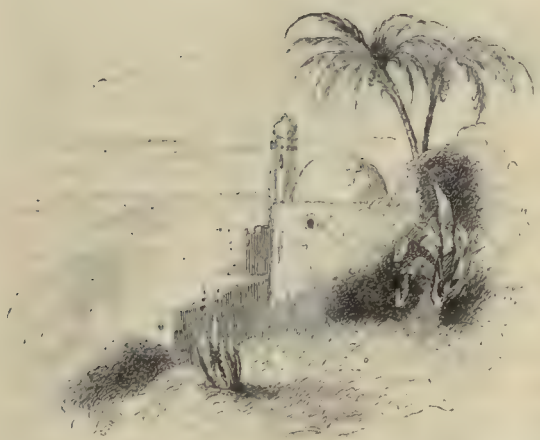
[217] *Tagarin* means *of the frontier*. This name was given to the Moors who came from Arragon and Valencia. In contradistinction to them, the Moors who came from Andalusia were called *Mudejares*, which signifies *from the interior*. (Haedo, *Topagrafia*, etc. Luis del Marmol, *Description of Africa*, etc.)

Maryem herself had inspired her, and that it depended entirely upon her either that the business should be delayed or set about immediately. I again promised to be her husband; and the next day the bagne happening to be clear, she lowered to us, at several times, with the help of the cane and handkerchief, two thousand crowns in gold. She said, in a little note that reached us in the same way, the first *dgiuma*, that is Friday, she was to go to her father's garden; but that, before she went, she would give us more money: and that, if that were not sufficient we were to let her know, and she would give us as much as we desired, for her father had so much that he would never miss it, and besides she kept the keys of all. We immediately gave five hundred crowns to the renegade to buy the vessel. With eight hundred I ransomed myself, depositing the money with a merchant of Valencia, then at Algiers [218], who redeemed me from the king, passing his word for me that the first ship that came from Valencia my ransom should be paid, for, if he had paid the money down, it would have made the king suspect that the money had been a great while in his hands, and that he had employed it to his own use. In a word, my master was so jealous, that I dared not upon any account pay the money immediately.

The Thursday preceding the Friday on which the fair Zoraïda was to go to the garden, she gave us a thousand crowns more, and advertised us of her going thither, entreating me, if I ransomed myself first, immediately to find out her father's garden, and by all means find an opportunity of going thither and seeing her. I answered her in a few words that I would not fail, and desired that she would take care to recommend us to Lella Maryem, using all those prayers the captive had taught her. When this was done, means were concerted for redeeming our three companions, and getting them out of the bagne, lest, seeing me ransomed and themselves not, knowing there was money sufficient, they should be uneasy, and the devil should tempt them to do something to the prejudice of Zoraïda. Although their being men of honour might

[218] This merchant's name was Onofre Exarque. It was he who procured the money for the purchase of the bark in which Cervantes attempted to make his escape with the other Christians in 1579.

have freed me from such an apprehension, I had no mind to run the hazard, so I got them ransomed by the same means I had been ransomed myself, depositing the whole money with the merchant, that he might safely and securely pass his word for us; to him, nevertheless, we did not discover our management and secret. Such confidence would have been too dangerous.



CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH THE CAPTIVE CONTINUES THE STORY OF HIS ADVENTURES.

QUITE fifteen days had not passed ere our renegade had bought a very good bark, capable of holding above thirty persons. To make sure work, and give the business a colour, he made a short voyage to a place called Sargel, thirty leagues from Algiers in the direction of Oran, where there is a great trade for dried figs[219]. Two or three times he made this trip, in company with the Tagarin aforesaid. The Moors of Aragon are called in Barbary *Tagarins*, and those of Grenada[220] *Mudejares*. In the kingdom of Fez the latter are called Elchès, and they are the people the king makes most use of in his wars. Each time that the renegade passed with his bark, he cast anchor in a little creek not two bow-shots distant from the garden where Zoraïda expected us. There the renegade designedly set himself, together with the young Moors that rowed, either to

[219] Sargel, or Cherchel, is situated on the ruins of a Roman city, of which the name is supposed to have been Julia Cæsarea. It was, in the early part of the sixteenth century, a small town of about three hundred houses, and was nearly depopulated when Barbarossa conquered Algiers. The Moriscoes, driven from Spain in 1610, took refuge there in great numbers, attracted by the fertility of the fields about it, and established an extensive commerce, not only in dry figs, but in earthenware, steel and timber. The harbour of Sargel, which at that time could accommodate twenty covered galleys, was filled up with sand and the ruins of buildings by the earthquake in 1738.

[220] Vide note 217, Chap. xiii., *antè* page 111, of this volume.

perform the Azala, or to practise, by way of jest, what he intended to execute in earnest. With this view he would go to Zoraïda's garden, and beg some fruit, which her father would give him without

knowing who he was. His design was, as he afterwards told me, to speak to Zoraïda, and to tell her that he was the person, who, by my direction, was to carry her to Christendom, and that she might be confident and secure; but it was impossible for him to do it, the Moorish women never suffering themselves to be seen either by Moor or Turk, unless when commanded by their husbands or fathers: Christian slaves indeed are allowed to keep company and converse with them, with more freedom perhaps than is proper. But I should have been sorry if he had talked to her, because it might have frightened her, to see that the business was intrusted with a

renegade. But God, who ordered it otherwise, gave the latter no opportunity of effecting his good design. Finding how securely he went to and from Sargel, and that he lay at anchor, when, how and where he pleased; that the Tagarin, his partner, had no will of his own, but approved whatever he directed; in fine, that I was ransomed and that there wanted nothing but to find some Christians to help to row, he bid me consider who I would bring with me, besides the gentlemen already ransomed, and bespeak them for the first Friday, the day he fixed for our departure. Hereupon I spoke to twelve Spaniards, all able men at the oar, and such as could most easily get out of the city unsuspected. It was no easy matter to find so many at that juncture; for there were twenty corsairs out pirating, and they had taken almost all the rowers with them. Those whom I engaged would not have been found, but that their master did not go out that summer, having a galeot to finish that was then upon the stocks. I said nothing more to them than that they should steal out of the town one by one, the next Friday in the dusk of the evening, and wait for me somewhere about Agi-Morato's garden. I gave this direction to each of them separately, warning them that, if they should see any other Christians there, they should only say I ordered them to stay for me in that place.

This step being taken, one thing was yet wanting, and that the most necessary of all: it was, to advertise Zoraïda how matters stood, that she might be in readiness and on the watch, so as not to be affrighted if we rushed upon her suddenly, before she could think it was time the vessel from Christendom could be arrived. I resolved to go to the garden, and try if I could speak to her. Under pretence of gathering some herbs, the day before our departure I went thither, and the first person I met was her father, who spoke to me in a language, which, all over Barbary, and even at Constantinople, is spoken among captives and Moors, and is neither Morisco nor Castilian, nor of any other nation, but a medley of all languages, and generally understood [221]. In that

[221] The lingua-franca. P. Haedo, in his *Topografia* (chap. 29,) has the following: "The third language spoken at Algiers is that called by the Moors and Turks *franca*. It is a mixture of several Christian tongues, and expressions which are

jargon he asked what I came to look for in that garden, and to whom I belonged. I answered him that I was a slave of Arnaut Mami [222] (who I knew was a very great friend of his), and that I came for a few herbs of several sorts to make a salad. He then asked me if I was upon ransom or not, and how much my master demanded for me. While we were thus talking, the fair Zoraïda, who had espied me some time before, came out of the house, and, as the Moorish women make no scruple of appearing before the Christians, nor are at all shy towards them, as I have already observed, she made no difficulty of coming where I stood with her father, who, seeing her walk slowly towards us, called to her to quicken her steps. It would be too hard a task for me, at this time, to express the great beauty, the genteel air, the finery and richness of attire, with which my beloved Zoraïda appeared then before my eyes. More pearls, if I may so say, hung about her beauteous neck, and more jewels were in her ears and hair, than she had hairs on her head. About her ancles, which were bare, according to custom, she had two carcadj (so they call the enamelled foot-bracelets in Arabic) of the purest gold, set with so many diamonds that, as she told me since, her father valued them at ten thousand pistoles, and the bracelets that she wore on her wrists were of equal value. The pearls were in abundance, and very good, for the greatest finery and magnificence of the Moorish women consists in adorning themselves with the finest seed pearls. Therefore there are more pearls among the Moors, than among all other nations. Zoraïda's father had the reputation of having a great many, and those the very best in Algiers, and to be worth besides above two hundred thousand Spanish crowns, of all which, she who is now mine was once mistress. Whether, with all these ornaments,

chiefly Italian, Spanish, and, of late years, Portuguese. As this confusion of all kinds of idioms is augmented by the wretched pronounciation of the Moors and Turks, who know nothing of mood, tense or case, the lingua-franca is merely a jargon similar to that spoken by a negro, recently brought into Spain, in his attempts to express himself in the language of that country."

[222] That is to say the Albanese Mami. He was captain of the fleet to which the corsair belonged who captured Cervantes, and, "so cruel a monster," says Haedo "that his house was littered with the noses and ears which, for the most trivial offences, he had cut off his unfortunate Christian captives." Cervantes makes mention of him likewise in the *Galatea* and other works.

she then appeared beautiful or not, and what she must have been in the days of her prosperity, may be conjectured by what remains after so many fatigues. For it is well known that the beauty of some women has days and seasons, and depends upon accidents which diminish or increase it, and that the passions of the mind naturally improve or impair it, and very often utterly destroy it. In short, she came, extremely adorned and extremely beautiful; to me, at least, she seemed the most so of any being I had ever beheld: which, together with my obligations to her, made me think her an angel from Heaven, descended for my pleasure and relief.

When she was come up to us, her father told her, in his own tongue, that I was a captive belonging to his friend Arnaut Mami, and that I came to look for a salad. She took up the discourse, and, in the aforesaid medley of languages, asked me whether I was a gentleman, and why I did not ransom myself. I told her I was already ransomed, and by the price, she might guess what my master thought of me, since he had got fifteen hundred zoltanis [223] for me. To which she answered: "Truly had you belonged to my father, he should not have parted with you for twice that sum; for you Christians always falsify in your accounts of yourselves, pretending to be poor, in order to cheat the Moors."—"It may very well be so, madam," answered I; "but I protest that I dealt sincerely with my master, and ever did, and shall do the same by every body in the world."—"And when go you away?" said Zoraïda. "To-morrow, I believe," said I. "There is a French vessel which sails to-morrow, and I intend to go in her."—"Would it not be better," replied Zoraïda, "to stay until some ships come from Spain, and go with them, and not with those of France, who are not your friends?"—"No madam," answered I; "but should the news we have of a Spanish ship's coming, suddenly prove true, I would perhaps stay a little for it, though it is more likely I shall depart to-morrow, for the desire I have to be in my own country, and with the persons I love, is so great that it will not suffer me to wait for any other conveniency, though ever so much better."—"You are

[223] The *zoltani* was worth forty apres of silver, or about two large Spanish piasters.

married, doubtless, in your own country," said Zoraïda, "and therefore you are so desirous to be gone, and be at home with your wife."—"No," replied I, "I am not married; but I have given my word to marry as soon as I get thither."—"And is the lady whom you have promised beautiful?" said Zoraïda. "So beautiful," answered I, "that, to compliment her, and tell you the truth, she is very like yourself." Zoraïda's father laughed heartily at this, and said: "By Allah! Christian, she must be beautiful indeed if she resembles my daughter, who is accounted the handsomest woman in all this kingdom; observe her well, and you will see I speak the truth." Agi-Morato served us as an interpreter to most of this conversation, as understanding Spanish; for though Zoraïda spoke the bastard language in use there, as I told you, yet she expressed her meaning more by signs than by words.

While we were thus engaged in discourse, a Moor came running to us, crying aloud that four Turks had leaped over the pales or wall of the garden, and were gathering the fruit, though it was not yet ripe. The old man was frightened, and so was Zoraïda, for the Moors are naturally afraid of the Turks, especially of their soldiers, who are so insolent and imperious over the Moors who are subject to them, that they treat them worse than if they were their slaves. Therefore Agi-Morato said to Zoraïda: "Daughter, retire into the house and lock yourself in, while I go and talk to these dogs; and you, Christian, gather your herbs and be gone in peace, and may Allah send you safe to your own country." I bowed myself, and he went his way to find the Turks, leaving me alone with Zoraïda, who also made as if she were going whither her father bid her. But scarcely was he got out of sight among the trees of the garden, when she turned back to me with her eyes full of tears, and said: "*Ataméji*, Christian, *ataméji*?" that is, "Are you going away, Christian? are you going away?" I answered: "Yes, madam, but not without you: expect me the next dgiuma, and be not frightened when you see us; for we shall certainly get to Christendom." I said this, and other words that I took advantage of that opportunity to say, in such a manner that she understood me very well. Then, throwing an arm about my neck, she began to walk softly and trembling

toward the house. Fortune would have it (which might have proved fatal, if Heaven had not ordained otherwise) that, while we were walking thus embraced, her father, returning from driving away the Turks, saw us in that posture, and we were sensible that he

discovered us. But Zoraïda had the discretion and presence of mind not to take her arm from about my neck, but to hold me closer; and leaning her head against my breast, and bending her knees a little, she gave plain signs of fainting away. I also made as if I held her up only to keep her from falling. Her father came running to us, and, seeing his daughter in that posture, asked what ailed her; but she not answering, he said: "Without doubt these dogs have terrified her into a swoon." Then, taking her from me, he inclined her gently to his bosom. Zoraïda, fetching a deep sigh, and her eyes still full of tears, said again, in the language she had used before: "Begone, Christian, begone!" To which her father answered: "There is no occasion, child, for the Christian to go away; he has done you no harm, and the Turks are gone off. Let nothing frighten you; there is no danger: for as I have already told you, the Turks, at my request, have returned by the way they came." "Sir," said I, to her father, "they have frightened her, as you say. But since she bids me be gone, I will not disturb her. God be with you, and, with your leave, I will come again, if we have occasion for herbs, to this garden; for my master says there are no better for a salad any where than here."—"You may come when ever you will," answered Agi-Morato; "for my daughter does not say this as having been offended by you or any other Christian; but instead of bidding the Turks be gone, she bid you be gone, or because she thought it time for you to go and gather your herbs."

I now took my leave of them both, and she, seeming as if her soul had been sent from her, went away with her father. Under pretence of gathering herbs, I walked over and took a view of the whole garden at my leisure, observing carefully all the inlets and outlets, the strength of the house, and every conveniency which might tend to facilitate our business. When I had so done, I went and gave an account to the renegade and my companions of all that had passed, longing eagerly for the hour when, without fear of surprise, I might enjoy the happiness which fortune presented me in the beautiful Zoraïda.

Time passed on, and the day appointed, and by us so much wished for, came. We all punctually observed the order and method which, after mature deliberation and long debate, we had agreed on, and we had the desired success. The Friday following the day when I talked with Zoraïda in the garden, the renegade, at the close of the evening, cast anchor with the bark almost

opposite the dwelling where the amiable daughter of Agi-Morato awaited our coming. The Christians who were to be employed at the oar were ready, and hid in several places thereabouts. They were all vigilant, their hearts beating with the joyful expectation of my coming, and eager to surprise the bark which lay before their

eyes; for they knew nothing of what was concerted with the renegade, but thought they were to regain their liberty by mere force, and by killing the Moors who were on board the vessel. As soon, therefore, as I and my friends appeared, all they that were hid came out, and joined us one after another. It was now the time that the city-gates were shut, and nobody appeared abroad in all that quarter. Being met together, we were in some doubt whether it would be better to go first to Zoraïda, or secure the bagarin Moors [224] who rowed the vessel. While we were in this uncertainty, our renegade came to us, asking what we staid for, adding that now was our time, all his Moors being thoughtless of danger, and most of them asleep. We told him what we demurred about; but he said that the thing of the most importance was first to seize the vessel, which might be done with all imaginable ease and without any manner of danger, and then we might presently go and fetch Zoraïda. We all approved of what he said; and so, without farther delay, he being our guide, we went to the little vessel. He leaped aboard first, seized a cutlass, and called aloud in Arabic: "Let not one man of you stir unless he has a mind it should cost him his life." By this time all the Christians were got on board; and the Moors, who were timorous fellows, hearing their irraarez [225] speak thus, were in a great fright, and without making any resistance, (for indeed they had few or no arms,) silently suffered themselves to be bound. That was done very expeditiously, the Christians threatening the Moors that, if they raised any manner of cry or made the least noise, they would in that instant put them all to the sword.

This being done, and half our number remaining on board to guard them, the rest of us, the renegade being still our leader, went to Agi-Morato's garden, and, as good luck would have it, the door opened as easily to us as if it had not been locked. So we came up to the house with great stillness and silence, and without being

[224] Bagarins, from *bahar*, sea, means sailors. "The Moors of the mountains," says Haedo, "who live in Algiers, gain their livelihood, some of them by serving the Turks or rich Moors; others, by working in gardens and vineyards, or rowing in galleys and galeots; the latter, who hire their services to their employers, are called *bagarinès*." (*Topografia*, chap. II.)

[225] Commander of an Algerine vessel.

perceived by any one. The lovely Zoraïda was expecting us at a window, and, when she heard people coming, she asked in a low voice whether we were *nazarani*, that is, Christians. I answered that we were, and desired her to come down. When she knew it was I, she staid not a moment, but, without answering me a word, came down in an instant, and opening the door appeared to us all, so beautiful and so richly attired that I cannot easily express it. As soon as I saw her, I took her hand and kissed it; the renegade did

the same, and my two comrades also; and the rest, who knew not the meaning of it, followed our example, thinking we only meant to express our thanks and acknowledgements to her as the instrument of our deliverance. The renegade asked her in Arabic whether her father were in the house. She answered that he was, and asleep. "Then we must awake him," replied the renegade, "and carry him with us, and all that he has of value in this beautiful villa."—"No," said she, "my father must by no means be touched; and there is nothing considerable here but what I have

with me, which is sufficient to make you all rich and content. Stay a little, and you shall see." So saying, she went in again, and bid us be quiet, and make no noise, for she would come back immediately. I asked the renegade what she said, and when he told me I bid him be sure to do just as Zoraïda would have him. The latter was now returned with a little trunk, so full of gold crowns that she could hardly carry it.

Ill fortune would have it, that her father happened at that moment to awake, and hearing a noise in the garden, looked out at the window and observed there were Christians in it. Immediately he cried out as loud as he could in Arabic: "Christians, Christians!

Thieves, thieves!" which outcry put us all into the utmost terror and confusion. But the renegade, seeing the danger we were in, and considering how much it imported him to go through with the

enterprise before it was discovered, ran up with the greatest speed to the room where Agi-Morato was. With him ran up several others of us; but I did not dare to quit Zoraïda, who had sunk into my arms almost in a swoon. In short, they that went up acquitted themselves so well, that in a moment they came down with Agi-Morato, having tied his hands and stopped his mouth with a handkerchief, so that he could not speak a word, and threatening him with death, if he made the least noise. When his daughter saw him, she covered her eyes, and her father was astonished at seeing her, not knowing how willingly she had put herself into our hands. But at that time it being of the utmost consequence to us to fly, we got as speedily as we could to the bark, where our comrades already expected us with impatience, fearing that some misfortune had befallen us.

Scarce two hours of the night were passed when we were all got on board the bark. Then we untied the hands of Zoraïda's father, and took the handkerchief out of his mouth; but the renegade warned him again not to speak a word, for, if he did, they would take away his life. When he saw his daughter there, he began to weep most tenderly, and especially when he perceived that I held her closely embraced, and that she, without making any show of opposition or coyness, sat quiet; nevertheless he held his peace, lest the renegade should put his threats in execution.

When Zoraïda saw that we begun to handle our oars, seeing her father there and the rest of the Moors who were bound, she spoke to the renegade to desire me to do her the favour to loose those Moors, and set her father at liberty, for she would sooner throw herself into the sea than see a father who loved her so tenderly carried away captive before her eyes, and upon her account. The renegade told me what she desired, and I answered that I was entirely satisfied it should be so. But he replied that it could not be; for, should they be set on shore there, they would presently raise the country and alarm the city, and cause some light frigates to be sent out in quest of us, and so we should be beset both by sea and land, and it would be impossible for us to escape. What might be done, he added, was to give them their liberty at the first Christian country we should touch at. We all came in to this opinion, and Zoraïda

also was satisfied when we told her what we had determined, and the reasons why we could not at present comply with her request.

Then immediately, with joyful silence and cheerful diligence, each of our brave rowers handled his oar, and recommending ourselves to God with all our hearts, we began to make toward the Balearic Isles, which is the nearest Christian land. But the north wind beginning to blow fresh, and the sea being somewhat rough, it was not possible for us to steer the course of Majorca, and we were forced to keep along shore towards Oran, not without great apprehensions of being discovered from the town of Sargel, which lies on that coast, about sixty miles from Algiers. We were afraid likewise of meeting in our passage with some of those galeots which come usually with merchandise from Tetuan, though each relying on his own courage, and that of his comrades in general, we presumed that if we should meet a galeot, provided it were not a cruiser, we should, far from being ruined, probably take a vessel wherein we might more securely pursue our route. While we proceeded in our voyage, Zoraïda kept her head between my hands, that she might not look on her father; and I could perceive she was continually calling upon Lella Maryem to assist us.

We had rowed about thirty miles when day-break came upon us, and we found ourselves not above three musket-shots distant from the shore, which seemed to be quite a desert and without any creature to discover us. However, by mere dint of rowing, we gained a little offing, the sea having by this time become more calm. When we had advanced about two leagues, it was ordered they should row by turns, whilst we took a little refreshment, the bark being well provided. But the rowers said that it was not a time to take any rest, and that they would by no means quit their oars, but eat and row, if those who were unemployed would bring the victuals to them. They did so; and now the wind began to blow a brisk gale, which forced us to set up our sails and lay down our oars, and steer directly to Oran, it being impossible to hold any other course. All this was done with great expedition; and so we sailed above eight miles an hour, without any other fear than that of meeting some corsair. We gave the Moorish prisoners

something to eat, and the renegade comforted them by telling them they were not slaves, and that they should have their liberty given them the first opportunity. He said the same to Zoraïda's father, who answered: "I might perhaps expect or hope for any

other favour from your liberality and generous usage, O Christians! But as to giving me my liberty, think me not so simple as to imagine it. You would never have exposed yourselves to the hazard of taking it from me to restore it to me so freely, especially since you know who I am, and the advantage that may accrue to you from my ransom. Only name your price, and from this moment I promise you whatever you demand for myself and this poor child, who is the greater and better part of my soul." Saying this, he began to weep so bitterly that it moved us all to compassion, and forced Zoraïda to look up at him. She was so melted at witnessing her father's excessive grief, that she got up from me and ran to embrace him, and laying her face to his, they began so tender a lamentation that many of us could not forbear weeping. But when her father observed that she was adorned with her best attire, and had so many jewels about her, he said to her in his language: "How comes it, daughter, that yesterday evening, before this terrible misfortune befel us, I saw you in your ordinary and household dress; and now, without having had time to dress yourself, or having received any joyful news fit to be solemnized by adorning and dressing yourself out, I see you set off with the best clothes that I could possibly give you, when fortune was more favourable to us? Answer to this, for it holds me in greater surprise and uneasiness than the misfortune itself into which I am fallen."

The renegade interpreted to us all that the Moor said to his daughter, and Zoraïda answered him not a word. But when Agi-Morato saw in a corner of the vessel the little trunk in which she used to keep her jewels, which he knew very well he had left in Algiers, and had not brought with him to the garden, he was still more confounded, and asked her how that trunk had come to our hands, and what was in it. Then the renegade, without giving Zoraïda time to speak, answered: "Trouble not yourself, Signor, about asking your daughter so many questions; with one word I will satisfy them all. Be it known to you, therefore, that she is a Christian, and has been the instrument to file off our chains and give us the liberty we enjoy. She is here with her own consent,

and as well pleased, I believe, to find herself in this condition, as one who goes out of darkness into light, from death to life, and from suffering to glory."

"Is this true, daughter?" said the Moor.

"It is," answered Zoraïda.

"In effect then," replied the old man, "you are become a Christian, and are she who has put her father into the power of his enemies?"

"I am indeed a Christian," answered Zoraïda, "but not she who has reduced you to this condition, for my desire never was to do you harm, but only myself good."

"And what good have you done yourself, my daughter?"

"Ask that," answered she, "of Lella Maryem, who can tell you better than I can."

The Moor had scarcely heard this answer, when with incredible precipitation he threw himself headlong into the sea, and without doubt had been drowned had not the wide and cumbersome garments he wore kept him a little while above water. At the cries of Zoraïda we all ran, and laying hold of his garment, dragged him out,

half drowned and insensible; at this sight Zoraïda was so affected that she wept over him as if he had been really dead. We turned him with

his mouth downward; he voided a great deal of water, and in about two hours came to himself. In the mean time, the wind being changed, we were obliged to ply our oars to avoid running upon the shore. By good fortune we came to a creek by the side of a small promontory, or headland, which the Moors call the cape of *Cava Rhoumia*, that is to say in our language, *of the wicked Christian woman.* The Moors have a tradition that Cava, who occasioned the loss of Spain, lies buried there; *Cava* signifying in their language a *wicked woman*[226], and *Rhoumia*, a *Christian.* They reckon it an ill omen to anchor there, and never do so unless forced by necessity. To us, it proved not the shelter of a wicked woman, but a safe harbour and retreat, considering how high the sea ran. We placed scouts on shore, and never dropped our oars: we ate of what the renegade had provided, and prayed to God and to Our Lady very devoutly for assistance and protection, that we might give a happy ending to so fortunate a beginning.

[226] *Kava* is the name given by the Arabs to Florinda, daughter of Count Julian. Luis de Marmol, in his *General Description of Africa* (Book IV., Chap. 45), after having spoken of the ruins of Cæsarea, says of this promontory: "On this spot are still standing the ruins of two ancient temples——, in one of which is a very lofty dome, called by the Moors *Cobor Rhoumi*, which means *Roman sepulchre;* but the Christians, little versed in Arabic, call it Cava Rhoumia, and fabulously assert that Cava, the daughter of Count Julian, is interred there——Eastward of this town, is a large wooded mountain, which the Christians call *the mountain of the wicked woman*, whence all the timber used in Algiers for ship-building is brought." This mountain is probably Cape Cajinès.

Order was given, at Zoraïda's entreaty, to set Agi-Morato on shore with the rest of the Moors, who until then had been fast bound; for she had not the heart, nor could her tender bowels brook to see her father and her countrymen carried off prisoners before

her face. We promised her it should be done at our going off, since there was no danger in leaving them in so desolate a place. Our prayers were not in vain; Heaven heard them, the wind presently changed in our favour, and the sea became calm, inviting us to return and prosecute our intended voyage. Then we unbound the Moors, and, to their astonishment, set them one by one on shore. But when we came to disembark Zoraïda's father, who was now perfectly in his senses, he said: "Why think you Christians, is this wicked woman desirous of my being set at liberty? Do you imagine that it is out of any filial piety she has towards me? No, certainly; it is because of the disturbance my presence would give her when she has a mind to put her evil inclinations in practice. Think not that she is moved to change her religion because she thinks yours is preferable to ours; no, it is because she knows that libertinism is more allowed in your country than in ours." Then, turning to Zoraïda, I and another Christian holding him fast by both arms, lest he should commit some outrage: "O infamous and ill-advised maiden!" cried he, "whither goest thou, blindfold and precipitate, in the power of these dogs, our natural enemies? Cursed be the hour wherein I begat thee, and cursed be the indulgence and luxury in which I brought thee up!" When I perceived he was not likely to give over in haste, I hurried him ashore, and thence he continued his execrations and wailings, praying to Mahomet that he would beseech Allah to destroy, confound and make an end of us. When, being under sail, we could no longer hear his words, we saw his actions; he tore his beard, plucked off his hair, and rolled himself on the ground, and once he raised his voice so high that we could hear him say: "Come back, beloved daughter, come back to shore; for I forgive thee all. Let those men keep the money they already have, and do thou come back and comfort thy disconsolate father, who must lose his life in this desert land if thou forsakest him." All this Zoraïda heard; all this she felt and bewailed. But she could only answer him: "May it please Allah, my dear father, that Lella Maryem, who has been the cause of my turning Christian, may comfort you in your affliction. Allah well knows, that I could do no otherwise than I have done, and that

these Christians are not indebted to me for any particular good-will to them. Though I had even had no mind to have gone with them, but rather to have stayed at home, it was impossible, for my mind would not let me be at rest until I performed this work, which to me seems as good, as you my dearest father, think it culpable."

Zoraïda said that when we were got so far off that her father could not hear her, nor we see him any more. So I comforted her, and we all minded our voyage, which was now made so easy to us, by a favourable wind, that we made no doubt of being next morning upon the coast of Spain.

But as good seldom or never comes pure and unmixed, without being accompanied or followed by some ill to alarm and disturb it, our evil star, or perhaps the curses the Moor bestowed on his daughter, (for such are always to be dreaded, let the father be what he will,) came to trouble our joy. We being now got far out to sea, the third hour of the night well-nigh past, and under full sail, the oars being lashed, for the fair wind eased us of the labour of making use of them, we suddenly observed, by the light of the moon, which shone very brightly, a round vessel, with all her sails out, a little a-head of us, but so close aboard of us that we were forced to strike sail, to avoid running foul of her; and they also put the helm hard up to give us room to go by. The men had posted themselves on the quarter-deck to ask who we were, whither we were bound and whence we came. As these questions were asked us in French, our renegade said: "Let no one answer; these without doubt are French corsairs, to whom all is fish that comes to net." Upon this caution nobody spoke a word, and having sailed a little on, their vessel being to windward of us, on a sudden they let fly two pieces of artillery, both, as it appeared, charged with chain-shot, for one cut our mast through the middle, both that and the sail falling into the sea, and the other, fired nearly at the same instant, came through the middle of our bark, so as to lay it quite open, without wounding any of us. But, finding ourselves sinking, we all began to cry aloud for help, and to beg of those in the ship to take us in, for we were drowning. They then struck their sails, and hoisting out their pinnace, about twelve Frenchmen, well armed

with muskets and their matches lighted, leaped into her and pulled alongside our bark. When they saw how few we were, and that the vessel was sinking, they took us in, telling us to attribute our ill-luck to our incivility in returning them no answer. Our renegade took the trunk which contained Zoraïda's treasure, and unperceived by any one, threw it overboard. In short, we all passed into the French ship, where after they had informed themselves of whatever they had a mind to know concerning us, immediately, as if they had been our capital enemies, they stripped us of every thing, and Zoraïda even of the bracelets she wore upon her ancles. But that sight gave me less uneasiness than the apprehension I was in lest they should proceed from plundering her of her rich and precious jewels, to depriving her of the jewel of most worth, and that which she valued most. But, fortunately, the desires of this sort of men seldom extend farther than to money and booty, with which their avarice is never satisfied, as was evident at that time, for they would have taken away the very clothes we wore as slaves, if they had thought they could have made any thing of them.

Some of them were of opinion it would be best to throw us all over-board, wrapped up in a sail, for their design was to trade in some of the Spanish ports, pretending to be of Britany; and should they carry us with them thither, they would be seized on and punished, upon discovery of the robbery. But the captain, who had rifled my dear Zoraïda, said he was contented with the prize he had already got, and that he would not touch at any port of Spain, but pass the Straits of Gibraltar by night, or as he could, and make the best of his way for La Rochelle whence he came. Therefore in conclusion they agreed to give us their ship-boat, and what was necessary for so short a voyage as we had to make; this they did the next day, in view of the Spanish coast; at which sight all our troubles and miseries were forgotten as entirely as if they had never happened to us: so great is the pleasure of regaining one's lost liberty!

It was about noon when they put us into the boat, giving us two barrels of water and some biscuit; and the captain, moved by I know not what compassion, gave the beautiful Zoraïda, at her going off, about forty crowns in gold, and would not permit his soldiers to

strip her of these very clothes she has now on. We went on board, giving them thanks for the favour they did us, and showing ourselves rather pleased than dissatisfied. They stood out to sea, steering towards the Straits; and we, without minding any other north-star than the land before us, rowed so hard that we were, at sun-set, sufficiently near to it to get thither, as we thought, before the night should be far spent. But the moon not shining, and the sky being cloudy, as we did not know the coast we were upon we did nor think it safe to land. However, several among us wished to go ashore, though it were among the rocks and far from any town, for by that means, they said, we should avoid the danger we ought to fear from the corsairs of Tetuan, who are over-night in Barbary, and the next morning on the coast of Spain, where they commonly pick up some prize, and return to sleep at their own homes. However, it was decided at last that we should row gently towards the shore, and if the sea proved calm, land wherever we could. We did so; and a little before midnight, we arrived at the foot of a very large and high mountain, not so close to the shore but there was room enough for our landing commodiously. We ran our boat into the sand; we all got on shore, kissed the ground, and, with tears of joy and satisfaction, gave thanks to God, our Lord, for the unparallelled mercy he had shewn us in our voyage. We took our provisions out of the boat, which we dragged on shore, and then ascended a good way up the mountain; but, even when we had penetrated so far, we could not satisfy our minds, nor thoroughly believe that the ground we were upon was Christian ground.

We thought the day would never come and presently ascended to the top of the mountain, to see if we could discover any houses, or shepherds' huts. But, so far as we could see, neither habitation nor person, nor path, nor road could we discover at all. However, we determined at all events to penetrate farther into the country, thinking it impossible but we must soon see somebody to inform us where we were. But what troubled me most was to see Zoraïda travel on foot through those craggy places; for though I occasionally took her on my shoulders, my weariness wearied her more than her own resting relieved her; therefore she would not suffer me to take

that pains any more, and so went on with very great patience and signs of joy, I still leading her by the hand.

We had hardly gone in this manner a quarter of a league, when the sound of a little bell reached our ears, a certain signal that some flocks were near us. All of us looking out attentively to see whether any appeared, we discovered a young shepherd at the foot

of a cork-tree, quietly employed in shaping a stick with his knife. We called out to him, and he, lifting up his head, got up nimbly on his feet. But, as we came to understand afterwards, the first who presented themselves to his sight were the renegade and Zoraïda, and he, seeing them in Moorish habits, thought all the Moors in Barbary were upon him. Making towards the wood before him with incredible speed, he cried out as loud as he could: "The Moors! the Moors are landed! to arms! to arms!" When we heard this outcry, we were confounded, and knew not

what to do; but, considering that the shepherd's outcries must needs alarm the country, and that the militia of the coast would presently come to see what was the matter, we agreed that the renegade should strip off his Turkish habit and put on a jerkin, or slave's cassock, which one of us immediately gave him, though he who lent it remained only in his shirt and breeches: then, recommending ourselves to God, we pursued the same way we saw the shepherd take, expecting every moment when the coast guard would be upon us. Nor were we deceived in our apprehension: in less than two hours, as we came down the hill into the plain, we discovered about fifty horsemen coming towards us on a half-gallop. As soon as we saw them, we stood still to wait their coming up. But as they drew near, and found, instead of the Moors they looked for, a company of poor Christian captives, they were surprised, and

one of them asked us whether we were the occasion of the shepherd's alarming the country. I answered that we were; and being about to acquaint him whence we came and who we were, one of the Christians who came with us, knew the horseman who asked us the question; and, without giving me time to say any thing more, he

cried : " God be praised, gentlemen, for bringing us to so good a part of the country ! for, if I am not mistaken, the ground we stand upon is the territory of Velez-Malaga, and if the length of my captivity has not impaired my memory, you, Sir, who are asking us who we are, are Pedro de Bustamante, my uncle." Scarcely had the Christian captive said this, when the horseman threw himself from his horse and ran to embrace the young man. " Dear nephew of my soul and of my life," cried he, " I know you ; and we have often bewailed your death, I, my sister, your mother and all your kindred, who are still alive. God has been pleased to prolong their lives that they may have the pleasure of seeing you again. We knew you were in Algiers, and, by the appearance of your dress and that of your companions, I guess you must have recovered your liberty in some miraculous manner."—" It is even so," answered the young man, " and we shall have time enough hereafter to tell you the whole story."

As soon as the horsemen understood that we were Christian captives, they alighted from their horses, and each of them invited us to accept of his horse to carry us to the city of Velez-Malaga, which was a league and a half off. Some of them went back to carry the boat to the town, being told by us where we had left it. Others of them took us up behind them, and Zoraïda rode behind our captive's uncle. All the people came out to receive us, having heard the news of our coming from some who went before. They were not surprised to see captives freed, nor Moors made slaves ; for the people of that coast are accustomed to see both the one and the other. But they were astonished by the beauty of Zoraïda, which was at that time in its full perfection ; for what with the fatigue of walking and the joy of being in Christendom, without the fear of being lost, such colours showed themselves in her face, that, if my affection did not then deceive me, I will venture to say there never was in the world a more beautiful creature, at least none that I had ever seen. We went directly to the church, to give God thanks for the mercy we had received, and Zoraïda, on entering, said there were faces there very like that of Lella Maryem. We told her they were pictures of her, and the renegade explained to her

the best he could what they signified, that she might adore them, just as if every one of them were really that very Lella Maryem who had spoken to her. Zoraïda, who has good sense, and a clear and ready apprehension, readily understood what was told her concerning the images [227]. After this they conducted us to the town, and lodged us in different houses. But the Christian who came with us took the renegade, Zoraïda and me, to the house of his parents, who were in pretty good circumstances, and who treated us with as much kindness as they did their own son.

We staid in Velez six days, at the end of which time the renegade, having informed himself of what was proper for him to do, repaired to the city of Grenada, there to be re-admitted, by means

[227] It is well known that the mussulmans are iconoclasts, and that they proscribe, as idols, every kind of representation of living creatures.

of the holy Inquisition, into the bosom of our holy mother the church. The rest of the freed captives went every one which way he pleased. As for Zoraïda and myself, we remained behind, with those crowns only which the courtesy of the Frenchman had bestowed on Zoraïda. With part of it I bought this beast she rides on, and hitherto I have served her as a father and a gentleman-usher, but not as a husband. We are going with design to see if my father be living, or whether either of my brothers have had better fortune than myself; though, considering that Heaven has given me Zoraïda, no other fortune could have befallen me which I should have valued at so high a rate. The patience with which Zoraïda bears the inconveniences poverty brings along with it, and the desire she seems to express of becoming a Christian, is so great, so admirable, that I am astonished, and I look upon myself as bound to serve her all the days of my life. However, the delight I take in seeing myself hers and her mine, is sometimes interrupted and almost destroyed by a thought that frequently suggests itself to me: I know not whether I shall find any corner in my own country wherein to shelter her, whether time and death have not made such alterations in the affairs and lives of my father and brothers, that, if they are no more, I shall hardly find any one who will even deign to recognize me.

This, gentlemen, is my history; whether it be an entertaining and uncommon one, you are to judge. For my own part, I can say, I would willingly have related it still more succinctly, though the fear of tiring you has made me omit several circumstances which were at my tongue's end [228].

[228] The adventure of the captive is repeated in the comedy *los Banos de Argel*, and Lope de Vega has also introduced it in that intituled *los Cautivos de Argel*. Cervantes gives it as a true history, and concludes the first mentioned piece in the following words: "This tale of love and sweet recollections is still current at Algiers, and the garden and the window are to be seen to this day.——"

CHAPTER XV.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT FARTHER HAPPENED IN THE INN, AND OF MANY OTHER THINGS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN.

AFTER the captive had ended his story, Don Fernando said: "Truly, captain the manner of your relating this strange adventure has been such as equals the novelty and interest of the event itself. The whole is extraordinary, uncommon and full of accidents, which astonish and surprise those who hear them. So great is the pleasure we have received in listening to it, that though the story had held until to-morrow, we should have wished it were to begin again." Cardenio and the rest of the company offered him all the service in their power, with such expressions of kindness and sincerity, that the captain was extremely well satisfied of their good-will. Don Fernando, among other offers, said that if he would return with him, he, Don Fernando, would prevail with the marquis his brother to stand godfather at Zoraïda's baptism, and that, for his own part, he would accommodate him in such a manner that he might appear in his own country with the dignity and distinction due to his person.—

The captive thanked him most courteously, but would not accept of any of his generous offers.

By this time night approached, and, about the dusk, a coach arrived at the inn, surrounded by some men on horseback, who

asked for a lodging. The hostess answered that there was not an inch of spare room in the whole inn. "Though it be so," said one of the men on horseback, "there must be room made for my lord judge [229] here in the coach." At this name the hostess was troubled: "Sir," she said, "the truth is, I have no bed. If his worship my lord judge brings one with him, as I believe he must, let him enter and welcome. I and my husband will quit our own chamber to accommodate his honour."—"Then let it be so?" quoth the squire. At that moment there alighted out of the coach a man whose garb announced the office and dignity he bore. His long and sleeveless gown made it apparent that he was a judge, as his servant had said. He led by the hand a young lady, about

[229] The office of auditor of the courts and chancery, in Spain, answers to that of the judge of the court of Appeal among us.

sixteen years of age, in a riding-dress, so genteel, so beautiful and so gay, that her presence struck them all with admiration, and had

they not seen Dorothea, Lucinda and Zoraïda, who were in the inn, they would hardly have believed that such charms could have

been found. Don Quixote was present at the arrival of the judge. When he saw him enter, leading the young lady, he said: "Your worship may securely enter and walk about in this castle. It is certainly narrow and ill accommodated, but there is no narrowness nor incommodiousness in the world which does not make room for arms and letters, especially if arms and letters bring beauty for their guide and conductor, as your worship's letters do in this fair maiden, to whom not only castles ought to throw open and offer themselves, but rocks to separate and divide, and mountains to bow their lofty heads, to give her entrance and reception. Enter, Sir, I say, into this paradise: you will find here stars and suns to accompany that Heaven you bring with you; you will find here arms at their post, and beauty in perfection."

The judge marvelled greatly at this speech of Don Quixote's, whom he scrutinized very earnestly from head to foot, no less astonished at his figure than at his words; and not knowing what to answer, he began to gaze at him again, when Lucinda, Dorothea and Zoraïda appeared before him, whom the report of these new guests, and the account the hostess had given them of the beauty of the young lady, had brought to see and receive her.—Don Fernando, Cardenio and the priest, complimented him in a more intelligible and polite manner. Thereupon my lord judge entered the inn, no less confounded at what he saw than at what he heard; and the beauties of the house welcomed the fair stranger. The judge was at no loss to perceive that all there were persons of distinction; but the mien, visage and behaviour of Don Quixote disconcerted him. After the usual civilities, and when an enquiry had been made into what conveniences the inn afforded, it was again ordered, as it had been before, that all the women should lodge in the great room aforesaid, and the men remain without as their guard. The judge was contented that his daughter (such was the young lady) should accompany those ladies, which she did with all her heart. With part of the inn-keeper's narrow bed, together with that the judge had brought with him, they accommodated themselves that night better than they expected.

The captive, from the very moment he saw the judge, felt his

heart beat, and had a suspicion that this gentleman was his brother. He went into the yard and asked one of the servants that came with him what his name might be, and if he knew what country he was of. The servant answered that his master was called the licentiate Juan Perez de Viedma, a native, as he had heard say, of a town in the mountains of Leon. This account, coupled with what he had seen, entirely confirmed the captive in his opinion that this was that brother who, by advice of his father, had applied himself to learning. Overjoyed and pleased to think that it was so, he called aside Don Fernando, Cardenio and the priest, and told them what had passed, assuring them that the judge was his brother. The servant had also told him that he was going to the Indies in quality of judge of the courts of Mexico. He understood also that the young lady was his daughter, and that her mother had died in giving her birth, and had left the judge very rich by the dowry which came to him from his having this child by her. The captive asked their advice as to what way he should take to discover himself, or how he might first ascertain whether, after the discovery, his brother, seeing him so poor, would be ashamed to own him, or would receive him with fraternal affection. "Leave it to me to make the experiment," said the priest. "The rather because there is no reason to doubt, Signor captain, that you will be very well received, for the worth and prudence which appear in your brother's looks give no signs of his being arrogant or wilfully forgetful, or of his not knowing how to make due allowances for the accidents of fortune."—"Nevertheless," said the captain, "I would fain make myself known to him by some round-about way, and not suddenly and at unawares."—"I tell you," answered the priest, "I will manage it after such a manner that all parties shall be satisfied."

By this time supper was ready, and they all sat down to table, excepting the captive and the ladies, who supped by themselves in their chamber. In the midst of supper, the priest said: "My lord judge, I had a comrade of your name in Constantinople, where I was a slave some years; which comrade was one of the bravest soldiers and captains in all the Spanish infantry, but as unfortunate

as he was resolute and brave."—"And pray, Sir, what was the captain's name?" said the judge. "He was called," answered the priest, "Rui [230] Perez de Viedma, and he was born in a town in the mountains of Leon. He related to me a circumstance which happened between his father, himself and his two brothers, which, had it come from a person of less veracity than himself, I should have taken for a tale, such as old women tell by the fireside in winter. In effect, he informed me that his father had divided his estate equally between himself and his three sons, and had given them certain precepts better than those of Cato. I can assure you that the choice he made to follow the wars succeeded so well that, in a few years, by his valour and bravery, without other help than that of his great merit, he rose to be a captain of foot, and saw himself in the road to become a colonel very soon. But there his good fortune deserted him; for where he might most have expected to have her favour, he altogether experienced her most bitter persecution. In a word, he lost his liberty in that glorious action whereby so many recovered theirs, at the battle of Lepanto. Mine I lost at the Goleta; and subsequently, by the fortune of war, we became comrades in Constantinople. From thence he was removed to Algiers, where, to my knowledge, one of the strangest adventures in the world befel him." The priest then recounted very briefly and succinctly the history of what had passed between his brother and Zoraïda. The judge listened as attentively to this recital as ever he had done to evidence for or against a prisoner at the bar. The priest suddenly broke off at that point where the French stripped the Christians who came in the bark; he left off at the poverty and necessity wherein his comrade and the beautiful Moor were left, adding that he knew not what became of them afterwards, whether they arrived in Spain, or were carried by the Frenchmen to France.

The captain stood at some distance patiently listening to all the priest said, and observing all the emotions of his brother. The latter, perceiving that the priest had ended his story, fetched a deep sigh, and, his eyes standing with water, said: "O Sir! you

[230] *Rui*, an abbreviation of Rodrigo.

know not how nearly I am affected by the news you tell me; so nearly, that I am constrained to shew it by these tears, which flow from my eyes in spite of all my discretion and reserve! That gallant captain you mention is my elder brother, who, being of a stronger constitution and of more elevated thoughts than I or my younger brother, chose the honourable and worthy profession of arms, which was one of the three careers proposed to us by our father, as your comrade told you when he related to you that history which you mistook for an old wife's tale. I applied myself to learning, which by God's blessing and my industry has raised me to the station you see me in. My younger brother is in Peru, so rich that, with what he has sent to my father and me, he has made large amends for what he took away with him, and besides has enabled my father to indulge his natural disposition to liberality; and I also, thanks to him, have been enabled to prosecute my studies with more decorum and authority, and to befit myself for the rank to which I am now advanced. My father is still alive, but dying with desire to hear of his eldest born, and praying incessantly to God that death may not close his eyes until he has once again beheld his son alive. I wonder extremely, considering my brother's discretion, how, in so many troubles and afflictions, or in his prosperous successes, he could neglect giving his father some account of himself. Certainly, if my father or any of us had known his case, he needed not have waited for the miracle of the cane to have obtained his ransom. But what at present gives me the most concern, is to think whether those Frenchmen have set him at liberty, or killed him to conceal their robbery. This thought will make me continue my voyage, not with that satisfaction I began it, but rather with melancholy and sadness. O my dear brother! did I but know where you now are, I would go and find you and deliver you from your troubles, though at the expense of my own repose! Oh! who shall carry the news to our aged father that you are alive? Though you were in the deepest dungeon of Barbary, his wealth, my brother's and mine would fetch you thence. And you, O beautiful and bountiful Zoraïda! who can repay the kindness you have done my brother! who shall be so happy as to be present at your regeneration by

baptism, and at your nuptials, which would give us all so much delight!"

These and the like expressions the judge uttered, so full of compassion at the news he had received of his brother, that all who heard him bore him company in demonstrations of a tender concern for his sorrow. The priest, finding he had gained his point according to the captain's wish, would not hold them any longer in suspense. Rising from table and entering Zoraïda's room, he took her by the hand, and behind her came Lucinda, Dorothea and the judge's daughter. The captain stood expecting what the priest

would do. The latter, taking him by the other hand and leading them both into the room where the judge and the rest of the

company were, said: "My lord judge, dry your tears, and let your wish be crowned with all the happiness you can desire. Behold your good brother and your good sister-in-law. Here is captain Viedma, and there is the beautiful Moor who did him so much

good. The Frenchmen I told you of reduced them to the poverty you see, to give you an opportunity of shewing the liberality of your generous breast." The captain ran to embrace his brother, who, in his surprise, set both his hands against the captain's breast to regard him a little more stedfastly; but when he thoroughly recognized him, he embraced him closely, shedding melting tears of joy, in which no one present could refrain from joining him. The words both the brothers uttered to each other and the concern they shewed, can, I believe, hardly be conceived, much less written. They gave each other a brief account of their adventures; then they demonstrated the height of brotherly affection; then the judge embraced Zoraïda, offering her all he had; then he made his daughter embrace her; then the fair Christian and beautiful Moor renewed the tears of all the company. Don Quixote stood attentive, without speaking a word, pondering upon these strange events, and ascribing them all to chimeras of knight-errantry. It was finally agreed, that the captain and Zoraïda should return with their brother to Seville, and acquaint their father with his being found at liberty, that the old man might contrive to be present at the baptism and nuptials of Zoraïda. It was impossible for the judge to discontinue his journey, he having received news of the flota's departure from Seville for New Spain in a month's time, and it would have been a great inconvenience to him to have lost his passage.

All present were satisfied and rejoiced at the captive's success; and, two parts of the night being well nigh spent, they agreed to retire and repose themselves during the remainder. Don Quixote offered his service to guard the castle, lest some giant or other miscreant-errant, for lucre of the treasure of beauty enclosed there, should make some attempt and attack them. They who knew him, returned him thanks, and gave the judge an account of his strange frenzy, with which he was not a little diverted. Sancho Panza alone was out of all patience at the company's sitting up so late; and after all, he was better accommodated than any of them, throwing himself upon the accoutrements of his ass, which cost him dear, as will be seen by and by. The ladies having now retired to their chamber,

and the rest having bestowed themselves as well as they could, Don Quixote sallied out of the inn to stand sentinel at the castle-gate, as he had promised.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHICH TREATS OF THE AGREEABLE HISTORY OF THE YOUNG MULETEER, WITH OTHER STRANGE ACCIDENTS THAT HAPPENED IN THE INN.

JUST before day-break, there reached the ladies' ears a voice so tuneable and sweet that it instantly attracted their attention, especially that of Dorothea, who lay awake, while Donna Clara de Viedma, for so the judge's daughter was called, slept by her side. Nobody could imagine who the person was that sung so well; it was a single voice, without any instrument to accompany it. Sometimes they fancied the singing was in the yard, and at other times that it was in the stable. While they were thus in suspense, Cardenio came to the chamber-door, and said: "You that are not asleep, pray listen, and you will hear the voice of one of the muleteer lads, who sings enchantingly."—"We hear him already, Sir," answered

Dorothea. Cardenio then went away; and Dorothea, listening with the utmost attention, overheard the following stanzas:

"I am a Mariner of Love,
And in his seas profound,
Toss'd betwixt doubts and fears I rove,
And see no port around.

"At distance I behold a star,
Whose beams my senses draw,
Brighter, and more resplendent far,
Than Palinure [231] e'er saw.

"Yet still, uncertain of my way,
I stem a dangerous tide,
No compass but that doubtful ray,
My wearied bark to guide.

"For when its light I most would see,
Benighted most I sail:
Like clouds, reserve and modesty
Its shrouded lustre veil.

"O lovely star [232], by whose bright ray
My love and faith I try,
When thou withdraw'st thy cheering day,
In night of death I lie."

When the singer came to this point, Dorothea thought it would be wrong to let Clara lose the opportunity of hearing so good a voice. Jogging her gently to and fro, she awaked her, saying: "Pardon

[231] The pilot of Æneas.

. . . . . Surgit Palinurus, et omnes
Explorat ventos . . . . .
Sidera cuncta notat tacito latentia cœlo.
(Æn., lib. III.)

[232] In the original, *Clara y luciente estrella*, jeu de mots on the name of Clara.

me, child, that I awake you, for I do it that you may have the pleasure of hearing the best voice, perhaps, you have ever heard in all your life." Clara awoke, quite sleepy, rubbed her eyes, and, not

understanding what Dorothea had said, asked her to repeat it. Dorothea did so, and Clara became all attention; but no sooner had she heard two or three of the verses which the young man was singing, than she began to tremble as excessively as if she had been seized by a violent fit of tertian ague, and, clasping Dorothea close

in her arms: "Ah! dear lady of my soul and life," she said, "why did you awaken me? The greatest good that fortune could do me at this time, would be to keep my eyes and ears closed, that I might neither see nor hear this unhappy musician."—"What is it you say, child? Pray take notice we are told he that sings is but a muleteer."—"Oh, no! he is no such thing," replied Clara: "he is a young gentleman of large possessions, and so much master of my heart that, if he has no mind to part with it, it shall be his eternally." Dorothea was surprised to hear these passionate expressions of the girl, thinking them far beyond what her tender years might promise. "You speak in such a manner, Miss Clara," she said to her, "that I cannot understand you. Explain yourself more clearly, and tell me what it is you say of heart and possessions, and of this musician whose voice disturbs you so much. But say nothing now; for I will not lose the pleasure of hearing him sing, to mind your trembling, and methinks he is beginning to sing new verses to a new air."—"With all my heart," answered Clara, and, that she might not hear him, stopped both her ears with her hands. Dorothea's wonder increased at observing that; but listening attentively to the singer, she distinguished the following words:

"Sweet Hope, thee difficulties fly,
To thee disheartning fears give way:
Not e'en thy death impending nigh,
Thy dauntless courage can dismay.

"No conquests bless, no laurels crown
The lazy general's feeble arm,
Who sinks reposed in bed of down,
Whilst ease and sloth his senses charm.

"Love sells his precious glories dear,
And vast the purchase of his joys;
Nor ought he set such treasures rare
At the low price of vulgar toys.

"Since perseverance gains the prize,
And cowards still successless prove,
Borne on the wings of Hope I'll rise,
Nor fear to reach the Heaven of love."

Here the voice ceased, and Clara began to sigh afresh. All this inflamed Dorothea's curiosity to know the cause of so sweet a song, and so sad a plaint. Therefore she again asked her what it was she would have said a while ago. Then Clara, lest Lucinda should hear her, embracing Dorothea, put her mouth so close to her companion's ear that she might speak securely, without being overheard.

"The singer, my dear madam," she began, "is son of a gentleman of the kingdom of Aragon, lord of two towns. He lived opposite to my father's house at court, and though my father kept his windows with canvas in the winter, and lattices in summer [233], I know not how it happened that this young gentleman, who then was

[233] There was at that day no such thing as window-glass at Madrid even in the house of a judge.

engaged at his studies, saw me, at church or elsewhere. In short, he fell in love with me, and gave me to understand his passion from the windows of his house, by so many signs and so many tears, that I was forced to believe, and even to love him, without knowing what I desired. Among other signs which he used to make, one was to join one hand with the other, signifying his

desire to marry me. I should have been very glad for it to have been so, yet, being alone and without a mother, I knew not to whom I could communicate the affair. Therefore I let it rest, without granting him any favour excepting when his father and mine chanced to be both abroad, to lift up the canvas or lattice window, and give him a full view of me; at which he was so transported, that he seemed stark mad. Now the time of my father's

departure drew near, which he heard, but not from me, for I never had an opportunity to tell it him. He fell sick, of grief, as far as I could learn, so that, on the day we came away, I could not see him to bid him farewell, though it were but with my eyes. But, after we had travelled two days, as we were going into an inn in a village a day's journey from hence, I saw him at the door, in the habit of a muleteer, so naturally dressed that, had I not carried his image deeply imprinted in my soul, it had been impossible for me to recognize him. I knew him and was both surprised and overjoyed. He stole looks at me unobserved by my father, whom he carefully avoids, when he crosses the way before me either on the road or at our inn. Knowing who he is and considering that he comes on foot and takes such pains for love of me, I die with concern, and continually set my eyes where he sets his feet. I cannot imagine what he proposes to himself, nor how he could escape from his father, who loves him passionately, having no other heir, and he being so very deserving, as you will perceive when you see him. I can assure you besides, that all he sings is of his own invention, for I have heard it said that he is a very great scholar and a poet. And now, every time I see him or hear him sing, I tremble all over, fearful lest my father should come to know him and discover our inclinations. In my life I never spoke a word to him, and yet I love him so violently that I shall never be able to live without him. This, dear madam, is all I can tell you of this musician, whose voice has pleased you so much, by which you may easily perceive he is no muleteer, but master of hearts and towns, as I have already told you."

"Say no more, my dear Clara," said Dorothea, kissing her a thousand times; "pray say no more, and stay until to-morrow; for I hope in God so to manage your affair that the conclusion shall be as happy as so innocent a beginning deserves."—"Ah madam," said Donna Clara, "what conclusion can be hoped for, since his father is of such quality and so wealthy that he will not think me worthy to be so much as his son's servant, and how much less his wife? And as to marrying without my father's consent and knowledge, I would not do it for all the world. I would only have this young

man go back and leave me; perhaps by not seeing him, and by the great distance of place and time, the pains I now endure may be abated, though I dare say this remedy is like to do me little good. I know not what sorcery this is, nor which way this love possesses me, he and I being both so young, for I verily believe we are of the same age, and I am not yet full sixteen, nor shall be, as my father says, until next Michaelmas." Dorothea could not forbear smiling to hear how childishly Donna Clara talked. "Let us try to rest the short remainder of the night;" she said, "to-morrow is a new day, and we shall speed, or my hand will be mightily out."

Then they composed themselves to sleep, and there was a profound silence all over the inn. The inn-keeper's daughter and her maid Maritornes only, were awake, who very well knowing Don Quixote's peccant humour, and that he was standing without doors, armed and on horseback, keeping guard, agreed to put some trick upon him, or at least to have a little pastime by over-hearing some of his extravagant speeches.

Now, be it understood that the inn had no windows towards the field, only a kind of pigeon-hole to the straw loft, by which they

threw in their straw. At this hole, then, the pair of demi-lasses planted themselves. They perceived that Don Quixote was on horseback, leaning forward on his lance, uttering every now and then such mournful and profound sighs that one would think each of them sufficient to tear away his very soul. They heard him also say, in a soft, soothing and amorous tone: "O my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, perfection of all beauty, sum total of discretion, treasury of wit and good-humour, and pledge of modesty, in a word the idea and example of all that is profitable, decent or delightful in the world, what may your ladyship be now doing? Art thou, peradventure, thinking of thy captive knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many perils, merely for thy sake? O thou triformed luminary [234]! bring me tidings of her, thou who, perhaps, art now gazing at her, envious of her beauty, as she is walking through a gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leaning over a balcony, considering how, without offence to her modesty and grandeur, she may assuage the torment this poor afflicted heart of mine endures for her sake, or perhaps considering what glory to bestow on my sufferings, what rest on my cares, what reward on my services, and, lastly, what life on my death. And thou, sun, who by this time must be hastening to saddle thy steeds to come abroad early and visit my mistress, I entreat thee, as soon as thou seest her, salute her in my name; but beware when thou seest and salutest her that thou dost not kiss her face; for I shall be more jealous of thee than thou wast of that swift ingrate who made thee sweat and run so fast over the plains of Thessaly, or along the banks of Peneus (for I do not well remember on which of them thou rannest at that time), jealous, and enamoured."

Thus far Don Quixote had proceeded in his piteous soliloquy, when the inn-keeper's daughter began to call softly to him, and to say: "Sir, pray come a little this way, if you please." On hearing this signal and voice, Don Quixote turned about his head, and perceived by the light of the moon which then shone very brightly, that somebody called him from the pigeon-hole, which to him seemed a window with gilded bars, fit for as rich a castle, as he fancied the

[234] Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ.

inn to be; and instantly it came again into his mad imagination, as it had done before, that the fair damsel, daughter of the lord of the castle, being irresistibly in love with him, was come to solicit him again. With this thought, that he might not appear discourteous and ungrateful, he turned Rocinante about, and came up to the pigeon-hole. As soon as he saw the two wenches, he said: "I pity you, fair lady, for having placed your amorous inclinations where it is impossible for you to meet with a suitable return, such as your great worth and beauty deserve. Yet ought you not to blame this unfortunate enamoured knight, whose affections love has been incapable of engaging to any other than to her whom, the moment he set his eyes on her, he made absolute mistress of his soul. Pardon me, good lady, and retire to your chamber, and do not, by a farther discovery of your desires, force me to seem still more ungrateful; and if the passion you have for me can enable you to find any thing in me to satisfy you, provided it be not downright love, pray command it; and I swear to you, by that absent sweet enemy of mine, to bestow it upon you immediately, though you should ask me for a lock of Medusa's hair, which was all snakes, or even sun-beams inclosed in a phial[235]."—"Sir," quoth Maritornes, "my lady wants nothing of all this."—"What is it then your lady wants, discreet Duenna?" answered Don Quixote. "Only one of your beautiful hands," quoth Maritornes, "to the end that she may partly satisfy the longing which brought her to this window, so much to the peril of her honour that, if her lord and father should come to know it, he would mince her in such a fashion that the smallest slice of her should be one of her ears."—"I would fain see that," answered Don Quixote; "but he had best have a care what he does, unless he has a mind to come to the most disastrous end that ever father did in the world, for having laid violent hands on the delicate members of his amorous daughter."

Maritornes had no doubt Don Quixote would give his hand as they had desired, and resolving with herself what she would do, she went down into the stable, whence she took the halter of Sancho Panza's ass; then she returned in haste to the hay-loft, just as Don

[235] Like the good sense of Rolando, which Astolpho fetched from the moon.

Quixote had got upon Rocinante's saddle to reach the pigeon-hole where he imagined the enamoured damsel stood. As he gave her his hand, he said: "Take, madam, this hand, or rather this chastiser of the evil-doers of the world; take, I say, this hand, which no

woman's hand ever touched before, not even her's who has the entire right to my whole body. I do not give it you to kiss, but only that you may behold the contexture of its nerves, the firm knitting of its muscles, the largeness and spaciousness of its veins, whence you may gather what must be the strength of the arm to which such a hand belongs."—"We shall soon see that" quoth Maritornes; and, making a running knot on the halter, she clapped it on his wrist; descending from the hole, she tied the other end of it very fast to the staple of the door of the hay-loft.

Don Quixote felt the harshness of the rope about his wrist. "You seem rather to rasp than grasp my hand said he; pray do not treat it so roughly, since it is not to blame for the injury my inclination does you, nor is it right to discharge the whole of your displeasure on so small a part. Consider, besides, that lovers do not take revenge at this cruel rate." But nobody heard a word of all this discourse: for as soon as Maritornes had tied Don Quixote up, she and the inn-keeper's daughter both went away, ready to die with laughing, and left him fastened in such a manner, that it was impossible for him to get loose. He stood, as has been said, upright on the back of Rocinante, his arm within the pigeon-hole and tied by the wrist to the bolt of the door; in the utmost fear and dread that, if his horse stirred ever so little one way or other, he must remain hanging by the arm. Therefore he durst not make the least motion, though he might well expect from the sobriety and patience of Rocinante that he would stand stock still an entire century.

In short, Don Quixote, finding himself securely tied, and that the ladies were gone, began presently to imagine that all this was done in the way of enchantment, as on the previous occasion, when, in that very same castle, the enchanted Moor of a carrier so mauled him. Then within himself he cursed his own inconsiderateness and indiscretion, since having come off so ill before, he had ventured to enter a second time, it being a rule with knights-errant that, when they have once tried an adventure and cannot accomplish it, it is a sign of its not being reserved for them, but for somebody else; in which case there is no necessity for them to try it a second time.

However, he pulled his arm to see if he could loose himself; but the knot was so tight that all his efforts were in vain. It is true indeed, he pulled gently, lest Rocinante should stir, and though he would fain have got into the saddle, and have sat down, he was obliged either to stand up or pull off his hand. Now he wished for Amadis's sword, against which no enchantment had any power; now he cursed his fortune, and exaggerated the loss the world would have of his presence all the while he should continue enchanted, as he firmly believed was the case; now he bethought himself afresh of his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso. Now he called upon his good squire Sancho Panza, who, stretched upon his ass's pannel and buried in sleep, did not, at that instant, so much as dream of the mother that bore him; now he invoked the sages Lirgandeo and Alquife, to help him, and called upon his special friend Urganda, to assist him. Eventually, there the morning overtook him, so despairing and confounded, that he bellowed like a bull, hopeless that the day would bring him any relief; for accounting himself enchanted, he concluded it would be eternal. He was the more induced to believe this to be the case, inasmuch as he observed that Rocinante budged not at all. Therefore he actually believed that himself and his horse must remain in that posture, without eating, drinking or sleeping, until that evil influence of the stars should be past, or until some more sage enchanter should disenchant him.

But he was very much mistaken in his belief. In effect, scarcely had the day began to dawn, when four men on horseback arrived at the inn, very well appointed and accoutred, with carbines hanging at the pommels of their saddles. They called at the inn-door, which was not yet opened, knocking very hard. But Don Quixote, perceiving them from the place where he still stood sentinel, he cried out with an arrogant and loud voice: "Knights, or squires, or whoever you are, you have no business to knock at the gate of this castle, for it is very plain that at such hours the inhabitants are asleep; besides it is not customary to open the gates of fortresses until the sun has spread his beams over the whole horizon. Get farther off, and stay until daylight; then we

shall see whether it is fit to open to you or not."—"What the devil of a fortress or castle is this," quoth one of them, "to oblige us to observe all this ceremony? If you are the inn-keeper, make somebody open the door; for we are travellers, and only want to bait our horses and go on, for we are in haste."—"Do you think, gentlemen, that I look like an inn-keeper?" answered Don Quixote. "I know not what you look like," answered the other; "but I am sure you talk preposterously, to call this inn a castle."—"It is a castle," replied Don Quixote, "and one of the best in this province, and there are in it persons who have had sceptres in their hands and crowns on their heads."—"You had better have said the very reverse," quoth the traveller, "the sceptre on the head, and the crown in the hand. But doubtless some company of strolling players is within, who frequently wear those crowns and sceptres you talk of; otherwise, I do not believe that, in so small and paltry an inn, and where all is so silent, there can be lodged persons worthy to wear crowns and wield sceptres."—"You know little of the world," replied Don Quixote, "if you are ignorant of the accidents which usually happen in knight-errantry." The querist's comrades, tired with the dialogue between him and Don Quixote, knocked again with such increased violence that the inn-keeper awaked, and all the rest of the people that were in the inn. The host got up and asked who knocked.

At that moment it chanced that one of the four strangers' horses came to smell at Rocinante, who, melancholy and sad, his ears hanging down, bore up his distended master without stirring; but, being of flesh, although he seemed to be of wood, he could not but be sensible of it, and smell him again, that came so kindly to caress him. But scarcely had he stirred a step when, Don Quixote's footing failing him, he had fallen to the ground had he not hung by the arm. His uneasy position put him to so much torture that he fancied his wrist was cutting off, or his arm tearing from his body. Yet did he hang so near the ground, that he could just reach it with the tip of his toes, which turned to his prejudice, for, feeling how little he wanted to set his feet to the ground, he strove and stretched as much as he could to reach it quite. Thus

those who are tortured by the strappado [236], being placed at touch or not touch, are themselves the cause of increasing their own pain by their eagerness to extend themselves, deceived by the hope that, if they stretch never so little farther, they shall reach the ground.

[236] *La Garrucha.* The malefactor was suspended, his body being laden with heavy weights, until he confessed his crime.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH ARE CONTINUED THE UNHEARD-OF ADVENTURES OF THE INN.

EFFECTUALLY, Don Quixote reared out so terribly that the host in a fright opened the door in haste, to see who it was that made those outcries. Maritornes, who was also waked by the same noise, imagining what it was, went to the straw-loft and, unperceived by any one, untied the halter which held up Don Quixote. The knight fell to the ground in sight of the inn-keeper and the travellers, who, coming up to him, asked him what ailed him that he so cried out. Don Quixote, without answering a word, slipped the rope from his wrist, raised himself up on his feet, mounted Rocinante, braced his target, couched his lance, and taking a good compass about the field, came up at a hand-gallop, calling out: "Whoever shall dare to affirm that I was fairly enchanted, provided my sovereign lady the princess Micomicona gives me leave, I say he lies, and I challenge him to single combat." The new comers were amazed at Don Quixote's

words; but the inn-keeper removed their wonder by telling them who Don Quixote was, adding that they must not mind him, for he was beside himself.

They then enquired of the host whether there was not in the house a youth about fifteen years old, habited like a muleteer, and of such a height and mien, describing Donna Clara's lover. The host answered there were so many people in the inn that he had not taken particular notice of any such. But one of them, espying the coach the judge came in, said: "Without doubt he must be here, for this is the coach it is said he follows. Let one of us stay at the door, and the rest go in and look for him. It would not be amiss, likewise, for one of us to ride round about the inn, that he may not escape over the pales of the yard."—"It shall be done," answered one of them; and while two went in, the third remained at the door and the fourth walked the round. The inn-keeper observed all this, unable to divine why they took all these measures, though he believed they sought the young lad they had been describing to him.

By this time it was clear day, which, together with the noise Don Quixote had made, had raised the whole house, especially Donna Clara and Dorothea, who had slept but indifferently, the one through concern at being so near her lover, and the other through the desire of seeing him. Don Quixote, perceiving that none of the four travellers minded him, nor deigned to answer his challenge, was dying and running mad with rage and despite; and could he have found a precedent in the statutes and ordinances of chivalry, that a knight-errant might lawfully undertake or begin any other adventure, after having given his word and faith not to engage in any new enterprise until he had finished what he had promised, he would have attacked them all, and made them answer whether they would or not. But thinking it neither convenient nor decent to set about a new adventure until he had reinstated Micomicona in her kingdom, he thought it best to say nothing and be quiet, awaiting, with his arms crossed on his breast, what would be the issue of the enquiry and search those travellers were making.

One of the latter found the youth he was in quest of sleeping by the side of a muleteer, little dreaming of any body's searching for him, or

finding him. The man, pulling him by the arm, said: "Upon my word, Signor Don Luis, the dress you are in, is very becoming such a

gentleman as you; and the bed you lie on is very suitable to the tenderness with which your mother brought you up." The youth rubbed his drowsy eyes, and looking wistfully in his disturber's face, he immediately recognized in him one of his father's servants. This sight so surprised him that he could not speak a word for some minutes. "There is no more to be done, Signor Don Luis, but for you to have patience and return home, unless you have a mind my master, your father, should depart to the other world; for nothing less can be expected from the pain he is in at your absence." "Why how did my father know," said Don Luis, "that I was come this road, and in this dress?"—"A student," answered the servant, "to whom you gave an account of your design, discovered it, being moved to pity by the lamentations your father made the

instant he missed you. He immediately despatched four of his servants in quest of you, and we are all here at your service, overjoyed beyond imagination at the good speed we have made, and that we shall so soon restore you to those eyes that love you so dearly."—"That will be as I shall please, or as Heaven shall ordain," answered Don Luis. "What should you please, or Heaven ordain, otherwise than that you should return home?" quoth the servant, "There is no possibility of avoiding it."

The muleteer who lay with Don Luis, hearing the discourse between them, arose and informed Don Fernando, Cardenio and the rest of the company, who were all by this time up and dressed, with what had passed. He related to them that the man had styled the young lad *Don*, and that the man would have him return to his father's house, and that the youth refused to go. Hearing this, and considering besides how fine a voice Heaven had bestowed upon him, they had all a great longing to know who he was, and to assist him, if any violence should be offered him. Accordingly, they went towards the place where he was talking and disputing with his servant.

At this juncture, Dorothea came out of her chamber, and behind her Donna Clara in great disorder. Calling Cardenio aside, Dorothea related to him in a few words the history of the musician and Donna Clara. In return, he told her what had passed in respect to the servants coming in search after him; but he did not speak so low but Donna Clara overheard him, which put her in such an agony that, had not Dorothea sustained her, she would have fallen. Cardenio desired Dorothea to go back with Donna Clara to their chamber, adding that he would in the mean time endeavour to set matters to rights.

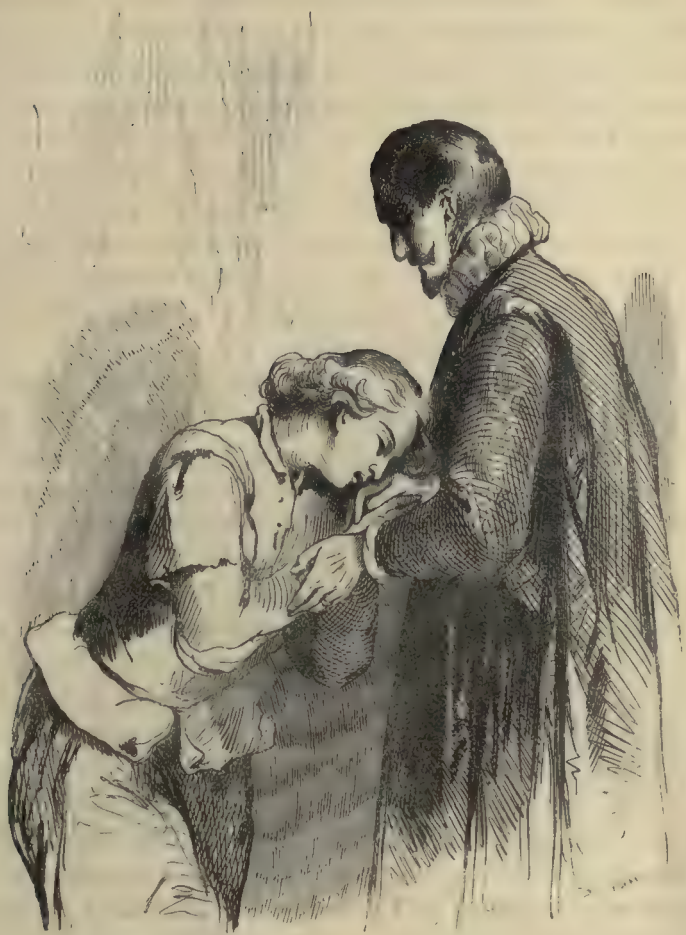
At that moment all the four horsemen who came in quest of Don Luis were in the inn, and had surrounded him, pressing him to return immediately to comfort his father. He answered that he could in no wise do so until he had accomplished a business wherein his life, his honour and his soul were concerned. The servants continued to urge him, saying that they would not go back without him, and that they were resolved to carry him whether he would or not. "That you shall not do," replied Don Luis, "except you kill me; and, whichever way you carry me, it will be without life." Most

of the people that were in the inn were attracted to the spot by the noise of the contention, particularly Cardenio, Don Fernando, his companions, the judge, the priest, the barber, and Don Quixote, who thought there was no farther need of continuing upon the castle-guard. Cardenio, already knowing the young man's story, asked the men who were for carrying him off, why they would take away the youth against his will. "Because," replied one of the four, "we would save the life of this gentleman's father, who is in danger of losing it by his absence."—"There is no need," interrupted Don Luis, "of giving an account of my affairs here. I am free, and will go back if I please; if not, none of you shall force me." "But reason will force you," answered the servant; "and though it should not prevail upon you, it must upon us, to do what we came about, and what we are obliged to."—"Hold," said the judge, "let us know what this business is to the bottom." But the man, who knew him to be his master's near neighbour, answered: "Pray my lord judge, does not your honour know this gentleman? he is your neighbour's son, and has absented himself from his father's house in an unbecoming garb, as your honour may see." Then the judge examined Don Luis more attentively, and having recognized, he embraced him, and said: "What childish frolic is this, Signor Don Luis, or what powerful cause has moved you to come in this manner, and this dress so little becoming your quality?" Tears came into the young gentleman's eyes, and he could not answer a word. The judge bid the servants be quiet, for all would be well; then taking Don Luis by the hand, he led him aside and interrogated him.

While the judge was questioning the young gentleman, a sudden and loud outcry was heard at the door of the inn. The occasion of it was as follows: two guests who had lodged there that night, seeing all the folks busy about learning what the four men searched for, had attempted to go off without paying their reckoning. But the host, who minded his own business more than other people's, laid hold of them as they were going out of the door, and demanded his money, giving them such hard words for their civil intention that he provoked them to return him an answer with their fists.

Accordingly, they began to belabour him so unmercifully that the poor inn-keeper was forced to call out for help. The hostess and her daughter seeing nobody so disengaged and so proper to succour him as Don Quixote, the daughter said to him: "Sir knight, I beseech you, by the valour God has given you, come and help my poor father, whom a couple of wicked fellows are beating to a mummy." Don Quixote answered very leisurely, and with much sang-froid: "Fair maiden, your petition cannot be granted at present: I am incapacitated from intermedling in any other adventure, until I have accomplished one I have already engaged my word for. But what I can do for your service is this: run, and bid your father maintain the fight the best he can, and in no wise to suffer himself to be vanquished, while I go and ask permission of the princess Micomicona to relieve him in distress; which if she grants me, rest assured I will bring him out of it."—"As I am a sinner!" quoth Maritornes, who was standing by, "before your worship can obtain the license you talk of, my master may be gone into the other world."—"Permit me, madam, to obtain the necessary license," answered Don Quixote. "If it be granted me, no matter though he be in the other world; for thence would I fetch him back, in spite of the other world itself, should it dare to contradict or oppose me, or at least I would take such ample revenge on those who shall have sent him thither, that you shall be more than moderately satisfied." And, without saying a word more, he went and knelt before Dorothea, beseeching her, in knightly and errant-like expressions, that her grandeur would vouchsafe to give him leave to go and succour the governor of that castle, who was in grievous distress. The princess gave it him very graciously, and immediately bracing on his target and drawing his sword, the knight ran to the inn-door, where the two guests were still lugging and worrying the poor host. But, directly he came to the spot, he stopped short and looked irresolute, though Maritornes and the hostess asked him why he delayed succouring their master and husband. "I delay," quoth Don Quixote, "because it is not lawful for me to draw my sword against squire-like folks; but call hither my squire Sancho, for to him this defence and revenge most properly belong."

This passed at the door of the inn, where the boxing and cuffing went about briskly, to the inn-keeper's cost and the rage of Maritornes, the hostess and her daughter, who were half frantic at witnessing what they deemed the cowardice of Don Quixote, and the injury then doing to their master, husband and father. But let us leave him there awhile, for doubtless some one will soon come to relieve him; if not, so much the worse for him who is so fool-hardy as to engage in what is above his strength; let him suffer and be silent. Turn we fifty paces back, to see what Don Luis replied to the judge, whom we left apart, asking the cause of his coming on foot and so meanly apparelled. The youth, squeezing



him hard by both hands, as if some great affliction were wringing his heart, and pouring down tears in great abundance, made answer:

"All I can say, dear Sir, is that from the moment Heaven was pleased by means of our neighbourhood to give me sight of Donna Clara, your daughter, from that very instant I made her sovereign mistress of my affections; and if you, my true lord and father, do not oppose it, this very day she shall be my wife. For her I left

my father's house, and for her I put myself into this dress, to follow her whithersoever she went, as the arrow to the target, as the mariner follows the north-star. As yet she knows no more of my passion, than what she may have perceived from now and then seeing at a distance my eyes full of tears. You know, my lord, the wealth and nobility of my family: you know that I am sole heir. If you think these advantages sufficient for you to venture to make me entirely happy, receive me immediately for your son. Though my father, biassed by views of his own, should not approve of the happiness I have found for myself, time may work some favourable change and induce him to alter his mind."

Here the enamoured youth was silent, and the judge remained in suspense, no less surprised at Don Luis's ingenious manner of discovering his passion, than confounded and at a loss what measures to take in so sudden and unexpected an affair. The only reply he could make, was to bid him be easy for the present, and not to let his servants go back that day, that there might be time to consider what was most expedient to be done. Don Luis kissed his hands, and even bathed them with tears, which much affected the judge, who, being a man of sense, soon saw how advantageous and honourable this match would be for his daughter. He only wished, if possible, to effect it with the consent of Don Luis's father, who, he knew, had pretensions to a title for his son.

By this time, the guests had made their peace with the inn-keeper, more through the persuasion and arguments of Don Quixote than his threats, and had consented to pay him all he demanded; on the other hand, the servants of Don Luis were waiting until the judge should have ended his discourse, and their master determined what he would do, when the devil, who sleeps not, so ordered it that, at that very instant, there came into the inn the barber from whom Don Quixote had taken Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho Panza the ass-furniture, which he trucked for his own. That barber, leading his beast to the stable, espied Sancho Panza, who was mending some part of the pannel. No sooner did he set eyes on it than he knew it again, and, seizing Sancho bravely by the collar, he cried: "Ah, master thief, have I got you? Give me my basin

and my pannel, with all the furniture you robbed me of." Sancho, finding himself attacked so unexpectedly, and hearing the opprobrious language given him, with one hand held fast the pannel, and with the other gave the barber such a dowse that he bathed his mouth in

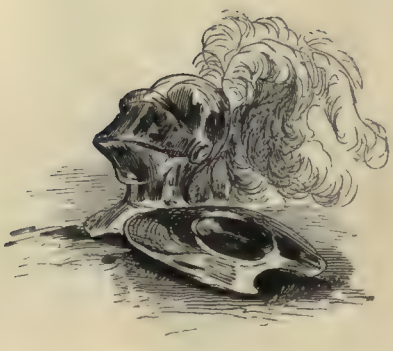
blood. However, the barber did not let go his hold; on the contrary, he raised his voice in such a manner that all the folks of the inn ran together at the noise and scuffle. He cried out: "Help, in the king's name, and in the name of justice; this rogue and highway robber would murder me for endeavouring to recover my own goods."—"You lie," answered Sancho, "I am no highway robber; my master, Don Quixote, won these spoils in fair war."

Don Quixote, who had been attracted to the spot by the uproar, was present, not a little pleased to see how well his squire performed both the defensive and offensive. Thenceforward, he took him for a man of mettle, and resolved in his mind to dub him a knight the first opportunity that offered, thinking the order of chivalry would be very well bestowed upon him. Among other things which the barber said during the skirmish: "Gentlemen," quoth he, "this pannel is as certainly mine as the death I owe to God, and I know it as well as if it were a child of my own body; and yonder stands my ass in the stable, who will not suffer me to lie. Pray do but try it, and, if it does not fit him to a hair, let me be infamous. And moreover, by the same token, the very day they took this from me, they robbed me likewise of a new brass basin, never used, and which had cost me a crown." Here Don Quixote could not forbear answering; he thrust himself between the two combatants, parted them, and, making them lay the pannel on the ground in public view until the truth should be decided, he said, in an authoritative voice: "Sirs, you shall presently see clearly and manifestly the error this honest squire is in, in calling that a basin, which was, is and ever shall be Mambrino's helmet, which I won from him in fair war, and of which I am the right and lawful possessor. As to the pannel, I intermeddle not; what I can say of that matter, is that my squire Sancho asked my leave to take the trappings of this conquered coward's horse, to adorn his own withal. I gave him leave, he took the harness, and, if from horse-trappings they are metamorphosed into an ass's pannel, I can give no other reason for it than the common one, that these kind of transformations are frequent in adventures of chivalry. For conformation of what I advance, run, son Sancho, and fetch hither the helmet which this honest man will needs have to be a basin."—"In faith, Sir," quoth Sancho, "if we have no other proof of our cause but what your worship mentions, Mambrino's helmet will prove as arrant a basin as this honest man's trappings are a pack-saddle."—"Do what I bid you," replied Don Quixote; "surely, all things in this castle cannot be governed by enchantment." Sancho went for the basin, brought it, and, as soon as Don Quixote had taken it in his hands, he cried:

" Behold, gentlemen ; with what face can this squire pretend this to be a basin, and not the helmet I have mentioned ? I swear, by the

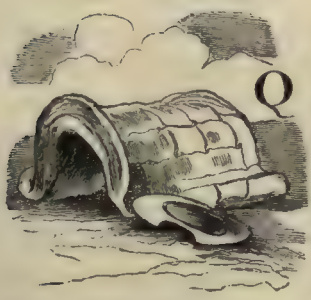
order of knighthood which I profess, that this helmet is the very same I took from him, without addition or diminution."—" There is no doubt of that," quoth Sancho ; " for, from the time my master won it until now, he has fought but one battle in it, which was when he freed those unlucky galley-slaves ; and had it not been for this

basin-helmet, he had not then come off over well, for, in that skirmish, stones fell as thick as hail-stones."



CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH THE DISPUTE CONCERNING MAMBRINO'S HELMET AND THE PANNEL IS DECIDED, WITH OTHER ADVENTURES THAT REALLY AND TRULY HAPPENED.



QUITE anxious am I to learn, gentlemen," quoth the barber, "what is your opinion of what these gentlefolks affirm, for they persist in it that this is no basin, but a helmet."—"And whoever shall affirm the contrary," said Don Quixote, "I will make him know, if he be a knight, that he lies; and, if a squire, that he lies, and has lied a thousand times." Our barber, master Nicholas, who was present all the while, and well acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, had a mind to work up his madness, and carry on the jest to make the company laugh. Accordingly, addressing himself to the other barber, he said: "Signor barber, or whoever you are, know that I also am of your profession; that I have had my certificate of examination above these twenty years, and am very well acquainted with all the instruments of barber-surgery, without excepting one; know also that I have likewise been a soldier in my youthful days, and therefore know what is a helmet, what a morion or steel cap, and what a casque with its beaver, as well as other matters relating to soldiery, I mean to all kind of arms commonly used by soldiers. Now I affirm, with submission

always to better judgments, that this piece here before us, which this honest gentleman holds in his hands, not only is not a barber's basin, but is as far from being so as white is from black, and truth from falsehood. And I say also that, though it be a helmet, it is not a complete one."—"No, certainly," said Don Quixote, "for the beaver, that should make half of it, is wanting." "Exactly so," quoth the priest, who perceived his friend the barber's designs; and Cardenio, Don Fernando and his companions, confirmed the same. Even the judge, had not his thoughts been so taken up about the business of Don Luis, would have helped on the jest; but the concern he was in so employed his thoughts that he paid no attention to these pleasantries. "Holy Virgin!" quoth the bantered barber, "how is it possible so many honest gentlemen should maintain that this is not a basin, but a helmet! This is enough to astonish a whole university, though never so wise. If this basin be a helmet, then this pannel must needs be a horse's furniture, as this gentleman has said."—"To me it seems indeed to be a pannel," quoth Don Quixote; "but I have already said that I will not intermeddle with this dispute."—"Whether it be an ass's pannel or a horse's furniture," said the priest, "all that remains is for Signor Don Quixote to declare his opinion; for, in matters of chivalry, all these gentlemen and myself yield him the palm."—"By Heaven, gentlemen," said Don Quixote, "so many and such unaccountable things have befallen me twice that I have lodged in this castle, that I dare not venture to vouch positively for any thing that may be asked me about it; for I am of opinion that every thing passes in it by the way of enchantment. The first time, I was very much harassed by an enchanted Moor that was in it, and Sancho fared little better among some of his followers; then, last night, I hung almost two hours by this arm, without being able to guess how or why I came to fall into that mischance. Therefore, for me to meddle now in so confused a business, and to be giving my opinion, would be to spend my judgment rashly. As to the singular question whether this be a basin or a helmet, I have already answered; but, as to declaring whether this be a pannel or a caparison, I dare not pronounce a definitive sentence,

and I prefer to submit it, gentlemen, to your discretion. Perhaps, not being dubbed knights as I am, the enchantments of this place may have no power over you, and you may have your understandings free, and so may be able to judge of the things of this castle as they really and truly are, and not as they appear to me."

"There is no doubt of that," answered Don Fernando; "Signor Don Quixote has spoken like an oracle, and it is to us that the decision of this case belongs; and that we may proceed in it upon better and more solid grounds, I will take the votes of these gentlemen in secret, and then give you a clear and full account of the result." To those acquainted with Don Quixote, all this was a matter of the most excellent sport; but to those who knew not his humour, it seemed to be the greatest absurdity in the world, especially to Don Luis's four servants, and to Don Luis himself as much as the rest, as also to three other passengers, who were by chance just then arrived at the inn, and seemed to be archers of the santa-hermandad, as in reality they proved to be. As for the barber, he was quite at his wits' end to see his basin converted into Mambrino's helmet before his eyes, and he had no doubt that his pannel would be turned into a rich caparison for a horse. All the other spectators laughed to see Don Fernando walking the round, and taking the opinion of each person at his ear, that he might secretly declare whether that precious piece, about which there had been such a bustle, was a pannel or a caparison. After he had taken the votes of those who knew Don Quixote, he said aloud: "The truth is, honest friend, I am quite weary of collecting so many votes, for I ask nobody that does not tell me that it is ridiculous to say this is an ass's pannel, and that it is not a horse's caparison, and even that of a race-horse. Therefore you must have patience, for, in spite of you and your ass too, this is a caparison, and no pannel, and the proofs you have brought forward are very trivial and invalid."—"Let me never enjoy a place in Heaven," quoth the poor barber, "if your worships are not all mistaken; and so may my soul appear before God, as this appears to be a pannel, and not a caparison! But, thus go the laws [237]..... I say no more. I am

[237] *Allà van leyes dò quieren reyes.* (Thus go the laws, according to the wills of kings)

not drunk, for I am fasting from every thing but sin." The barber's simplicities caused no less laughter than the follies of Don Quixote, who said at this juncture: "There is now no more to be done but for every one to take what is his own; and to whom God has given it, may St. Peter give his blessing." One of Don Luis's four servants said: "If this be not a premeditated joke, I cannot persuade myself that men of so good understanding as all here are, or seem to be, should venture to say and affirm that this is not a barber's basin, nor that a pannel. But seeing they do actually say and affirm it, I suspect there must be some mystery in obstinately maintaining a thing so contrary to truth and experience; for, by..... (and out he rapped a round oath) all the men in the world shall never persuade me that this is not a barber's basin, and that a jack-ass's pannel."—"May it not be a she-ass's?" quoth the priest. "That is all one," said the servant; "for the question is only to know whether it be or be not a pannel, as your worship says."

One of the archers who had entered the inn, having overheard the dispute, full of choler and indignation, said: "It is as much a pannel as my father is my father; and whoever says or shall say to the contrary, must be drunk."—"You lie like a pitiful scoundrel," answered Don Quixote. And lifting up his lance, which he never let go out of his hand, he went to give him such a blow over the head that, had not the officer slipped aside, he had been laid flat on the spot. The lance was broke to splinters on the ground; and the other officers, seeing their comrade abused, cried out: "Help, help the holy hermandad!" The inn-keeper, who was one of the troop, ran in that instant for his wand and his sword, and prepared himself to stand by his comrades; Don Luis's servants surrounded their master, lest he should escape during that hurly-burly; the barber, perceiving the house turned topsy-turvy, laid hold again of his pannel, and Sancho did the same; Don Quixote drew his sword and fell upon the troopers; Don Luis called out to his servants to leave him, and assist Don Quixote, Cardenio and Don Fernando,

This ancient Spanish proverb took its rise, according to Archbishop Rodrigo Ximenés de Rada (book VI. chap. XXV.), at the period of the controversy between the Gothic and Roman rituals, which was decided, in the reign of Alphonso VI. by the various trials of *God's judgment*, and even by combat in enclosed lists.

who all took part with Don Quixote; the priest cried out, the hostess shrieked, her daughter roared, Maritornes wept, Dorothea was confounded, Lucinda stood amazed, and Donna Clara fainted away. The barber cuffed Sancho, and Sancho pommelled the barber; Don Luis gave one of his servants, who laid hold of him by the arm lest he should escape, such a dash on the chops that he bathed his mouth in blood; the judge interposed in his defence; Don Fernando got one of the archers down, and kicked him to his heart's content; the inn-keeper reinforced his voice, demanding aid for the holy hermandad; in a word, the whole inn was nothing but weeping, cries, shrieks, confusions, fears, frights, mischances, cuffs, cudgellings, kicks, and effusion of blood. Suddenly, in the midst of this chaos, this mass and labyrinth of things, it came into Don Quixote's fancy that he was plunged over head and ears in the discord of king Agramante's camp [238]; and therefore he said, in a voice of thunder which made the inn shake: "Hold, all of you! all

[238] *Orlando furioso*, canto XXVII.

put up your swords; be pacified all, and hearken to me, if you would all continue alive!" Effectually, on hearing this tremendous voice, they all desisted, and he went on, saying: "Did I not tell you, Sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legion of devils must certainly inhabit it? In confirmation whereof, I would have you see with your own eyes how the discord of Agramante's camp is passed over, and transferred hither among us. Behold! here they fight for the sword, there for the horse, yonder for the white eagle, here again for the helmet, and we all fight, and no one understands another. Come, therefore, my lord judge, and you, master priest, and let one of you stand for king Agramante, the other for king Sobrino, and make peace among us; for, by the eternal God, it is a thousand pities so many gentlemen of quality as are here of us should kill one another for such trivial matters."

The archers, who did not understand Don Quixote's language, and found themselves roughly handled by Don Fernando, Cardenio and their companions, would not be pacified. But the barber submitted, for both his beard and his pannel were demolished in the scuffle. Sancho, as became a dutiful servant, obeyed the least voice of his master; Don Luis's four servants were also quiet, seeing how little they got by being otherwise; the inn-keeper alone was refractory, and insisted that the insolence of that madman ought to be chastised, who at every foot turned the inn upside down.—At last the bustle ceased for that time, the pannel was to remain a saddle, the basin a helmet, and the inn a castle, in Don Quixote's imagination, until the day of judgment.

Peace and quietness being at length restored through the good offices of the judge and the priest, Don Luis's servants began again to press him to go with them that moment; and, while they were debating and settling the point, the judge consulted Don Fernando, Cardenio and the priest what he should do in this emergency, telling them all that Don Luis had said. At last it was agreed, that Don Fernando should tell Don Luis's servants who he was, and that it was his desire Don Luis should go along with him to Andalusia, where he should be treated by the marquis his brother according to his quality and worth, for he well knew his intention

and resolution not to return just at that time into his father's presence, though they should tear him to pieces. When Don Fernando's quality and Don Luis's resolution were made known to the four servants, they determined among themselves that three of them should return to give his father an account of what had passed, and that the other should stay to wait upon Don Luis, and not leave him until the rest should come back for him, or until his father's orders should be known.

Thus this mass of contentions was appeased by the authority of Agramante and the prudence of king Sobrino. But the enemy of peace and concord, finding himself deluded and disappointed, and observing also how thin a crop he had gathered from that large field of confusion, resolved to try his hand once more, by contriving fresh brangles and disturbances.

The case was this. The archers, upon notice of the quality of those that had attacked them, had desisted and retreated from the fray, thinking that, let matters go how they would, they were likely to come off by the worst; but one of them, to wit he who had been kicked and mauled by Don Fernando, bethought himself that, among some warrants he had about him for apprehending certain delinquents, he had one against Don Quixote, whom the holy hermandad had ordered to be taken into custody for setting at liberty the galley-slaves, as Sancho had very justly feared. Struck by this idea, he had a mind to be satisfied whether the person of Don Quixote answered to the description. He pulled a roll of parchment out of his bosom, presently found what he looked for, and, setting himself to read it leisurely, for he was no great clerk, at every word he spelled he fixed his eyes on Don Quixote, and then went on, comparing the marks in his warrant with the lines of Don Quixote's physiognomy, He found that, without doubt, he must be the person therein described. As soon as he had satisfied himself, rolling up the parchment and holding the warrant in his left hand, with his right he laid so fast hold of Don Quixote by the collar [239] that he did not suffer him to draw breath,

[239] The rules of the *santa-hermandad*, drawn up at Torrelaguna, in 1485, granted

crying out aloud: "Help the holy hermandad! and that every body may see I require it in earnest, read this warrant, wherein it is expressly commanded to apprehend this highway-robber." The priest took the warrant, and found it all true that the archer had said, the marks agreeing exactly with Don Quixote. The latter, on finding himself so roughly handled by this scoundrel, his choler being mounted to the utmost pitch, and all his joints trembling with rage, caught the archer by the throat as well as he could, with both hands, and, had he not been rescued by his comrades, he had lost his life before Don Quixote had loosed his hold.

to its archers (*cuadrilleros*), a recompense of three thousand maravédis for the arrest of a malefactor guilty of a crime punishable with death; two thousand, when the criminal incurred corporal punishment or imprisonment; and one thousand, when he could only be subjected to a pecuniary fine.

The inn-keeper, who was bound to aid and assist his brethren in office, ran immediately to his assistance. The hostess, seeing her husband again engaged in battle, raised her voice anew, and her daughter and Maritornes joined in the same tune, praying aid from Heaven and from the bystanders. Sancho, seeing what passed, said: "As God shall save me, my master says true concerning the enchantments of this castle, for it is impossible to live an hour in quiet in it." At length Don Fernando parted the archer and Don Quixote, and, to both their contents, unlocked their hands from the doublet-collar of the one, and from the windpipe of the other. Nevertheless, the four archers did not desist from demanding their prisoner, and to have him bound and delivered up to them, for so the king's service, and that of the holy hermandad, required, in whose name they again demanded help and assistance in apprehending that common robber, footpad, and highwayman. Don Quixote smiled to hear these expressions, and, with great calmness, said: "Come hither, base and ill-born crew. Call ye it robbing on the highway to loose the chains of the captived, to set the imprisoned free, to succour the miserable, to raise the fallen and cast down, and to relieve the needy and distressed! Ah, scoundrel race! undeserving, by the meanness and baseness of your understandings, that Heaven should reveal to you the worth inherent in knight-errantry, or make you sensible of your own sin and ignorance in not reverencing the very shadow, and much more the presence, of any knight-errant whatever! Come hither, ye rogues in a troop, and not troopers, highwaymen with the license of the holy hermandad, tell me who is the blockhead that signed the warrant for apprehending such a knight-errant as I am? Who is he that he knows not that knights-errant are exempt from all judicial authority, that their sword is their law, their bravery their privileges, and their will their edicts? Who is the imbecile, I say again, that is ignorant that no patent of gentility contains so many privileges and exemptions as are acquired by the knight-errant the day he is dubbed, and gives himself up to the rigorous exercise of chivalry? What knight-errant ever paid custom, poll-tax, subsidy, quit-rent, porterage or ferry-boat?—What tailor ever brought in a bill for

making his clothes? What governor, that lodged him in his castle, ever made him pay a reckoning? What king did not seat him at his table? What damsel was not in love with him, and did not yield herself up to his whole pleasure and will? Lastly, what knight-errant has there ever been, is or shall be in the world, who has not courage singly to bestow four hundred bastinadoes on four hundred marauding archers that shall dare to present themselves before him?"

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH IS FINISHED THE NOTABLE ADVENTURE OF THE ARCHERS OF THE HOLY HERMANDAD, WITH THE GREAT FEROCITY OF OUR GOOD KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE [240].

THE priest, while Don Quixote was talking at this rate, was endeavouring to persuade the archers that Don Quixote was out of his wits, as they might easily perceive by what he did and said, and that they need not give themselves any farther trouble upon that subject, for, though they should apprehend and carry him away, they must soon release him, as being a madman. But the officer that had produced the warrant answered that it was no business of

[240] The adventure of the archers is related in the preceding chapter, and the following chapter bears the title which belongs to this: *Of the strange and unheard of manner in which Don Quixote de la Mancha was enchanted*, etc. This arrangement of the chapters, frequently faulty and incorrect, and the misplacement of the titles which the Spanish Academy has in some instances corrected, must doubtless be attributed to the first edition of the first part being printed, in the absence of the author, from disordered MSS.

his to judge of Don Quixote's madness; that all he had to do was to obey the orders of his superior, and that, when he had once secured him, they might set him free three hundred times if they pleased. "For all that," said the priest, "on this occasion you must not take him, nor do I think he will suffer himself to be taken." In effect, the priest said so much, and Don Quixote committed such extravagances, that the officers must have been more mad than he had they not discovered his infirmity. Therefore they judged it best to be quiet, and moreover to be mediators for making peace between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still continued their quarrel with great rancour. At last, as officers of justice, they compounded the matter, and arbitrated it in such a manner that both parties, if not entirely contented, at least remained somewhat satisfied, for they exchanged pannels, but not girths nor halters. As for Mambrino's helmet, the priest, underhand and unknown to Don Quixote, gave eight reals * for the basin, and the barber gave him a discharge in full, acquitting him of all fraud from thenceforth and for evermore, amen.

These two quarrels, as being the chief and of the greatest weight, being thus made up, it only remained that three of Don Luis's servants should be contented to return home, and leave one of their fellows behind to wait upon their master, whithersoever Don Fernando pleased to carry him. But fate less rigorous and fortune more propitious, began to pave the way and smoothe the difficulties in favour of the lovers and heroes of the inn, so fortune would carry it quite through, and crown all with prosperous success. The servants were contented to do as Don Luis commanded, whereat Donna Clara was so highly pleased, that nobody could look in her face without discovering the joy of her heart. Zoraïda, though she did not understand all she saw, yet grew sad or cheerful in conformity to what she observed in their several countenances, especially that of her Spaniard, on whom her eyes were fixed and her soul depended. The inn-keeper, observing what recompense the priest had made the

* A dollar, about four shillings and eightpence.

barber, demanded Don Quixote's reckoning, with ample satisfaction for the damage done to the skins and the loss of his wine, swearing that neither Rocinante nor Sancho's ass should stir out of the inn until he should have been paid to the uttermost farthing. The priest pacified him, and Don Fernando paid him his demand, though the judge very generously offered to do so. Thus peace and quietness were completely restored, and the inn resembled no longer the discord of Agramante's camp, as Don Quixote had said, but peace itself, and the very tranquillity of Octavius Cæsar's days; and it was the general opinion that all was owing to the good intention and great eloquence of the priest, and the incomparable liberality of Don Fernando.

When Don Quixote found himself freed and clear of so many quarrels both of his squire's and his own, he thought it was high time to pursue his journey and put an end to that grand adventure whereunto he had been called and elected. Therefore, being thus resolutely determined, he went and kneeled before Dorothea, who would not suffer him to speak a word until he stood up. Standing accordingly, in obedience to her command, he said: "It is a common saying, fair lady, that diligence is the mother of success; and experience has shewn, in many and weighty matters, that the care of the solicitor brings the doubtful suit to a happy issue. But this truth is in nothing more evident than in matters of war, in which expedition and despatch prevent the designs of the enemy, and carry the victory before the adversary is in a posture to defend himself. All this I say, high and deserving lady, because our abode in this castle seems to me now no longer necessary, and may be so far prejudicial, that we may repent it one day; for who knows but your enemy the giant may, by secret and diligent spies, get intelligence of my coming to destroy him, and taking advantage of the opportunity we are now giving him, may fortify himself in some impregnable castle or fortress, against which my industry, and the force of my unwearied arm, may little avail. Therefore, sovereign lady, let us prevent, as I have said, his designs by our diligence, and let us depart quickly in the name of good-fortune,

which you can want no longer than I delay to encounter your enemy."

Here Don Quixote was silent, and said no more, expecting with great sedateness the answer of the beautiful infanta. The latter, with the air of a princess, and in a style accommodated to that of Don Quixote, answered in these terms: "I am obliged to you, Sir Knight for the inclination you shew to favour me in my great need, like a true knight, whose office and employment it is to succour orphans and the distressed. And Heaven grant that your desire and mine be soon accomplished, in order that you may see there are some grateful women in the world. As to my departure let it take place instantly, for I have no will but yours. Dispose of me at your own pleasure; she who has once committed the defence of her person and the restoration of her dominions into your hands, must not contradict whatever your wisdom shall direct."—"In the name of God," quoth Don Quixote, "since a princess humbles herself before me, I will not lose the opportunity of exalting her, and setting her on the throne of her ancestors. Let us depart instantly, for I am spurred on by the eagerness of my desire and the length of the journey, and it is said that delays are dangerous. Since Heaven has not created, nor hell seen any danger that can daunt or affright me, hasten, Sancho, to saddle Rocinante and get ready your ass and her majesty's palfrey; let us take our leaves of the governor of the castle and of these nobles, and depart hence this instant."

Sancho, who was present all the while, said, shaking his head from side to side: "Ah master, master, there are more tricks in a town than the beadle dreams of, with respect to the honourable coifs be it spoken."—"What tricks can there be to my discredit in any town, or in all the towns in the world, thou bumpkin?" said Don Quixote. "If your worship puts yourself into a passion," answered Sancho, "I will hold my tongue and forbear to say what I am bound to tell as a faithful squire, and what a dutiful servant ought to tell his master."—"Say what you will," replied Don Quixote, "so your words tend not to making me afraid; if you are afraid, you do but like yourself; and if I am not afraid, I do like

myself."—"Nothing of all this, as I am a sinner to God," answered Sancho; "only that I am sure and positively certain that this lady, who calls herself queen of the great kingdom Micomicon, is no more a queen than my mother. For, were she what she pretends to be, she would not be nuzzling, at every turn and in every corner, with somebody that is in the company." Dorothea's colour came at what Sancho said, it being true indeed that her spouse Don Fernando, now and then, by stealth, had snatched with his lips an earnest of that reward his affections deserved. Sancho having observed this, he thought this freedom more becoming a lady of pleasure than the queen of so vast a kingdom. Dorothea neither could nor would answer Sancho a word, but let him go on: "I say this, Sir," he added, "because, supposing that, after we have travelled through thick and thin, after we have passed many bad nights and worse days, a certain person who is now solacing himself in this inn shall come to reap the fruit of our labours, why need I be in such haste to saddle Rocinante, and to get the ass and the palfrey ready? We had better be quiet, and let every drab mind her spinning, and let us to dinner."

Oh Heavens! how great was the indignation of Don Quixote at hearing his squire speak thus disrespectfully! it was so great that, with living fire darting from his eyes, he cried, in a voice of thunder, and almost choked with rage and indignation: "Scoundrel! designing, unmannerly, ignorant, ill-spoken, foul-mouthed, impudent, murmuring and calumniating blasphemer! How darest thou utter such words in my presence, and in the presence of these illustrious ladies? How hast thou dared to entertain such rude and insolent thoughts in thy stupid imagination? Avoid my presence, monster of nature, treasury of lies, magazine of deceits, storehouse of rogueries, inventor of mischiefs, publisher of absurdities, and enemy of the respect due to royal personages; begone, appear not before me on pain of my indignation." Saying this, he arched his brows, puffed his cheeks, stared round about him, and gave a violent stamp with his right foot on the floor; all manifest tokens of the rage that gnawed his vitals. At those words, at those furious gestures, Sancho was so frightened that he would have been glad

if the earth had opened that very instant and swallowed him. He knew not what to do but to turn his back, and slink out of the presence of his enraged master. But the discreet Dorothea, who now so perfectly understood Don Quixote's humour, said, to pacify his wrath: "Be not offended, good Sir Knight of the sorrowful Figure, at the follies your good squire has uttered; perhaps he has not said them without some ground, nor can it be suspected, considering his good understanding and christian conscience, that he would slander, or bear false witness against any body. Therefore we must believe, without all doubt, that since, as you yourself state, Sir Knight, all things in this castle fall out in the way of enchantment, perhaps Sancho, by means of this diabolical illusion, may have seen what he says he saw so much to the prejudice of my honour." "By the omnipotent God I swear," quoth Don Quixote "your grandeur has hit the mark. Yes, some wicked apparition must have appeared to this sinner, and have made him see what was impossible for him to see except by way of enchantment. I am too well assured of the simplicity and innocence of this unhappy wretch, to think that he knows how to invent a slander on any body."—"So it is, and so it shall be," said Don Fernando; "wherefore, Signor Don Quixote, you ought to pardon him, and restore him to the bosom of your favour, *sicut erat in principio*, before these illusions shall have turned his brain." Don Quixote having answered that he pardoned him, the priest went for Sancho, who came in very humbly, and, falling down on his knees, begged his master's hand. Don Quixote allowed him to take it, and, after he had let him kiss it, he gave him his blessing, saying: "Now you will be thoroughly convinced, son Sancho, of what I have often told you before, that all things in this castle are done by way of enchantment."—"I believe so too," quoth Sancho; "excepting the business of the blanket, which really fell out in the ordinary way."—"Do not believe anything of the kind," answered Don Quixote; "were it so, I would have revenged you at that time and even now. But neither could I then, nor can I now find on whom to revenge the injury." They all desired to know what that business of the blanket was, and the inn-keeper gave them a very

circumstantial account of Sancho Panza's aerial voyages, at which they were not a little diverted, and at which Sancho would have been no less angry, if his master had not assured him afresh that it was all enchantment. Still Sancho's folly never rose so high as to believe that it was not downright truth, without any mixture of illusion or deceit, being convinced that he had been tossed in the blanket by persons of flesh and blood, and not by imaginary or visionary phantoms, as his master supposed and affirmed.

Two days had already passed since all this illustrious company had been in the inn, and thinking it now time to depart, they contrived how, without giving Dorothea and Don Fernando the trouble of going back with Don Quixote to his village, under pretence of restoring the queen of Micomicon, the priest and the barber might conduct him there, as they desired, and endeavour to get him cured of his madness at home. They agreed with a waggoner,

who chanced to pass by with his team of oxen, to carry the knight in the following manner: they made a kind of cage with poles, disposed cross-wise, capacious enough to contain Don Quixote at his ease; then, immediately, Don Fernando and his companions, Don Luis's servants, and the archers of the holy hermandad, all, by the contrivance and direction of the priest, covered their faces, and disguised themselves, some one way, some another, so as to appear to Don Quixote to be quite other persons than those he had seen in that castle. This being done, with the greatest silence they entered the room where Don Quixote lay fast asleep, little dreaming of any such accident. Stealthily approaching his bed, and laying fast hold of him, they bound him hand and foot, so that when the

poor knight awakened with a start, he could not stir, nor do any thing but look around, and wonder to see such strange visages about him. Presently he fell into the usual conceit that his disordered imagination was perpetually presenting to him; he persuaded himself that all these shapes were goblins of that enchanted castle, and that, without all doubt, he must be enchanted, since he could neither stir nor defend himself. This was precisely as the priest, the projector of this stratagem, fancied it would fall out.

Sancho alone, of all that were present, was in his perfect senses, and in his own figure; and, though he wanted but little of being infected with his master's disease, yet he was not at a loss to know who all these counterfeit goblins were. But he durst not open his lips until he saw how this arrest and imprisonment of his master was to terminate. Neither did the knight utter a word, waiting to see the issue of his disgrace. The issue was, that bringing the cage

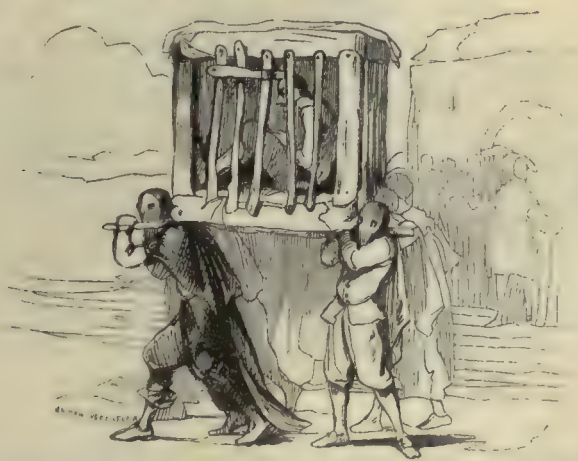
to his bed, they shut him up in it, and nailed the bars so fast that it was impossible to break them open. They then hoisted him on their shoulders, and, as they bore him out of the room, a voice was heard, as dreadful as the barber, not he of the pannel, but the other, could command, saying:

"O Knight of the sorrowful Figure! let not the confinement you are under afflict you; it is expedient it should be so for the more speedy accomplishment of the adventure in which your great valour has engaged you, which adventure shall be finished when the furious Manchegan lion shall be coupled with the white Tobosian dove, after having submitted their stately necks to the soft yoke of Hymen. From that unheard-of union shall spring into the light of the world brave lion-cubs who shall emulate the tearing claws of their valorous sire. This shall come to pass before the god who pursues the fugitive nymph shall have made two rounds to visit the bright constellations, in his rapid and natural course.—And thou, O most noble and obedient squire that ever had sword in belt, beard on face and smell in nostrils, be not thou dismayed nor afflicted to see the flower of knight-errantry carried thus away before thine eyes. 'Ere long, if it so please the fabricator of the world, thou shalt see thyself so exalted and sublimated that thou shalt not know thyself, and shalt see accomplished the promises made thee by thy noble lord. I even assure thee, in the name of the sage Liaria *, that thy wages shall be punctually paid thee, as thou wilt see in effect. Follow therefore the footsteps of the valorous and enchanted knight, for it is expedient for you to go where ye may both rest; and, since I am permitted to say no more, God be with you; I return I well know whither." Finishing the prophecy, the prophet raised his voice very high, and then sunk it by degrees with so soft an accent, that even they who were in the secret of the jest were almost ready to believe that what they had heard was true.

Don Quixote remained much comforted by the prophecy he had heard, for he perfectly understood the whole signification thereof. He comprehended that it promised he should be joined in holy and lawful wedlock with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose happy womb should issue the whelps, his sons, to the everlasting honour of La Mancha. Firmly persuaded of the truth of what he had just heard, he raised his voice, and, fetching a deep sigh, said: "O thou, whoever thou art, who hast prognosticated me so much good, I beseech thee to entreat on my behalf the sage enchanter who has the charge of my affairs that he suffer me not to perish in

* In the original, *Mentironiana*, a word coined from *mentira*, a lie.

this prison wherein I am now carried, and if I see accomplished those joyous and incomparable promises now made me, I shall account the pains of my imprisonment glory, the chains with which I am bound refreshment, and this couch whereon I am laid, far from seeming a hard field of battle, shall be to me as a soft bridal bed of down. As touching the consolation of Sancho Panza, my squire, I have too much confidence in his goodness and integrity to fear that he will forsake me in good or evil fortune; though it should fall out, through his or my evil destiny, that I should not be able to give him the long-promised island, or something equivalent, at least he shall not lose his wages, since in my will, which is already made, I have declared what shall be given him, not indeed proportionable to his many and good services, but according to my own poor means." Hereupon, Sancho Panza bowed with great respect, and kissed both his master's hands: one alone he could not, they being both tied together. Then the goblins took the cage on their shoulders, and placed it on the ox-waggon[241].



[241] The play composed by Don Guillen de Castro, the original author of *the Cid*, on the adventures of Don Quixote, and which appeared between the publication of the first and second parts of the romance of Cervantes, concludes with this enchantment and prophecy. In his play, Guillen de Castro has introduced the principle episodes of the romance, but with a slight variation. Don Fernando is the eldest son of the duke, and Cardenio a simple peasant; and in the end it is discovered that they have been changed in their infancy, which renders the denoûment more probable, for Don Fernando, become a peasant, marries the peasant Dorothea, and the noble lady Lucinda marries Cardenio, discovered to be a nobleman.

CHAPTER XX.

OF THE STRANGE AND UNHEARD-OF MANNER IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA WAS ENCHANTED, WITH OTHER REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES [242].

I LEFT cooped up in this manner, the cage being placed upon the ox-waggon, Don Quixote thus spoke: "Many and most grave histories have I read of knights-errant, but I never read, saw or heard of enchanted knights being carried away after this manner, so slowly as the tread of these lazy, heavy animals seem to promise. In effect, they are always used to be carried through the air with wonderful speed, wrapped up in some dark cloud, or seated in a chariot of fire, or mounted upon some hippogriff. But to be carried upon a waggon drawn by a team of oxen, by Heaven

[242] Vide note 240 at the beginning of the preceding chapter.

it puts me to confusion. But it may be that the chivalry and enchantments of these our times, may have taken a different turn from those of the ancients; perhaps also, as I am a new knight in the world, and the first who has revived the long-forgotten exercise of knight-errantry, there may have been lately invented other kinds of enchantments and other methods of carrying away the enchanted. What think you of this, son Sancho?"—"I do not know what I think," answered Sancho, "not being so well read as your worship in scriptures-errant; but I dare affirm and swear that these hobgoblins here about us are not altogether catholic."—"Catholic indeed!" cried Don Quixote; "how can they be catholics, seeing that they are so many devils who have assumed fantastic shapes on purpose to come

and put me into this state? And if you would be convinced of this, touch them and feel them, and you will find they have no bodies but of air, consisting in nothing but appearance only."—"Before God, Sir," replied Sancho, "I have already touched them; this devil, for example, who is so very busy here about us, is as plump as a partridge, and has another property very different from what

people say your devils are wont to have; for, as I have heard say, they all smell of brimstone and other worse scents; but this spark smells of amber at half a league's distance." Sancho spoke of Don Fernando, who, being a cavalier of quality, must have smelt as the squire had hinted. "Wonder not at it, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "for you must know that the devils are a knowing sort of people, and, supposing they do carry perfumes about them, they have no scents in themselves, because they are spirits, or if they do smell, it can be of nothing but stinking exhalations. The reason is simple: it is because, let them go where they will, they carry their hell about them, and can experience no kind of diminution of their torments; on the other hand, a perfume being a thing delightful and pleasing, it is impossible they should smell of so good a thing. If you think that this devil smells of amber, either you deceive yourself, or he would deceive you, that you might not take him for a devil."

This discourse passed between the master and the man. But Don Fernando and Cardenio, fearing lest Sancho should discover their plot, he being already on the scent and pretty far advanced towards it, resolved to hasten their departure. Calling the innkeeper aside, they ordered him to saddle Rocinante and pannel the ass, which he did with great expedition. At the same time, the curate struck a bargain with the archers of the holy hermandad that, for so much a day, they should accompany Don Quixote home to his village. Cardenio took care to hang the buckler on one side, and the basin on the other, of the pommel of Rocinante's saddle; he made signs to Sancho to mount his ass and take Rocinante by the bridle, and then placed the two archers with their arquebuses on each side of the waggon. But, before the waggon moved forward, the hostess, her daughter and Maritornes came out to take their leaves of Don Quixote, pretending to shed tears of grief at his misfortune. Don Quixote said to them: "Weep not, excellent ladies; these kind of mishaps are incident to my honourable profession; and, if such calamities did not befall me, I should not take myself for a knight-errant of any considerable fame; in effect, such accidents as these never happen to

knights of little name and reputation, and nobody in the world thinks of them at all; to the valorous indeed they often fall out, for many princes and other knights, envious of their extraordinary virtue and courage, are constantly endeavouring, by indirect ways, to destroy them. Notwithstanding this, so powerful is virtue that of herself alone, and in spite of all the necromancy that its first inventor Zoroaster ever knew, she will come off victorious from every encounter, and spread her lustre round the world, as the sun does over the Heavens. Pardon me, all-amiable ladies, if I have, through inadvertency, done you any displeasure, for willingly and knowingly I never offended any body. Pray to God to vouchsafe to deliver me from these bonds which some evil-minded enchanter has cast upon me. If ever I find myself at liberty, I shall not forget the favours you have done me in this castle, but shall acknowledge and requite them as they deserve."

While this scene was passing between the ladies of the castle and

Don Quixote, the priest and the barber took their leave of Don Fernando and his companions, and of the captain and his brother the judge, and of all the now happy ladies, especially of Dorothea and Lucinda. They all embraced, promising to give each other an account of their future fortunes. Don Fernando gave the curate directions where to write to him to acquaint him with what should become of Don Quixote, assuring him that nothing would afford him greater pleasure than to know it. He promised, on his part, to inform him of whatever might amuse or interest him, in relation to his own marriage, and to the baptizing of Zoraïda, as also concerning the issue of Don Luis's adventure, and Lucinda's return to her parents. The priest promised to perform all that was desired of him with the utmost punctuality. They again embraced, and renewed their mutual offers of service.

The inn-keeper came to the priest, and gave him some papers, telling him he found them in the lining of the portmanteau in which the novel of the *Curious Impertinent* was found. "Since the owner," he added, "has never come to reclaim them, you may take them all with you: as I cannot read, I have no desire to keep them." The priest thanked him, and, having unrolled the papers, he saw at the head of them this title: *The Novel of Rinconete and Cortadillo*, whence he concluded it must be some tale; and, because that of the *Curious Impertinent* had appeared to him to be a good one, he imagined that this must be so too, it being probable they were both written by the same author[243]. Therefore he kept it, with a design to read it when he had an opportunity.

Then the curate and his friend the barber mounted on horseback with their masks on, that Don Quixote might not know them, and took their places in the procession behind the ox-waggon, the order of the cavalcade being as follows: first marched the waggon, guided by the waggoner; on each side went the archers with their firelocks, as has been said; then followed Sancho upon his ass, leading

[243] It is, in fact, by Cervantes, and was first published in his collection of *Example Novels*, in 1613. It is the best, not only of those that he called *jocose* (*jocosas*), but according to the universal opinion of Spain, of all his Novels, including those that he termed *serious* (*serias*).

Rocinante by the bridle; the priest and the barber brought up the

rear on their puissant mules, their faces masked, with a grave and solemn air, travelling no faster than the slow pace of the oxen allowed. Don Quixote sat very passively in the cage, with his hands tied, his legs stretched out, leaning against the bars, with as much patience and silence as if he had not been a man of flesh and blood, but a statue of stone.

Having thus slowly and silently proceeded about two leagues, they came to a valley which the waggoner thought a convenient place for resting and baiting his cattle. He informed the priest of his purpose, but the barber was of opinion that they should travel a little farther, saying that behind a rising ground not far on, there was a vale that afforded more and much better grass than that in which they had a mind to stop. They took the barber's advice, and the cavalcade again set forward. The priest at this moment happening to turn his head about, he perceived behind six or seven horsemen, well mounted and accoutred. The latter soon came up with them, for they travelled, not with the phlegm and slowness of the oxen, but as persons mounted on ecclesiastical mules, and in haste to arrive quickly and take their siesta at an inn which appeared not a league off.

The speedy accordingly overtook the slow, and the companies saluted each other courteously. But one of the new comers, who,

in short, was a canon of Toledo, and master of the rest, observing the orderly procession of the waggon, the troopers, Sancho, Rocinante, the curate and the barber, and especially Don Quixote imprisoned in his cage, could not forbear enquiring what was the meaning of carrying that man in that manner. However, he already guessed, by seeing the badges of the holy hermandad, that he must be some notorious highway robber, or other criminal, the punishment of whom belonged to that fraternity. One of the archers, to whom the question was put, answered thus: "Sir, if you would know the meaning of this gentleman's going in this manner, let him tell you himself, for we know nothing of the matter. Don Quixote overheard the discourse, and said: "If perchance, gentlemen, you are versed and skilled in matters of chivalry, I will acquaint you with my misfortunes; if not, I need not trouble myself to recount them.". By this time, the priest and the barber, perceiving the travellers were in discourse with Don Quixote, were come close up, in order to be ready to give such answers as might prevent the discovery of their plot. The canon, in answer to what Don Quixote said, replied: "In truth, brother, I am more conversant in books of chivalry than in doctor Villalpando's[244] elements of logic. If therefore, that be all, you may safely communicate to me whatever you please."—"With Heaven's permission," replied Don Quixote, "you must understand, Signor cavalier, that I am enchanted in this cage by the envy and fraud of wicked necromancers, for virtue is more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the good. A knight-errant I am, not one whose name fame has forgotten to eternize, but one of those who, in spite of envy itself, in spite of all the magi of Persia, the brachmans of India and the gymnosophists of Ethiopia[245], shall enrol his name in the temple of immortality, to serve as an example and mirror of future ages, in which knights-errant may see the track they are to follow if they are ambitious of

[244] Gaspar Cardillo de Villalpando, who was distinguished at the council of Thirty, is the author of a scholastic work, very much esteemed in its time, intituled *Sumas de las sumulas*. Alcala, 1557.

[245] Pliny and all the ancient geographers have placed the gymnosophists in India. But a blunder may be excused, coming from Don Quixote.

reaching the honourable summit and pinnacle of arms."—"Signor Don Quixote says the truth," interrupted the curate at this moment. "He goes enchanted in this waggon, not through his own fault or demerit, but through the malice of those to whom virtue is odious and courage offensive. In a word, Sir, this is the *Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*, if ever you have heard him spoken of, whose valorous exploits and heroic deeds shall be written on solid brass and everlasting marble, whatever pains envy may take to obscure and malice to conceal them."

When the canon heard the prisoner and him that was at liberty both talk in such a style, he was ready to cross himself with amazement; he could not imagine what had befallen him, and all his followers were in equal astonishment. At this moment, Sancho Panza, who had approached them to listen to their discourse, to set all to rights, said: "Look ye, gentlemen, let it be well or ill taken, I will out with the truth of the case, which is that my master Don Quixote is just as much enchanted as my mother. He is in his perfect senses, he eats, drinks and talks like other men, and as he did yesterday before they cooped him up. This being the case, do you attempt to persuade me he is enchanted? I have heard many people say that persons enchanted neither eat, sleep nor speak, and my master, if nobody thwarts him, will talk more than thirty barristers." Turning his eyes on the curate, Sancho added: "Ah! master priest, master priest, do you think I do not know you? Think you that I do not perceive and guess what these new enchantments drive at? Let me tell you I know you, though you disguise your face so well, know that I understand you, though you manage your contrivances so slyly. In short, virtue cannot live where envy reigns, nor liberality subsist with avarice. In spite of the devil, had it not been for your reverence, my master had been married by this time to the infanta Micomicona, and I should have been an earl at least, for less could not be expected, as well from the generosity of my master *of the Sorrowful Figure*, as for the greatness of my services. But I find nothing more true than the proverb that the wheel of fortune turns swifter than a mill-wheel, and that they who were yesterday at the top are to-day on

the ground. I am grieved for my poor wife and children, for when they might reasonably expect to see their father come home a governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, they will see him return a mere groom. All this that I have said, master priest, is only intended to put your paternity in mind to make a conscience of the evil treatment of my master. Take heed that God does not call you to an account in the next life for this imprisonment of my lord, and require at your hands all those succours and all the good he might have done during this time of his confinement."—"Snuff me these candles!" quoth the barber when Sancho had got so far. "What, Sancho, are you also of your master's fraternity? As God shall save me, I begin to think you are likely to keep him company in the cage, and be as much enchanted as he, for your share of his humour and his chivalry. In an evil hour were you with child by his promises, and in an evil hour the island you so long for entered into your pate."—"I am not with child by any body," answered Sancho, "nor am I a man to be got with child by the best king that may be; and though I am a poor man, I am an old Christian; and I owe nobody any thing: and if I covet islands, there are others who covet worse things; and every one is the son of his own works; and since I am a man, I may come to be pope, and much more easily governor of an island, especially since my master may win so many that he may be at a loss on whom to bestow them. Pray, take heed what you say, master barber; for shaving of beards is not all, and there is some difference between Pedro and Pedro. I say this because we know one another, and there is no putting false dice upon me. Touching my master's enchantment, God knows the truth, and let us leave the dung in the corner, for it is the worse for stirring."

The barber would not answer Sancho, lest, by his simplicity, he should discover what he and the priest took so much pains to conceal. For the same reason the priest desired the canon to get on a little before, and he would let him into the secret of the encaged gentleman, with other particulars that would divert him. The canon did so, and rode on before with his servants, listening to all the priest had to tell him of the quality, manner of life and customs of Don Quixote. The curate recounted to him briefly the

beginning and cause of his distraction, with the whole progress of his adventures up to the putting him into the cage, and the design they had to carry him home and try if by any means they might find a cure for his madness. The canon and his domestics were not a little astonished to hear the strange history of Don Quixote, and, when he had heard it all: "Truly Sir," said the canon, "I am convinced that those they call books of chivalry are prejudicial to the commonweal. Though, led away by an idle and false taste, I have read the beginning of almost all that are printed, I could never prevail on myself to read any of them to the end, because to me they appear to be all of the same stamp, and this to have no more in it than that, nor that than the other. In my opinion, moreover, this kind of writing and composition falls under the denomination of the fables they call Milesian, that is to say extravagant stories, tending only to please and not to instruct, quite contrary to the moral fables which at the same time both delight and instruct. Though the principal end of such books is to please, I know not how they can attain it, being stuffed with so many and such monstrous absurdities. The pleasure, the delight conceived in the mind, must proceed from the beauty and harmony it sees or contemplates in the things which the sight or the imagination sets before it; and nothing in itself ugly or deformed can afford any real satisfaction. In truth, what beauty can there be, or what proportion of the parts to the whole and of the whole to the parts, in a book or fable in which a youth of sixteen years hews down with his sword a giant as big as a steeple, and splits him in two as if he were made of gingerbread? And when they would give us a description of a battle, after having said that on the enemies' side there are a million of combatants, let but the hero of the book be against them, we must, in necessity and in despite of our teeth, believe that such or such a knight carried the victory by the single valour of his strong arm. What shall we say to that facility with which a queen or an empress throws herself into the arms of an errant and unknown knight? What genius, if not entirely barbarous and uncultivated, can be satisfied with reading that a vast tower full of knights scuds through the sea like a ship before the wind;

that over-night she quits the coast of Lombardy, and the next morning arrives at the shores of the country of Prester John in the Indies, or in some other that Ptolemy never discovered, nor Marco Paolo[246] ever saw? If it should be answered that the authors of such books write them professedly as lies, and therefore are not obliged to stand upon niceties or truth, I reply that the more closely fiction resembles truth the better it is, and pleases so much the more by how much the less it has of the doubtful and impossible. Fables should be suited to the reader's understanding; they should be so contrived that, by facilitating the impossible, lowering the vast and keeping the mind in suspense, they may at once surprise, delight and entertain, in such sort that admiration and pleasure may be united and go hand in hand. All this cannot be performed by him who pays no regard to probability and imitation, in which the perfection of writing consists. I have never yet seen a book of chivalry which makes a complete body of fable with all its members, so that the middle corresponds to the beginning, and the end to the beginning and middle. On the contrary, they are composed of so many members that the authors seem rather to design a chimera or monster, than to intend a well-proportioned figure. Besides all this, their style is harsh, their exploits incredible, their amours lascivious, their civility impertinent, their battles tedious, their reasonings foolish and their voyages extravagant, and lastly, they are devoid of all ingenious artifice, and therefore deserve to be banished the Christian commonwealth as an unprofitable race of people."

Our curate listened to the canon very attentively, took him to be a man of good understanding, and correct in all he had said. Therefore he made answer that, being of the same opinion, and bearing an old grudge to books of chivalry, he had burnt all those belonging to Don Quixote, which were not a few. Then he gave him an account of the scrutiny he had made, telling him which of

[246] It is well known that this famous Venetian traveller, returned from India and a prisoner of the Genoese in 1298, drew up, by the assistance of Eustache de Pise, his companion in captivity, an account of his travels. His account was translated into Spanish by the *maestre* Rodrigo de Santaella. Seville, 1518.

them he had condemned to the fire, and which he had reprieved, at which the canon laughed heartily, and continued: "Notwithstanding all the ill I have spoken of such books, I acknowledge that there is one thing good in them: the subject they present for a good genius to display itself. In effect, they afford a large and ample field, in which the pen may expatiate without any let or incumbrance, describing shipwrecks, tempests, encounters and battles; delineating a valiant captain with all the qualifications requisite to make him such, shewing his prudence in preventing the stratagems of his enemy, his eloquence in persuading or dissuading his soldiers; mature in council, prompt in execution, equally brave in expecting as in attacking the enemy. The author may here set forth a sad and tragical accident, there a joyful and unexpected event; here a most beautiful lady, modest, discreet and reserved; there, a Christian

gentleman, valiant and courteous; now, an impertinent and barbarous braggadocio; then, an affable, valiant and good-natured prince; he may describe the goodness and loyalty of subjects, the greatness and generosity of nobles; he may shew himself an excellent astronomer or geographer, a musician, or a statesman; and, if he pleases, opportunities will not be wanting for him to shew himself a necromancer[247]. He may successively set forth the subtilty of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the bravery of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the treachery of Sinon, the friendship of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the valour of Cæsar, the clemency and probity of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the wisdom of Cato, and finally all those actions which may serve to make an illustrious person perfect, sometimes placing them in one person alone, then

[247] Like Tasso, in the description of the enchantments of Ismene and Armida.

dividing them among many. This being written in a smooth and agreeable style, and with ingenious invention, approaching as nearly as possible to truth, the author will have wove a web of such various and beautiful contexture that, his work being finished, the perfection and excellency thereof will attain to the ultimate end of writing, both to instruct and delight. Effectively, the unconfined way of writing these books gives an author room to shew his skill in epic, lyric, tragedy and comedy, with all the parts included in the sweet and charming sciences of poetry and oratory, for the epic may be written as well in prose as in verse * [248].

* Fenelon possibly wrote his Telemachus upon this hint: at least it is an example of the assertion.

[248] Cervantes gave his opinion on the latter point long before the appearance of *Télémaque* gave birth to the memorable discussion.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH THE CANON PROSECUTES THE SUBJECT OF BOOKS OF CHIVALRY, WITH OTHER MATTERS WORTHY OF HIS GENIUS.

"VERILY it is as you say, Signor canon," quoth the curate, "and for this reason those who have hitherto composed such books are the more to blame, proceeding, as they do, without any regard to good sense or art, or to those rules, by the observation of which they might become as famous in prose as the two princes of the Greek and Latin poetry are in verse."—"I myself," replied the canon, "have been tempted to write a book of knight-errantry, in which I purpose to observe all the restrictions I have mentioned. To confess the truth, I have gone through above a hundred sheets of it; and, to try whether they answered my own good opinion of them, I communicated them to some learned and judicious persons who are very fond of this kind of reading, and to other persons who are ignorant, and regard only the pleasure of reading extravagances.

I met with a kind approbation from all of them. Nevertheless, I would proceed no farther, as well in regard that I looked upon it as a thing foreign to my profession, as because the number of the unwise is greater than that of the prudent; and though it is better to be praised by the few wise than mocked by a multitude of fools, yet I am unwilling to expose myself to the confused judgment of the giddy vulgar, to whose lot the reading such books for the most part falls. But what chiefly induced me to lay it aside and think no more of finishing it, was an argument I formed to myself deduced from the modern comedies that are daily represented. 'If the comedies now-a-days in fashion,' said I to myself, 'whether fictitious or historical, are all or most of them known absurdities, and things without head or tail; if, notwithstanding, the vulgar take a pleasure in listening to them, maintain and approve them for good, when they are so far from being so; if the authors who compose and the actors who represent them say that such they must be, because the people will have them so; that those which are regular and carry on the plot according to the rules of art serve only for four men of sense who understand them, while all the rest are at a loss to appreciate their merit, and that for their part it is better to get bread by the many, than reputation by the few; thus it would fare with my book, after I shall have burnt my eye-brows with poring to follow the aforesaid precepts, and I should get nothing but the privilege of sharing the fate of the tailor of Campillo, who sewed for nothing and found thread himself.' I have often endeavoured to convince the actors of their mistake, that they would draw more company and gain more credit by acting plays written according to art than by such extravagant pieces; yet are they so attached and wedded to their own opinion that no reason, nor even demonstration, can wrest it from them. I remember one day saying to one of these headstrong fellows: 'Do you not remember that a few years ago there were three tragedies acted in Spain, composed by a famous poet of this kingdom, which were such that they delighted and raised the admiration of all who saw them, as well the ignorant as the judicious, as well the vulgar as the better sort, and that they got the players more money than any thirty of the best that have been

written since?'—'Doubtless,' answered the author I speak of, 'your worship means the *Isabella*, the *Philis* and the *Alexandra*[249]?' 'The same' replied I. 'They carefully observed the rules of art; pray tell me whether that hindered them from appearing what they really were, and from pleasing all the world? Hence it is clear that the fault is not in the people's coveting absurdities, but in those who know not how to exhibit any thing better. There is nothing absurd in the play of *Ingratitude revenged*, in the *Numancia*, in the *Amorous Merchant*, much less in the *Fair favourable enemy*[250], nor in some others composed by ingenious and judicious poets to their own fame and renown and to the advantage of their performers.' To these I added other reasons at which I fancied he was somewhat confounded, but not sufficiently convinced to make him retract his erroneous opinion."—"Signor canon," said then the priest, "you have touched upon a subject which has awakened in me an old grudge I bear to the comedies now in vogue, equal to that I have against books of chivalry. Whereas comedy, according to the opinion of Cicero, ought to be a mirror of human life, an exemplar of manners and an image of truth, those that are represented now-a-days are mirrors of inconsistency, patterns of folly and images of wantonness. Effectively, what greater absurdity can there be in the subject we are treating of than for a child to appear in the first scene of the first act in swaddling clothes, and enter, in the second, a grown man with a beard[251]? What can be more ridiculous than to draw the character of an old man valiant, a young man a coward, a footman a rhetorician, a page a privy councillor, a king a water-carrier, and a princess a scullion? Then what shall we say to their observance of the time and place in which the actions they represen-

[249] These three pieces are by Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola, who, like his brother Bartholemo, succeeded better in lyric poetry than in dramatic. The *Isabella* and the *Alexandra* are to be found in the sixth volume of the *Parnaso Espanol* of Don Juan Lopez Sedano. The *Filis* is lost.

[250] *Ingratitude revenged* (*la Ingratitud vengada*) is by Lope de Vega; the *Numancia* by Cervantes himself; *the Amorous Merchant* (*el Mercader amante*), by Gaspar de Aguilar, and *the Fair Favourable Enemy* (*la Enemiga favorable*) by the canon Francisco Tarraga.

[251] As is the case in several of Lope de Vega's pieces, *Urson y Valentino*, *los Porceles de Murcia*, *el Primer rey de Castilla*, etc.

are supposed to have happened? Have I not seen a certain comedy, the first act of which was laid in Europe, the second in Asia, the third in Africa; and, had there been four acts, the fourth would doubtless have concluded in America, so that the play would have taken in all the four parts of the world[252]? If historical imitation

[252] This is within a hair's breadth of applying equally to several of Lope de Vega's dramas, *el Nuevo mundo descubierto por Cristoval Colon*, *el rey Bamba*, *las cuentas del grand Capitan*, *la Doncella Teodor*, etc.

be the principal thing required in comedy, how is it possible any tolerable understanding can endure to see an action which passed in the time of king Pepin or Charlemagne ascribed to the emperor Heraclius, who is introduced carrying the cross into Jerusalem, or recovering the holy sepulchre from the Saracens, like Godfrey of Bouillon, numberless years having passed between these actions [253]? If, on the contrary, the comedy be grounded upon a fiction, are we not compelled to see real historical events worked up with a mixture of facts relating to different persons and times, and all this with no appearance of probability, but full of manifest and altogether inexcusable errors? The worst of it is, that some are so besotted as to call this perfection, and to say that all besides is mere pedantry. What shall I say of the comedies upon divine subjects [254]? How many false miracles do they invent, what apocryphal events do they not depict, ascribing to one saint the miracles of another! Even in the plays upon profane subjects, the authors take upon them to work miracles for no other reason but because they think such a miracle will do well, and make a figure in such a place, that ignorant people may admire and flock to see the comedy. Certes, all this is to the prejudice of truth, to the discredit of history, and even to the reproach of our Spanish writers; for foreigners, who observe the laws of comedy with great punctuality, take us for barbarous and ignorant, seeing the absurdities and extravagances, of those we write [255]. It would not be a sufficient excuse to say that the principal object of well organized governments, in permitting stage-plays to be acted, is that the populace may be entertained

[253] Lope de Vega had done better still in the comedy *la Limpieza no manchada* (*Purity without a stain*). In it figured king David, the holy Job, the prophet Jeremiah, Saint John the Baptist, Saint Bridget, and the university of Salamanca.

[254] Or *Autos sacramentales*. Lope de Vega made about four hundred of them: *San Francisco, san Nicolas, san Augustin, san Roque, san Antonio*, etc.

[255] I am not quite clear (says M. Viardot, in a note,) on what Cervantes founded his eulogy of the foreign drama. The Italians had only *the Mandrake* and the pieces of Trissin; the French theatre was as yet in its infancy; the German drama was not even in existence, and Shakspeare, the only grand dramatic author of the age, certainly did not pique himself on that classic elegance which would authorize foreigners to condemn as barbarous the taste of the admirers of Lope de Vega.

with some innocent recreation, and to divert the ill-humours which idleness is wont to produce; that since this end may be attained by any play, whether good or bad, there is no need of prescribing laws or confirming those who write or act them to the strict rules of composition, since any play serves to compass the end proposed by it. To this, I would answer that this end is beyond all comparison much better attained by those that are good than by those that are not so; for the audience, after beholding an artful and well contrived play, would go away diverted by what is witty, instructed by what is serious, surprised by the incidents, improved by the reasoning, forewarned by the frauds, made wise by the examples, incensed against vice, in love with virtue. A really good comedy is calculated to awaken all these passions in the mind of the hearer, let him be ever so gross or stupid. Nay farther, of all impossibilities it is the most impossible not to be pleased, entertained and satisfied much more with the comedy which has all these requisites, than by one which is defective in them, as most of our comedies now-a-days are. Nor is this entirely the fault of the poets who compose them, for several of them know very well wherein they err, and are equally well acquainted with what they ought to do. But as plays are made a saleable commodity, they say, and they say right, that the actors would not buy them if they were not of that stamp. Therefore the poet endeavours to accommodate himself to what is required by the player, who is to pay him for his work. That this is the truth, may be evinced by the infinite number of plays composed by a most happy genius of these kingdoms, with so much sprightliness, such elegant verse, expressions so good, such excellent sentiments, such richness of dialogue and loftiness of style, that the world resounds with his fame [256]. Yet, in consequence of his having adapted himself

[256] This happy and fertile genius is Lope de Vega, against whom Cervantes principally directed his criticism on the Spanish drama. At the period when the first part of *Don Quixote* appeared, Lope de Vega had not composed a fourth part of the eighteen hundred pieces *de capa y espada* which emanated from his indefatigable pen.

It must likewise be remarked that at the same period the Spanish drama as yet only reckoned one great writer; Calderon, Moreto, Tirso de Molina, Rojas, Solis, etc., who have far surpassed the contemporaries of Cervantes, have all appeared since his time.

to the taste of the actors, they have not all reached that point of perfection that some of them have, and which they all might. Other authors write their pieces with so little consideration of what they are doing, that the actors are often under a necessity of absconding for fear of being punished, as has happened over and over again, for having acted things to the prejudice of the crown, or the dishonour of families. All these inconveniences would cease, and many more which I have passed over in silence, if some intelligent and judicious person of the court were appointed to examine all plays before they are acted, not only those played in the capital, but all that should be acted throughout all Spain. Without this examiner's approbation under hand and seal, no local authority should suffer any play to be represented in his district. Thus the comedians would be obliged to send all their plays to the court, and might then act them with entire safety. The writers of them, also, would take more care and pains about what they did, knowing their performances must pass the rigorous examination of somebody capable of appreciating them. Finally, good plays would be written, and the design of them happily attained, namely, the entertainment of the people, the renown of Spanish writers and the interest of the players, whom there would no longer be any necessity to chastise. If, moreover, another person, or even the same, were to be commissioned to examine all the books of chivalry that shall be written for the future, doubtless some would appear with all the perfections that you have mentioned. They would enrich our language with all agreeable and pleasant treasure of eloquence; they might even cause the old books to be lain aside and forgotten, obscured by the lustre of the new books, which would be published for the innocent amusement, not only of the idle, but also of those who have most business, for the bow cannot possibly be always bent, nor can human nature subsist without some lawful recreation."

Thus far had the canon and the curate proceeded in their dialogue, when the barber coming up to them, said to the curate: "Here, Signor licentiate, is the place I told you was proper for us to pass the heat of the day, while the cattle may have fresh grass in abundance."—"I think so too," answered the curate. And when he

had acquainted the canon with his intention, he also would stay with them, invited by the beauty of a pleasant valley which presented

itself to their view. That he might enjoy the pleasure of the place, and the conversation of the curate of whom he began to be fond, and be informed likewise more particularly of Don Quixote's exploits, he ordered some of his servants to go to the inn, which

was not far off, and bring thence what they could find to eat for the whole company, as he resolved to stay there that afternoon. One of the domestics answered that the sumpter-mule, which by that time must have reached the inn, carried provisions enough for them all, and that they need take nothing at the inn but barley.

"In that case," said the canon, "take thither the other mules, and bring back the sumpter."

While this passed, Sancho, perceiving he might talk to his master without the continual presence of the curate and the barber, whom he looked upon as suspicious persons, came up to Don Quixote's cage and said: "Sir, in order to unburthen my conscience, I must tell you something about this enchantment of yours. In the first place, the two men who are riding along with us, with their faces masked, are the curate and the barber of our village; and I fancy they have played you this trick and are carrying you in this manner, out of pure envy, and because they are jealous of you for surpassing them in famous achievements. Supposing this to be true, it follows that you are not enchanted in this cage, but gulled and besotted. In proof of what I say, I would ask you one thing, and if you answer me, as I believe you must, you shall lay your finger upon this palpable cheat, and find that you are not enchanted, but distracted."—"Ask whatever you will, son Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "I will satisfy you, and answer fully to all your questions. As to what you tell me that those yonder who come with us are the priest and the barber, our townsmen and acquaintance, it may very easily be that they may seem to be so; but that they are so really and in effect, do not believe it in any wise. What you ought to understand and believe, is that if they seem to be those you say, it must be that they who have enchanted me have assumed that appearance and likeness. Effectively, enchanters can easily take what form they please, and may have taken that of our two friends in order to make you think as you do, and to involve you in such a labyrinth of imaginations that you shall not be able to find your way out though you had Theseus's clue. Besides, they may have done it to make me also waver in my judgment, and that I may be unable to guess from what quarter this injury comes. For if, on the one hand, you tell me that the curate and the barber of our village bear us company; if, on the other hand, I find myself locked up in a cage, and know of myself that no force but that which is supernatural could be sufficient to imprison me, what can I say or think, but that the manner of my enchantment exceeds all I have

ever read of in all the histories of knights-errant that have been enchanted up to this present time? Thus, you may set your heart at rest as to their being what you say, for they are just as much so as I am a Turk; and as to what concerns you asking me questions, speak, I will answer you, though you should continue asking from this time until to-morrow morning."

"Blessed Virgin!" cried Sancho, raising his voice, "is it then possible your worship can be so thick sculled, so devoid of brains, that you cannot perceive what I tell you to be the very truth, and that there is more roguery than enchantment in this confinement and disgrace of yours? But since it is so, I will prove most evidently that you are really not enchanted. Now tell me—As God shall save you from this storm, and as you hope to find yourself in my lady Dulcinea's arms when you least think of it! ....."

"Cease conjuring me," cried Don Quixote, "and ask what questions you will; I have already told you I will answer them with the utmost punctuality."—"That is what I would have you do," replied Sancho. "Now, what I have a mind to know is, that you tell me, without adding or diminishing a tittle, and with all truth and candour, as is expected from and practised by all who profess the exercise of arms, as your worship does, under the title of knights-errant ....." "I tell you I will lie in nothing," answered Don Quixote. "Make, therefore, either a beginning or an end of asking; for, in truth, you tire me out with so many preambles, postulatums and preparatives, Sancho."—"I say," replied Sancho, "that I am fully satisfied of the goodness and veracity of my master; that being to the purpose in our affair, I ask, with respect be it spoken, whether, since your being cooped up, or rather enchanted in this cage, your worship has not had an inclination to do what no one can do for you."—" — "I comprehend you, Sancho," cried Don Quixote. "Yes, yes, I have often and often had such a mind, and have at this very instant. Help me out of this strait; for I doubt all is not so clean as it should be."

CHAPTER XXII.

OF THE INGENIOUS CONFERENCE BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA AND HIS MASTER DON QUIXOTE.

quoth Sancho, "now I have caught you, this is what I longed to know with all my heart and soul. Confess, Sir, can you deny what is commonly said every where, when a person is in the dumps: I know not what such an one ails; he neither eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps, nor answers to the purpose when he is asked a question; he looks as if he were enchanted? Whence it must be concluded, that they only who do not eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor perform natural actions are really enchanted, and not they who have such calls as your

worship has, and who eat and drink when they can get it, and answer to all that is asked them."—"You say right, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "but I have already told you that there are sundry sorts of enchantments; it may have so fallen out that in process of time they may have been changed from one to another, and that now it may be the fashion for those who are enchanted to do as I do, though formerly they did not. Therefore it is useless to argue or draw consequences against the custom of the times. I know and am firmly persuaded that I am enchanted; that is sufficient for the discharge of my conscience, which would be heavily burthened, if I thought I was not enchanted, and should suffer myself to lie in this cage like a coward, defrauding the necessitous and oppressed of that succour I might have afforded them, when, perhaps, at this very moment they may be in extreme want of my aid and protection."—"For all that," replied Sancho, "I repeat that, for your greater and more abundant satisfaction, your worship would do well to endeavour to get out of this prison. I will undertake to assist you with all my might, and to effect it too; that done, you must once more mount your trusty Rocinante, who seems, by his melancholy and dejected looks, as if he were enchanted too; we will again try our fortune in search of adventures; should it not succeed well, we shall have time enough to return to the cage, in which I promise, on the faith of a trusty and loyal squire, to shut myself up with your worship, if perchance you prove so unhappy, or I so simple as to fail in the performance of what I say."—"I am content to do what you advise, brother Sancho," replied Don Quixote. "When you see a proper opportunity for working my deliverance, I will be ruled by you in every thing. But, Sancho, depend upon it you will find how mistaken you are in your notion of my misfortune."

This discourse brought the knight-errant and the evil-errant squire to the spot where the priest, the canon and the barber, who were already alighted, waited for them. The waggoner presently unyoked the oxen from his waggon, and turned them loose in that green and delicious place, whose freshness invited to the enjoyment of it, not only persons as much enchanted as Don Quixote, but as

considerate and discreet as his squire. The latter besought the priest to permit his master to come out of the cage for a while, as otherwise that prison would not remain quite so clean as the decorum of such a knight required. The priest understood him, and answered Sancho that he would with all his heart consent to what he desired, were it not that he feared lest his master, finding himself at liberty, should play one of his old pranks, and be gone where nobody should set eyes on him more. "I will be security for his not running away," replied Sancho. "And I also," said the canon, "especially if he will pass his word as a knight that he will not leave us without our consent."—"Yes, I promise," answered Don Quixote, who was listening to all they said. "And the rather, because whoever is enchanted as I am is not at liberty to dispose of himself as he pleases, for the magician who has enchanted him can make him that he shall not be able to stir in three centuries; and, if the enchanted should attempt an escape, the enchanter will fetch him back on the wing. This being the case, you may safely let me

loose, especially it being so much to the advantage of you all; for, should you not loose me, I protest that if you do not get farther off I must needs offend your noses." The canon took him by the hand though he was still manacled, and upon his faith and word, opened the door of his cage, at which he was beyond measure pleased.

The first thing he did was to stretch his whole body and limbs;

then he went where Rocinante stood, and, giving him a couple of slaps on the buttocks with the palm of his hand, he said tenderly:

"I have still hope in God, and in his blessed mother, O flower and mirror of steeds, that we two shall soon see ourselves in that state our hearts desire, thou with thy lord on thy back, and I mounted on thee, exercising the function for which Heaven sent me into the world." Having thus said, Don Quixote, with his squire Sancho,

retired to some little distance, whence he came back more lightsome, and more desirous to put in execution what his squire had projected.

The canon gazed earnestly at him, and wondered at his strange and unaccountable madness. He was especially astonished that, in all he said or answered, the poor gentleman discovered a very good understanding, and only lost his stirrups, as has been already said, when the conversation happened to turn upon the subject of chivalry. After they were all set down on the green grass in expectation of the sumpter-mule, the canon, moved with compassion, said: "Is it possible, Signor hidalgo, that the crude and idle study

of books of chivalry should have had influence upon you to turn your brain in such manner as to make you believe you are now enchanted, with other things of the same stamp, as far from being true as falsehood itself is from truth? How is it possible any human understanding can persuade itself there ever was in the world that infinity of Amadises, that rabble of famous knights? that there can have been so many emperors of Trebizond, so many Felixmartes of Hircania, so many palfreys, so many damsels-errant, so many serpents and dragons, so many andriaques, so many giants, so many unheard of adventures, so many kinds of enchantments, so many battles, so many furious encounters, so many costly costumes and magnificent apparels, so many princesses in love, so many squires become earls, so many witty dwarfs, so many billets-doux, so many courtships, so many valiant women, and lastly, so many and such absurd accidents as your books of knight-errantry contain? For my own part, when I read them, without reflecting that they are all falsehood and folly, they give me some pleasure; but when I consider what they are, I throw the very best of them against the wall, and should throw them into the fire, had I one near me. Yes, well do they deserve such a punishment, for being false and inveigling, and out of the road of common sense; they deserve it as broachers of new sects and new ways of life, and as giving occasion to the ignorant vulgar to believe and look upon as truths the multitude of absurdities they contain. They have even the presumption to dare to disturb the understandings of well born, well educated hidalgoes, as is but too notorious in the effect they have had upon your worship, having reduced you to such a pass that you are forced to be shut up in a cage and carried on an ox-waggon, as a lion or tiger is carried from place to place to be shewn for money. Come, Signor Don Quixote, have pity on yourself, and return to the bosom of discretion. Learn to make use of those great abilities Heaven has been pleased to bestow upon you, by employing that happy talent you are blessed with in some other kind of reading which may redound to the benefit of your conscience and to the increase of your honour. But if a strong natural impulse must still lead you to books of exploits and chivalries, read, in the holy scriptures, the book of Judges: in it you will meet with wonderful truths, and achievements no less true

than heroic. Portugal had a Viriatus, Rome a Cæsar, Carthage a Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a count Fernando Gonzalez [257], Valencia a Cid [258], Andalusia a Gonzalvo of Cordova, Estremadura a Diego Garcia de Paredes, Xerez a Garci Perez de Vargas [259], Toledo a Gacilaso [260], Seville a Don Manuel Ponce de

[257] The first count of Castile, in the tenth century.

[258] The Cid was not a native of Valencia, but of the environs of Burgos, in Castile. Cervantes calls him so because he took Valencia on the Almoravides, in 1094.

[259] A warrior who distinguished himself at the taking of Seville, by Saint Ferdinand, in 1248.

[260] Cervantes does not mean the poet, although he was likewise of Toledo, and had passed his life in camps; he alludes to another Garcilaso de la Vega, who distinguished himself at the siege of Grenada by the catholic kings, in 1491. The latter was called Garcilaso of the *Ave-Maria*, because he slew in single combat a Moorish knight who bore, scoffingly, the name of *Ave-Maria* on his horse's tail.

Leon [261]; the perusal of the narratives of their valorous exploits may entertain, instruct and astonish the most elevated genius. This, indeed, would be a study worthy of your good understanding, Signor Don Quixote; having achieved it, you will have become learned in history, enamoured of virtue, instructed in goodness, bettered in manners, valiant without rashness, cautious without cowardice; and all this will redound to the glory of God, to your own profit and to the frame of La Mancha, whence, as I understand, you derive your birth and origin."

Don Quixote listened with great attention to the canon's discourse. When he observed the latter had ceased to speak, after having gazed stedfastly at him for several minutes in silence, he said: "I am to understand, Signor hidalgo, that the whole of what you have been saying tends to persuade me there never were any knights-errant in the world; that all the books of chivalry are false, lying, mischievous and unprofitable to the commonwealth; and that I have done ill in reading them, worse in believing, and worst of all in imitating them, by taking upon me the rigorous profession of knight-errantry, which they teach, because you deny that ever there existed any Amadises, either of Gaul or Greece, or any other knights such as those books are full of."—"It is all precisely as you say," interrupted the canon.

Don Quixote continued: "You also were pleased to add that those books had done me much prejudice, having turned my brain and reduced me to the being carried about in a cage; and that it would be better for me to amend and change my course of study, by reading other books more true, more pleasant and more instructive."—"True," quoth the canon. "Why then," said Don Quixote, "in my opinion you are the madman and the enchanted person, since you have set yourself to utter so many blasphemies against a thing so universally received in the world, and held for such truth that he who should deny it, as you do, deserves the same punishment you inflict on those books when you read them, and they vex you. Effectively, to endeavour to make people

[261] Another celebrated warrior of the same period.

believe that there never was an Amadis in the world, nor any other of the knights-adventurers of which the histories are full, would be to endeavour to persuade them that the sun does not enlighten, the frost give cold, nor the earth yield sustenance. What genius can there be in the world able to persuade another that the affair of the Infanta Floripe and Guy of Burgundy [262] is not true, nor that of Fierabras at the bridge of Mantible, which fell out in the time of Charlemagne [263]? I vow to God they are as true as that it is now day-light. If they be lies, it must be equally false that there ever was a Hector or an Achilles, or a Trojan war, or the twelve peers of France, or king Arthur of England, who is still wandering about transformed into a raven, and is every minute expected in his kingdom [264]. Will any one presume to say that the history of Guarino Mezquino [265], and that of the law-suit of Saint Grial [266], are fictions; that the amours of Sir Tristan and the queen Iseult, and those of Genevra and Lancelot, are also apocryphal [267], whereas there are persons who almost remember to

[262] The history of Floripe and her floating tower, in which she sheltered Guy of Burgundy and other peers, is related in the *Chronicles of the twelve Peers of France.*

[263] The bridge of Mantible, over the river Flagor (without doubt the Tagus), was composed of thirty arches of white marble, and defended by two square towers. The giant Galafre, assisted by a hundred Turks, exacted from the Christians, by way of toll, and under penalty of leaving their heads on the battlements of the bridge, *thirty couples of hunting dogs, a hundred young virgins, a hundred trained hawks, and a hundred caparisoned steeds having at each of their feet a mark of fine gold.* Fierabras overcame and slew the giant. (*History of Charlemagne*, chap. XXX. et seq.)

[264] As the Jews the Messiah, and the Portuguese the king Don Sebastian.

[265] The history of this knight was originally written in Italian, in the course of the the thirteenth century, by the *maestro* Andrea, of Florence; it was translated into Spanish by Alonzo Fernandez Aleman. Seville, 1548.

[266] The Saint Grial is the dish in which Joseph of Arimathea received the blood of Jesus Christ, when he lowered his body from the cross previous to placing it in the Sepulchre. The conquest of the Saint Grial by king Arthur and the knights of the Round Table is the subject of a book of chivalry, written in Latin, in the twelfth century, and subsequently translated into Spanish. Seville, 1500.

[267] The well known histories of Tristan de Leonais and of Sir Lancelot du Lac were also written in Latin, previous to their translation into French by command of King Henry II, of England, towards the close of the twelfth century. Shortly afterwards, the poet Christian of Troy composed a metrical imitation of the two romances.

have seen the Duenna Quintanona, who was the best wine-skinker that Great Britain could ever boast of? This is so certain, that I remember my grandmother by my father's side, when she saw any Duenna reverently coifed, would say to me: 'Look grandson, that

old woman is very like the Duenna Quintanona;' whence I infer that she must have known her, or at least have seen some portrait of her. Who can deny the truth of the history of Peter and the

fair Magalona [268], since, to this very day is to be seen, in the king's armoury, the peg wherewith the valiant Peter of Provence steered the wooden horse upon which he rode through the air, which peg is somewhat bigger than the pole of a coach? Close by the peg stands the saddle of Babieca, the Cid's mare, and, in the gorge of Roncesvalles, is to be seen Orlando's, horn as big as a great beam [269].

I therefore conclude that there were the twelve Peers, that there

[268] Written at the end of the twelfth century by the Provençal troubadour Bernard Treviez, and translated into Spanish by Felipe Camus. Toledo, 1526.

[269] This celebrated horn, according to Dante and Boyardo, extended over a space of two leagues.

was a Peter, a Cid, and such other knights as those the world calls adventurers. If not, let them also tell me that the valiant Portuguese Juan de Merlo was no knight-errant, he who went to Burgundy, and, in the city of Ras, fought the famous lord of Charni, Moïse-Pierre [270]; and afterwards, in the city of Basil, had an encounter with Moïse-Henri of Remestan [271], coming off from both engagements conqueror, and loaded with honourable fame. Let them also deny the adventures and challenges accomplished in Burgundy of the valiant Spaniards Pedro Barba and Gutierre Quixada (from whom I am lineally descended), who vanquished the sons of the count Saint Pol. Let them deny, likewise, that Don Fernando de Guevara travelled into Germany in quest of adventures, where he fought with Messire George, a knight of the duke of Austria's [272] court; let them say, to conclude, that the jousts of Suero de Quinones, that of the Pass of Orbigo [273], the enterprises of Mosen-Luis de Falces against Don Gonzalo de Guzman, a Castilian knight [274], are all fabulous and ridiculous. While all of them, with many more exploits performed by Christian knights of these and of foreign kingdoms, are so authentic, so true, that whoever denies them, I repeat, must be void of all sense and reason."

The canon stood astonished to hear the singular medley Don Quixote made of truths and lies, and to see how skilled he was in all matters any way relating to knight-errantry. Therefore he

[270] Peter of Beaufremont, Lord of Charbot-Charny.

[271] Or rather Ravestein.

[272] Juan de Merlo, Pedro Barba, Guttierre Quixada, Fernando de Guevara, and many other knights of the court of king John the second of Castile, actually did quit Spain, in 1434, 35 and 36, to visit foreign courts and *break lances in honour of their ladies*. For details of these knightly pilgrimages, the reader may consult *La Cronica del Rey Don Juan el II.*, (chapters CCLV, to CCLXVII.)

[273] Suero de Quinones, knight of Leon, son of the grand bailiff(*merino-mayor*)of the Asturias, celebrated, in 1434, on the bridge of Orbigo, three leagues from Astorga, famous tournaments which lasted thirty days. Accompanied by nine other *mantenedores*, or champions, he maintained the lists against sixty-eight *conquistadores*, or adventurers, come to dispute the prize of the tourney. The account of these jousts forms the subject of a book of chivalry, written by Fray Juan de Pineda, intituled *Paso honroso*, and published at Salamanca, in 1588.

[274] *Cronica del rey Don Joan el II.*(chap CIII.)

answered: "I cannot deny, Signor Don Quixote, but there is some truth in what you say, especially in relation to the Spanish knights-errant. I am also ready to allow that there were twelve peers of France; but I can never believe they did all those things ascribed to them by archbishop Turpin [275]. The truth is, they were knights chosen by the kings of France, and called *peers*, as being all equal in quality and prowess; at least, if they were not, it was fit they should be so. In that respect they were not unlike our religious-military orders of Saint Jago or Calatrava, which pre-suppose that the professors are all brave cavaliers; and as now-a-days we say a knight of St. John, or of Alcantara, in those times they said a knight of the Twelve Peers, those of that military order being twelve in number and all equal. That there was a Cid and a Bernard del Carpio [276], is likewise beyond all doubt; but that they performed all the exploits told of them is quite another thing. As to Peter of Provence's peg, and its standing close by Babieca's saddle in the king's armoury, I confess my sin: I am so ignorant or short-sighted that, though I have seen the saddle, I could not discover the peg, which is somewhat strange, considering how big your worship says it is."—"Yet, without all question, there it is," replied Don Quixote "by the same token that they say it is kept in a leathern case, that it may not take rust."—"It may be so," answered the canon; "but, by the holy orders I have received, I do not not remember to have seen it. But supposing I should grant you it is there, I do not therefore think myself bound to believe the stories of so many Amadises nor those of such a rabble-rout of knights as we hear of; nor is it reasonable that a gentleman so honourable, of such excellent parts and endowed with so good an understanding as

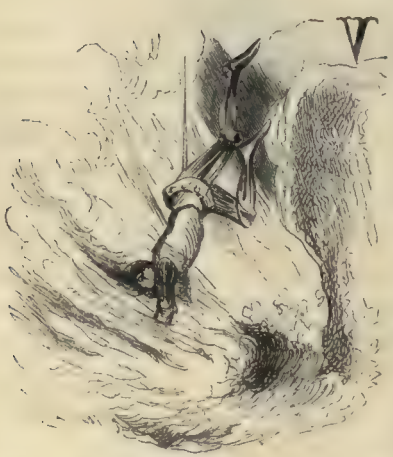
[275] The *Historia Caroli Magni*, attributed to archbishop Turpin, and of which the real author is unknown, was translated into Spanish and considerably augmented by Nicolas de Piamonte, whose work was printed at Seville, in 1528.

[276] Notwithstanding the canon's affirmation, nothing is less certain than the existence of Bernard del Carpio; it is denied, among others, by the exact historian Juan de Ferreras.

yourself, should be persuaded that such strange follies as are written in the absurd books of chivalry are true."

CHAPTER XXIII.

OF THE INGENIOUS CONTEST BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE CANON, WITH OTHER EVENTS [277].



VERY good. A good jest indeed," answered Don Quixote, "that books printed with the licence of kings and the approbation of the examiners; books read with general pleasure, applauded by great and small, poor and rich, learned and ignorant, gentry and commonalty, in short, by all sorts of people, of what state or condition soever they be; to hear it asserted, I say, that such books are all lies, carrying as they do, such an

[277] The contest had began in the preceding chapter, and the interview between Don Quixote and Sancho, which forms the title of it, had commenced in the chapter before that. Must these transpositions be attributed to the negligence of the first editor, or, on the contrary, to an odd whim of Cervantes? Seeing that this fault is so frequently repeated, I (says M. Viardot) incline to the latter opinion.

appearance of truth that they tell us the father, the mother, the country, the kindred, the age, the place, with a particular detail of every action performed daily by such a knight or knights!! Good Sir, be silent; do not utter such blasphemies, and believe me, for I advise you to act in this affair like a discreet person. Do but peruse them, and you will find what pleasure attends this kind of reading. Bear with me a short time: can there be a greater satisfaction than to see, placed, as it were, before our eyes, a vast lake of boiling pitch, and in it a prodigious number of serpents, snakes, crocodiles and divers other kinds of fierce and dreadful creatures, swimming up and down? On a sudden, from the midst of the lake, is heard a most lamentable voice, saying: 'O knight, whoever thou art, that standest beholding this tremendous lake, if thou art desirous to obtain the treasure that lies concealed beneath these sable waters, shew the valour of thy undaunted breast, plunge thyself headlong into the midst of this black and burning liquor. If thou dost not, thou wilt be unworthy to see the mighty wonders enclosed therein, and contained in the seven castles of the seven enchanted nymphs who dwell beneath this horrid blackness.' Scarcely has the knight heard the fearful voice when, without farther consideration, without reflecting upon the danger to which he exposes himself, without putting off his cumbersome and weighty armour, recommending himself only to God and his mistress, he plunges into the middle of the boiling lake; and, heedless and inconsiderate of what may become of him, he finds himself in the midst of flowery fields, with which those of Elysium can in no wise compare. There the sky seems more transparent, and the sun shines with a fresher brightness [278]. Before him there appears a pleasing forest, so green and shady that its verdure rejoices the sight, whilst the ears are entertained with the sweet and artless notes of an infinite number of little birds of the most brilliant plumage,

[278] Virgil has, of the Elysian fields:

Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo.

Æneid., lib. 6.

hopping to and fro among the intricate branches. Here is visible a warbling brook, whose cool waters, resembling liquid crystal, meander over the fine sands and snowy pebbles, out-glittering sifted gold and purest pearl. There he espies an artificial fountain of variegated jasper and polished marble; farther on he beholds another of rustic work, in which the minute shells of the muscle, with the white and yellow wreathed houses of the snail, placed in orderly confusion and interspersed with pieces of glittering crystal and pellucid emeralds, compose a work of such variety, that art, imitating nature, seems in this instance to surpass her. On a sudden, he descries a strong castle, or a stately palace, whose walls are of massy gold, the battlements of diamonds, the gates of hyacinths; in short, the structure is so admirable that, though the materials whereof it is framed are no less than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold and emeralds, yet the workmanship is still more precious*. And after having seen all this, can any thing be more charming than to behold sallying forth at the castle-gate a goodly troop of damsels, whose bravery and gorgeous attire should I pretend to describe, as the histories do at large, I should never have done? She who appears to be the chief of them all presently takes by the hand the daring knight who threw himself into the burning lake, and without speaking a word carries him into the rich palace, or castle. Having stripped him as naked as his mother bore him, she bathes him in milk-warm water, and then anoints him all over with odoriferous essences, and puts on him a shirt of the finest lawn, all sweet-scented and perfumed; then comes another damsel, and throws over his shoulders a mantle, reckoned worth, at the very least, a city or more. What a sight is it when, after this, he is carried to another hall, to behold the tables spread in such order, that he is struck with wonder and astonishment!

* Regia solis erat sublimibus alta columnis,
Clara micante auro,————
Materiam superabat opus.

Ovid.

then to see his hands sprinkled with water distilled from amber and sweet-scented flowers! to see him seated in a chair of ivory! to

behold the damsels waiting upon him in marvellous silence! then to see such variety of delicious viands so savourily dressed that the appetite is at a loss to direct the hand! to hear soft music while he is eating, without knowing who it is that plays, or whence the sounds proceed!—and when dinner is ended and the cloth taken away, the knight lolling in his chair, perhaps picking his teeth, according to custom, suddenly there enters at the hall-door a damsel much more beautiful than any of the former, who, seating herself by the knight's side, begins to give him an account what castle that is, and how she is enchanted in it; with sundry other matters which surprise the knight, and raise the admiration of those who read his history! I will enlarge no farther on this head; for from what I have said you may infer that, whatever passage one reads of

whatever history of knights-errant, must needs cause delight and wonder in the reader. Believe me then, Sir: as I have already said, read these books, and you will find that they will banish all your melancholy, and dissipate your spleen, if you chance to be suffering from it. For my own part, I can say that, since I have been a knight-errant, I am become valiant, civil, liberal, well-bred, generous, courteous, daring, affable, patient, a sufferer of toils, imprisonments and enchantments; and though it be so little a while since I saw myself locked up in a cage like a madman, yet I expect by the valour of my arm, Heaven favouring and fortune not opposing, in a few days to see myself king of some kingdom, wherein I may

display the gratitude and liberality enclosed in this my breast. For, upon my faith, Sir, the poor man is disabled from practising the virtue of liberality, though he possess it in an eminent degree; and the gratitude which consists only in inclination is a dead thing, even as faith without works is dead. For this reason I should be glad that fortune would offer me speedily some opportunity of becoming an emperor, that I may shew my heart by doing good to my friends, especially to poor Sancho Panza here, my squire, who is the most honest man in the world; yes, I would fain bestow on him an earldom, as I have long since promised him; but that I fear he will not have ability sufficient to govern his estate."

Sancho overheard his master's last words, and immediately made answer: "Take you the pains, Signor Don Quixote, to procure me this same earldom, so often promised by you, and expected by me, I assure you I shall not want for ability sufficient to govern it. Supposing I had not, I have heard say, there are people in the world who take lordships to farm; they pay the owners so much a year, and take upon themselves the whole management thereof; whilst the lord himself, with outstretched legs, lies along at his ease, enjoying the rent they give him without concerning himself any farther about it. Just so will I do, and give myself no more trouble than needs must, but immediately surrender all up, and live upon my rents like a duke, and let the world rub on."—"This, brother Sancho," quoth the canon, "is to be understood only as to the enjoyment of the revenue, but not as to the administration of justice, to which the lord himself must look. For this, ability, sound judgment, and especially an upright intention, are required; for if these be wanting in the principle, the means and ends will always be erroneous. Therefore God usually prospers the good intentions of the simple, and disappoints the evil designs of the cunning."

"I do not understand these philosophies," answered Sancho; "I only know, I wish I may as speedily have the earldom as I should know how to govern it; for I have as large a soul as another, and as large a body as the best of them; and I should be as much king of my own dominions as any one is of his; and being so, I would do

what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there's an end of it. Therefore let the earldom come, say I

and God be with ye; and let us see it, as one blind man said to another."—"These are no bad philosophies, as you say, Sancho," quoth the canon; "nevertheless there is a great deal more to be said upon the subject of earldoms."—"I know not what more may be said," interrupted Don Quixote; "only I govern myself by the example of the great Amadis of Gaul, who made his squire Knight of the Firm Island; therefore I may, without scruple of conscience, make an earl of Sancho Panza, who is one of the best squires that ever knight-errant had."

The canon was amazed at Don Quixote's methodical and orderly madness, at the manner of his describing the adventure of the knight of the lake, at the impression made upon him by those premeditated fables he had read in his books; and lastly, he admired the simplicity of Sancho, who so vehemently desired to obtain the earldom his master had promised him.

By this time the canon's servants who went to the inn for the sumpter-mule, were come back, having spread a carpet on the green

grass, they sat down under the shade of some trees, and dined there, that the waggoner might not lose the conveniency of the fresh pasture, as we have said before. While they were eating, they heard on a sudden a loud noise, and the sound of a little bell in a thicket of briars and thorns that was hard by; and nearly at the same instant they saw a very beautiful she-goat, speckled with black, white and grey, run out of the thicket. After her came a goatherd, calling to her aloud in his wonted language to stop and come back

to the fold. The fugitive goat, trembling and affrighted, betook

herself to the company, as it were for their protection, and there she stopped. The goatherd came up, and taking her by the horns, as if she were capable of discourse and reasoning, he said to her: "Ah! wanton, spotted fool! what caprice hath made thee halt thus of late days? what wolves wait for thee, child? Wilt thou tell me, pretty one, what this means? but what else can it mean, but that thou art a female, and therefore canst not be quiet? A curse on thy humours, and all theirs whom thou resemblest so much! Turn back, my love, turn back; for though, perhaps, you will not be so contented, at least you will be more safe in your own fold, and among your own companions; for if you, who are to look after and guide them, go yourself so much astray, what must become of them?"

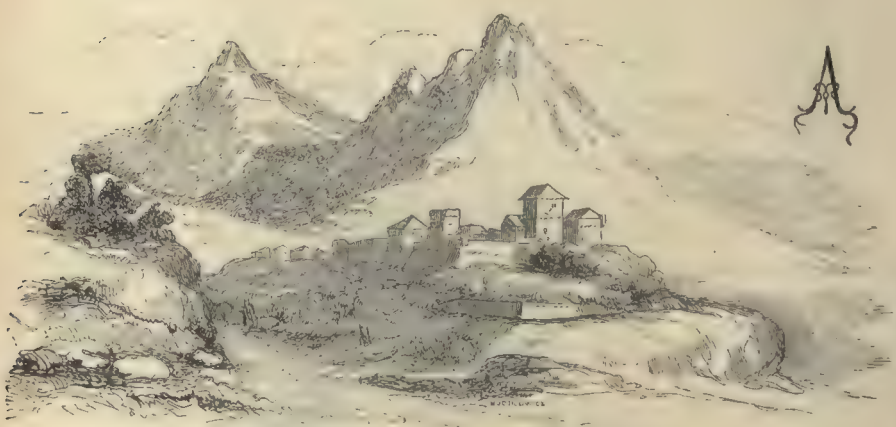
The goatherd's words delighted all the hearers extremely, especially the canon, who said to him: "I entreat you, brother, be not in such a hurry to force back this goat to her fold. Since, as you say, she is a female, she will follow her natural instinct, though you take ever so much pains to hinder her. Come, take this morsel, and then drink, whereby you will temper your choler, and in the mean while the goat will rest herself." So saying, he gave him the hinder quarter of a cold rabbit on the point of a knife. The goatherd took it, thanked him, drank, sat down quietly, and said: "I would not have you, gentlemen, take me for a foolish fellow for having talked sense to this animal; for, in truth, the words I spoke to her are not without mystery. I am a country fellow, it is true, yet not so much a rustic but I know the difference between conversing with men and beasts."—"I verily believe you," said the priest; "for I have found by experience that the mountains breed poets, and that the cottages of shepherds contain philosophers."—"At least, Sir," replied the goatherd," they afford men who have experience. In order to convince you of this truth, though I seem to invite myself without being asked, if it be not tiresome to you, and if you please, gentlemen, to lend me your attention, I will tell you a true story, which will confirm what I and this gentleman (pointing to the priest)have said."

Don Quixote promptly answered: "Seeing that this business has somewhat of the face of an adventure, for my part, I will listen to you, brother, with all my heart, and so will these gentlemen, being discreet and ingenious persons, and such as love to hear curious novelties, that surprise, gladden and entertain the senses, as I do not doubt but your story will do. Begin then, friend, for we will all hearken."—"I draw my stake," quoth Sancho, "and will hie me with this pasty to yonder brook, where I intend to stuff myself for three days, for I have heard my master Don Quixote say that the squire of a knight-errant must eat when he has it until he can eat no longer, because it often happens that they get into some wood so intricate that there is no hitting the way out in six days; and then, if a man has not his belly well lined, or his wallet well provided, there he may remain, and often does remain, until he is turned into mummy."—"You are right, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "go

whither you will, and eat what you can; for I am already sated, and want only to give my mind its repast, which I am going to do by listening to this honest man's story."—" We all do the same," quoth the canon. And then he desired the goatherd to begin the narration he had just promised them. The goatherd gave the goat, which he held by the horns, two slaps on the back with the palm of his hand, saying: " Lie thee down by me, speckled fool; for we have time and to spare for returning to our fold." The goat seemed to understand him; for as soon as her master was seated, she laid herself close by him very quietly, and, looking up in his face, seemed to signify she was attentive to what the goatherd was going to relate, who began his story as follows :

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT THE GOATHERD RELATED TO ALL THOSE WHO ACCOMPANIED DON QUIXOTE.



ABOUT three leagues from this valley there is a hamlet, which, though but small, is one of the richest in all these parts. In it dwelt a farmer of so good a character that, though esteem is usually annexed to riches, he was more respected for his virtue than for the wealth he possessed. But that which completed his happiness, as he used to say to himself, was his having a daughter of such extraordinary beauty, rare discretion, gracefulness and virtue, that whoever knew and beheld her was in admiration to see the surpassing

endowments wherewith Heaven and nature had enriched her. When a child, she was pretty, and, as she grew up, she became still more and more beautiful, until, at the age of sixteen she was beauty itself. The fame of her beauty began to extend itself through all the neighbouring villages; what do I say, through the neighbouring villages? it spread itself to the remotest cities, and even made its

way into the palaces of kings, and reached the ears of all sorts of people, who came to see her from all parts, as if she had been some relic, or wonder-working image. Her father guarded her, and she guarded herself, for there are no padlocks, bolts nor bars, that secure a maiden better than her own reserve. The wealth of the father and the beauty of the daughter induced many, both the villagers and strangers, to demand her to wife. But he, whose right it was to dispose of so precious a jewel, was perplexed, not knowing amidst the great number of importunate suitors, on which to bestow her. Among the many who were thus disposed, I was one, and flattered myself with many and great hopes of success, as being known to her father, born in the same village, of untainted christian blood, in the flower of my age, tolerably rich, and of no despicable understanding.

"With the very same advantages, another young man of our village demanded her also in marriage, which occasioned a suspense and balancing of her father's will, who thought his daughter would be very well matched with either of us. To get out of this perplexity, he determined to acquaint Leandra with it (for that is the rich maiden's name who has reduced me to misery), considering that, since our pretensions were equal, it was best to leave the choice to his beloved daughter; an example worthy the imitation of all parents who would marry their children. I do not say they should give them their choice in things prejudicial, but they should propose to them good ones, and out of them, let them choose to their own minds. I do not know what choice Leandra made; I only know that her father put us both off by pleading the too tender age of his daughter, and with other general expressions, which neither laid any obligation upon him, nor disobliged either of us. My rival's name is Anselmo, and mine Eugenio; for it is fit you should know the names of the persons concerned in this tragedy, the catastrophe of which is still depending, though one may easily foresee it will be disastrous.

"About this time, there came to our village one Vincent de la Roca, son of a poor farmer of the same village; which Vincent was come out of Italy and other countries, where he had served in the

wars. A captain who happened to pass that way with his company had carried him away from our town at twelve years of age, and the young man returned at the end of twelve years more in the garb of a soldier, set off with a thousand colours, and hung with a thousand crystal trinkets and fine steel chains. To-day he put on one finery, to-morrow another, but all slight and counterfeit, of little weight and less value. The country-folks, who are naturally malicious, and, if they have ever so little leisure, are malice itself, observed and reckoned up all his trappings and gewgaws, and found that he had three suits of apparel of different colours, with hose and garters to them; but he disguised them so many different ways and with so many inventions that, if one had not counted them, one would have sworn he had above ten suits and about twenty plumes of feathers. And let not what I have been saying of his dress be looked upon as impertinent or superfluous, for it makes a considerable part of this story. He used to seat himself

on a stone bench under a great poplar-tree in our market-place, and there he would hold us all gaping and listening to his accounts of his exploits. There was no country on the whole globe he had not seen, nor battle he had not been in. He had slain more Moors than are in Morocco and Tunis, and fought more duels, as he said, than Gante and Luna, Diego Garcia de Parédès, and a thousand others, and always came off victorious, without having lost a drop of blood. Then again he would be shewing us marks of wounds which, though they were not to be discerned, he

would persuade us were so many arquebus-shots received in several actions and fights. In a word, with unheard-of arrogance, he would *thou* his equals; he said that his arm was his father, his deeds his pedigree, and that, under the title of soldier, he owed the king himself nothing. To these bravadoes I must add that he was somewhat of a musician, and scratched a little upon the guitar, which some said he would make speak. But his graces and accomplishments did not end here; he was also a bit of a poet, and would compose a ballad a league and a half in length on every childish accident that passed in the village. Now this soldier whom I have here described, this Vincent de la Roca, this hero, this gallant, this musician, this poet, was often seen and admired by Leandra, from a window of her house which faced the market-place. She was struck with the tinsel of his gaudy apparel, his ballads enchanted her, and as he gave away at least twenty copies of all he composed, the exploits he related of himself reached her ears. Lastly (for so it seems the devil had ordained), she fell downright in love with him, before he had entertained the presumption of courting her. As in affairs of love none are so easily accomplished as those which are favoured by the inclination of the lady, Leandra and Vincent soon came to an agreement. Before any of the multitude of her suitors had the least suspicion of her design, she had already accomplished it; she left the house of her dear and beloved father (for her mother is dead), and absented herself from the village with the soldier, who came off from this attempt more triumphantly than from any of those of which he had so arrogantly boasted.

"This event amazed the whole village, and all that heard any thing of it. I for my part was confounded, Anselmo astonished, her father sad, her kindred ashamed, justice alarmed, and the troopers of the holy brotherhood in readiness. They beset the highways, they searched the woods, leaving no place unexamined; and at the end of three days, they found the poor Leandra in a cave of a mountain, naked to her shift, and stripped of a large sum of money and several valuable jewels she had carried away from home. They brought her back to her disconsolate father, and interrogated her concerning her misfortune. She readily confessed

that Vincent de la Roca had deceived her; that, upon promise of marriage, he had persuaded her to leave her father's house, telling her he would carry her to Naples, the richest and most delicious city of the whole world; that she, imprudent and credulous, had believed him, and, after robbing her father had confided herself to the soldier's power the night she was first missing; that he conveyed her to a

craggy mountain and shut her up in the cave in which they had found her. She also related to them that the soldier had plundered her of every thing but her honour, that he had left her in the cavern and fled: a circumstance which made us all wonder afresh.

"Certes, gentlemen, it was no easy matter to persuade us of the young man's continency; but she affirmed it with so much earnestness that her father was in some sort comforted, making no great account of the other riches the soldier had taken from his daughter, since he had left her that jewel which, once lost, can never be recovered. The same day that Leandra returned, she disappeared

again from our eyes, her father sending and shutting her up in a nunnery belonging to a town not far distant, in hopes that time might wear off a good part of the reproach his daughter had brought upon herself. Her tender years were some excuse for her fault, especially with those who had no interest in her being good or bad; but they who are acquainted with her good sense and understanding could not ascribe her fault to her ignorance, but to her levity, and to the natural propensity of the sex, which is generally in direct opposition to prudence, wisdom and good sense.

"Leandra being shut up, Anselmo's eyes were blinded, or at least saw nothing that could afford them any satisfaction. Mine were also in darkness without light to direct them to any pleasurable object. The absence of Leandra increased our sadness and diminished our patience; we cursed the soldier's finery, and detested her father's want of precaution. At last, Anselmo and I agreed to quit the town and betake ourselves to this valley. Here, he feeding a great number of sheep of his own, and I a numerous herd of goats of mine, we pass our lives among these trees, giving vent to our passions, or singing together the praises or reproaches of the fair Leandra, or sighing alone, and each communicating his plaints to Heaven.

"Several others of Leandra's suitors, in imitation of us, are come to these rocky mountains, practising the same employments; and they are so numerous, that this place seems to be converted into the pastoral Arcadia [279], it is so full of shepherds and folds, nor is there any part of it where the name of the beautiful Leandra is not heard. One utters execrations against her, calling her fond, fickle, immodest; another condemns her forwardness and levity; some excuse and pardon her; others arraign and condemn her; one celebrates her beauty, another rails at her ill qualities; in short, all blame and all adore her, and the madness of all rises to such a pitch, that some complain of her disdain who never spoke to her, yea, some there are who bemoan themselves and feel the raging disease of jealousy, though she never gave any occasion for it, for her guilt, as I have said, was known before her inclination. There is no hollow of a rock, nor brink of a rivulet, nor shade of a tree, that is not occupied by some shepherd, who is recounting his misfortunes to the air. The echo, wherever it can be formed, repeats the name of Leandra; the mountains resound Leandra; the brooks murmur Leandra [280],

[279] Allusion to the poem of Giacobo Sannazaro, who lived at Naples about the year 1500. *The Arcadia* was famous in Spain, in which country several translations of it were published.

[280] One would hardly expect to meet with an imitation of Virgil in the goatherd's tale:

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.

and Leandra holds us all in suspense and enchanted, hoping without hope, and fearing without knowing what we fear. Among these extravagant madmen, he who shews the least and the most sense, is my rival Anselmo, who, having so many other causes of complaint,

complains only of absence, and to the sound of a rebec, which he touches to admiration, pours forth his complaints in verses which discover an excellent genius. I follow an easier, and in my opinion a better way, which is, to inveigh against the levity of women, their inconstancy, their double-dealing, their deceitful promises, their broken faith, finally, the little discretion they show in placing their affections or making their choice. This, gentlemen,

was the occasion of the expressions and language I used to this goat when I came hither; for being a female, I despise her, though she be the best of all my flock. This is the story I promised to tell you. If I have been tedious in the relation, I will endeavour to make you amends by my service. My cottage is hard by, where I have new milk and very savoury cheese, with a variety of fruits of the season, no less agreeable to the sight than to the taste [281]."

[281] Another imitation of Virgil, who thus terminates his first Eclogue:

Sunt nobis mitia poma,
Castaneæ molles, et pressi copia lactis.

CHAPTER XXV.

OF THE QUARREL BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE GOATHERD, WITH THE RARE ADVENTURE OF THE WHITE PENITENTS, WHICH HE HAPPILY ACCOMPLISHED WITH THE SWEAT OF HIS BROW.

LEAVING off at those words the goatherd ceased to speak. His tale gave a general pleasure to all who heard it, especially to the canon, who, with unusual curiosity, took notice of the relater's manner of telling it, in which he discovered more of the polite courtier than of the rude goatherd. Therefore he said that the curate was very much in the right in affirming that the mountains produced men of letters. They all offered their service to Eugenio, but the most liberal of his offers upon this occasion was Don Quixote, who said to him: "In truth, brother goatherd, were I in a capacity of undertaking any new adventure, I would immediately set forward to do you a good turn by fetching Leandra out of the nunnery, in which doubtless she is

detained against her will, in spite of the abbess and all opposers, and putting her into your hands, to be disposed of at your pleasure, so far as is consistent with the laws of chivalry, which enjoin that no kind of violence be offered to damsels. Though I hope in Heaven that the power of one malicious enchanter shall not be so irresistible, but that the power of another and a better-intentioned one may prevail over it. Then I promise you my aid and protection, as I am bound to do by my profession, which is no other than to favour the weak and necessitous."

The goatherd stared at Don Quixote, and observing his bad plight and scurvy appearance, he said to the barber, who sat next him: "Pray, Sir, who is this man who makes such a strange figure, and talks so extravagantly?"—"Who should he be," answered the barber, "but the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of injuries, the righter of wrongs, the reliever of maidens, the dread of giants and the conqueror of battles?"—"This," said the goatherd "is like what we read of in the books of knights-errant, who did all that you tell me of this man; though, as I take it, either your worship is in jest, or the apartments in this gentleman's skull are unfurnished."—"You are a very great rascal," cried Don Quixote, "it is you who are the empty-skulled and the shallow-brained; for my head is fuller than ever was the belly of the graceless baggage that bore you." So saying he snatched up a loaf which was near him, and with it struck the goatherd full in the face, with so much fury that he laid his nose flat. The goatherd, who did not understand raillery, perceiving how much in earnest he was treated, without any respect to the carpet or table-cloth, or to the company that sat about it, leaped upon Don Quixote, and griped him by the throat with both hands. He would doubtless have strangled him, had not Sancho Panza come up in that instant, and taking him by the shoulders, thrown him back on the table, breaking the dishes and platters, and spilling and overturning all that was upon it. Don Quixote, finding himself loose, ran at the goatherd, who, being kicked and trampled upon by Sancho, and his face all over bloody, was feeling about on all fours for a knife wherewith to take a bloody revenge. But the canon and the priest prevented

him. For the barber, he contrived it so that the goatherd got Don Quixote under him, on whom he poured such a shower of buffets, that there rained as much blood from the visage of the poor knight as there did from his own. The canon and the priest were ready to burst with laughter, the archers danced and capered for joy; and they stood hallooing them on, shouting *xi, xi*, as people do to dogs when they are fighting [282]. Sancho Panza only was at his wits' end, not being able to get loose from one of the canon's servants who held him from going to assist his master.

At last, while all were in high joy and merriment, excepting the two combatants who were still worrying one another, on a sudden they heard the sound of a trumpet, so dismal that it made them turn their faces towards the way whence they fancied the sound came. But he who was most surprised at hearing it was Don Quixote, who, though he was under the goatherd sorely against his will and more than indifferently mauled, said to him: "Brother devil (for it is impossible you should be any thing else, since you have had the valour and strength to subdue mine), a truce, I beseech you, for one hour; the dolorous sound of that trumpet which reaches our ears seems to summon me to some new adventure." The goatherd, who by this time was pretty well weary of mauling and being mauled, immediately let him go, and Don Quixote, getting upon his legs, turned his face toward the place whence the sound came, and presently saw several people descending from a rising ground, arrayed in white after the manner of penitents [283]. The case was, that the clouds that year had failed to refresh the earth with seasonable showers, and throughout all the villages of that district they made processions, disciplines and public prayers, beseeching God to open the hands of his mercy, and send them rain. For this purpose, the people of a town hard by

[282] This passage is quite unworthy of Cervantes, who always displays such mildness and humanity; he makes the curate and the canon play a part which accords very ill with their character, and he falls into the same error that he subsequently contemns in his plagiary Fernandez de Avellaneda.

[283] The processions of penitents (*disciplinantes*), which gave scope to every species of excess, were forbidden, in Spain, about the close of the reign of Charles III.

were coming in procession to a devout hermitage built upon the side of the hill bordering upon that valley.

Don Quixote, perceiving the strange attire of the penitents, without recollecting how often he must have seen the like before, imagined it was some adventure, and that it belonged to him alone, as a knight-errant, to undertake it. He was the more confirmed in this fancy by thinking that an image they had with them covered with black was some lady of note, whom those miscreant and discourteous ruffians were forcing away. No sooner had he taken this into his head, than he ran with great agility to Rocinante, who was grazing, and taking the bridle and buckler from the pommel of his saddle, he bridled him in a trice; then, demanding from Sancho his sword, he mounted Rocinante, braced his target, and with a loud voice said to all present: "Now, my worthy companions, you shall see of what consequence it is that there are in the world such as profess the order of chivalry; now, I say, you shall see, by my restoring liberty to that good lady, who is carried captive yonder, whether knights-errant are to be valued or not."

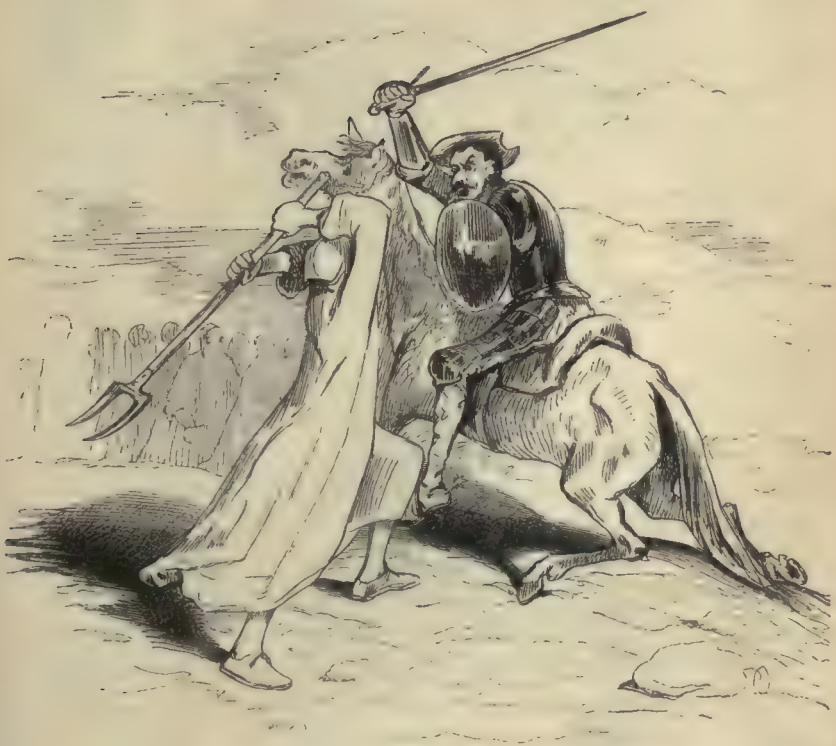
So saying, he laid legs to Rocinante, spurs he had none, and on a hand-gallop (for we no where read, in all this faithful history, that ever Rocinante went full speed), he ran to encounter the penitents. The curate, the canon and the barber in vain endeavoured to stop him; in vain did Sancho bawl: "Whither go you, Signor Don Quixote? what devils are in you, that instigate you to assault the catholic faith? Consider, a curse on me! that this is a procession of penitents, and that the lady carried upon the bier is an image of the blessed and immaculate Virgin. Have a care what you do; for this once I am sure you do not know." Sancho wearied himself to no

purpose; for his master was so bent upon encountering the men in white and delivering the mourning lady, that he heard not a word, and, if he had, would not have come back, though the king himself had commanded him. When he came up with the procession he checked Rocinante, who already had a desire to rest a little, and,

with a disordered and hoarse voice, said: "You there, who cover your faces for no good I suppose, stop, and give ear to what I shall say."

The first who stopped were they who carried the image; and one of the four ecclesiastics who sung the Litanies, observing the strange figure of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rocinante, and other ridiculous circumstances attending the knight, answered him: "Good brother, if you have any thing to say to us, say it quickly, for these our brethren are tearing their flesh to pieces, and we cannot, nor is it reasonable we should stop to hear any thing, unless it be so short that it may be said in two words."—"I will say it in one," replied Don Quixote, "and it is this: I order you immediately to set at liberty that fair lady, whose tears and sorrowful countenance are evident tokens of her being carried away against her will, and that you have done her some notorious injury. And I, who am come into the world on purpose to redress such wrongs, will not suffer you to proceed one step farther, until you have given her the liberty she desires and deserves." By these expressions, all that heard them gathered that Don Quixote must be some escaped madman, whereupon they laughed very heartily. Their merriment added fuel to the fire of Don Quixote's choler, for, without saying a word more, he drew his sword and attacked the bearers of the Virgin. One of them, leaving the burden to his comrades, stept forward to encounter Don Quixote, brandishing a pitch-fork whereon he rested the bier when they made a stand. He received on the handle of it a huge stroke which the knight let fly at him, and which broke it in two; but with what remained of it, he gave Don Quixote such a blow on the shoulder of his sword-arm that, his target not being able to ward off so furious an assault, the poor Don fell to the ground in evil plight.

Sancho Panza, who came puffing close after him, perceiving him fallen, called out to his adversary not to strike him again, for he was a poor enchanted knight, who never had done any body harm in all the days of his life. But that which made the rustic forbear, was not Sancho's crying out, but his seeing that Don Quixote stirred neither hand nor foot. Believing he had killed him, in all



haste he tucked up his frock in his girdle, and began to fly over the fields as nimble as a buck. By this time all Don Quixote's company was come up, and the processioners, seeing them running towards them, and with them the troopers of the holy brotherhood with their cross-bows, began to fear some ill accident, and drew up in a circle round the image. Lifting up their hoods, and grasping their whips, as the ecclesiastics did their tapers, they stood expecting the assault, determined to defend themselves, and if they could, to punish the aggressors. But fortune ordered it better than they imagined; for all that Sancho did was to throw himself upon the

body of his master, and to pour forth the most dolorous and ridiculous lamentation, believing verily that he was dead. The curate was known by a priest who came in the procession, and their being acquainted dissipated the fear of the two squadrons. The curate gave the priest an account in two words who Don Quixote was, whereupon he and the whole rout of penitents went to see whether the poor knight was dead or not. They overheard Sancho Panza, with tears in his eyes, speak as follows:

"O flower of chivalry, who by one single thwack hath finished the career of thy well-spent life! O glory of thy race, credit and renown of La Mancha, yea of the whole world, which, by wanting thee will be overrun with evil doers, who will no longer fear being chastised for their iniquities! O liberal above all Alexanders, seeing that, for eight months' service only, thou hast given me the best island the sea doth compass or surround. O thou that wert humble with the haughty, and arrogant with the humble, undertaker of dangers, sufferer of affronts, in love without cause, imitator of the good, scourge of the wicked, enemy of the base; in a word, knight-errant, which is all that can be said! ....."

At Sancho's cries and lamentations, Don Quixote revived, and the first word he said was: "He who lives absent from thee, sweetest Dulcinea, is subject to greater miseries than these. Help, friend Sancho, to lay me upon the enchanted car; for I am no longer in a condition to press the saddle of Rocinante, all this shoulder being mashed to pieces."—"That I will do with all my heart, dear Sir," answered Sancho, "and let us return home in company with these gentlemen, who wish you well; there we will give order about another sally that may prove of more profit and renown."—"You say well, Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "it will be great prudence to wait until the evil influence of the stars which now reigns is passed."

The canon, the curate and the barber told him they approved his resolution. So, having received a great deal of pleasure from the simplicities of Sancho Panza, they placed Don Quixote in the waggon, as before. The procession resumed its former order, and went on its way; the goatherd bid them all farewell; the archers would go no farther, and the priest paid them what they had agreed for; the canon desired the priest to give him advice of what befell Don Quixote, and whether his madness were cured or continued, and so took leave and pursued his journey. In fine, they all parted, and took their several ways, leaving the priest, the barber, Don Quixote and Sancho, with good Rocinante, who bore all accidents as patiently as his master. The waggoner yoked his oxen, accommodated Don Quixote on a truss of hay, and with his accustomed pace jogged on the way the priest directed.

On the sixth day they arrived at Don Quixote's village. They entered it about noon, and it being Sunday, all the people were standing in the market-place, through the midst of which Don Quixote's cart must of necessity pass. Every body ran to see who was in the cage, and, when they found it was their townsman, they were greatly surprised. A boy ran full speed to acquaint the housekeeper and niece that their uncle and master was coming home, weak and pale, and stretched upon a truss of hay, in a waggon drawn by oxen. It was piteous to hear the outcries the two good women raised, the buffets they gave themselves, and the

maledictions that they heaped afresh on the cursed books of chivalry, which increased tenfold when they saw Don Quixote coming in at the gate.

Upon the news of Don Quixote's arrival, Sancho Panza's wife, who knew her husband was gone with him to serve as a squire, hastened to meet him. As soon as she saw Sancho, the first thing she asked was whether the ass was come home well. Sancho answered that he was, and in a better condition than his master. "God be praised," replied she, "for so great a mercy to me! But tell me, friend, what good have you got by your squireship? what petticoat do you bring home to me, and what shoes to your

children?"—"I bring nothing of all this, dear wife," replied Sancho; "but I bring other things of greater moment and consequence." "I am very glad of that," answered the wife: "pray

shew me these things of greater moment and consequence my friend; I would fain see them to rejoice this heart of mine, which has been so sad and discontented all the long time of your absence." "You shall see them at home, wife," quoth Sancho, "and be satisfied at present; for if it please God that we make another sally in quest of adventures, you will soon see me an earl or

governor of an island, and not an ordinary one neither, but one of the best that is to be had."—"Heaven grant it may be so, husband," quoth the wife, "for we have need of it. But pray tell me what you mean by islands; for I do not understand you.' "Honey is not for the mouth of an ass," answered Sancho; "in good time you shall see, wife, yea, and admire to hear yourself styled ladyship by all your vassals."—"What do you mean Sancho, by ladyship, islands and vassals?" answered Juana Panza (that was Sancho's wife's name, though they were not of kin, but because it is the custom in La Mancha for the wife to take the husband's name [284]). "Be not in so much haste, Juana, to know all this," said Sancho. "Let it suffice that I tell you the truth, and sew up your mouth. But for the present, know that there is nothing in the world so pleasant as to be the honest squire to a knight-errant in search of adventures. It is true, indeed, most of them are not so much to a man's mind as he could wish; for ninety-nine out of a hundred one meets with, fall out cross and unlucky. This I know by experience, for I have sometimes come off tossed in a blanket, and sometimes well cudgelled; but for all that, it is a fine thing to be in expectation of accidents, traversing mountains, searching woods, marching over rocks, visiting castles, lodging in inns, all at discretion and the devil a farthing to pay."

While this discourse passed between Sancho Panza and Juana Panza, the housekeeper and the niece received Don Quixote, and, having pulled off his clothes, laid him in his own bed. He looked at them with haggard eyes, not knowing perfectly where he was. The priest charged the niece to take great care and make much of her uncle; and advised her to keep a watchful eye over him, lest he should once more give them the slip, telling her what difficulty they had had to get him home to his house. Here the two

[284] In other parts of Spain, married women preserved and still preserve their maiden-names

Cervantes, in the course of *Don Quixote*, gives several names to Sancho's wife. In the beginning of the first part he calls her Mary Gutierrez, in this place, Juana Panza; in the second part, it will be seen that he calls her Tereza Cascajo, then again, Mary Gutierrez, and subsequently Tereza Panza. He calls her, however, most frequently by this latter name.

women exclaimed afresh, and renewed their execrations against all books of chivalry, begging of Heaven to confound to the centre of the abyss the authors of so many lies and absurdities. Lastly, they remained full of trouble and fear lest they should lose their uncle

and master as soon as ever he found himself a little better; and it did actually fall out as they imagined.

But the author of this history, though he applied himself with the utmost curiosity and diligence to trace the exploits Don Quixote performed in his third sally, could get no account of them, at least from any authentic writings. Only fame has preserved in the memoirs of La Mancha a tradition that Don Quixote, the third time he sallied from home, went to Saragossa *, where he was present at a famous tournament in that city [285], and that there befell him things worthy of his valour and good understanding. Nor would the historian have learned any thing concerning his death, if a lucky accident had not brought him acquainted with an aged physician, who had in his custody a leaden box, found, as he said, under the ruins of an ancient hermitage, then rebuilding [286]. In that box was found a manuscript of parchment, written in Gothic characters, but in Castilian verse, containing many of his exploits, and giving an account of the beauty of Dulcinea del Toboso, the figure of Rocinante, the fidelity of Sancho Panza, and the burial of Don Quixote himself, with several epitaphs and eulogies on his life and manners. All that could be read and perfectly made out, are those inserted here by the faithful author of this strange and never before seen history. This author desires no other reward from those who shall read it, in recompense of the vast pains it has cost him to enquire into and search all the archives of La Mancha to bring it

* Hence, in his false second part, Avellaneda, took the hint to send the Don to Saragossa.

[285] In Cervantes's time, there was at Saragossa a fraternity, under the patronage of Saint George, which celebrated three times in the course of the year certain tournaments called *justas del armes* (Ger. de Urrea, *Dialogo de la verdadera honra militar*).

[286] Garcia Ordonez de Montalvo, the author of *Las sergas de Esplandian*, says, speaking of his book: "It was most luckily found in a stone sepulchre which was discovered deep in the earth in a hermitage near Constantinople, and was brought to Spain by a Hungarian merchant. It proved to be written on parchment, and in such ancient characters that the most learned Greek scholars could hardly decypher it." The chronicle of Amadis of Greece was likewise found "in a cavern called the *palace of Hercules*, locked up in a chest made of a kind of wood incapable of decay, and it was concealed there when Spain was taken by the Moors."

to light, but that they would afford him the same credit that ingenious people give to books of knight-errantry, which are so well received in the world. With this price he will reckon himself well paid, and rest satisfied; and will moreover be encouraged to seek and find out others, if not as true, at least of as much invention and entertainment [287].

The first words written in the parchment which was found in the leaden box were these :

[287] Cervantes had then no idea of publishing a second part of *Don Quixote*.

THE ACADEMICIANS OF ARGAMASILLA [288], A TOWN OF LA MANCHA, ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, HOC SCRIPSERUNT.

MONICONGO [289], ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE OF DON QUIXOTE.

EPITAPH.

"La Mancha's thunderbolt of war,
The sharpest wit and loftiest muse;
The hand which from Gaëta far
To Catay did its force infuse;

"He, who through love and valour's fire,
Outstript great Amadis's fame,
Bid warlike Galaor retire,
And silenc'd Belianis' name;

"He who, with helmet, sword and shield,
On Rocinante, steed well known,
Adventures sought in many a field,
Lies underneath this frozen stone."

PANIAGUADO [290], ACADEIMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN LAUDEM DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

SONNET.

"She whom you see, the plump and lusty dame,
With high erected chest and vigorous mien,
Was erst th' enamour'd knight Don Quixote's flame,
The fair Dulcinea, of Toboso queen.

[288] In Cervantes's time, the academies in the largest towns of Spain, Madrid, Seville, Valencia, were scarcely founded. Placing one at Argamasilla, was another sarcasm against the poor village *of which he purposely omitted the name.* Cervantes gives surnames or sobriquets to the academicians of Argamasilla, as was customary in the Italian academies.

[289] Emigrated from Congo.

[290] A word formed of *pan y agua*, bread and water: this is the name given to people on whom alms and victuals are bestowed.

"For her, armed cap-a-pee with sword and shield,
He trod the Sable mountain o'er and o'er;
For her he travers'd Montiel's well-known field,
And in her service toils unnumber'd bore.
Hard fate! that death should crop so fine a flow'r,
And love o'er such a knight exert his tyrant pow'r!"

CAPRICHOSO[291], A MOST INGENIOUS ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN PRAISE OF ROCINANTE, THE HORSE OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

SONNET.

"On the aspiring adamantine trunk
Of a huge tree, whose root with slaughter drunk
Sends forth a scent of war, La Mancha's knight,
Frantic with valour and returned from fight,
His bloody standard trembling in the air,
Hangs up his glittering armour beaming fair,
With that fine temper'd steel, whose edge o'erthrows,
Hacks, hews, confounds, and routs opposing foes.
Unheard-of prowess! and unheard-of verse!
But art new strains invents, new glories to rehearse.
"If Amadis to Grecia gives renown,
Much more her chief does fierce Bellona crown,
Prizing La Mancha more than Gaul or Greece,
As Quixote triumphs over Amadis.
Oblivion ne'er shall shroud his glorious name,
Whose very horse stands up to challenge fame,
Illustrious Rocinante, wond'rous steed!
Not with more generous pride, or mettled speed,
His rider erst Rinaldo's Bayard bore,
Or his mad lord Orlando's Brilladore.

BURLADOR[292], ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON SANCHO PANZA.

SONNET.

"See Sancho Panza, view him well,
And let this verse his praises tell.
His body was but small, 'tis true,
Yet he had a soul as large as two.

[291] The Capricious.
[292] The Sarcastic.

No guile he knew, like some before him;
But simple as his mother bore him,
This gentle squire on gentle ass
Went gently Rocinante's pace,
Following his lord from place to place.
To be an earl he would aspire,
And reason good for such desire:
But worth, in these ungrateful times,
To envy'd honour seldom climbs.
Vain mortals, give your wishes o'er,
And trust the flatterer Hope no more,
Whose promises, whate'er they seem,
End in a shadow or a dream."

CACHIDIABLO [293], ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE DON QUIXOTE.

EPITAPH.

"Here lies an evil-errant knight,
Well bruised in many a fray,
Whose courser, Rocinante hight,
Long bore him many a way.

"Close by his loving master's side
Lies booby Sancho Panza,
A trusty squire, of courage tried,
And true as ever man saw.

[293] The *nom de guerre* of a celebrated renegade, a corsair of Algiers and one of the officers of Barbarossa, who, in the reign of Charles V, made several descents on the coast of Valencia.

TIQUITOC, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE OF DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

EPITAPH.

"Dulcinea, fat and fleshy, lies
Beneath this frozen stone,
But, since to frightful death a prize,
Reduced to skin and bone.

"Of goodly parentage she came,
And had the lady in her;
She was the great Don Quixote's flame,
But only death could win her."

These were all the verses that could be read. The rest, the characters being worm-eaten, were consigned to one of the Academicians

to find out their meaning by conjectures. We are informed he has done it, after many lucubrations and much pains, and that he designs to publish them, giving us hopes of Don Quixote's third sally.

Forse altri canterà con miglior plettro [294].

[294] *Orlando furioso*, canto XXX.
Cervantes repeats and translates this verse at the end of the first chapter of the second part:

Y como del Catay recibio el cetro,
Quiza otro cantarà con mejor plectro.

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART SECOND.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE READER.

VERILY, gentle or it may be simple reader, with what impatience must you now be waiting for this prologue, expecting to find in it resentments, railings and invectives against the author of the second *Don Quixote!* I mean him who it is said was begotten in Tordesillas, and born in Tarragona[295]. But in truth, it is not my design to give

[295] The writer who concealed his real designation under the name of the licentiate Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas, and whose book was printed at Tarragona.

you that satisfaction; for, though injuries are apt to awaken choler in the humblest breasts, yet in mine this rule must admit of an exception. You would have me, perhaps, call him ass, madman and coxcomb; but I have no such design. Let his own sin be his punishment; let him eat it with his food, and much good may it do him.

What I cannot forbear resenting, is, that he upbraids me with my age, and with having lost my hand, as if it were in my power to have hindered time from passing over my head, or as if my injury had been got in some drunken quarrel at a tavern, and not on the noblest occasion that past or present ages have seen, or future can ever hope to see[296]. If my wounds do not reflect a lustre in the eyes of those who barely behold them, they will, however, be esteemed by those who know how I came by them; for a soldier makes a better figure dead in battle, than alive and at liberty in running away. I am so firmly of this opinion, that could an impossibility be rendered practicable, and the same opportunity be recalled, I would rather be again present in that prodigious action, than whole and sound without having shared the glory of it. The scars a soldier shows in his face and breast are stars which guide others to the haven of honour and the desire of just praise.—And it must be observed that men do not write with grey hairs, but with the understanding which is usually improved by years.

I have also heard with anger that he taxes me with envy, and describes to me, as to one utterly ignorant, what envy is; and, in good truth, of the two kinds of envy, I am acquainted only with that which is sacred, noble and well-meaning. This being so, as it really is, I am not inclined to reflect on any ecclesiastic, especially if he is besides dignified with the title of a familiar of the Inquisition[297]. If he said what he did for the sake of that person for whom he seems to have said it, he is utterly mistaken, for I adore that gentleman's genius, and admire his works, and his constant and virtuous employments. But in fine, I own myself obliged to this worthy author for saying that my *Novels* are more satirical than moral, but, however, that they are good, which they could not be without some share of both.

Methinks, reader, you tell me that I proceed with much circumspection, and confine myself within the limits of my own modesty, knowing that we should not

[296] The battle of Lepanto.

[297] In allusion to Lope de Vega, who was actually a priest and familiar of the Holy Office, after having been twice married.

add affliction to the afflicted; and this gentleman's must needs be very great, since he dares not appear in the open field, nor in clear day-light, but conceals his name, and dissembles his country, as if he had committed some crime of high treason. If ever you should chance to fall into his company, tell him from me that I do not think myself aggrieved, for I know very well what the temptations of the devil are, and that one of the greatest is the putting it into a man's head that he can write and print a book, which shall procure him as much fame as money, and as much money as fame. In confirmation hereof, I would have you, in a vein of mirth and pleasantry, tell him this story.

"There was a madman in Seville, who fell into one of the most ridiculous and extravagant conceits that ever madman did in the world. He sharpened the point of a cane at one end, and, catching a dog in the street, or elsewhere, he set his foot on one of the cur's hind legs, and lifting up the other with his hand, he inserted the end of the cane as well as he could into the dog's body, and blew him up as round as a ball. Holding the poor animal in this manner, he gave him a thump or two on the belly with the palm of his hand, and let him go, saying to the by-standers, who were always very many: 'Well, gentlemen, what think you? is it such an easy matter to blow up a dog?' And what think you, Sir; is it such an easy matter to write a book?" And if this story does not square with him, pray, kind reader, tell him this story, which is likewise of a madman and a dog:

"There was another madman in Cordova, who had a custom of carrying on his head a piece of a marble slab, or stone, not very heavy, and when he lighted upon any careless cur, he got close to him, and let the weight fall plump upon his head. The dog, in wrath, limps away barking and howling, without so much as looking behind him for three streets' length. Now it happened that, among the dogs upon whom he let fall the weight, one belonged to a cap-maker, who valued him mightily. Down goes the stone, and hits him on the head; the poor dog raises the cry; his master seeing it, resents it. Catching up his measuring-yard, out he goes to the madman, and leaves him not a whole bone in his skin. At every blow he gave him, he cried: 'Dog! rogue! what, abuse my spaniel[298]?—Did you not see, barbarous villain, that my dog was a spaniel?'—And repeating the word spaniel very often, he dismissed the madman beaten to

[298] In the text, the word is *podenco*, which means a running dog. We have said spaniel, in order that the word dog might not be repeated too frequently in so few lines.

a jelly. The chastisement produced the desired effect, the madman went off, and appeared not in the market-place for above a month after. After a while, however, he returned with his invention, and a greater weight. Coming to a place where a dog was lying, and observing him carefully from head to tail, and not daring to let fall the stone, he said: 'This is a spaniel—have a care!' In short, whatever dogs he met with, though they were mastiffs or hounds, he said they were spaniels, and so let fall the slab no more."

Thus perhaps, it may fare with our historian; he may be cautious for the future how he lets fall his wit in books, which, if they are bad, are harder than rocks themselves. Tell him also, that as to his threatening to deprive me of my expected gain by his book, I value it not a farthing, but apply the famous interlude of the *Perendenga*[299], and answer: "Long live the *veinticuatro*, my lord[300], and Christ be with us all!" Yes, long live the great Conde de Lemos, whose well-known christianity and liberality support me under all the strokes of adverse fortune! and God prosper the eminent charity of his grace the archbishop of Toledo, Bernardo de Sandovaly Rojas. Were there as many books written against me as there are letters in the rhymes of Mingo Revulgo[301], the favour of these two princes, who without any flattering solicitation or any kind of applause on my part, but merely of their own goodness, have taken upon them to patronize me, would be my sufficient protection: and I esteem myself happier and richer than if fortune by ordinary means had placed me on her highest pinnacle. The poor man may be honourable, but not the vicious; poverty may cloud nobility, but not wholly obscure it. As virtue shines by its own light, though seen through the difficulties and crannies of poverty, so it always gains the esteem, and consequently the protection, of great and noble minds.

Say no more to him; nor will I say more to you. Only I will let you know that this second part of *Don Quixote*, which I offer you, is cut by the same hand

[299] A little piece of the epoch, of which the author is unknown.

[300] The *regidores*, or municipal officers of Seville, Grenada and Cordova have been called *veinticuatros* ever since their number was reduced from thirty-six to twenty-four by Alphonso the Just.

[301] *Las coplas de Mingo Revulgo* are a species of satirical lamentation on the reign of Henry IV (*el impotente*). By some they have been attributed to Juan de Mena, author of the poem *el Laberinto*; by others to Rodrigo Cota, the original author of *Celestina*; and by others to the chronicler Fernando del Pulgar. The latter at least commented on the work at the end of the chronicle of Henry IV., by Diego, Enriquez del Castillo.

and out of the same piece, as the first. Herein I present you with Don Quixote at his full length, and at last fairly dead and buried, that no one may presume to bring fresh accusation against him, those already brought being enough. Let it suffice also that a writer of some credit has given an account of his ingenious follies, resolving not to take up the subject any more. Too much even of a good thing lessens it in our esteem, and scarcity, even of an indifferent, makes it of some estimation. I had almost forgotten to tell you, that you may soon expect the *Persiles* which I have nearly finished, and also the second part of *Galatea*.

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART II. CHAPTER I.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THE PRIEST, THE BARBER AND DON QUIXOTE, CONCERNING HIS INDISPOSITION.

Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, in the second part of this history and third sally of Don Quixote, that the priest and the barber were almost a whole month without seeing him, lest they should bring back to his mind the remembrance of things past. Yet they did not therefore forbear visiting his niece and his housekeeper, charging them to take care and make much of him, and to give him comforting things to eat, such as are proper for the heart and brain, whence, in all appearance, his disorder proceeded. They said they did so and would continue so to do with all possible care and good-will, for they perceived that their master was ever and anon discovering signs of being in his right mind. When they heard this news, the priest and the barber were greatly

pleased, thinking they had hit upon the right course in bringing him home enchanted upon the ox-waggon, as is related in the last chapter of the first part of this no less great than exact history. They resolved therefore to visit him and make trial of his amendment, though they reckoned it almost impossible that he should be cured. They agreed between themselves not to touch upon the subject of knight-errantry, lest they should endanger the ripping up the stitches of a wound that was yet tender[302].

In fine, they made him a visit, and found him sitting on his bed,

[302] A metaphor taken from the surgical art. It was at that day the usual custom

clad in a waistcoat of green baize, with a red Toledo bonnet on his head, and so lean and shrivelled that he seemed as if he were reduced to a mere mummy. They were received by Don Quixote with much kindness; and, when they enquired after his health, he gave them an account both of that and of himself with much judgment and in very elegant expressions. In the course of their

of surgeons to sew up a wound, and thence to express its size by the number of stitches necessary to heal it. This expression brings to mind one of the most racy adventures in the Novel intituled *Rinconete y Cortadillo.* In it Cervantes relates that a gentleman gave fifty ducats to a bully by profession, as a fee for inflicting on another gentleman, his enemy, a wound of *fourteen stitches.* But the *bravo,* calculating that the gentleman's face, which was very small, would not contain so long a gash, inflicted it on his footman, whose cheeks were larger and plumper than his master's.

conversation, they fell upon matters of state and forms of government, correcting this abuse and condemning that, reforming one custom and banishing another, each of the three setting up himself for a new legislator, a modern Lycurgus, or a second Solon; and in such manner did they new-model the commonwealth, that one would have thought they had clapped it into a forge, and taken it out quite altered from what it was before. Don Quixote delivered himself with such good sense on all the subjects they touched upon, that the two examiners undoubtedly believed he was entirely well and in his perfect senses.

The niece and the housekeeper were present at the conversation, and, seeing their master give such proofs of a sound mind, thought they could never sufficiently thank Heaven. But the priest changing his former purpose of not touching on matters of chivalry, was now resolved to make a thorough experiment whether Don Quixote were perfectly recovered, or not. So from one thing to another, he came at length to tell him some news lately brought from court. Among other things, he said that it was given out for certain that the Turk was coming down with a powerful fleet [303]; but that it was not known what his design was, nor where so great a storm would burst. He added that all Christendom was alarmed thereat, as it used to be almost every year, and that the king had already provided for the security of the coasts of Naples and Sicily, and of the island of Malta.

Don Quixote replied: "His majesty has acted like a most prudent warrior in providing in time for the defence of his dominions, that the enemy may not surprise him. But if my counsel might be taken, I would advise him to make use of a precaution which his majesty is at present very far from thinking of." Directly the priest heard this he said within himself: "God defend thee, poor

[303] Since the middle of the sixteenth century, the maritime enterprises of the Turks were, in Spain and Italy, the ordinary topics of political conversations. They were even alluded to in the proverbial language of those countries; Juan Cortes de Toledo, the author of *The Lazarillo de Menzanares*, speaking of a mother-in-law, says she was a *woman more to be dreaded than an incursion of the Turk*. Cervantes also, in the beginning of his *Journey to Parnassus*, in bidding adieu to the steps of San Felipe's church, which were the general resort of the newsmongers of the day, has this passage: "Adieu, promenade of San Felipe, where I so often read, as in a Venetian newspaper, whether the Turkish dog embarks or disembarks."

Don Quixote! methinks thou art falling headlong from the top of thy madness down to the profound abyss of thy folly." The barber, who had made the same reflection as the priest, asked Don Quixote what precaution it was that he thought so proper to be taken. "Perhaps," he added, "it is such as may be put into the list of the many impertinent admonitions usually given to princes."—"Mine, goodman shaver," answered Don Quixote, "shall not be impertinent, but to the purpose."—"I meant no harm," replied the barber; "but only that experience has shewn that all or most of the pieces of advice people give his majesty are either impracticable or absurd, or to the prejudice of the king or kingdom."—"True" answered Don Quixote; "but mine is neither impracticable nor absurd; it is the most easy, the most just, the most feasible, the most expeditious that can enter into the imagination of any contriver of expedients[304]." —"Signor Don Quixote," quoth the priest, "you keep us too long in suspense."—"I have no mind," replied Don Quixote, "it should be told here now, and to-morrow by day-break get to the ears of the lords of the privy-council, so that somebody else should run away with the thanks and reward of my labour."—"I give you my word," said the barber, "here and before God, that I will not reveal what your worship shall say, either to king or to rook, or to any man upon earth: an oath which I learned from the *romance* of the priest, in the preface whereof he tells the king of the thief that robbed him of the hundred doubloons and his ambling mule[305]."

[304] These political charlatans were called *arbitristas*, and the measures that they proposed, *arbitrios*. Cervantes ridicules them amusingly in the *Dialogue of the Two Dogs*, in which he makes one of these *arbitristas* propose the following method of filling the empty royal treasury: "Permission must be asked of the cortès for all his majesty's vassals between the ages of fourteen and sixty to be compelled to fast once in a month on bread and water, and for all the outlay that would otherwise have been expended on that day in meat, fish, eggs, vegetables, fruit and wine to be valued in money and faithfully paid to his majesty, on oath. In twenty years, the money thus raised will be sufficient to liquidate all debts and heap up the treasury. For there are certainly more than three millions of persons of that age in Spain .... who spend at least a real a day, though they eat only dandelion-roots. Then do you think it would be a trifle to have every month more than three millions of reals like sifting them through a sieve? Besides, it would be all for the profit of the fasters, since in fasting they would serve at once Heaven and the king; and, for a large number, it would be also profitable for the health. There is an expedient without expense of any kind, and without the necessity of commissioners, who are the ruin of the state. ....."

[305] In allusion to some *romance* popular at that day, now wholly unknown.

"I know not the history," said Don Quixote; "but I presume the oath is a good one, because I am persuaded master barber is an honest man."—"Though he were not," said the curate, "I will make it good, and engage for him that, as to this business, he will talk no more of it than a dumb man, under what penalty you shall think fit."—"And who will be bound for your reverence, master curate?" said Don Quixote. "My profession," answered the priest, "which obliges me to keep a secret."

"Body of me!" cried Don Quixote, "then his majesty has only to cause proclamation to be made that all the knights-errant who are now wandering about Spain do, on a certain day, repair to court; for should there come but half a dozen, there may happen to be among them one, who may be able alone to destroy the whole power of the Turk. Pray, gentlemen, be attentive, and go along with me. Is it a new thing for a knight-errant singly to defeat an army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had all but one throat, or were made of sugar-paste? Pray tell me, how many histories are full of these wonders! How unlucky is it for me, I will not say for any body else, that the famous Don Belianis, or some one of the numerous race of Amadis of Gaul, is not now in being! Were any one of them alive at this day, and were to confront the Turk, in good faith I should not like to be in the Turk's place. But God will provide for his people, and send some one, if not as strong as the former knights-errant, at least not inferior to them in courage. God knows my meaning, I say no more."—"Alas!" quoth the niece at this instant, "may I perish if my uncle has not a mind to turn knight-errant again!"—"A knight-errant I will live and die," answered Don Quixote: "let the Turk come down or up when he pleases, and as powerful as he may; I repeat that God knows my meaning." Here the barber said: "I beg leave gentlemen, to tell a short story of what happened once in Seville; it comes in so pat to the present purpose that I must needs tell it." Don Quixote and the priest gave him leave, the rest lent him their attention, and the barber began thus:

"A certain man was put by his relations into the mad-house of Seville for having lost his wits. He had taken his degrees in

canon law in the university of Ossuna; but, had he taken them in that of Salamanca, most people think he would nevertheless have been mad. This graduate, after some years' confinement, took it into his head that he was in his right senses and perfect understanding. With this conceit he wrote to the archbishop, beseeching him with great earnestness, and seemingly good reasons, that he would be pleased to send and deliver him from the miserable confinement in which he lived, since, through the mercy of God, he had recovered his lost senses. He added that his relations, in order to enjoy part of his estate, kept him still there, and, in spite of truth, would have him be mad till his dying day. The archbishop, prevailed upon by his many letters, all penned with sense and judgment, ordered one of his chaplains to inform himself from the rector of the mad-house whether what the licentiate had written to him was true, and to talk with the madman, and, if it appeared that he was in his senses, to take him out and set him at liberty. The chaplain did so; and the rector assured him that the man was still mad; for though he sometimes talked like a man of excellent sense, he would in the end break out in such distracted flights as more than counterbalanced his former rational discourse, as he might convince himself by conversing with him. The chaplain resolved to make the trial; he paid a visit to the madman, and talked above an hour with him. During all that time he never returned a disjointed or extravagant answer; on the contrary, he spoke with such sobriety, and so much to the purpose, that the chaplain was forced to believe he was in his right mind. Among other things, he said that the rector mis-represented him for the sake of the presents his relations sent him that he might say he was still mad, and had only some lucid intervals. The madman added that his great estate was the greatest enemy he had in his misfortune, since in order to enjoy it, his enemies had recourse to fraud, and pretended to doubt of the mercy of God towards him, in restoring him from the condition of a brute to that of a man. In short, he talked in such a manner that he made the rector to be suspected, he made his relations appear covetous and, unnatural, and showed himself to be so discreet that the chaplain

determined to carry him away with him, that the archbishop himself might see and lay his finger upon the truth of this business. The good chaplain, possessed with this opinion, desired the rector to order the clothes to be given him which he wore when he was brought in. The rector enjoined him to take care what he did, since, beyond all doubt the licentiate was still mad. But the precautions and remonstrances of the rector availed nothing towards hindering the chaplain from carrying him away. The rector, seeing it was by order of the archbishop, obeyed, and they put the licentiate on his clothes, which were fresh and decent. When he found himself stripped of his madman's weeds, and habited like a rational creature, he begged of the chaplain that he would for charity's sake permit him to take leave of the madmen his companions. The chaplain said he would bear him company, and take a view of the lunatics confined in the house. So up stairs they went, and with them some other persons who happened to be present. The licentiate, approaching a kind of cage in which lay one that was outrageously mad, though at that time he was still and quiet, said to him: 'Have you any service, dear brother, to command me; I am returning to my own house, God having been pleased, of his infinite goodness and mercy, and without any desert of mine, to restore me to my senses. I am now sound and well, for with God nothing is impossible. Put great trust and confidence in him. Since he has restored me to my former state, he will also restore you, if you trust in his goodness. I will take care to send you some refreshing victuals, and be sure to eat of them; for I must needs tell you that I find, having experienced it myself, that all our distractions proceed from our stomachs being empty and our brains filled with wind. Take heart, take heart; for despondency under misfortunes impairs health, and hastens death.' All this discourse of the licentiate was overheard by another madman, who was in an opposite cell. Raising himself up from an old mat whereon he had been lying stark naked, he demanded aloud who it was that was going away recovered and in his senses. 'It is I, brother,' answered the licentiate, 'that am going; I need stay no longer here, and am infinitely thankful to Heaven for having bestowed so great a blessing upon me.'—'Take

heed, friend licentiate, what you say; let not the devil delude you,' replied the madman. 'Stir not a foot, but keep where you are, and and you will spare yourself the trouble of being brought back.'—'I know,' replied the licentiate, 'that I am perfectly well, and shall have no more occasion to visit the station-churches *.'—'You well!' said the madman; 'we shall soon see that; farewell! But I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that for this offence alone, which Seville is now committing in carrying you out of this house, and judging you to be in your senses, I am determined to inflict such a signal punishment on this city that the memory thereof shall endure for ever and ever, amen. Know you not, little brainless licentiate, that I can do as I say, since I am thundering

* Certain churches, with indulgences, appointed to be visited, either for pardon of sins or for procuring blessings. Madmen, probably in their lucid intervals, were obliged to this exercise.

Jupiter, and hold in my hands the flaming bolts with which I threaten and destroy the world? But no; in one thing only will I chastise this ignorant people: there shall no rain fall on this town, nor in all its district, for three whole years, reckoning from the day and hour in which this threatening is denounced. You at liberty, you recovered and in your right senses! and I a madman, I distempered, and in bonds! I will no more rain than I will hang myself.' All the by-standers were very attentive to the madman's discourse; but our licentiate, turning to the chaplain, and holding him by both hands, said to him: 'Be in no pain, good Sir, nor make any account of what this madman has said. If he is Jupiter and will not rain, I, who am Neptune, the father and god of the waters, will rain as often as I please, and whenever there shall be occasion.' To this the chaplain answered. 'However, Signor Neptune, it will not be convenient at present to provoke Signor Jupiter. Therefore pray stay where you are; some other time, when we have a better opportunity and more leisure, we will come for you.' The rector and by-standers laughed, which put the chaplain half out of countenance. They disrobed the licentiate, who remained where he was; and there is an end of the story.

"This then, master barber," said Don Quixote, "is the story which comes in here so pat that you could not forbear telling it? Ah! Signor cut-beard, he must be blind indeed who cannot see through a sieve! Is it possible you should be ignorant that comparisons made between understanding and understanding, valour and valour, beauty and beauty, and family and family, are always odious and ill-taken? I, master barber, am not Neptune, god of the waters, nor do I set myself up for a wise man, being really not so; all I aim at is to convince the world of its error in not reviving those happy times in which the order of knight-errantry flourished. But this our degenerate age deserves not to enjoy so great a blessing as that which former ages could boast, when knights-errant took upon themselves the defence of kingdoms, the protection of orphans, the relief of damsels, the chastisement of the haughty and the reward of the humble. Most of the knights now in fashion, make a rustling rather in damasks, brocades and other rich stuffs, than in coats of

mail. You have now no knight who will lie in the open field, exposed to the rigour of the Heavens, in complete armour from head to foot; no one now who, without stirring his feet out of his stirrups and leaning upon his lance, takes a short nap like the knights-errant of the olden time. There is no knight now who, issuing out of the forest, ascends the mountain, who thence penetrates to a barren and desert shore of the sea, most commonly stormy and tempestuous, where finding on the beach a small skiff, without oar, sail, mast, or any kind of tackle, he boldly throws himself into it, exposing himself to the implacable billows of the profound sea, which now mount him up to the skies, and then cast him down to the abyss; while he, opposing his courage to the irresistible

hurricane, when he least dreams of it, finds himself above three thousand leagues from the place where he first embarked, and, leaping on the remote and unknown shore, encounters accidents

worthy to be written, not on parchment, but brass. But now-a-days, sloth triumphs over diligence, idleness over labour, vice over virtue, arrogance over bravery, and the theory over the practice of arms, which only lived and flourished in those golden days and among those knights-errant. Otherwise, pray tell me who was more civil and more valiant than the famous Amadis of Gaul? who more discreet than Palmerin of England? who more affable and obliging than Tirant the White? who more gallant than Lisvart of Greece? who gave or received more cuts and slashes than Don Belianis? who was more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? who more enterprising than Felixmarte of Hircania? who more sincere than Esplandian? who more daring than Don Cirongilio of Thrace? who more brave than Rodamonte? who more prudent than king Sobrino? who more intrepid than Reynaldo? who more invincible than Orlando? who more courteous than Rogero, from whom, according to Turpin's *Cosmography* [306], are descended the present Dukes of Ferrara? All these warriors, and others that I could name, master priest, were knights-errant, the light and glory of chivalry. Now these, or such as these, are the men I would advise his majesty to employ; by which means he will be sure to be well served, would save a vast expense, and the Turk might go tear his beard for very madness. Yet will I stay at home, since the chaplain does not fetch me out; and if Jupiter, as the barber has said, will not rain, here am I, who will rain whenever I think proper; and I say this in order to let goodman Basin see that I understand him."

"In truth, Signor Don Quixote," said the barber, "I meant no harm in what I said, and may Heaven help me as my intention was good. Your worship ought not to take it ill."—"Whether I ought to take it ill or not," said Don Quixote, "is best known to myself."—"Well," said the curate, "I have hardly spoken a word yet, and I would willingly get rid of a scruple which gnaws and

[306] Not according to Turpin, to whom the *Cosmography* has never been attributed; but according to Ariosto, in the *Orlando furioso*, of which Rogero is in fact the hero.

disturbs my conscience, occasioned by what Signor Don Quixote has just now said."—"You have leave, master priest, for greater matters," answered Don Quixote; "so you may out with your scruple, for there is no pleasure in going with a scrupulous conscience." "With this licence then," answered the priest, "my scruple, I say, is that I can by no means persuade myself that the multitude of knights-errant your worship has mentioned, were really and truly persons of flesh and blood in the world; on the contrary, I imagine that it is all fiction, fable, falsehood and dreams told by men awake, or, to speak more properly, half asleep."—"This is another error," answered Don Quixote, "into which many have fallen who do not believe that ever there were any such knights in the world. I have frequently, in company with divers persons and upon sundry occasions, endeavoured to confute this almost universal mistake. Sometimes I have failed in my design, and sometimes succeeded, supporting it on the shoulders of truth. This truth is so certain, that I can almost say these eyes of mine have seen Amadis of Gaul; who was a man tall of stature, of a fair complexion, with a well-set beard, though black, his aspect between mild and stern, a man of few words, not easily provoked and soon pacified. In like manner as I have described Amadis, I fancy I could paint and delineate all the knights-errant that are found in all the histories in the world, for apprehending as I do that they were such as their histories represent them, one may, by the exploits they performed and their dispositions, give a good philosophical guess at their features, their complexions and their statures."—"Pray, good Signor Don Quixote," quoth the barber, "how big, think ye, might the giant Morgante be?"—"As to the business of giants," answered Don Quixote, "it is a controverted point whether there really have been such in the world or not. But the Holy Scripture, which cannot deviate a tittle from truth, shews us there have been such, giving us the history of that huge Philistine, Goliath, who was seven cubits and a half high [307], which is a prodigious stature.

[307] The Holy Scriptures do not make him so large. "And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span." (1 Samuel, Chap. XVII., Verse 4.)

Besides, in the island of Sicily, there have been found thigh-bones so large that their size demonstrates that those to whom they belonged were giants, and as big as large steeples: a truth which geometry evinces beyond all doubt. But, for all that, I cannot say with certainty how big Morgante was; though I fancy he could not be extremely tall, and I am inclined to this opinion by finding in the story wherein his achievements are particularly mentioned [308], that he often slept under a roof; and since he found a house big enough to hold him, it is plain he was not himself of an immeasurable bigness."—"That is true," quoth the curate; who, being delighted to hear him talk so wildly and extravagantly, asked him what he thought of the faces of Reynaldo of Montalvan, Orlando and the rest of the twelve peers of France, since they were all knights-errant. "Of Reynaldo," answered Don Quixote, "I dare boldly affirm he was broad-faced, of a ruddy complexion, large rolling eyes, punctilious, choleric to an extreme, and a friend to rogues and profligate fellows. Of Rolan, or Rotolando, or Orlando (for histories give him all these names), I am of opinion, and do assert that he was of a middling stature, broad-shouldered, bandy-legged, brown-complexioned, red-bearded, hairy-bodied, of a threatening aspect, sparing of speech; but very civil and well-bred."—"If Orlando," replied the priest, "was no finer a gentleman than you have described him, no wonder that madam Angelica the Fair disdained and forsook him for the gaiety, sprightliness and good-humour of the downy-chinned little Moor with whom she had an affair; and of a truth she acted discreetly in preferring the softness of Medor to the roughness of Orlando." "That Angelica, master priest," replied Don Quixote, "was a light, gossiping, wanton hussey, and left the world as full of her impertinences as of the fame of her beauty. She undervalued a

[308] The Italian poem of *Morgante maggiore*, by Luigi Pulci. It was freely translated into Spanish by Geronimo Auner. Seville, 1550 and 1552.

thousand gentlemen, a thousand valiant and wise men [309], and took up with a paltry beardless page, with no other estate and reputation than what the affection he preserved for his friend could give him [310]. Even the great extoller of her beauty, the famous Ariosto, either not daring or not caring to celebrate what befell this lady after her pitiful intrigue, the subject not being over modest, left her with these verses:

'Another bard may sing in better strain,
How she Cataya's sceptre did obtain.'

Without doubt this was a kind of prophecy, for poets are also called *vates*, that is to say diviners; and this truth is plainly seen, for, since that time, a famous Andalusian poet has bewailed and sung her tears, and another famous and singular Castilian poet has celebrated her beauty [311]."

"Pray tell me, Signor Don Quixote," quoth the barber at this instant, "has no poet written a satire upon this lady Angelica among so many who have sung her praises?"—"I verily believe," answered Don Quixote, "that if Sacripante or Orlando had been poets, they would long ago have well soaped the damsel's head, for it is peculiar and natural to poets, disdained or rejected by their false mistresses, or such as were feigned in effect by those who chose them to be the sovereign ladies of their thoughts, to revenge themselves by satires and lampoons: a vengeance certainly unworthy a generous spirit. — But hitherto I have not met with any defamatory verses against the lady Angelica, though she turned the world upside down [312]."— "A miracle, a miracle," cried the

[309] Orlando, Ferragus, Renaud, Agrican, Sacripante, etc.

[310] Medor was wounded and left for dead on the spot, as he went to fetch away the corpse of his master, Daniel d'Almonte. (*Orlando furioso*, canto XXIII.)

[311] The Andalusian poet is Luis Barahona de Soto, the author of *The tears of Angelica* (Las Lágrimas de Angélica), a poem in twelve cantos. Grenada, 1586. The Castilian poet is Lope de Vega, who wrote *The Beauty of Angelica*, (La Hermosura de Angélica), a poem in twenty cantos. Barcelona, 1604.

[312] A few years later, Quevedo made himself the avenger of Angelica's rejected lovers, in his *Orlando burlesco*.

priest...; and all at once they heard the voice of the housekeeper and the niece, who had already quitted the conversation and were bawling aloud in the court-yard; they all arose and ran towards the noise.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH TREATS OF THE NOTABLE QUARREL BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA AND DON QUIXOTE'S NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER, WITH OTHER PLEASANT OCCURRENCES.

OSING sight, for a short time of Don Quixote, the priest and the barber; the history relates[313] that the outcry, which they heard was raised by the niece and the housekeeper, who were defending the door against Sancho Panza, who was striving to get in to see Don Quixote. "What would the paunch-gutted vagabond have in this house?" cried the housekeeper; "get you to your own, brother; for it is you, and no other, by whom

[313] A form in great vogue with the Arabian historians, from whom it was adopted by the ancient Spanish chroniclers; from the latter it was again imitated by the romance-writers, whom Cervantes imitated in his turn.

my master is seduced and led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways."—"Mistress housekeeper for Satan," answered Sancho, "it is I that am seduced and led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways, and not your master. It was he who led me this dance, and you deceive yourselves half in half. He inveigled me from home with fair speeches, promising me an island,

which I still hope for [314]."—"May evil islands choke thee, accursed Sancho!" answered the niece; and pray what are islands? Doubtless they are something eatable, glutton, cormorant that thou art!" "They are not to be eaten," replied Sancho, "but governed, and

[314] The word *insula*, which Don Quixote borrows from romances of chivalry, was, even in Cervantes's time, a very ancient term. An island was called, at that time as at present, *isla*. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the niece and housekeeper do not understand the word. Sancho himself has not a very clear idea of its meaning. So Cervantes's pleasantry, rather forced in English, is perfectly natural in Spanish.

better governments than any four cities, or four justiceships at court."—"For all that," said the housekeeper, "you come not in here, sack of mischiefs, bundle of rogueries; get you home, and govern there; go, plough and cart, and cease pretending to islands or islets."

The curate and the barber took a great deal of pleasure in hearing this dialogue between the three; but Don Quixote, fearing lest Sancho should blunder out some unseasonable follies, and touch upon some points not very much to his credit, called him to him, and ordered the women to hold their tongues, and let him in. Sancho entered; and the curate and the barber took their leave of Don Quixote, of whose cure they despaired, perceiving how bent he was upon his extravagances and intoxicated with the folly of his unhappy chivalry. Therefore the priest said to the barber: "You will see, neighbour, when we least think of it, our gentleman take the other flight."—"I make no doubt of that," answered the barber; "yet I do not wonder so much at the madness of the knight as at the simplicity of the squire, who is so possessed with the business of the island that I am persuaded all the demonstrations in the world cannot beat it out of his noddle."—"God help them," said the priest; "but let us be upon the watch, and we shall see the drift of this machine of absurdities of such a knight and such a squire, who, one would think, were cast in the same mould, and the madness of the master without the follies of the man would not be worth a farthing."—"True," quoth the barber; "but I should be very glad to know what they are now talking of."—"I lay my life," answered the priest, "the niece or the housekeeper will tell us all by and bye, for they are not of a temper to forbear listening."

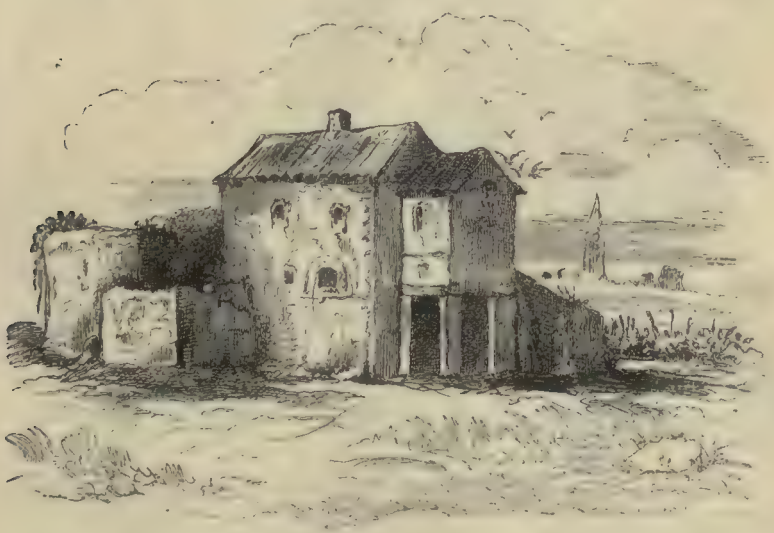
In the mean while, Don Quixote had shut himself up in his chamber with Sancho only. When the former had closed the door, he said: "I am very sorry, Sancho, you should say, and stand in it, that it was I who drew you out of your cottage, when you know that I myself stayed not in my own house. We set out together; we went on together; and together we performed our travels. We both ran the same fortune, and the same chance. If you were once tossed in a blanket, I have been thrashed a hundred

times; and herein only have I had the advantage of you."—"And reason good," answered Sancho, "for, as your worship holds, misfortunes belong more properly to knights-errant themselves than to their squires."—"You are mistaken, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "according to the saying: *Quando caput dolet etc*[315]."—"I understand no other language than my own," replied Sancho. "I mean," said Don Quixote, "that when the head aches, all the members ache also. Therefore I, being your master and lord, am your head, and you are a part of me, as being my servant. For this reason, the ill that does or shall affect me must affect you also; and so on the contrary."—"Indeed," quoth Sancho, "it should be so; but when I, as a limb, was tossed in a blanket, my head stood on t'other side of the pales, beholding me frisking in the air, without feeling any pain at all; and since the members are bound to grieve at the ills of the head, that also, in requital, ought to do the like for them." "Would you insinuate now, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that I was not grieved when I saw you tossed? If that be your meaning, say no more, nor so much as think it, for I felt more pain then in my mind than you did in your body. But no more of this at present, a time will come when we may set this matter upon its right bottom. In the mean time, tell me, friend Sancho, what do folks say of me about this town? what opinion have the common people of me? what think the hidalgoes, the gentlemen? What is said of my prowess, what of my exploits, of my courtesy? What discourse is there of the design I have engaged in to revive and restore to the world the long-forgotten order of chivalry? In short, Sancho, I would have you tell me whatever you have heard concerning these matters, and that without adding to the good, without taking from the bad one tittle. It is the part of faithful vassals to tell their lords the truth in its native simplicity, and proper figure, neither enlarged by adulation, nor diminished out of vain respect. And I would have you, Sancho, learn that, if naked truth could come to the ears of princes, without the disguise of flattery, we should see happier days, and former ages would be

[315] *Quando caput dolet, cætera membra dolent.*

deemed as iron in comparison of ours, which would then be esteemed the golden age. Let this advertisement, Sancho, be a caution to you to give me an ingenuous and faithful account of what you know concerning the matters I have enquired about."

"That I will with all my heart, Sir," answered Sancho, "on condition that your worship shall not be angry at what I say, since you will have me show you the naked truth without arraying her in any other dress than that in which she appeared to me."—"I will in no wise be angry," replied Don Quixote; "you may speak freely, Sancho, and without circumlocution."—"First and foremost then," said Sancho, "the common people take your worship for a downright madman, and me for a fool. The hidalgoes say that your worship, not containing yourself within the bounds of gentility, have taken upon you the style of *Don* and invaded the dignity of knighthood, with no more than a paltry vineyard, a couple of acres



of land, with a tatter behind, and another before. The gentlemen say they would not have the hidalgoes set themselves in opposition to them, especially those squire-like hidalgoes, who black their shoes with smoke, and take up the fallen stitches of their black stockings

with green silk[316]."—"That," said Don Quixote, "is no reflection upon me; for I always go well clad, and my clothes are never patched; a little torn they may be, but more so through the fretting of my armour than by length of time."

"As to what concerns your valour, courtesy, achievements, and your undertaking," continued Sancho, "there are very different opinions. Some say: mad, but humourous; others: valiant, but unfortunate; others: courteous, but impertinent; and then they run divisions upon us, till they leave neither your worship nor me a whole bone in our skins."—"Thus you see, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that wherever virtue is found in any eminent degree, it is always persecuted. Very few, perhaps none of the famous men of times past, escaped being calumniated by their malicious contemporaries. Julius Cæsar, the most courageous, the most prudent, the most valiant captain of antiquity, was noted for being ambitious, and somewhat unclean both in his apparel and his manners[317]. Alexander, whose exploits gained him the surname of Great, is said to have had a little smack of the drunkard; Hercules, with all his labours, is censured for being lascivious and effeminate; Don Galaor, brother of Amadis of Gaul, was taxed with being quarrelsome, and his brother with being a whimperer. So that, my poor Sancho, amidst so many calumnies cast on the worthy, those against me may very well pass, if they are no more than you have mentioned."—"Body of my father! there lies the *hic*," cried Sancho. "What, is there yet more behind?" demanded Don Quixote. "The tail remains still to be flayed," answered Sancho; "all hitherto has been tarts and cheesecakes; but if your worship has a mind to know the very bottom of the calumnies people bestow upon you, I will bring one hither presently who

[316] There were at that day several degrees of nobility: *hidalgos, cavalleros, ricos-hombres, titulos, grandes.* We have put *gentlemen* instead of *cavaliers*, to avoid the equivoque which the latter word would give rise to, applied to Don Quixote.

Don Diego Clemencin has recovered the list of the nobility who inhabited the town of Argamasilla de Alba, in Cervantes's time. There were half-a-dozen undisputed *hidalgos*, and another half dozen of contestable *hidalgos*.

[317] With regard to manners, Suetonius is in accordance with Don Quixote; but not with respect to the toilet. On the contrary, he reproaches Cæsar for being too foppish.—*Circa corporis curam morosior, ut non solum tonderetur diligenter ac raderetur, sed vellere tur etiam, ut quidam exprobraverunt.* cap. 45.

shall tell you them all, without missing a tittle. Last night arrived the son of Bartholomew Carrasco, who comes from studying at Salamanca, having taken the degree of bachelor; and when I went to bid him welcome home, he told me that the history of your worship is already printed in books under the title of the *Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha*. He says also that it mentions me too by my very name of Sancho Panza, and the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and several other things which passed between us two only, insomuch that I crossed myself out of pure amazement, to think how the historian who wrote them could come to know

them."—"Depend upon it, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the author of this our history must be some sage enchanter. Nothing is hidden from those gentry that they have a mind to write."—"A sage, and an enchanter!" quoth Sancho, "why the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, (for that is his name), says the author of this history is called Cid Hamet Berengena."—"That is a Moorish name," answered Don Quixote. "It may be so," replied Sancho, "for I have heard that your Moors for the most part are lovers of berengenas [318]."—"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you must mistake the surname of that same Cid, which in Arabic signifies a lord."—"It may be so," answered Sancho; "but if your worship will have me bring the bachelor hither, I will fly to fetch him."—"You will do me a singular pleasure, friend," said Don Quixote; "I am surprised at what you have told me, and I shall not eat a bit that will do me good, till I am informed of all."—"Then I am going for him," answered Sancho; and leaving his master, he went to seek the bachelor, with whom he returned soon after. Between the worthy trio there then ensued a most pleasant conversation.

[318] Sancho changes *Ben Engeli* into *Berengena*, the name of a kind of vegetable very plentiful in the kingdom of Valencia, into which it was introduced by the Moors.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE LUDICROUS CONVERSATION WHICH PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO PANZA AND THE BACHELOR SAMPSON CARRASCO.

DON QUIXOTE awaited in a very thoughtful mood the coming of the bachelor Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear some accounts of himself, printed in a book, as Sancho had told him. He could not persuade himself that such a history could be extant, since the blood of the enemies he had slain was still reeking on his sword-blade. How could people expect that his high feats of arms should be already in print? However, at last he concluded that some sage, either friend or enemy, by art magic had sent them to the press; if a friend, to aggrandize and extol them above the most signal achievement of any knight-errant; if an enemy, to annihilate and sink them below the meanest that ever were written of any squire. Although (he soliloquized) the feats of squires never were written; and if it should prove true that such

a history is really extant, since it is the history of a knight-errant, it must of necessity be sublime, lofty, illustrious, magnificent and true. This reflection afforded him some comfort; but he lost it again upon considering that the author was a Moor, as was plain from the name of Cid, and that no truth could be expected from the Moors, who were all impostors, liars and visionaries. He

was apprehensive the writer might have treated of his love with some indecency, which might redound to the disparagement and prejudice of the modesty of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and wished he might find that the historian had faithfully depicted his constancy and the decorum he had always inviolably preserved towards her, slighting, for her sake, queens, empresses, damsels of all degrees, and bridling the violent impulses of natural desire. Sancho Panza and Carrasco found him tossed and perplexed with these and a thousand other imaginations; and Don Quixote received the bachelor with much courtesy.

The bachelor, though his name was Sampson, was none of the biggest; he was an arch wag of a very good understanding. He was about twenty-four years of age, of a wan complexion, round-faced, flat-nosed, and wide-mouthed, all signs of his being of a waggish disposition, and a lover of wit and humour, as he immediately made appear. Directly he saw Don Quixote, he threw himself upon his knees before him and said: "Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, let me have the honour of kissing your grandeur's

hand; for by the habit of St. Peter which I wear, though I have

yet taken no other degrees towards holy orders but the four first, your worship is one of the most famous knights-errant that have been or shall be upon the whole circumference of the earth. A blessing light on Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, who has left us the history of your mighty deeds; and blessings upon blessings light upon that virtuoso who took care to have them translated out of Arabic into our vulgar Castilian, for the universal entertainment of all sorts of people!"

Don Quixote made him rise, and said: "It seems then it is true that my history is really extant, and that he who composed it was a Moor and a sage."—"So true it is, Sir," said Sampson, "that I verily believe that there are this very day above twelve thousand books published of that history; witness Lisbon, Barcelona, and

Valencia, where they have been printed, and there is a rumour that

it is now printing at Antwerp [319]. For my part, I foresee that no nation nor language will be without a translation of it." Here Don Quixote said: "One of the things which ought to afford the highest satisfaction to a virtuous and eminent man, is to find, while he is living, his good name published and in print, in every body's mouth and in every body's hand. I say his good name, for if it be the contrary, no death can equal it."—"If fame and good name are to carry it," said the bachelor, "your worship alone bears away the palm from all knights-errant, for the Moor in his language, and the Castilian in his, have taken care to paint to the life that gallant deportment of your worship, that greatness of soul in confronting dangers, that constancy in adversity, that patient enduring of mischances, that modesty and continence in love, so very platonic, as that between your worship and my lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso."—"I never," interrupted Sancho Panza, "heard my lady Dulcinea called *Donna* before, but only plain Dulcinea del Toboso. Here the history is already mistaken."—"That objection is of no importance," answered Carrasco. "No, certainly," replied Don Quixote. "But pray tell me, Signor bachelor, which of my exploits are most esteemed in this same history?"—"As to that," answered the bachelor, "there are different opinions, as there are different tastes. Some are for the adventure of the windmills, which your worship took for so many Briareuses and giants; others adhere to that of the fulling-hammers; these to the description of the two armies which afterwards proved to be two flocks of sheep; another cries up that of the dead body which was carrying to be interred at Segovia; one says the setting the galley-slaves at liberty was beyond them all; another, that none can be compared to that of the two Benedictine giants, with the combat of the valourous Biscayan." "Pray tell me, Signor bachelor," interrupted Sancho again, "is there among the rest the adventure of the Yangueses, when our good Rocinante had a longing after the forbidden fruit?"—"The

[319] "*Nearly a month*," says Cervantes, in the first chapter, "after Don Quixote had returned home, having alighted from the enchanted car, twelve thousand copies of his history were circulating over all Europe, printed in four or five towns, and in several languages." The *Don Quixote* is full of similar blunders. Must they be attributed to negligence, or to sportiveness?

sage," answered Sampson, "has left nothing at the bottom of the inkhorn, he inserts and remarks every thing, even to the capers Sancho cut in the blanket."—"I cut no capers in the blanket," answered Sancho; "in the air I own I did, and more than I desired."—"In my opinion," quoth Don Quixote, "there is no history in the world that has not its ups and downs, especially those which treat of chivalry, for such can never be altogether filled with prosperous events."—"For all that," replied the bachelor, "some who have read the history say that they should have been better pleased if the authors thereof had forgot some of those numberless drubbings given to Signor Don Quixote in different encounters."—"Therein," quoth Sancho, "consists the truth of the history."—"They might indeed as well have omitted them," said Don Quixote, "since there is no necessity of recording those actions which do not change nor alter the truth of the story, and especially if they redound to the discredit of the hero. In good faith, Æneas was not altogether so pious as Virgil paints him, nor Ulysses so prudent as Homer describes him."—"Nothing is more true," replied Sampson; "but it is one thing to write as a poet, and another to write as an historian. The poet may say or sing, not as things were, but as they ought to have been, but the historian must pen them, not as they ought to have been, but as they really were, without adding to or diminishing any thing from the truth."—"Well, if it be so that Signor Moor is in a vein of telling truth," quoth Sancho, "there is no doubt but among my master's rib-roastings mine are to be found also, for they never took measure of his worship's shoulders, but at the same time they took the dimensions of my whole body. But why should I wonder at that, since, as the self-same master of mine says, the members must partake of the ailments of the head?"—"Sancho, you are a sly wag," answered Don Quixote, "and, in faith, you want not for a memory, when you have a mind to have one."—"Though I never had so much a mind to forget the drubs I have received," quoth Sancho, "the tokens that are still fresh on my ribs would not let me."—"Hold your peace, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and do not interrupt Signor bachelor, whom I entreat to go on, and tell me what is farther said of me in the aforesaid history."

—"And of me too," quoth Sancho, "for I hear that I am one of the principal parsons in it."—"Persons, not parsons, friend Sancho," interrupted Sampson.—"What! another corrector of hard words!" quoth Sancho. "If this be the trade we shall never have done."—"Let me die, Sancho," answered the bachelor, "if you are not the second person of the history. Nay, there are some who had rather hear you talk than the finest fellow of them all; though there are also some who say you were a little too credulous in the matter of the government of that island promised you by Signor Don Quixote, here present."—"There is still sunshine on the wall," quoth Don Quixote, "and when Sancho is more advanced in age, with the experience that years give, he will be better qualified to be a governor than he is now."—"Before God, Sir," quoth Sancho, "if I am not fit to govern an island at my years, I shall not know how to govern it at the age of Methusalem. The mischief of it is that the said island sticks I know not where, and not in my want of a head-piece to govern it."—"Recommend it to God, Sancho," said Don Quixote. "All will be well, and perhaps better than you think, for a leaf stirs not on the tree without the will of God."—"That is true," added Sampson; "and if it pleases God, Sancho will not want a thousand islands to govern, much less one."—"I have seen governors ere now," quoth Sancho, "who in my opinion do not come up to the sole of my shoe; and yet they are called your *Lordship*, and eat off silver plates."—"Those are not governors of islands," replied Sampson, "but of other governments more manageable; for those who govern islands must at least understand grammar."—"Grammercy for that," quoth Sancho; "it is all Greek to me, for I know nothing of the matter [320]; but leaving the business of governments in the hands of God, who will dispose of me as I may be most instrumental in his service, I say, Signor bachelor Sampson Carrasco, I am infinitely pleased that the author of the history has spoken of me in such a manner that what he says of me

[320] Sancho replies by a jeu de mots on the word *gramatica*, grammar. "With the *grama* (dog's-grass), I should do very well, but with the *tica* I should be at a loss what to do, for I do not understand it." It is untranslatable.

is not at all tiresome; for, upon the faith of a trusty squire, had he said any thing of me unbecoming an old Christian as I am, the deaf should have heard it."—"That would be working miracles," answered Sampson. "Miracles or no miracles," quoth Sancho, "let every one take heed how they talk or write of people, and not set down at random the first thing that comes into their imagination."—"One of the faults people charge upon this history," said the bachelor, "is that the author has inserted in it a novel entitled *The Curious Impertinent*; not that it is bad in itself or ill-written, but for having no relation to that place, nor any thing to do with the history of his worship Signor Don Quixote."—"I will lay a wager," replied Sancho, "the son of a dog has made a jumble of fish and flesh together."—"I aver then," said Don Quixote, "that the author of my history could not be a sage, but some ignorant pretender, who at random and without any judgment has set himself to write it without rhyme or reason. He is like Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who being asked what he painted, answered: 'As it may hit.' Sometimes he would paint a cock, after such a guise and so preposterously designed, that he was forced to write under it in large capitals: 'This is a cock.' And thus it will fare with my history, which will stand in need of a comment to make it intelligible."—"Not at all," answered Sampson; "it is so plain, that there is no difficulty in it. Children thumb it, boys read it, men understand it, and old folks commend it. In short it is so tossed about, so conned, and so thoroughly known by all sorts of people, that they no sooner espy a lean scrub-horse than they cry: 'Yonder goes Rocinante.' But none are so much addicted to reading it as your pages; there is not a nobleman's ante-chamber in which you will not find a *Don Quixote*. When one lays it down, another takes it up; one asks for it, another snatches it. In a word, this history is the most pleasing and least prejudicial entertainment hitherto published; for there is not so much as the least appearance of an immodest word in it, nor a thought that is not entirely Catholic."—"To write otherwise," said Don Quixote, "had not been to write truth, but lies; and historians, who are fond of venting falsehoods should be burnt like coiners of false

money [321]. For my part, I cannot imagine what moved the author to introduce novels and foreign relations, my own story affording matter enough. Without doubt we may apply the proverb—'So the belly is filled, it matters not with what.' But, in truth, had he confined himself to the publishing my thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my good wishes, and my achievements alone, he might have compiled a volume as big as all the works of the Tostado [322]. In short, Signor

[321] The crime of uttering counterfeit money was punished with fire as being at once a public theft and a crime of lèse-majesté. (*Partida* VII., tit VII., Cy 9.)

[322] Don Alonzo de Madrigal, bishop of Avila, under John II., is generally styled *el Tostado* (the tanned, the sunburnt). Although he died young, in 1450, he left twenty-four folio volumes of latin works, and nearly as many in Spanish, without reckoning anonymous works. Thence his name became proverbial in the sense that Don Quixote makes use of it.

bachelor, what I mean is, that in order to the compiling histories or books of any kind whatever, a man has need of a great deal of judgment and a mature understanding. To talk wittily and write pleasantly are the talents of great genius only. The most difficult character in comedy is that of the fool [323], and he must be no simpleton who plays that part. History is a sacred kind of writing, because truth is essential to it, and where truth is, there is God, the only source of truth. Notwithstanding which, there are those who compose books and toss them out into the world by the dozen, like fritters."—"There is no book so bad," said the bachelor, "but there is something good in it [324]."—"There is no doubt of that," replied Don Quixote; "but it often happens that they who have deservedly acquired a good share of reputation by their writings, lessen or lose it entirely by committing them to the press."—"The reason of that," said Sampson, "is, that printed works being examined at leisure, the faults thereof are the more easily discovered, and the greater the fame of the author, the more strict and severe is the scrutiny. Men famous for their parts, great poets, celebrated historians, are always envied by those who take a pleasure and make it their particular entertainment to censure other men's writings, without ever having published any of their own."—"That is not to be wondered at," said Don Quixote; "for there are many divines who make no figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent at espying the defects of preachers."—"All this is very true, Signor Don Quixote," said Carrasco; "but I wish such critics would be more merciful and less nice; I wish they would not dwell so much upon the motes of the bright sun of the work they censure. Though *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus* [325], they ought to consider how much he was awake, to give his work as much light and leave as little shade as possible; perhaps those very parts which some men do not taste are like moles, which sometimes add to the beauty of

[323] This rôle was successively called *bobo*, *simple*, *donaire*, and finally *gracioso*.

[324] This thought is from Pliny the Elder, and is recorded in one of his nephew's letters. (Lib. III., Epistle 5.) Don Diego de Mendoza quotes it in the prologue to his *Lazarillo de Tormès*, and Voltaire has repeated it frequently.

[325] The quotation is not correct. Horace says: *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*

the face that has them. Therefore I say that whoever prints a book runs a very great risk, it being of all impossibilities the most impossible to write such a one as shall satisfy and please all kinds of readers."—"That which treats of me," said Don Quixote, "has pleased but few."—"Quite the contrary," replied the bachelor; "as *stultorum infinitus est numerus*[326], so infinite is the number of those who have been delighted with that history. Though some have taxed the author's memory as faulty or treacherous, in forgetting to tell us who the thief was that stole Sancho's ass; it is only related that he was stolen, and in a very short time after we find Sancho mounted upon the self-same ass, without hearing how he had recovered him[327]. The author is also reproached for omitting to mention what Sancho did with the hundred crowns he found in the portmanteau upon the Sierra Morena. He never speaks of them more, and many persons would be glad to learn what he did with them, or how he spent them; for that is one of the most substantial points wanting in the work."

"Master Sampson," answered Sancho, "I am not now in a condition to tell tales, or to make up accounts, for I have a qualm come over my stomach, and shall be stuck upon St. Lucia's thorn till I have removed it with a couple of draughts of bush. I have it at home, and my dame stays for me; as soon as I have dined I will come back and satisfy your worship, and the whole world, in whatever they are pleased to ask me, both concerning the loss of the ass and what became of the hundred crowns." Without waiting for an answer, or speaking a word more, he went to his own house.

Don Quixote pressed and entreated the bachelor to stay and do penance with him. The bachelor accepted the invitation, and staid; a couple of pigeons was added to the usual commons, and the conversation at table fell upon the subject of chivalry. Carrasco

[326] *Ecclesiastes*, Chap X., verse 15.

[327] Cervantes did not forget to mention the thief; he says positively that it was Ginès de Passamonte, but he forgets the theft itself. Vide note CXXIII., Part I., Book III., Chap. IX., *antè* vol I. page 250.

carried on the humour of his entertainer. The banquet being ended, they took their siesta; Sancho came back, and the conversation was resumed.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEREIN SANCHO PANZA ANSWERS TO THE BACHELOR SAMPSON CARRASCO'S QUESTIONS AND CLEARS UP HIS DOUBTS, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN AND RECITED.

SANCHO came back to Don Quixote's house, and, resuming his former discourse, said, in answer to what the bachelor Sampson Carrasco desired to be informed of, namely, by whom, when and how the ass was stolen: "That very night when, flying from the holy hermandad, we entered the Sierra Morena, after the unlucky adventure of the galley-slaves and of the dead body that was being carried to Segovia, my master and I got into a thicket, where he leaning upon his lance, and I sitting upon my beast, being both of us mauled and fatigued by our late skirmishes, we fell asleep as soundly as if we had had four feather beds under us. Especially I, for my part, slept so fast that the thief, whoever he was, had leisure enough to suspend me on four stakes which he planted under the four corners

of the pannel, and leaving me mounted thereon, in this manner got

Dapple from under me without my feeling it."—"That is an easy matter, and no new accident," said Don Quixote. "The like happened to Sacripante, at the siege of Albraca, where that famous

robber Brunelo, by the same invention, stole his horse from between his legs [328]."—"The dawn appeared," continued Sancho, "and scarcely had I stretched myself when, the stakes giving way, down

came I to the ground. I looked about for my beast, but saw him not. The tears came into my eyes, and I made such a lamentation that, if the author of our history has not set it down, he may make account he has omitted an excellent thing. At the end of I know not how many days, as I was accompanying the princess Micomicona, I saw and knew my ass again, and upon him came, in the garb of a gipsy, that cunning rogue and notorious malefactor Ginès de Passamonte, whom my master and I freed from the galley-chain."—"The mistake does not lie in this," replied Sampson, "but in the author's making Sancho still ride upon the very same beast, before he gives you any account of his being found

[328] *Orlando furioso*, Canto XXVII.

again."—"To this," said Sancho, "I know not what to answer, unless it be that the historian was mistaken, or it might be owing to the carelessness of the printer."—"It must be so, without doubt," quoth Sampson; "but what became of the hundred crowns? where they laid up, or laid out?"—"I laid them out," quoth Sancho, "for the use and behoof of my own person, of my wife and of my children. They have been the cause of my wife's bearing patiently the journeys and rambles I have taken in the service of my master Don Quixote; for had I returned, after so long a time, pennyless and without my ass, black would have been my luck. And if you would know any thing more of me, here am I, ready to answer the king himself in person. And nobody has any thing to meddle or make, whether I brought or brought not, whether I spent or spent not; for if the blows that have been given me in these sallies were to be paid for in ready money, though rated only at four maravedis a piece, another hundred crowns would not pay for half of them. Let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and let him not be judging white for black, nor black for white; for every one is as God has made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse."—"I will take care," said Carrasco, "to advertise the author of the history that, if he reprints the book, he shall not forget what honest Sancho has told us, which will not a little contribute to raise the value of the work."

"Is there any thing else to be corrected in that legend, Signor bachelor?" quoth Don Quixote. "There may be other things," answered Carrasco, "but none of them of like importance with those already mentioned."—"And, peradventure," said Don Quixote, "does the author promise a second part?"—"Yes," answered Sampson; "but he says he has not met with it, nor can he learn who has it; therefore we are in doubt whether it will appear or not. For this reason, as well as because some people say: 'Second parts are never good for any thing,' and others: 'There is enough of Don Quixote already,' it is believed there will be no second part. Nevertheless, some good folks who are more jovial than saturnine cry: 'Let us have more *Quixotades;* let Don Quixote encounter

and Sancho Panza talk, and be the rest what it will, we shall be contented'."—"And pray how stands the author affected?" demanded Don Quixote. "How!" answered Sampson. "As soon as ever he can find the history he is looking for with extraordinary diligence, he will immediately send it to press, prompted thereto more by interest than by any motive of praise whatever."—"What! does the author," cried Sancho, "aim at money and profit? If so, it will be a wonder if he succeeds, since he will only stitch it away in great haste like a tailor on Easter-eve, for works that are done hastily are never finished with the perfection they require. I wish this same Signor Moor would consider a little what he is about, for I and my master will furnish him so abundantly with mortar to his trowel in matter of adventures and variety of accidents, that he may not only compile a second part, but an hundred other parts. The good man thinks without doubt that we lie sleeping here in straw; but let him hold up the foot while the smith is shoeing, and he will see on which we halt. What I can say is that, if this master of mine had taken my counsel, we had ere now been in the field, redressing grievances and righting wrongs, as is the practice and usage of good knights-errant."

Sancho had scarcely finished this discourse, when the neighings of Rocinante reached their ears. Don Quixote took them for a most happy omen [329], and resolved to make another sally within three or four days. He imparted his intention to the bachelor, and asked his advice which way he should begin his journey. The bachelor replied that he was of opinion he should go directly to the kingdom of Aragon, and the city of Saragossa, where, in a few days, there was to be held a most solemn tournament, in honour of the festival of Saint George [330], in which he might acquire renown above

[329] Ever since the neighings of Darius's horse procured its master the crown of Persia, and those of Denis the Tyrant's horse, which promised that of Syracuse, prognostic-makers have always put a favourable interpretation on this augury. It was natural for Don Quixote to draw a similar conclusion from the neighing of Rocinante, which no doubt signified that his accustomed baiting time was passing by unheeded.

[330] Aragon had been under the patronage of Saint George since the victory over the Moors gained by Peter I., at the battle of Alcoraz in 1096. A fraternity of knights was instituted at Saragossa to give jousts in honour of the saint, three times a year. These jousts were called *justas del arnes*.

all the Aragonian knights in the world. He commended his resolution as most honourable and most valourous, and gave him a hint to be more wary in encountering dangers, because his life was not his own, but theirs who stood in need of his aid and succour in their distresses. "That is what I renounce, Signor Sampson," quoth Sancho; "my master makes no more of attacking an hundred armed men than a greedy boy would do half a dozen

pears. Body of me! Signor bachelor, you are right: there must be a time to attack and a time to retreat; and it must not be always—*Saint Jago and forward Spain* [331]! And farther I have heard say (and, if I remember right, from my master himself), that the mean of true valour lies between the extremes of cowardice and rashness. If it be so, I would not have him run away when there is no need of it, nor would I have him fall on when the too great superiority requires quite another thing. Above all things, I would let my master know that, if he will take me with him, it must be upon condition that he shall battle it all himself; I must not be obliged to any other thing but to look after his clothes and his diet. These duties I will perform for him like a fairy; but to imagine that I will lay hand to my sword, though it be against rascally wood-cutters with hooks and hatchets, is to be very much mistaken. I, Signor Sampson, do not set up for the fame of being

[331] *San Iago y cierra Espana*, an ancient war-cry in use against the Moors.

valiant, but for that of being the best and most faithful squire that ever served a knight-errant. If my lord Don Quixote, in consideration of my many and good services, has a mind to bestow on me some one island of the many his worship says he shall light upon, I shall be much beholden to him for the favour; and though he should not give me one, naked was I born, and we must not rely upon one another, but upon God. Perhaps the bread I shall eat without the government may go down more savourily than that I should eat with it. How do I know but the devil, in one of these governments, may provide me some stumbling block that I may fall over and dash out my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho I intend to die. Yet for all that, if fairly and squarely, without much solicitude or much danger, Heaven should chance to throw an island or some such thing in my way, I am not such a fool as to refuse it; for it is a saying: 'When they give you a heifer, make

haste with the rope, and when good fortune comes, be sure take her in."

"Brother Sancho," said the bachelor, "you have spoken like a professor. Nevertheless, trust in God and Signor Don Quixote, who will give you not only an island, but even a kingdom."—"One as likely as the other," answered Sancho; "though I could tell Signor Carrasco that my master will not throw the kingdom he gives me into a bag without a bottom. I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands, and so much I have signified before now to my lord."—"Look you, Sancho," quoth Sampson, "honours change manners; it may come to pass, when you are a governor, that you may not know the very mother that bore you."—"That," answered Sancho, "may be the case with those that are born among the mallows, but not with those whose souls, like mine, are covered four inches thick with the grease of the old Christian [332]. Consider my disposition, whether it is likely to be ungrateful to any body."—"Heaven grant it," said Don Quixote; "we shall see when the government comes, for methinks I have it already in my eye."

This said, the knight desired the bachelor, if he were a poet, to do him the favour to compose for him some verses by way of a farewell to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and that he would place a letter of her name at the beginning of each verse, in such manner that at the end of the verses, the first letters taken together might form Dulcinea del Toboso [333]. "Though I am

[332] The quality of the old Christian was a kind of nobility which had also its privileges. In pursuance of the statutes of *Limpieza* (purity of blood), erected in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, recent converts could not be admitted into the clergy, into the public offices, nor even into certain mechanical trades. At Toledo, for instance, no one could become a member of the corporation of stone-cutters until he had proved the *purity of his blood.*

[333] The taste for *acrostics* originated about the fourth century, in Latin poetry; it soon spread into vulgar languages, and became remarkably popular in Spain, where acrostics were applied to the gravest and most important compositions. Thus, for instance, the seven first letters of the *seven Partidas*, the monumental code of Alphonso the Wise, formed the word *Alfonso*. M. Viardot quotes the following octave

not," answered the bachelor, "one of the famous poets of Spain, who are said to be but three and a half[334], yet will I not fail to compose such a copy of verses. However I am sensible it will be no easy task, the name consisting of seventeen letters[335]. If I make four stanzas of four verses each[336], there will be a letter too much, and if I make them of five, which they call *decimas* or *redondillas*, there will be three letters wanting. Nevertheless, I will try to sink a letter as well as I can, so that the name of Dulcinea del Toboso shall be included in the four stanzas."—"That must be done at all events," said Don Quixote, "for if the name be not plain and manifest, no woman will believe the rhymes were made for her."

They agreed upon this point, and that they should set out eight days afterwards. Don Quixote enjoined the bachelor to keep it secret, especially from the priest and master Nicholas, and from his niece and housekeeper, that they might not obstruct his honourable and valourous purpose. Carrasco promised, and took his leave, charging Don Quixote to give him advice of his good or ill success, as

as an example of Spanish acrostics: it is by Luis de Tovar, and is to be found in the *Cancionero general Castellano*:

Feroz sin con u*elo y sa*nuda dama,
Remedia el trabajo *a na*die credero
A quien le si*guio mar*tirio tan fiero
No seas *leon o r*eina pues t' ama.
Cien males se do*blan ca*da hora en que pene,
Y enti de tal gui*sa bel*dad pues se asienta,
No seas cru*el en a*si dar afrenta
Al que por te *amar ya* vida no tiene.

In this singular piece, besides the name of Francina which forms the *acrostic*, there are eight other ladies' names: *Eloisa, Ana, Guiomar, Leonor, Blanca, Isabel, Elena, Maria.*

[334] Commentators have endeavoured to find out who these three poets that Spain possessed could be, supposing that Cervantes designated himself a half poet. Don Gregorio Mayans holds that they are Alonzo de Ercilla, Juan Rufo and Cristoval Virués, authors of three poems severally entituled *Auraucana, Austriada* and *Monserrate.* (Vide the notes to Chap. VI., Book I., first part.) In his *Journey to Parnassus*, Cervantes makes Apollo distribute nine crowns. The three that he sends to Naples are evidently for Quevedo and the two brothers Leonardo de Argensola; the three that he reserves for Spain, for three *divine* poets, are probably destined for Francisco de Figuéroa, Francisco de Aldana, and Hernando de Herréra, who all three received that surname, but for different reasons.

[335] *Dulcinea del Toboso.*

[336] *Castellanos de à cuatro versos.*

opportunity offered: on that, they again bid each other farewell, and Sancho went to provide and put in order what was necessary for the expedition.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE WISE AND PLEASANT DIALOGUE WHICH PASSED BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA AND HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA, TOGETHER WITH OTHER INCIDENTS WORTHY OF COMMUNICATION.

ENTERING upon this fifth chapter, the translator commences by stating it to be his belief that it is apocryphal, because in it Sancho talks in another style than could be expected from his shallow understanding, and says such subtle things that he reckons it impossible that they could come from him. Nevertheless, he adds, he would not omit translating them, to fulfil the duty of his office. He then proceeds as follows:

Sancho came home so gay, so merry, that his wife perceived his joy a bow-shot off, insomuch that she could not but ask him: "What is the matter, friend Sancho, that you are so merry?"—"Wife," answered Sancho, "if it were God's will, I should be very glad not to be so well pleased as I appear to be."—"Husband," replied she, "I understand you not, and know not what you mean by saying you should be glad, if it were God's will you were not so

much pleased; 'for silly as I am' I cannot guess how one can take pleasure in not being pleased."—"Look you Teresa," answered

Sancho; "I am thus merry because I am resolved to return to the service of my master Don Quixote, who is determined to make a third sally in quest of adventures, and I am to accompany him, for so my destiny will have it; besides, I am pleased with the hopes of finding another hundred crowns like those we have spent, though it grieves me that I must part from you and my children. If

God would be pleased to give me bread, dry-shod and at home, without dragging me over rough and smooth, and through thick and thin (which he might do at a small expense, by only willing it so),— it is plain my joy would be more firm and solid, since it is now mingled with sorrow for leaving you. Thus I said right when I said I should be glad if it were God's will I were not so well pleased."—"Look you, Sancho," replied Teresa, "ever since you have been a member of a knight-errant, you talk in such a round-about manner that nobody understands you."—"It is enough that God understands me, wife," answered Sancho; "he is the understander of all things, and so much for that. But do you hear, sister, it is convenient you should take more than ordinary care of the donkey these three days, that he may be in a condition to bear arms. Double his allowance, and get the pack-saddle in order, and the rest of his tackling, for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and to have now and then a set-to with giants, andriaques, fiery dragons, vampires, goblins, and to hear hissings, roarings, bellowings and bleatings; all which would be only tarts and cheesecakes if we had not to do with Yangueses and enchanted Moors."—"I believe indeed, husband," replied Teresa, "that your squires-errant do not eat their bread for nothing; therefore I shall not fail to beseech our Lord to deliver you speedily from so much evil hap."—"I tell you, wife," answered Sancho, "that did I not expect ere long to see myself a governor of an island, I should drop down dead upon the spot."—"Not so, my dear husband," quoth Teresa; "let the hen live, though it be with the pip. Live you, and the devil take all the governments in the world. Without a government came you from your mother's womb, without a government have you lived hitherto, and without a government will you go, or be carried to your grave whenever it shall please God. How many folks are there in the world that have not a government, and yet they live for all that, and are reckoned in the number of the people? The best sauce in the world is hunger, and as that is never wanting to the poor, they always eat with a relish. But if, perchance, Sancho, you should get a government, do not forget me and your children.

Consider that little Sancho is just fifteen years old, and it is fit he should go to school, if his uncle the abbot means to bring him up to the church; consider also that Mary Sancha, your daughter,

will not break her heart if we marry her, for I am mistaken if she has not as much mind to a husband as you have to a government; and indeed, indeed, better a daughter but indifferently married than well kept."—"In good faith," answered Sancho, "if God be so good to me that I get any thing like a government, I will match

Mary Sancha so highly, that there will be no coming near her without calling her your ladyship."—"Not so, Sancho," answered Teresa; "the best way is to marry her to her equal. If instead of pattens you put her on clogs, and instead of her russet stuff petticoat you give her a farthingale and petticoats of silk; if instead of plain Marica and thou, you make her Donna Maria and your ladyship, the girl will not know where she is, and will fall into a thousand mistakes at every step, discovering the coarse thread of her home-spun breeding."—"Peace, fool," quoth Sancho, "all the business is to practise two or three years. After that, the ladyship and the gravity will sit upon her as if they were made for her; and if not, what matters it? Let her be a lady come what will of it."—"Measure yourself by your condition, Sancho," answered Teresa, "and seek not to raise yourself higher. Remember rather the proverb: 'Wipe your neighbour's son's nose, and take him into your house *.' It would be a pretty business truly to marry our Mary Sancha, to some great count or knight, who, when the fancy takes him, would look upon her as some strange thing, and be calling her country-wench, clod-breaker's brat and I know not what! No, not while I live husband: I have not brought up my child to be so used. Do you provide money, Sancho, and leave the matching of her to my care. There is Lope Tocho, Juan Tocho's son, a lusty, hale young man; we know him very well, and I am sure he has a sneaking kindness for the girl; she will be very well married to him, considering he is our equal, and will always be under our eye, and we shall be all as one, parents and children, grandsons, and sons-in-law, and so the peace and blessing of God will be among us all. Do not you pretend to be marrying her now at your courts and great palaces, where they will neither understand her nor she understand herself."—"Hark you, cursed beast, wife for Barabbas," replied Sancho; "why would you now, without rhyme or reason, hinder me from marrying my daughter with one who may bring me grand-children that may be styled your lordships? Look you, Teresa, I have always heard the old folks say: 'He that will not when he may,

* This is a literal version of the Spanish proverb, the meaning of which, I suppose, is: "Match your daughter with your neighbour's son."

when he will he shall have nay.' It would be very wrong, now that fortune is knocking at our door, to shut it against her. Let us spread our sails to the favourable gale that now blows. (this kind of language, and what Sancho says farther on, made the translator of this history pronounce this chapter apocryphal). Do you not think, animal," continued Sancho, "that it would be well for me to be really possessed of some beneficial government, that may lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancha to whom I please? You will then see how people will call you Donna Teresa Panza, and you will sit in the church with velvet cushions,

carpets and tapestries, in spite of the best gentlewomen of the parish. If not, continue as you are, and be always the same thing, without increase or diminution, like a figure in the hangings!

Let us have no more of this, for Sanchica shall be a countess in spite of your teeth."—"For all that, husband," answered Teresa, "I am afraid this countess-ship will be my daughter's undoing. But do as you please; make her a duchess or a princess, I can however tell you it shall never be with my good-will or consent. I was always a lover of equality, and cannot abide to see folks taking state upon themselves. Teresa my parents named me at the font, a plain simple name, without the addition or garniture of Donna; my father's name was Cascajo, and I, by being your wife, am called Teresa Panza, though by good rights I should be called Teresa Cascajo; but the laws follow still the prince's will, and I am contented with this name, without the additional weight of *Donna*, to make it so heavy that I shall not be able to carry it. No, I would not have people, when they see me decked out like a countess or governess, immediately say: 'Look how stately madam hog-feeder moves! Yesterday

she toiled at her distaff from morning to night, and went to mass with the tail of her petticoat over her head instead of a veil, and to-day, forsooth, she goes with her farthingale, her embroideries, and her nose in the air, as if we did not know her.' If God keep me in my seven or my five senses, or as as many as I have, I do not intend to

expose myself after this manner. Go you, brother, to your governing and islanding, and puff yourself up as you please; as for my girl and I, by the bones of my mother, we will neither of us stir a step from our own town.

> The wife that deserves a good name,
> Stays at home as if she were lame;
> And the maid must still be a doing,
> That hopes to see men come a wooing.

You and your Don Quixote may therefore go to your adventures, and leave us with our ill fortunes, which Heaven will remedy for us, if we deserve it; and truly I cannot imagine who made him a Don, a title which neither his father nor his grandfather ever had."—"Certainly," replied Sancho, "you must have some familiar demon in that body of yours. The devil take thee, woman! What a parcel of things have you been stringing one upon another, without either head or tail! What has Cascajo, the embroideries, or the proverbs, to do with what I am saying? Hark you, fool and ignorant (for so I may call you, since you understand not what I say, and are flying from good fortune.) Had I told you that our daughter was to throw herself headlong from some high tower, or go strolling about the world, as did the Infanta Donna Urraca [337], you would be in the right not to come into my opinion; but if, in less than the twinkling of an eye, I can equip her with a *Don* and a ladyship, and raise you from the straw to sit under a canopy of state, and upon a sofa with more velvet cushions than there are Almohadas in all Morocco [338], why will you not consent and do what I desire?"—"Would you know why, husband?" answered Teresa; "it is because of the proverb: 'He that covers thee discovers thee.' All glance their eyes hastily over the poor man, and fix them upon the rich; and if that rich man was once poor, then there is work

[337] Several ancient *romances*, very popular among the people, recount the history of the Infanta Donna Urraca, who, having received nothing at the distribution of the crown property made by Ferdinand, the first king of Castile, among his three sons Alfonso, Sancho and Garcia (1066), assumed the pilgrim's staff, and threatened her father to quit Spain. Ferdinand gave her the town of Zamora.

[338] Jeu de mots between *almohadas*, cushions, and *Almohades*, the name of the sect and of the dynasty which succeeded that of the Almoravides, in the twelfth century.

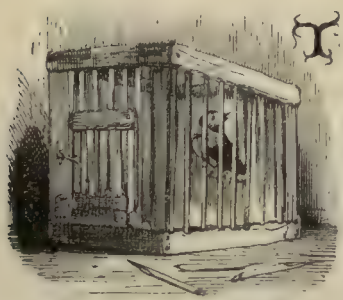
for your murmurers and backbiters, who swarm every where like bees."—"Look you, Teresa," answered Sancho, "and listen to what I am going to say to you; perhaps you have never heard it in all the days of your life, and I do not now speak out of my own head; all that I intend to say are sentences of the good father, the preacher who held forth to us last Lent in this village. If I remember aright, he said that all the things present, which our eyes behold, do appear and exist in our minds much better and with greater force than things past (all these reasonings of Sancho furnish another argument to persuade the translator that this chapter is apochryphal, as exceeding the capacity of Sancho, who went on, saying) hence it proceeds that, when we see any person finely dressed and set off with rich apparel, and with a train of servants, we are as it were compelled to show him respect; and, although memory in that instant recalls to our thoughts some mean circumstances under which we have seen him, whether it be of poverty or descent, being already past, they no longer exist, and there remains only what we see present before our eyes. And if this person whom fortune has raised from the obscurity of his native meanness prove well-behaved, liberal and courteous to every body, and does not set himself to vie with the ancient nobility, be assured, Teresa, that nobody will remember what he was, but will reverence what he is, excepting only the envious, from whom no prosperous fortune is secure."—"I do not understand you, husband," replied Teresa; "do what you think fit, and break not my brains any more with your speeches and flourishes. And if you are revolved to do as you say" .....—"Resolved you should say, wife," interrupted Sancho, "and not revolved."—"Set not yourself to dispute with me," answered Teresa; "I speak as it pleases God, and meddle not with what does not concern me. I say then, that if you hold still in the same mind of being a governor, take your son Sancho with you, and henceforward train him up to your art of government, for it is fitting that sons should inherit and learn their fathers' calling."—"When I have a government," quoth Sancho, "I will send for him by the post, and will send you money, which I shall not want, for there are always people enough to lend governors money when they have it

not; but be sure to clothe the boy so that he may not look like what he is, but what he is to be."—"Send you money," retorted Teresa, "and I will equip him as fine as a little angel."—"We are agreed then," quoth Sancho, "that our daughter is to be a countess."—"The day that I see her a countess," answered Teresa, "I shall reckon I am laying her in her grave. But I say again, you may do as you please, for we women are born to bear the clog of obedience to our husbands, be they ever such blockheads." Thereupon she began to weep as bitterly as if she already saw Sanchica dead and buried.

Sancho, to comfort her, promised that, though he must make her a countess, he would see and put it off as long as possibly he could. Thus ended their dialogue, and Sancho went back to visit Don Quixote and put things in order for their departure.

CHAPTER VI.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, HIS NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER, AND IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT CHAPTERS OF THE WHOLE HISTORY.



THE housekeeper and niece of Don Quixote were not idle while Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Coscajo were holding the foregoing impertinent conversation. Collecting from a thousand symptoms that their uncle and master would break loose the third time, and return to the exercise of his unlucky knight-errantry, they endeavoured, by all possible means, to divert him from so foolish a design; but all they could say was but preaching in the desert, and hammering cold iron.

Among many other various reasonings which passed between them, the housekeeper said: "Sir, if your worship will not tarry quietly at home, and leave this rambling over hills and dales, like a disturbed ghost, in quest of those same adventures, which I call mis-adventures, I am resolved to complain aloud to God and the king, to put a stop to it." Don Quixote replied: "Mistress housekeeper, what answer God will return to your complaints, I

know not, and what his majesty will answer, as little. I only know that if I were king, I would dispense with answering that infinity of impertinent memorials which are every day presented to him. One of the greatest fatigues a king undergoes, is being obliged to hear and answer every body; therefore I should be loth my concerns should give him any trouble."—"Pray, Sir," replied the housekeeper, "are there not knights in his majesty's court?"—"Yes," answered Don Quixote, "there are many; it is fitting there should be a good number in attendance to adorn the court and to support the dignity of majesty."—"Would it not then be better," replied she, "that your worship should be one of them, and quietly serve your king and lord at court?"—"Look you, friend," answered Don Quixote, "all knights cannot be courtiers, neither can nor ought all courtiers to be knights-errant. There must be of all sorts in the world; and though we are all knights, there is a great deal of difference between us. In fact, the courtiers, without stirring out of their apartments or crossing their thresholds, traverse the whole globe, in a map, without a farthing expense, and without suffering heat or cold, hunger or thirst. But we, the true knights-errant, measure the whole earth with our own feet, exposed to sun and cold, to the air and the inclemencies of the sky, by night and by day, on foot and on horseback. Not only do we know our enemies in picture, but in their proper persons. We attack them at every turn, and upon every occasion, without standing upon trifles, without studying all the laws of duelling: such as whether the adversary bears a shorter or longer lance or sword, whether he carries about him any relics, or wears any secret coat of mail, whether the sun be duly divided or not, and other ceremonies of the same stamp, used in single combats between man and man, which you understand not, but I do[339]. You must know, moreover, that your true knight-errant must be affrighted in no wise, though he should espy ten giants whose heads not only touch but

[339] In Ducange, under the words *duellum* and *campiones*, may be seen all the laws relating to duelling to which Don Quixote alludes, and the oath that the Pragmatic Sanction of Philip the Fair, passed in 1306, compelled the knights to take previous to commencing the combat.

overtop the clouds, and though each of them stalk upon two

prodigious towers instead of legs, with arms like the main-masts of huge and mighty ships of war, each eye like a great mill-wheel, and more fiery than the furnace of a glass-house. On the contrary, with a genteel air and an undaunted heart, he should encounter, assail and if possible overcome and rout them in an instant of time, though they should come armed with the shell of a certain fish which is said to be harder than adamant, and though, instead of swords they should bring trenchant sabres of Damascus steel, or iron maces pointed also with steel, as I have seen more than once or twice. All this I have said, mistress housekeeper, to shew you the difference between some knights and others. It were to be wished that every prince knew how to esteem this second, or rather first species of knights-errant, since as we read in their histories, some among them have been the bulwark, not of one only, but of many kingdoms[340]."

"Ah! dear Sir," said the niece, "be assured that what you tell us of knights-errant is all inventions and lies. If their histories must not be burnt, at least they deserve to wear each of them a

[340] Palmerin d'Olive, Don Florindo, Primaleon Tristan de Leonais, Tirante the White, etc.

san-benito [341], or some badge whereby they may be known to be infamous and destructive of good manners."—"By the God in whom I live," said Don Quixote, "were you not my niece directly, as being my own sister's daughter, I would make such an example of you, for the blasphemy you have uttered, that the whole world should ring with it! How! is it possible, that a young baggage who scarcely knows how to manage a dozen of bobbins should presume to put in her oar, and censure the histories of knights-errant? What would Sir Amadis have said if he had heard of such a thing? But for that matter, I am sure he would have forgiven you, for he was the most humble and most courteous knight of his time, and the most devoted champion of damsels. But some other might have heard you, from whom you might not have come off so well; for all are not courteous and good-natured; some are lewd and uncivil; neither are all they who call themselves knights really such at bottom; some are of gold, others of alchymy, and though all appear to be knights, yet they all cannot abide the touchstone of truth. Mean fellows there are who lose their breath in straining to appear knights, and topping knights there are who one would think die with desire to be thought mean men. The former raise themselves by their ambition or by their virtues; the latter debase themselves by their weakness or their vices One had need of a good discernment to distinguish between these two kinds of knights, so near in their names and so distant in their actions [342]."

"Holy virgin!" cried the niece, "that your worship should be so knowing that, if need were, you might mount a pulpit, or hold forth any where in the streets; and yet give in to so blind a vagary, so exploded a piece of folly, as to think to persuade the world that you are valiant, now you are old, that you are strong, when, alas! you are infirm, and that you are able to make crooked things straight, though stooping yourself under the weight of years, and

[341] The garment worn by criminals condemned by the Holy Office. It was a kind of short mantel or yellow scapulary, with an emblazoned red cross. *San-Benito* is an abbreviation of *saco bendito*, sacred hair-cloth.

[342] In this tirade and in the rest of the chapter, Don Quixote mixes and confounds, under the common name of *cavalleros*, knights and gentlemen.

above all, that you are a knight when you are really none; for, though hidalgoes may be knighted, poor ones, like you, seldom are."—"You are much in the right, niece, in what you say," answered Don Quixote, "and I could tell you such things concerning lineages as would surprise you; but, because I would not mix things divine with human, I forbear. Hear me, my dear friends, with attention. All the genealogies in the world may be reduced to four sorts: first, those who, having had low beginnings, have gone on extending and dilating themselves till they have arrived at a prodigious grandeur; secondly, those who, having had great beginnings, have preserved and continue to preserve them in the same condition they were in at first; thirdly, those who, though they have had great beginnings, have ended in a small point like a pyramid, having gone on diminishing and decreasing continually till they have come almost to nothing, like the point of the pyramid, which is, in respect to its base, next to nothing; lastly those (and they are the most numerous), who having had neither a good beginning nor a tolerable middle, will therefore end without a name, like the families of common and ordinary people. Of the first sort, who having had a mean beginning have risen to greatness and still preserve it, we have an example in the Ottoman family, which, from a poor shepherd its founder [343], is arrived at the height we now see it at. Of the second sort of genealogies, which began great and preserve themselves without augmentation, examples may be fetched from sundry hereditary princes, who contain themselves peaceably within the limits of their own dominions, without enlarging or contracting them. Of those who began great and have ended in a point, there are thousands of instances, for all the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, with all the infinite multitude of princes, monarchs and lords, Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks and Barbarians, all these families and their founders have ended in a point and next to nothing, since it would be impossible now to find any of their descendants, or if

[343] Othman, the original founder of the Turkish empire, in the fourteenth century, was, it is said, first a shepherd and then a bandit.

one should find them, it would be in a low and abject condition. Of the lineages of the common sort, I have nothing to say, only that they serve to swell the number of the living [344], without deserving any other fame or eulogy. From all that I have said, I would have you infer, my dear children, that the confusion there is among genealogies is very great, and that those only appear great and illustrious which show themselves such by the virtue, riches and liberality of their possessors. I say virtue, riches and liberality, because the great man that is vicious will be greatly vicious, and the rich man who is not liberal is but a covetous beggar; in effect, the possessor of riches is not happy in having, but in spending them, and not in spending them merely according to his own inclination, but in knowing how to spend them properly. The knight who is poor has no other way of showing himself to be one but that of virtue; by being affable, well-behaved, courteous, kind and obliging, not proud, not arrogant, no murmurer; and above all charitable, for, by two farthings given cheerfully to the poor, he shall discover as much generosity as he who bestows large alms by sound of bell; and there is no one who sees him adorned with the aforesaid virtues, though he knows him not but will judge and repute him to be well descended. Indeed, it would be a miracle were it otherwise; and as praise was always the reward of virtue, the virtuous cannot fail of being commended. There are two roads, daughters, by which men may arrive at riches and honours; the one by the way of letters, the other by that of arms. I have more in me of the soldier than of the scholar, and was born, as appears by my propensity to arms, under the influence of the planet Mars. Thus I am as it were forced into that track, that road I must take in spite of the whole world; it will be in vain for you to tire yourselves in persuading me not to attempt what Heaven requires, fortune ordains, reason demands, and above all what my inclination leads me to: for, aware as I am of the innumerable toils attending on knight-errantry, I know also the numberless

[344] Horace had said:

Nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati. (Lib. I. Epist. II.)

advantages obtained thereby. I know that the path of virtue is straight and narrow, that the road of vice is broad and spacious. I know that their ends and resting-places are different, for the wide

extended way of vice conducts the traveller to death, while the narrow and intricate path of virtue leads to happiness and life—not the life that has an end, but that which is eternal. Finally I know, as our great Castilian poet [345] expresses it, that

> 'Thro' these rough paths, to gain a glorious name,
> We climb the steep ascent that leads to fame;
> They miss the road, who quit the rugged way,
> And in the smoother tracks of pleasure stray'."

"Ah! woe is me!" cried the niece; "what! my uncle is a poet too? he knows every thing, nothing comes amiss to him. I will lay a wager that, if he had a mind to turn mason, he would build a house with as much ease as a bird-cage."—"I assure you, niece," answered Don Quixote, "that if these knightly thoughts did not employ all my senses, there is nothing I could not do, nor any curious art but what I could turn my hand to, especially bird-cages and tooth-picks."

[345] Garcilaso de la Vega. The verses quoted by Don Quixote are in the elegy addressed to the duke of Alba on the death of his brother Don Bernardino of Toledo.

At this juncture there was a loud knocking heard at the door, and upon one of the women asking who was there, Sancho Panza answered: "It is I." The housekeeper no sooner heard his voice than she ran to hide herself, so much she abhorred the sight of him. The niece let him in, and his master Don Quixote went to receive him with open arms; and shutting themselves up together in the knight's chamber, they held another dialogue, not a jot inferior to the former.

CHAPTER VII.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE, WITH OTHER FAMOUS PASSAGES.

As soon as the housekeeper saw that Sancho and her master had locked themselves up together, she at once began to suspect the drift of their conference. Imagining that it would end in a resolution for a third sally, she took her veil, and went, full of anxiety and trouble, in quest of the bachelor, Sampson Carrasco, thinking that as he was a well-spoken person and a new acquaintance of her master, he might be able to dissuade him from so extravagant a purpose. She found him walking to and fro in the court-yard of his house, and directly she espied him, she fell down at his feet in a cold sweat, occasioned by her vexation. When Carrasco beheld her in such sorrowful and desolate guise, he said: "What is the matter, mistress housekeeper? what has befallen you? You look as if your heart were at your mouth."—"Nothing

at all, dear master Sampson," quoth she, "only that my master is most certainly breaking forth."—"How breaking forth, madam?" demanded Sampson. "Has he broken a hole in any part of his body?"—"No," answered she, "he is only breaking forth at the door of his madness; I mean, Signor bachelor of my soul, that he has a mind to sally out again (and this will be his third time), to ramble about the world in quest of what he calls adventures *, though I cannot tell why he calls them so. The first time, he was brought home to us athwart an ass, and mashed to a mummy. The second time, he came home in an ox-waggon, locked up in a cage, in which he persuaded himself he was enchanted. The poor soul was so changed that he could not be known by the mother that bore him, feeble, wan, his eyes sunk to the inmost lodgings of his brain, insomuch that I spent above fifty dozen eggs in getting him a little up again, as God and the world is my witness, also my hens, that will not let me lie."—"I can easily believe that," answered the bachelor, "for they are so good, so plump, and so well nurtured, that they will not say one thing for another, though they should burst for it. In short then, mistress housekeeper, there is nothing more, nor any other disaster only what is feared Signor Don Quixote may peradventure have a mind to do?"—"No, Sir," answered she. "Be in no pain then," replied the bachelor, "but go home, in Heaven's name, and get me something warm for breakfast, and, by the way, repeat Saint Apollonia's orison, if you know it; I will be with you instantly, and you shall see wonders."—"Dear me!" replied the housekeeper; "the orison of Saint Apollonia, say you? that might do something if my master's distemper lay in his teeth, but, alas! it lies in his brain [346]."—"I know what I say,

* *Venturas.* A play upon the word *ventura*, which means both good-luck and adventures.

[346] The orison of Saint Apollonia *(Santa Apolonia)*, was one of the *ensalmos* or magic spells to cure sickness, very popular in Cervantes's time. A Spanish writer, Don Francisco Patricio Berguizas, has gathered the words of this orison from the mouths of some old women of Esquivias. It is in short verses, like a *seguidilla*, and the following is a literal translation of it. "Apollonia was at the gate of Heaven, and the virgin Mary passed that way.—'Say, Apollonia, what are you about? Are you asleep, or watching?'—'My lady, I neither sleep nor watch, I am dying with a pain in my teeth.'—'By the star of Venus and the setting sun, by the Most Holy Sacrament which I bore in my womb, may no pain in your teeth, neither front nor back *(muela ni diente)*, ever afflict you from this time henceforward'."

mistress housekeeper," replied Sampson; "get you home, and do not stand disputing with me, for you know I am a Salamanca bachelor of arts, and there is no bacheloring beyond that." The housekeeper accordingly jogged homewards, and the bachelor immediately went to find the priest to consult with him about what will be detailed in due time.

While Don Quixote and Sancho continued locked up together, there passed some discourse between them, which the history relates at large with great punctuality and truth. Quoth Sancho to his master: "Sir, I have now reluced my wife to consent to let me go with your worship wherever you please to carry me."—"Reduced, you should say, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and not reluced."—"Once or twice already," answered Sancho, "if I remember right, I have besought your worship not to mend my words, if you understand my meaning, and if you do not understand me, to say; 'Sancho,' or 'Devil, I understand you not.' And if I do not explain myself, you may correct me, for I am very fossil."—"I do not understand you now, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for I know not the meaning of fossil."—"Very fossil," answered Sancho, "means I am so much so."—"I understand less now," replied Don Quixote. "Why if you do not understand me," answered Sancho, "I know not how to express it; I know no more, God help me!"—"O! now I have it," exclaimed Don Quixote; "you mean you are so docile, so pliant and so tractable, that you will readily comprehend whatever I shall say to you, and will learn whatever I shall teach you."—"I will lay a wager," cried Sancho, "you took me from the beginning, and understood me perfectly, only you had a mind to confound me by leading me into two hundred blunders more."—"That may be," replied Don Quixote; "but, in short, what says Teresa?"—"Teresa," quoth Sancho, "says fast bind, fast find, and that we must have less talking and more doing, that he who shuffles is not he who cuts, that one performance is worth two promises. And I say that though there is but little in woman's advice, he that will not take it is not over-wise."—"I say so too," replied Don Quixote; "proceed, friend Sancho; you talk admirably to-day."—"The case is," resumed Sancho, "as your worship very

well knows, that we are all mortal, here to-day, and gone to-morrow, that the lamb goes to the spit as soon as the sheep, and that nobody can promise himself in this world more hours of life than God pleases to give him; for death is deaf, and when he knocks at life's door, is always in haste, and nothing can stay him, neither force, nor entreaties, nor sceptres, nor mitres, according to public voice and report, and according to what is told us from the pulpit." "All this is true," said Don Quixote; "but I do not perceive

what you would be at."—"What I would be at," returned Sancho, "is that your worship would be pleased to appoint me a certain salary, at so much per month for the time I shall serve you, and that the said salary be paid me out of your estate. I have no mind to stand to the courtesy of recompenses, which come late, or lame, or never. God help me with my own. In short, I would know what I am to get, be it little or much, for the hen sits if it be but upon one egg, and many littles make a mickle, and while one is getting something one is losing nothing. In good truth, should it fall out (which I neither believe nor expect) that your worship should give me that same island you have promised me, I am not so ungrateful, nor am I for making so hard a bargain, as not to consent that the amount of the rent of such island be appraised, and my salary be deducted marks for pounds."—"Friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "a good rat for a good cat[347]."—"I understand you," quoth Sancho, "and I will lay a wager, you mean a good cat for a good rat; but it matters not what words I used, since your worship knew my meaning."—"Yes, and so perfectly too," returned Don Quixote, "that I see to the very bottom of your thoughts, and the mark you drive at with the innumerable arrows of your proverbs. Look you, Sancho, I could easily appoint you wages, had I ever met with any precedent among the histories of knights-errant to discover or show me the least glimmering of what they used to get monthly or yearly; but, though I have read all or most of those histories, I do not remember ever to have read that any knight-errant allowed his squire set wages. I only know that they all served upon courtesy, and that, when they least thought of it, if their masters had good luck, they were rewarded with an island or something equivalent, or at least received a title and dignity. If, Sancho, upon the strength of these expectations, you are willing to return to my service, in God's

[347] There is in the original an intranslatable *grace*. At the end of the preceding phrase, Sancho says, instead of *rata por cantidad* (in due proportion, marks for pounds), *gata por cantidad*. Don Quixote, playing on the words, makes answer: "Sometimes a cat (*gata*) is as good as a rat (*rata*)." And Sancho replies: "I will lay a wager I should have said *rata* instead of *gata*; but it matters not ..... etc."

name do so; but if you think that I will force the ancient usage of knight-errantry off its hinges, you are grievously mistaken. Therefore, friend Sancho, go home and make known my intention to your wife Teresa. If she be willing, and you have a mind to stay with me upon courtesy, *bene quidem;* if not, we are as we were: for if the dove-house wants not bait, it will never want pigeons.

And take notice, son, that a good reversion is better than a bad possession, and a good demand than bad pay. I talk thus, Sancho, to let you see that I can let fly a volley of proverbs as well as you. To be short with you, if you are not disposed to go along with me upon courtesy, and run the same fortune with me, the Lord have you in his keeping and make you a saint, for I shall never want a squire, more obedient, more diligent, and above all less selfish and less talkative than you are."

When Sancho heard his master's fixed resolution, the sky clouded over him, and the wings of his heart downright flagged, for till now he verily believed his master would not go without him for the world's worth. While he remained thus pensive and pondering, in came Sampson Carrasco, followed by the niece and the housekeeper, who had a mind to hear what arguments he would make use of to dissuade their master and uncle from going again in quest of adventures. Sampson, who was a notable wag, drew near, and embracing Don Quixote as he did the time before, exalted his voice and said: "O flower of knight-errantry! O resplendant light of arms! O mirror and honour of the Spanish nation! may it please Almighty God, of his infinite goodness, that the person or persons who shall obstruct or disappoint your third sally may never find the way out of the labyrinth of their desires, nor ever accomplish what they so ardently wish!" And, turning to the housekeeper, he said: "Now, mistress housekeeper, you may save yourself the trouble of saying the prayer of Saint Apollonia; I know that it is the precise determination of the celestial orbs that Signor Don Quixote shall once more pursue his glorious and uncommon designs. I should greatly burden my conscience did I not give intimation thereof, and persuade this knight no longer to detain and withold the force of his valorous arm, and the goodness of his most undaunted courage, lest by his delay he defraud the world of the redress of injuries, the protection of orphans, the maintaining the honour of damsels, the relief of widows, the support of married women, with other matters of this nature, which concern, depend upon, appertain and are annexed to the order of knight-errantry. Go on then, dear Signor Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; let your worship and grandeur lose no time, but set forward rather to-day than to-morrow. If any thing be wanting towards putting your design in execution, here am I, ready to supply it with my life and fortune; and if your magnificence stands in need of a squire, I shall think it a singular piece of good fortune to serve you as such."

Thereupon Don Quixote, turning to Sancho, said: "Did I not tell you, Sancho, that I should have squires enough and to spare? Take notice who it is that offers himself to be one; who but the

unheard-of bachelor Sampson Carrasco, the perpetual darling and delight of the Salamancan schools, sound and active of body, no prater, patient of heat and cold, of hunger and thirst, with all the qualifications necessary to the squire of a knight-errant. But God will not permit that, to gratify my own private inclination, I should endanger this pillar of literature, this urn of sciences, and lop off so eminent a branch of the noble and liberal arts. No, let the new Sampson abide in and become an honour to his country, and at the same time reverence the grey hairs of his ancient parents; I will make shift without any squire whatever, since Sancho vouchsafes not to go along with me."—"I do vouchsafe," cried Sancho, melted into tenderness, and his eyes overflowing with tears; "oh! no, it shall never be said of me, dear master, that the bread is eaten and the company broken up. I am not come of an ungrateful stock; since all the world knows, especially our village, who the Panzas from whom I am descended were; besides, I know and am well assured by many good works, and more good words, of the desire your worship has to do me a kindness; and if I have taken upon me so much more than I ought, by intermeddling in the article of wages, it was out of complaisance to my wife; for when once she takes in hand to persuade a thing, no mallet drives and forces the hoops off a tub as she drives at her purpose until she hath gained it. But in short, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman; and since I am a man every where else, I cannot deny that I will also be one in my own house, vex whom it will. Therefore there is no more to be done, excepting that your worship give orders about your will and its codicil, in such manner that it cannot be rebuked [348], and let us set out immediately, that the soul of Signor Sampson, who says he is obliged in conscience to persuade your worship to make a third sally, may not suffer. As for me, I again offer myself to serve your worship faithfully and loyally, as well and better than all the squires that ever served knight-errant in past or present times."

The bachelor stood in admiration to hear Sancho Panza's style

[348] The original has the word *revolcar* (to hunt the wild boar), instead of *revocar*.

and manner of talking; for, though he had read the first part of his master's history, he never believed he was so ridiculous as he is therein described. But when he heard him now talk of will and codicil that could not be rebuked, instead of revoked, he believed all he had read of him, and concluded him to be one of the most solemn coxcombs of the age. He said to himself that two such fools as master and man were never before seen in the world.

In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho being perfectly reconciled, embraced each other; with the approbation and good liking of the grand Carrasco, now their oracle, it was decreed that their departure should take place at the end of three days, which time they required to provide what was necessary for the expedition, especially a complete helmet, for Don Quixote said he must by all means carry one with him. Sampson offered to borrow for him one belonging to a friend of his, who, he said, he was sure would not deny it him, though, sooth to say, the brightness of the steel was not a little obscured by the tarnish and rust.

The curses which the housekeeper and niece heaped upon the bachelor were as loud as they were deep and innumerable. They tore their hair, scratched their faces, and, like the funeral mourners formerly in fashion[349], lamented the approaching departure as if it were the death of their master. The design Sampson had in persuading him to sally forth again, was to do what the history tells us hereafter; all by the advice of the priest and the barber, with whom he had plotted beforehand. In short, in those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with what they thought convenient; then Sancho having appeased his wife, and Don Quixote his niece and housekeeper, in the dusk of the evening, unobserved by any body but the bachelor, who would needs bear

[349] The custom of hiring mourners at funerals, which appears to have become obsolete in Cervantes's time, was very ancient in Spain. We find in the *Partidas* (tit. IV. ley 100), regulations against the excesses and depredations committed at the ceremonies of the church by these mourners, called *lloraderas*, *planideras*, and *endechaderas*. We find also, in the *romance* of the Cid in which that hero makes his will (No. 96) *item*: "I command that no *planideras* be hired to bewail my death; my Ximene's tears will be enough, without purchasing others."

them company half a league from the village, they took the road to Toboso; Don Quixote upon his good Rocinante, and Sancho upon his old donkey, his wallets stored with provisions, and his purse with money which Don Quixote had given him against whatever might happen. Sampson embraced him, praying him to give advice of his good or ill-fortune, that he might rejoice or condole

with him, as the laws of their mutual friendship required. Don Quixote having promised he would, Sampson returned to the village, and the knight and squire took their way toward the great city of Toboso.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEREIN IS RELATED WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE AS HE WAS GOING TO VISIT HIS LADY DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

BLESSED and praised be the almighty Allah!" cries Cid Hamet Ben-Engeli at the beginning of this eighth chapter; "blessed and praised be Allah!" he repeats thrice. He then goes on to state that he is moved to express these benedictions in consequence of finding Don Quixote and Sancho in the field again, since the readers of their delightful history may make account that, from this moment, the exploits and witty sayings of Don Quixote and his squire begin. He persuades them to forget the former chivalries of the ingenious gentleman, and fix their eyes upon his future achievements, which begin now upon the road to Toboso, as the former began in the fields of Montiel. And this is no very unreasonable request, considering what great things he promises. He then proceeds as follows:

Don Quixote and Sancho remained by themselves; and scarcely had Sampson bid them adieu, when Rocinante began to neigh, and

the donkey to bray most melodiously, which was held by both knight and squire for a good sign, and a most happy omen. But, if the truth must be told, the brayings of the ass exceeded the neighings of the steed, whence Sancho gathered that his good luck was to surpass that of his master: but whether or not he drew this inference from judicial astrology, I cannot say, it not being known whether he was versed in it, the history saying nothing of the matter. Only he had been heard to say, when he stumbled or fell, that he would have been glad he had not gone out of doors, for by a stumble or a fall nothing was to be got but a torn shoe or a broken rib; and, in faith, though he was a simpleton, he was not much out of the way in this.

Don Quixote said to him: "Friend Sancho, the night is coming on apace, and with too much darkness for us to reach Toboso by daylight, whither I am resolved to go before I undertake any other adventure. There will I receive the blessing and the good leave of the peerless Dulcinea, with which leave I am well assured of finishing and giving a happy conclusion to every perilous adventure; for nothing in this world inspires knights-errant with so much valour as the finding themselves favoured by their mistresses."—"I believe it," answered Sancho, "but I am of opinion, it will be difficult for your worship to come to the speech of her, or to obtain an interview with her, at least in any place where you may receive her benediction, unless she tosses it over the pales of the yard in which I saw her the time before, when I carried her the letter that brought the news of the follies and extravagancies your worship was playing in the heart of the Sierra Morena."—"Did you fancy them to be pales, Sancho!" returned Don Quixote; "pales over which you saw that paragon of gentility and beauty! Impossible! you must mean galleries, arcades, or corridors of some rich and royal palace."—"All that may be," answered Sancho; "but to me they seemed pales, or I have a very shallow memory."—"However let us go thither, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "for so I do but see her, be it through pales, through windows, through crannies, or through the rails of a garden; however small a ray of the sun of her beauty reaches my eyes, it will so enlighten my understanding and fortify

my heart that I shall remain without a rival either in wisdom or valour."—"In truth, Sir," answered Sancho, "when I saw this sun of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to send forth any rays. The reason must doubtless be that, as her ladyship was winnowing that wheat I told you of, the great quantity of dust that flew out of it overcast her face like a cloud, and obscured it." "What! Sancho," said Don Quixote, "do you persist in saying and believing that my lady Dulcinea was winnowing wheat, a business and employment quite foreign to persons of distinction, who are designed and reserved for other exercises and amusements, which distinguish their high quality a bow-shot off. Oh! Sancho, how completely have you forgotten our poet's[350] verses, in which he depicts the labours of those four nymphs in their chrystal mansions who raised their heads above the delightful Tagus, and seated themselves in the green meadow to work those rich stuffs, which as the ingenious poet describes, were all embroidered with gold, silk and pearls. In this manner must my lady have been employed, when you saw her, were it not that the envy some wicked enchanter bears me, changes and converts into different shapes every thing that should give me pleasure. In that history said to be published of my exploits, if peradventure its author were some sage my enemy, he has, I fear, put one thing for another, with one truth mixing a thousand lies, and amusing himself with relating actions foreign to what is requisite for the continuation of a true history. O envy! root of infinite evils, and canker-worm of all virtues! All other vices, Sancho, carry somewhat of pleasure along with them; but envy is attended with nothing but distaste, rancour and rage."—"That is what I say too," replied Sancho, "and I take it for granted, in that same legend or history of us the bachelor Carrasco tells us he has seen, that my reputation is tossed about like a tennis-ball. Now, as I am an honest man, I never spoke ill of any enchanter, nor have I wealth enough to be envied. It is true, indeed, I am said to be somewhat sly, and to have a little spice of

[350] Garcilaso de la Vega. The verses are in his third eclogue:

De cuatro ninfas, que del Tajo amado
Salieron juntas, à cantar me ofresco, etc.

the knave. But the grand cloak of my simplicity, always natural and never artificial, hides and covers all. If I had nothing else to boast of but believing, as I do always, firmly and truly in God, and in all that the holy catholic Roman church holds and believes, and being, as I really am, a mortal enemy to the Jews, the historians ought to have mercy upon me, and treat me well in their writings. But, let them say what they will; naked was I born, naked I am, I neither lose nor win; and so my name be but in print, and go about the world from hand to hand, I care not a fig, let people say of me whatever they list."—"That, Sancho," said Don Quixote "is just like what happened to a famous poet of our times, who had written an ill-natured satire against all the court-ladies. A certain lady, who was not expressly named in it, so that it was doubtful whether she were implied in it or not, complained to the poet, asking him what he had seen in her that he had not inserted her among the rest, telling him he must enlarge his satire and put her in the supplement, or woe be to him. The poet complied, and set her down for such a one as duennas will not name; the lady was perfectly satisfied with the fame of being infamously famous. Of the same kind is the story they tell of that shepherd who, only that his name might live in future ages, set fire to the famous temple of Diana, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. Notwithstanding that it was ordered by public edict that nobody should name or mention him either by word or writing, that he might not attain to the end he proposed, yet still it is known he was called

Erostratus. This likewise bears an affinity to what happened to the great emperor Charles V., with a Roman knight. The emperor had a mind to see the famous temple of the Rotunda, which by the ancients was called the Pantheon, or temple of all the gods, and now by a better name, the church of All Saints [351]. It is one of the most entire edifices remaining of heathen Rome, and the one which most preserves the fame of the greatness and magnificence of its founders. It is built in the form of a cupola, is very spacious, and very lightsome, though it has but one window, or rather a round opening at top. The emperor thence surveyed the inside of the

structure; a Roman gentleman, who stood by his side, pointing out and explaining to him the beauty and ingenious contrivance of that vast and memorable piece of architecture. When they were come down from the skylight, the gentleman said to the emperor: 'Sacred Sir, a thousand times it came into my head to clasp your

[351] The Pantheon, built by Marcus Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus, and consecrated to *avenging Jupiter*.

majesty in my arms, and cast myself down with you from the top to the bottom of the church, merely to leave an eternal name behind me.'—'I thank you,' answered the emperor, 'for not putting so wicked a thought in execution, and henceforward I will never give you an opportunity of making the like proof of your loyalty, and therefore command you never to speak to me more, nor come into my presence.' After these words the emperor bestowed some great favour upon the gentleman. What I mean, Sancho, is that the desire of fame is a very active principle in us. What think you cast Horatius Cocles down from the bridge, armed at all points, into the depth of the Tiber? what burnt the arm and hand of Mutius Scœvola? what impelled Curtius to throw himself into the flaming gulf that opened itself in the midst of Rome? what made Cæsar pass the Rubicon in opposition to all presages [352]? and, in more modern examples, what scuttled the ships and left on shore encompassed with enemies, the valiant Spaniards conducted by the most courteous Cortez in the new world? All these, and other great and very different exploits, are, were and shall be, the works of fame, which mortals desire as an earnest of that immortality their noble deeds deserve. However, we christian and catholic knights-errant ought to be more intent upon the glory of the world to come, which is eternal in the etherial and celestial regions, than upon the vanity of fame acquired in this present and transitory world. For, let such renown last ever so long, it must end with the world itself, which has its appointed period. Therefore, O Sancho, let not our works exceed the bounds prescribed by the christian religion which we profess. In killing giants we are to destroy pride; we must overcome envy by generosity and good-nature, anger by sedateness and composure of mind, gluttony and sleep by eating little and watching much, lust and lasciviousness by the fidelity we maintain to those we have made mistresses of our thoughts, laziness by going about all parts of the world, seeking occasions which may make us, besides good christians, renowned knights. These, Sancho, are the means of

[352] Cervantes is wrong. Suetonius, in accordance with Plutarch, says on the contrary that it was a favourable omen that prompted Cæsar to pass the Rubicon, and to say: *The die is cast.* (*Vita Cæsaris*, cap. 31 et 32.)

obtaining those extremes of praise which a good name brings along with it."

"All that your worship has hitherto told me," replied Sancho, "I very well understand. But I wish you would be so kind as to dissolve me one doubt, which is this moment come into my mind."—"Resolve, you would say, Sancho," said Don Quixote. "Out with it then in God's name, and I will answer as far as I know."—"Pray tell me, Sir," proceeded Sancho, "those Julys and Augusts[353] and all those feat-doing knights you spoke of, that are dead, where are they now?"—"The gentiles" answered Don Quixote, "are doubtless in hell; the christians, if they were good christians, are either in purgatory or in Heaven."—"Very well," quoth Sancho; "but let us know now whether the sepulchres in which the bodies of those great lords lie interred, have silver lamps burning before them, and whether the walls of their chapels are adorned with crutches, winding-sheets, old perukes, legs and eyes made of wax. If not with these, pray with what are they adorned?"

Don Quixote answered: "The sepulchres of the heathen were for the most part sumptuous temples. The ashes of Julius Cæsar were deposited in an urn, placed on the top of a pyramid of stone of a prodigious size, which is now called the obelisk of St. Peter[354]. The sepulchre of the emperor Adrian was a castle as large as an extensive village, called *Moles Hadriani*, and is now the castle of St. Angelo, in Rome. Queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a tomb, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. But none of these sepulchres, nor any others of the gentiles, were hung about with winding sheets, or other offerings or signs, to denote the sanctity of the persons there buried."—"That is what I am coming too," said Sancho: "pray tell me now which is the more

[353] Jeu de mots, very witty coming from Sancho, on the name of *Julio*, which signifies both Julius and July, and the word *Augusto*, Augustus, which slightly altered, *agosto*, means August.

[354] This is the Egyptian obelisk, placed in the centre of the colonnade of St. Peter, by order of Pope Sixtus V., in 1586. Cervantes, who had seen the obelisk at the place it formerly occupied, wrongly supposes that it was destined to receive the ashes of Cæsar. It had been brought to Rome in the reign of the emperor Caligula. (*Pliny*, book XVI, chap. 40.)

difficult, to raise a dead man to life or to slay a giant."—"The answer is very obvious," answered Don Quixote; "to raise a dead man."—"There I have caught you," quoth Sancho. "His fame then, who raises the dead, gives sight to the blind, makes the lame walk and cures the sick; before whose sepulchre lamps are continually burning, whose chapels are crowded with devotees adoring his relics upon their knees; his fame, I say, shall be greater, both in this world and the next, than that which all the heathen emperors and knights-errant in the world ever had, or ever shall have."—"I grant it," answered Don Quixote. "Then," continued Sancho, "the bodies and relics of saints have this fame, these graces, these prerogatives, or how do you call them, with the approbation and licence of our holy mother church, and also their lamps, winding-sheets, crutches, pictures, perukes, eyes and legs, whereby they increased people's devotion and spread their christian fame. Kings

themselves carry the bodies or relics of saints upon their shoulders[355]; they kiss bits of their bones, and adorn and enrich their chapels and most favourite altars with them."—"What would you have me infer, Sancho, from all you have been saying?" asked Don Quixote. "I would infer," said Sancho, "that we had better turn saints immediately; we shall then attain more promptly to that renown we aim at. Pray take notice, Sir, that yesterday, or the day before (for it is so little a while ago that I may so speak), a couple of poor bare-footed friars[356] were beatified or canonized whose iron chains wherewith they girded and disciplined themselves people now

[355] Cervantes might have seen, when he was eighteen years old, the pompous reception given by king Philip II., in November 1565, to the relics of Saint Eugeneus, of which Charles IX. had made him a present.

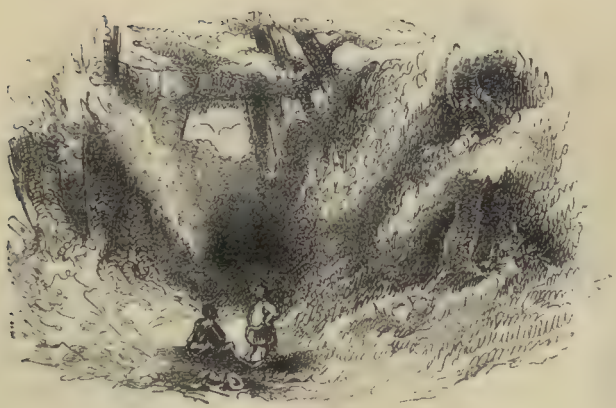
[356] Doubtless Saint Diego of Alcala, canonized by Sixtus V., in 1588, and Saint Peter of Alcantara, who died in 1562.

reckon it a great happiness to touch or kiss, and they are now held in greater veneration than Orlando's sword in the armoury of our lord the king, whom God preserve. So that, master of mine, it is better being a poor friar of the very meanest order, than the most valiant knight-errant: a couple of dozen of penitential lashes are more esteemed in the sight of God than two thousand tilts with a lance, whether it be against giants, vampires or andriaques." —"I confess," answered Don Quixote, "all this is just as you say; but we cannot be all friars, and many and various are the ways by which God conducts his elect to Heaven. Chivalry is a kind of religious profession; and some knights are now saints in glory." —"True," answered Sancho, "but I have heard say there are more friars in Heaven than knights-errant."—"It may well be so," replied Don Quixote, "because the number of the religious is much greater than that of the knights-errant."—"And yet," said Sancho, "there are abundance of the errant sort."—"Abundance, indeed," answered Don Quixote, "but few who deserve the name of knights."

In these and the like discourses they passed that night and the following day, without any accident worth relating, at which circumstance Don Quixote was not a little grieved. In short, the second day they descried the great city of Toboso. At the sight of

it, Don Quixote's spirits were much elevated, and Sancho's as much dejected, because he did not know Dulcinea's house, and had never seen her in his life, any more than his master; so that they were

both equally in pain, the one to see her, and the other for not having seen her, and Sancho knew not what to do when his master should send him to Toboso. In fine, Don Quixote resolved to enter the city about night-fall. Till that hour came, they tarried among some oak trees near the town; and the time appointed being come, they went into the city, where things befell them that were things indeed.



CHAPTER IX.

WHICH RELATES WHAT WILL BE FOUND IN IT.

It was midnight[357], or thereabouts, when Don Quixote and Sancho, leaving their thicket, entered Toboso. The village was all hushed in silence, for its inhabitants were sound asleep, reposing, as the phrase is, with outstretched legs. The night was not quite a dark one, though Sancho heartily wished it were, that the obscurity thereof might hide his prevarication. Nothing was heard in all the place but the barking of dogs, stunning Don Quixote's ears and disquieting Sancho's heart. Now and then an ass brayed, swine grunted, and cats mewed, which different sounds were augmented by the silence of the night. All these the enamoured knight took for ill omens. Nevertheless, he said to Sancho: "Sancho, son, lead on before to Dulcinea's palace, it may be we shall find her awake."—"To what

[357] **Media noche era por filo, etc.**

This is the first verse of an old *romance*, that of count Claros de Montalvan, which is to be found in the Antwerp collection.

palace, body of the sun?" cried Sancho; "the palace I saw her highness in was but a very little house."—"She must have been retired at that time," replied Don Quixote, "to some small apartment of her alcazar[358], to amuse herself with her damsels, as is

usual with great ladies and princesses."—"Since your worship," quoth Sancho, "will needs have my lady Dulcinea's house to be an

[358] The name of the Arabian palaces (*al-kasr*). This word, in Spanish, conveys a still loftier idea than the word *palacio*.

alcazar, is this an hour to find the gates open? Is it fit we should stand thundering at the door till they open and let us in, putting the whole house in an uproar? Think you we are going to a house of evil reputation, like your gallants, who knock and call, and are let in at what hour they please, be it never so late?"—"First, to make one thing sure, let us find this alcazar," replied Don Quixote, "and then I will tell you what is fit to be done. Look, Sancho, either my eyes deceive, me or that great dark bulk we see yonder must be Dulcinea's alcazar."—"Then lead on yourself, Sir," answered Sancho; "perhaps it may be so; though, if I were to see it with my eyes, and touch it with my hands, I will believe it just as much as I believe it is now day."

Don Quixote led the way, and having gone about two hundred paces, he came up to the bulk which cast the dark shade. He perceived it was a large steeple, and immediately knew that the building was no alcazar, but the parish church. "We are come to the church, Sancho," said he. "I find we are," answered Sancho, "and pray God we be not come to our graves; for it is no very good sign, to be rambling about churchyards at such hours, and especially since I have already told your worship, if I remember right, that this same lady's house stands in an alley where there is no thoroughfare."—"A curse light on thee, thou blockhead!" said Don Quixote. "Where have you found, simpleton, that alcazars and royal palaces are built in alleys without a thoroughfare?"—"Sir," replied Sancho, "each country has its customs; perhaps it is the fashion in Toboso to build palaces and great edifices in alleys. Therefore I beseech your worship to let me look about among these lanes or alleys just before me; in one nook or other I may chance pop upon this same alcazar, which I wish I may see devoured by dogs for confounding and bewildering us at this rate."—"Speak with respect, Sancho, of my lady's matters," quoth Don Quixote; "let us keep our holidays in peace, and not throw the handle after the bucket."—"I will curb myself," answered Sancho; "but with what patience can I bear to think that your worship will needs have me know our mistress's house, and find it at midnight, having seen it but once, when you cannot find it yourself, though you

must have seen it thousands of times?"—"You will put me out of all patience, Sancho," cried Don Quixote. "Come hither, heretic; have I not told you a thousand times that I never saw the peerless Dulcinea in all the days of my life, nor ever stepped over the threshold of her palace, and that I am enamoured only by hearsay, and by the great fame of her wit and beauty?"—"I hear it now," answered Sancho, "and I say that, since your worship has never seen her, no more have I."—"That cannot be," replied Don Quixote, "for at least you told me some time ago that you saw her winnowing wheat, when you brought me the answer to the letter I sent by you."—"Do not insist upon that, Sir," answered Sancho; "let me tell you that the sight of her and the answer I brought were both by hearsay too, for I can no more tell who the lady Dulcinea is than I am able to box the moon."—"Sancho, Sancho!" cried Don Quixote, "there are times for jesting, and times when jests are very unseasonable. What! because I say that I never saw nor spoke to the mistress of my soul, you must therefore say so too, when you know the contrary so well?"

While our two adventurers were thus discoursing, they perceived one passing by with a couple of mules; and, by the noise made by a ploughshare in dragging along the ground, they judged it must be some husbandman who had risen before day and was going to his work: nor were they mistaken. The ploughman came singing the *romance* of the defeat of the French in Roncesvalles[359]. "Let me die, Sancho," cried Don Quixote directly he heard the voice, "if we shall have any good luck to-night. Do you not hear what this peasant is singing?"—"Yes I do," answered Sancho; "but what is the defeat of Roncesvalles to our purpose? he might as well have sung the *romance* of Calaïnos[360]; for it had been all one as to the good or ill success of our business."

By this time the country fellow was come up to them, and Don

[359] Mala la hovistes, Franceses,
La caza de Roncesvalles, etc.

The first stanza of a very ancient and very popular *romance*, to be found in the *Cancionero* of Antwerp.

[360] Another *romance* of the same epoch and preserved in the same collection.

Quixote said to him: "Good morrow, honest friend; can you inform me whereabouts stands the palace of the peerless princess Donna Dulcinea del Toboso?"—"Sir," answered the passenger, "I am a stranger here; I have been but a few days in this village, and serve a rich farmer in tilling his ground. But in yon house over the way live the parish-priest and the sexton of the place; both or either of them can give your worship an account of this same lady-princess, for they have a register of all the inhabitants of Toboso; though I am of opinion no princess at all lives in this village, but several great ladies, each of whom might certainly be a princess in her own house."—"One of these, then," quoth Don Quixote, "must be she I am enquiring after."—"Not unlikely," answered the ploughman; "but God speed you well, for the dawn begins to appear." And whipping on his mules, he staid for no more questions.

Sancho, seeing his master in suspense, and sufficiently dissatisfied, said to him: "Sir, the day comes on apace, and it will not be advisable to let the sun overtake us in the street. It will be better to retire out of the city, and for your worship to shelter yourself in some grove hereabouts. I will return by daylight, and leave no nook or corner in all the town unsearched for this palace or alcazar of my lady's. I shall have ill-luck if I do not find it; and as soon as I have found it, I will speak to her ladyship, and will tell her where and how your worship is waiting for her orders and directions for you to see her without prejudice to her honour or reputation." —"Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "you have uttered a thousand sentences in the compass of a few words. The counsel you give I relish much, and accept of most heartily. Come along, son, and let us seek where we can take covert; afterwards, as you say, you shall return to seek, see and speak to my lady, from whose discretion and courtesy I expect more than miraculous favours."

Sancho stood upon thorns till he got his master out of town, lest he should detect the lie of the answer he carried him to the Sierra Morena, pretending it came from Dulcinea. Therefore he made haste to be gone, which they did instantly, and, about two miles

from the place, they found a little wood, in which Don Quixote took shelter while Sancho returned to the city to speak to

Dulcinea. But in his embassy, there befell him certain things which require attention and fresh credit.

CHAPTER X.

WHEREIN IS NARRATED THE CUNNING USED BY THE INDUSTRIOUS SANCHO IN ENCHANTING THE LADY DULCINEA, WITH OTHER EVENTS NO LESS RIDICULOUS THAN TRUE.

ENTERING upon the narrative of the events contained in this chapter, the author of this grand history says he had a mind to have passed it over in silence, fearing not to be believed, because herein Don Quixote's madness exceeds all bounds, and rises to the utmost pitch, even two bow-shots beyond the greatest extravagance. However, notwithstanding this fear and diffidence, he has set every thing down exactly as it occurred, without adding to or diminishing a tittle from the truth of the history, and not regarding the objections that might be made against his veracity. He had reason, for truth may be stretched, but cannot be broken, and always gets above falsehood as oil does above water.

Resuming therefore the thread of his narration, the historian says that as soon as Don Quixote had sheltered himself in the

grove, oak-wood, or forest near the great Toboso, he ordered Sancho to go back to the town, commanding him not to return into his presence till he had first spoken to his lady, beseeching her that she would be pleased to give her captive knight leave to wait upon her, and that she would deign to give him her blessing, that from thence he might hope for the most prosperous success in all his encounters and difficult enterprises. Sancho undertook to fulfil his command, and to bring him as good an answer now as he did the time before. "Go then, son," replied Don Quixote, "and be not in confusion when you stand before the blaze of that sun of beauty you are about to seek, thou happiest of all the squires in the world! Bear in mind, and be sure do not forget how she receives you; whether she changes colour while you are delivering your embassy, whether you perceive in her any uneasiness or disturbance at hearing my name. Whether her cushion cannot hold her, if perchance you find her seated on the rich estrado * of her dignity; if she be standing, mark whether she stands sometimes upon one foot and sometimes upon the other, whether she repeats the answer she gives you three or four times, whether she changes it from soft to harsh, from sharp to amorous, whether she lifts her hands to adjust her hair, though it be not disordered. Lastly, son, observe all her actions and motions; for, by your relating them to me just as they transpired, I shall be able to give a shrewd guess at what she keeps concealed in the secret recesses of her heart, touching the affair of my love. For you must know, Sancho, if you do not know it already, that among lovers, when their loves are the subject, the external actions and gestures, are the most certain couriers, and bring infallible tidings of what passes in the inmost recesses of the soul. Go, friend; better fortune than mine be your guide, and may better success than what I fear and expect in this bitter solitude, send you back safe."

"I will go and return quickly," answered Sancho. "In the mean time, good Sir, enlarge that little heart of yours, which at present can be no bigger than a hazel-nut. Reflect on the common saying

* The floor raised at the upper end of the rooms of state in Spain, where the ladies sit upon cushions to receive visits.

that a good heart breaks bad luck, and that where there is no bacon there are no hooks to hang it on. It is also said: where we least think it, there starts the hare. This I say because, though we could not find the alcazar or palace of my lady Dulcinea last night now that it is daylight I reckon to meet with it when I least think of it; and when I have found it, let me alone to deal with her."—"Verily, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you have the knack of applying your proverbs so to the subject we are upon, that I pray Heaven send me better luck in obtaining my wishes."

Upon this Sancho turned his back, and switched his donkey, leaving Don Quixote on horseback, resting on his stirrups and leaning on his lance, full of sad and confused imaginations. There we will leave him, and go along with Sancho Panza, who departed from his master no less confused and thoughtful than he; insomuch that he had scarcely got out of the grove, when turning about his head, and finding Don Quixote was not in sight, he lighted from his beast, and seating himself at the foot of a tree, he began to talk to himself, and say: "Tell me now, brother Sancho, whither is your worship going? Are you going to seek some ass that is lost?"—"No, verily."—"Then what are you going to seek?"—"Why I go to look for a thing of nothing, a princess, and in her the sun of beauty, and all Heaven together."—"Well, Sancho, and where think you to find all this?"—"Where? in the grand city of Toboso."—"Very well; and pray who sent you on this errand?"—"Why, the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who redresses wrongs, and gives drink to the hungry and meat to the thirsty."—"All this is very well; and do you know her house, Sancho?"—"My master says it must be some royal palace, or stately alcazar."—"And have you ever seen her?"—"Neither I, nor my master, have ever seen her."—"And do you think it would be right or advisable that the people of Toboso should know you come with a design to inveigle away their princesses, and lead their ladies astray? what if they should come and grind your ribs with pure dry basting, and not leave you a whole bone in your skin?"—"Truly they would be much in the right of it, unless they please to consider that I am commanded, and that

being but a messenger, my friend, you are not in fault [361]."—"Trust not to that, Sancho, for the Manchegans are as choleric as honourable, and so ticklish that nobody can touch them. God's my life! if they smoke us, woe be to us."—"But why go I looking for three legs in a cat, for another man's pleasure? Besides, to look for Dulcinea up and down Toboso, is as if one should ask for my lord at court, or the bachelor in Salamanca. The devil the devil and nobody else has put me upon this business."

This monologue Sancho held with himself, and the result was to return to it again: "Well," said he to himself, "there is a remedy for every thing but death, under whose dominion we must all pass in spite of our teeth, at the end of our lives. This master of mine, by a thousand tokens that I have seen, is mad enough to be tied in his bed, and in truth I come very little behind him; nay, I am madder than he, since I follow and serve him, if there be any truth in the proverb: Shew me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art; or: Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou art fed. Hence then, he being a madman, as he really is, and so mad as frequently to mistake one thing for another, taking black for white and white for black—as appeared plainly when he said the windmills were long armed giants, the monks' mules dromedaries, the flocks of sheep armies of enemies, and many more matters to the same tune—it will not be very difficult to make him believe that a country wench,—the first I light upon,—is the lady Dulcinea. Should he not believe it, I will swear to it; if he swears, I will out-swear him, and if he persists, I will persist more than he: in this manner my hand shall still be uppermost, come what will of it. Perhaps by this positiveness I shall put an end to his sending me again upon such errands, seeing what preposterous answers I bring him. Perhaps he will think, as I imagine he will, that some wicked enchanter, of those that he says bear him a spite, has changed his lady's form to do him mischief and harm."

This project set Sancho's spirit at rest, and he reckoned his

[361] Mensagero sois, amigo,
Non mereccis culpa, non.

A distich of an old *romance* by Bernard del Carpio, frequently since repeated in several other *romances*, and very popular at the present day.

business as good as half done. He stretched himself at his ease under a tree and remained there until towards evening, that Don Quixote might think he had spent so much time in going to and returning from Toboso. Every thing fell out so luckily for him, that when he got up to mount his donkey he espied three country wenches, coming from Toboso, mounted on three young asses, whether male or female the author declares not; but it is more probable they were she-asses, that being the ordinary mounting of country-women, though as it is a matter of no consequence, we need not give ourselves any trouble to decide it. In short, as soon as Sancho espied the lasses, he rode back at a round rate to seek his master Don Quixote, whom he found heaving a thousand sighs and amorous lamentations. As soon as the knight saw him, he said: "Well, friend Sancho, am I to mark this day with a white or a black stone [362]?"—"Your worship," answered Sancho, "had better mark it with red ochre, as they do the inscriptions on

[362] *O diem lætum, notandumque mihi candidissimo calculo!* (Pliny, cap. VI., lib. II.)

professors' chairs, to be the more easily read by the lookers-on."—"By this," resumed Don Quixote, "you should bring good news."—"So good," answered Sancho, "that your worship has no more to do but to clap spurs to Rocinante, and get out upon the plain to see the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who with a couple of her damsels is coming to pay your worship a visit."—"Holy Virgin! what is it you say, friend Sancho?" cried Don Quixote.

"Ah! I conjure you not to impose on my real sorrow by a counterfeit joy."—"What should I get," answered Sancho, "by deceiving your worship and being detected the next moment? Come, Sir, spur forward, and you will see the princess our mistress arrayed and adorned like herself. She and her damsels are one blaze of flaming gold, all strings of pearls, all diamonds, rubies, cloth of

tissue above ten hands deep. Their tresses are loose about their shoulders like so many sunbeams playing with the wind. And what is more, they come mounted upon three pied belfries, the finest one can lay eyes on."—"Palfreys, you would say, Sancho," said Don Quixote. "There is no great difference, I think," answered Sancho, "between belfries and palfreys; but let them be mounted how they will, they are sure the finest creatures one would wish to see, especially my mistress, the princess Dulcinea, who ravishes one's senses."—"Let us go, son Sancho," cried Don Quixote; "and as a reward for this news, as unexpected as good, I promise you the choicest spoils I shall gain in my next adventure; and if that will not satisfy you, I bequeath you the colts my three mares will foal this year upon our town common."—"I stick to the colts," answered Sancho, "for it is not very certain that the spoils of your next adventure will be worth much."

By this time they were got out of the wood, and espied the three village girls very near. Don Quixote darted his eyes over all the road towards Toboso, and seeing nobody but the three wenches, he was much troubled, and asked Sancho whether they were come out of the city when he left them. "Out of the city!" cried Sancho; "are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you do not see it is they who are coming, shining like the sun at noon-day?"—"I see only three country girls," answered Don Quixote, "on three asses."—"Now Heaven keep me from the devil!" said Sancho; "is it possible that three belfries, or how do you call them, white as the driven snow, should appear to you to be asses? As the Lord liveth, I will pluck off this beard of mine if it be so."—"I tell you, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that it is as certain they are he or she-asses as that I am Don Quixote, and you Sancho Panza. At least such they seem to me."—"Sir," quoth Sancho, "say not a word, but rub those eyes of yours, and come and make your reverence to the mistress of your thoughts, who is just at hand."

So saying, he advanced a little forward to meet the country wenches, and, alighting from his donkey, he laid hold of one of their asses by the halter; then, bending both knees to the ground, he

cried: "Queen, princess and duchess of beauty, let your haughtiness and greatness be pleased to receive into your grace and good-liking your captive knight, who stands yonder, turned into stone, in total disorder, pale and breathless to find himself in your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he is the forlorn and errant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called *the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.*"

Don Quixote now placed himself on his knees close by Sancho,

and with staring and disturbed eyes looked wistfully at her whom Sancho called queen and lady. And as he saw nothing in her but a plain country girl, and homely enough, for she was round-visaged and flat-nosed, he was confounded and amazed without daring to open his lips. The wenches too were astonished to see their companion stopped by two men of such different aspects, and both on their knees. But she who was stopped broke silence, and in an angry tone said: "Get out of the road and be hanged, and let us pass by, for we are in haste."—"O princess! O universal lady of Toboso!" answered Sancho, "does not your magnificent heart relent to see kneeling before your sublime presence the pillar and prop of knight-errantry?" One of the other two hearing this, said: "Stand still, while I curry thy hide, my father-in-law's ass [363]. Look how these small gentry come to make a jest of us country girls, as if we did not know how to give them as good as they bring. Get ye gone your way, and let us go ours, and so speed you well."—"Rise, Sancho," said Don Quixote when he heard this, "for I now perceive that fortune, not yet satisfied with afflicting me, has barred all the avenues, whereby any relief might come to this wretched soul I bear about me in the flesh [364]. And thou, O extreme of all that is valuable, utmost limit of all human gracefulness, sole remedy of this disconsolate heart that adores thee! though now some wicked enchanter persecutes me, spreading clouds and cataracts over my eyes, and has to them, and them only, changed and transformed thy peerless beauty and countenance into that of a poor country wench; if he has not converted mine also into that of some goblin, to render it abominable in your eyes, afford me one kind and amorous look, and let this submissive posture and these bended knees before your disguised beauty tell you the

[363] *Xo, que te estrego, burra de mi suegro*, a very ancient proverbial expression, in village dialect.

[364] In this phrase are several half verses borrowed from Garcilaso de la Vega, whom Don Quixote prided himself on knowing by heart.

humility wherewith my soul adores you."—"Marry come up," answered the wench, "with your idle gibberish! Get you gone once more, and let us go, and we shall be obliged to you."

Sancho moved off and let her go, highly delighted that he was come off so well with his contrivance. The imaginary Dulcinea was scarcely at liberty, when, pricking her belfry with a goad she had in a stick, she began to scour along the field; but the ass, feeling the smart more than usual, fell to kicking and wincing in such a manner that down came the lady Dulcinea to the ground.

Don Quixote ran to help his enchanted lady up, and Sancho to adjust the pannel that was got under the ass's belly. The pannel being righted, and Don Quixote desirous to raise his mistress in his arms and set her upon her donkey, the lady, getting up from the ground, saved him that trouble: retiring three or four steps, she took a little run, and clapping both hands upon the ass's

crupper, jumped into the saddle lighter than a falcon, and seated herself astride like a man. Whereupon Sancho said: "By Saint Roque, madam our mistress is lighter than a hawk, and able to teach the most expert Cordovan or Mexican how to mount; she springs into the saddle at a jump, and without the help of spurs, makes her palfrey run like a wild ass, and, in faith, her damsels are as good at it as she; they all fly like the wind." And so it really was; for Dulcinea being re-mounted, they all made after her, and began to gallop towards Toboso without looking behind them for above half a league.

Don Quixote followed them as far as he could with his eyes, and when they were out of sight, turning to Sancho, he said: "Sancho, what think you of all this? How am I persecuted by enchanters! take notice how far their malice and the grudge they bear me extend, even to the depriving me of the pleasure I should have had in seeing my mistress in her own proper form! Oh, surely I was born to be an example of the unhappy, and the butt and mark at which all the arrows of ill fortune are aimed and levelled. Observe moreover, Sancho, that these traitors were not contented with barely changing and transforming my Dulcinea, but they must transform and metamorphose her into the mean and deformed figure of that country wench; at the same time robbing her of that which is peculiar to great ladies, the fragrant scent occasioned by being always among flowers and perfumes; for I must tell you, Sancho, that when I approached to help Dulcinea upon her palfrey —as you call it, though to me it appeared to be nothing but a she ass—she gave me such a whiff of undigested garlick as almost knocked me down and poisoned my very soul."—"O scoundrels!" cried Sancho in a loud voice; "O barbarous and evil-minded enchanters! Oh! that I might see you all strung and hung up by the gills like sardines to smoke! Much ye know, much ye can, and much evil ye do. It might, one would think, have sufficed ye, rogues as ye are, to have changed the pearls of my lady's eyes into cork-galls, and her hair of the purest gold into bristles of a red cow's tail, and lastly, all her features from beautiful to deformed, without meddling with her breath, by which we might have

guessed at what was hidden beneath that coarse disguise; though, to say the truth, to me she did not appear in the least deformed, but rather all beauty, and that increased too, by a mole she had on her right lip, like a whisker, with seven or eight red hairs on it like threads of gold, above a span long."—"Besides that mole," said Don Quixote, "according to the correspondence there is between the moles of the face and those of the body [365], Dulcinea should have another on the brawn of her thigh, on the same side with that on her face. But hairs of the length you mention are somewhat of the longest for moles."—"Yet I can assure your worship," answered Sancho, "that there they were, and looked as if they had been born with her."—"I believe it, friend," replied Don Quixote, "for Nature has placed nothing about Dulcinea but what is finished and perfect; therefore had she an hundred moles like those you speak of, in her they would not be moles, but moons and resplendent stars [366]. But tell me, Sancho, that which to me appeared to be a pannel, and which you adjusted, was it a side-saddle or a pillion?"—"It was a side-saddle [367]," answered Sancho, "with a field-covering worth half a kingdom for the exceeding richness of it."—"And why could not I see all this, Sancho? cried Don Quixote. "Oh! I say it again, and I will repeat it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men!"

The sly rogue Sancho had much ado to forbear laughing to hear the fooleries of his master, who was so delicately gulled. Finally, after many other discourses passed between them, they mounted their beasts again and followed the road to Saragossa, which they intended to reach in time to be present at a solemn festival wont to be held every year in that noble city [368]. But before their arrival

[365] "Physiognomists," says Covarrubias *(Tesoro de la lengua castellana*, under the word *lunar)*, "draw conclusions from these signs, and principally from those of the face, giving their proportion to the other parts of the body. All this is childishness....."

[366] In the original, the quibble is on the word *lunares* (signs, moles), and *lunas* (moons).

[367] *Silla à la gineta.* The Arabian saddle, with two high mountings or saddle-bows, one before and the other behind.

[368] It appears that Cervantes intended in fact to conduct his hero to the jousts at Saragossa; but when he saw that the plagiary Avellaneda had made him assist at those tournaments, he altered his mind, as will be seen in chap. LIX.

there befell them things, so numerous, so surprising and so novel, that they deserve to be written and read, as will be seen.

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE WHICH BEFELL THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE WITH THE WAIN OR CART OF THE PARLIAMENT OF DEATH.

DON QUIXOTE went on his way exceedingly pensive to think what a base trick the enchanters had played him, in transforming his lady Dulcinea into the homely figure of a country wench; nor could he devise what course to take to restore her to her former state. These meditations so distracted him that, without perceiving it, he let drop the bridle on Rocinante's neck, who, finding the liberty thus given to him, at every step turned aside to take a mouthful of the fresh grass, with which those fields abounded.

Sancho recalled his master to himself: "Sir," said he, "sorrow was not made for beasts, but men, nevertheless, if men give too much way to it, they become beasts. Come, cheer up, Sir; recollect

yourself, and gather up Rocinante's reins; cheer up, awake, and exert that lively courage so befitting a knight-errant. What the devil is the matter? What dejection is this? Are we here or in France? Satan take all the Dulcineas in the world, since the welfare of a single knight-errant is of more worth than all the enchantments and transformations of the earth."—"Peace, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, with no very faint voice; "peace, I say, and do not utter blasphemies against that enchanted lady whose disgrace and misfortune are owing to me alone. Yes, they proceed entirely from the envy the wicked bear to me."—"I say so too," answered Sancho; "who saw her then and sees her now, his heart must melt with grief, I vow."—"Well may you say so, Sancho, you who saw her in the full lustre of her beauty, since, the enchantment extended not to disturb your sight, nor to conceal her perfections from you; against me alone, and against my eyes, was the force of its venom directed. Nevertheless, I have just hit upon one thing, Sancho: you certainly could not give me a true description of her beauty; for, if I remember right, you said her eyes were of pearl, and eyes that look like pearl are fitter for a fish than a lady. I rather think Dulcinea's eyes must be of verdant emeralds, arched over with two celestial bows, that serve for eyebrows. Take therefore those pearls from her eyes and apply them to her teeth, for doubtless, Sancho, you mistook eyes for teeth."—"It may be so," answered Sancho; "for her beauty confounded me as much as her deformity did your worship. But let us recommend all to God, who alone knows what shall befall in this vale of tears, this evil world we have here, in which there is scarcely any thing to be found without some mixture of iniquity, imposture or knavery. One thing, dear Sir, troubles me more than all the rest: it is the question, what must be done when your worship shall overcome some giant or some other knight-errant, and send him to present himself before the beauty of the lady Dulcinea? Where the devil shall this poor giant or miserable vanquished knight be able to find her? Methinks I see them sauntering up and down Toboso, and looking about like fools for my lady Dulcinea; and though they should meet her in the middle of the

street, they would no more know her than they would my father."— "Perhaps, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "the enchantment may extend so far as to conceal Dulcinea from the knowledge of the vanquished knights or giants who shall present themselves before her. I will make the experiment with one or two of the first I shall overcome, and send them with orders to return and give me an account of what happens with respect to this business."— "I assure you, Sir," replied Sancho, "that I mightily approve of what your worship has said. By means of this trial, we shall come to the knowledge of what we desire. If she is concealed from your worship alone, the misfortune will be more yours than hers. But so that the lady Dulcinea have health and contentment, we, for our parts, will make a shift, and bear it as well as we can, pursuing our adventures and leaving it to time to do his work, who is the best physician for these and greater maladies."

Don Quixote would have answered Sancho, but was prevented by a cart, which suddenly came in sight from behind a corner of the road before him, laden with the strangest and most varied figures and personages imaginable. He who guided the mules and served for carter was a frightful demon. The cart was open to the sky, without either canvass or wicker awning. The first figure that presented itself to Don Quixote's eyes was that of Death himself, with a human visage. Close by him sat an angel, with large painted wings. On one side stood an emperor with a crown, seemingly of gold, on his head. At Death's feet sat the god called Cupid, not blind-folded, but with his bow, quiver and arrows. There was also a knight completely armed; only he had no morion, nor casque, but a hat with a large plume of feathers of divers colours. With these came other persons differing both in habits and countenances, all which, appearing of a sudden, did in some sort startle Don Quixote, and frighten Sancho to the heart. But Don Quixote presently rejoiced at it, believing it to be some new and perilous adventure. With this thought, and a courage prepared to encounter any danger whatever, he planted himself just before the cart, and cried in a loud and menacing voice: "Carter, coachman or devil, or whatever you are, delay not

to tell me who you are, whither you are going, and who are the persons you are carrying in that coach-waggon, which looks more like Charon's ferry than any cart now in fashion." The devil, stopping the cart, calmly replied: "Sir, we are strollers belonging to Angulo the Bad's[369] company. This morning, which is the

[369] *Angulo el malo.* This Angulo, born in Toledo, about 1550, was famous among those directors of strolling troops who composed the farces performed by their companies, and who were called *autores*. Cervantes likewise makes mention of him in the *Dialogue of the Dogs*: "Travelling from door to door," says Berganza, "we came to the residence of a play writer, who was called, if I remember right, Angulo el malo, to distinguish him from the other Angulo, not an *autor*, but a player, the most talented that ever performed on our boards."

octave of Corpus Christi, we have been performing, in a village on the other side of yon hill, the divine piece called the *Cortès of Death* [370], and this evening we are to play it again in that village just before us. The latter being very near, to save ourselves the trouble of dressing and undressing, we come in the clothes we are to act our parts in. This lad here acts Death, that other an angel, yonder woman, our author's [371] wife, a queen, that other a soldier, he an emperor, and I a devil; and I am one of the principal personages of the sacramental performance, for in this company I play all the chief parts. If your worship would know any more of us, you have only to ask me; I will answer you most punctually, for, being a devil, I know every thing."

"Upon the faith of a knight-errant," answered Don Quixote, "when I first espied this cart, I imagined some grand adventure offered itself; and I say now that if one would be undeceived, it is absolutely necessary to lay one's hand upon appearances. God be with you, good people; go and act your play, and if there be any thing in which I may be of service to you, command me, for I will do it readily and with a good will, having been from my youth a great admirer of masques and theatrical representations [372]."

While they were thus conversing, fortune so ordered it that there came up one of the company habited as a court jester, his clothes being hung round with abundance of little bells, carrying at the end of a stick three blown ox-bladders. This masque approaching Don Quixote, began to fence with his stick, and to beat the bladders against the ground, jumping, and tinkling all his bells; which fantastic apparition so startled Rocinante that,

[370] It was doubtless one of these religious pieces, called *autos sacramentales*, that were principally performed during Corpus Christi week. Temporary wooden stages were erected, on the occasion of that festival, in the streets, and the players, drawn in chariots with their dresses, went to perform from one stage to another. Hence this was called, in the green-room jargon of the day, *to go the chariots* (*hacer los carros*).

[371] *Autor*. This word is not derived from the Latin *auctor*, but from the Spanish *auto*, act, representation.

[372] The original has, the *Caratula* and the *Farandula*, two troops of players of Cervantes' time.

taking the bit between his teeth, Don Quixote not being able to hold him in, he began running about the field at a greater pace

than the bones of his anatomy seemed to promise. Sancho,

considering the danger his master was in of getting a fall, leaped from his donkey and ran to help him. By the time he was come up to Don Quixote, the latter was already on the ground, and close by him Rocinante, who had fallen with his master: the usual end and upshot of Rocinante's frolics and adventurings. Scarcely had Sancho quitted his beast to assist Don Quixote, when the bladder-dancing devil jumped upon Dapple and thumping him with the bladders, fear and noise, more than the smart, made him fly

through the field toward the village where they were going to act. Sancho beheld his donkey's career and his master's fall, and did not know which of the two necessities he should apply to first. However, like a good squire and good servant, the love he bore his master prevailed over his affection for his ass; though every time he saw the bladders hoisted in the air and fall upon the buttocks of his Dapple, he felt the pangs and tortures of death, and could have wished those blows had fallen on the apple of his own eye rather than on the least hair of his ass's tail. In this perplexity and tribulation, he came up to Don Quixote, who was in a much worse plight than he could have wished; helping him to get upon Rocinante: "Sir," said he, "the devil has run away with the ass."—"What devil?" demanded Don Quixote. "He

with the bladders," answered Sancho. "I will recover him," replied Don Quixote, "though he should hide him in one of the deepest and darkest dungeons of hell. Follow me, Sancho, the cart moves but slowly, and the mules shall give satisfaction for the loss of your donkey."—"There is no need," answered Sancho, "to make such haste; moderate your anger, Sir. It seems to me that the devil has already abandoned my beast and is gone his way." Sancho was right, for the devil having fallen with the ass, in imitation of Don Quixote and Rocinante, trudged on foot toward the town, and the ass turned back to his master. "Nevertheless," said Don Quixote, "it will not be amiss to chastise the unmannerliness of this devil at the expense of some of his company, though it were the emperor himself."—"Good your worship," cried Sancho, "never think of it, but take my advice, which is never to meddle with players, for they are a people mightily beloved. I have seen a player taken up for two murders, and get

off scot-free. Your worship must know that, seeing they are merry folks and give pleasure, all people favour them; every body protects, assists and esteems them, especially if they are royal and titled troops of comedians [373], all or most of whom, in their manner and garb, look like any princes."—"For all that," answered Don Quixote, "that farcical devil shall not escape me, nor have cause to brag of his prowess, though all human kind favoured him." So saying, he rode after the cart, which was by this time got very near the town, and calling aloud, he said: "Hold, stop a little merry Sirs, and let me teach you how to treat asses and cattle which serve to mount the squires of knights-errant."

Don Quixote's cries were so loud that the players heard them, and judged of his design by his words. In an instant, out jumped Death, and after him the emperor, the carter-devil and the angel, nor did the queen or the god Cupid stay behind; all of them taking up stones, ranged themselves in battle array, waiting to receive Don Quixote at the points of their pebbles. The knight, seeing them posted in such order, with arms uplifted ready to discharge a ponderous volley of stones, checked Rocinante with the bridle, and set himself to consider how he might attack them with least danger to his person. While he delayed, Sancho came up, and seeing him in a posture of attacking that well formed brigade: "It is mere madness, Sir," cried he, "to attempt such an enterprise. Pray consider there is no fencing against a flail, nor defensive armour against stones and brick-bats, unless it be thrusting one's self into a bell of brass. Consider also, that it is rather rashness than courage for one man alone to encounter an army where emperors fight in person, and assisted by good and bad angels. If this consideration does not prevail with you to be quiet, be assured that among all those who stand there, though they appear to be princes, kings and emperors, there is not one knight-errant."—"Now indeed," cried Don Quixote, "you have hit a

[373] Phillip III. had ordained, in consequence of the excesses committed by these troops of strollers, that they should be compelled to provide themselves with a licence granted by the court of Castile. This licence they denominated their *title* (*titulo*), as if it had been a charter of nobility.

point, Sancho, which only can and ought to make me change my resolution. I neither can nor ought to draw my sword, as I have often told you, against any persons who are not dubbed knights. To you it belongs, Sancho, to revenge the affront offered to your donkey; and I will hence encourage and assist you with my voice, and with salutary instructions."—"There is no need, Sir, to be revenged on any body, for good Christians should not take revenge for injuries. Besides, I will settle it with my ass to submit the injury done him to my will, which is to live peaceably all the days that Heaven shall give me of life."—"Since this is your resolution, good Sancho, discreet Sancho, Christian Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "let us leave these phantoms, and seek better and more substantial adventures: for this country, I see, is like to afford us many and very extraordinary ones."

Thereupon he wheeled Rocinante about, Sancho remounted his ass, and Death and all his flying squadron returned to their cart and pursued their way. Such was the happy conclusion of the terrible adventure of the cart of Death; thanks to the wholesome advice Sancho Panza gave his master, to whom the day following there chanced an adventure, no less surprising than the former, with an enamoured knight-errant.

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE WHICH BEFELL THE VALOUROUS DON QUIXOTE WITH THE BRAVE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS.

EFT by the players to themselves, Don Quixote and his squire passed the night following the rencounter with Death under some lofty and shady trees. Don Quixote, at Sancho's persuasion refreshed himself with some of the provisions carried by the donkey. During supper, Sancho said to his master: "Sir, what a fool should I have been had I chosen, as a reward for my good news, the spoils of the first adventure your worship should

achieve, in preference to the three ass-colts! Verily, verily, a

sparrow in the hand is better than a vulture upon the wing."—"However, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "had you suffered me to attack as I had a mind to do, your share of the booty would at least have been the emperor's crown of gold, and Cupid's painted wings, for I would have plucked them off against the grain and put them into your possession."—"The crowns and sceptres of your theatrical emperors," answered Sancho, "never were of pure gold, but of tinsel or copper."—"It is true," replied Don Quixote; "nor would it be fit that the decorations of a play should be real; it is right they should be counterfeit, and mere shew, as comedy itself is. Speaking of comedy, I would have you value and take it into favour, also the actors and authors: for they are all instruments of much benefit and good to the commonwealth, setting at every step a looking-glass before our eyes, in which we see very lively representations of the actions of human life. There are no comparisons which more truly present to us what we are and what

we should be, than comedy and comedians. Tell me, have you not seen a play acted in which kings, emperors, popes, lords and ladies, are introduced, besides divers other personages: one acts the pimp, another the cheat, this the merchant, that the soldier, one a designing fool, another a foolish lover; and when the play is done, and the actors undressed, they are all again upon a level?" —"Yes, I have seen all this," answered Sancho. "Then the very same thing," added Don Quixote, "happens on the stage of this world, whereon some play the part of emperors, others of popes, in short, all the parts that can be introduced in a comedy. But in the conclusion, that is at the end of our life, death strips us of the robes, which make the difference, and we remain upon a level and equal in the grave."—"A brave comparison!" exclaimed Sancho, "but not so new (for I have heard of it many and different times) as that of the game of chess, while the game lasts, every piece has its particular office; but when the game is ended, they are all huddled together, mixed and put into a bag, which is just like being buried after we are dead."—"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you are every day growing less simple and more discreet."—"And good reason why," answered Sancho; "for some of your worship's discretion must needs stick to me, even as lands, that are naturally barren and dry, by manuring and cultivating come to bear good fruit. My meaning is that your worship's conversation is the manure laid upon the barren soil of my dry understanding, and the cultivation the time I have been in your service and in your company. By that, I hope to produce fruits like blessings, and such as will not disparage or deviate from the seeds of good-breeding which your worship has sown in my shallow understanding."

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's affected speeches, that appearing to him to be true, which his squire had said of his improvement; for every now and then Sancho surprised him by his manner of talking; though almost every time he attempted to speak in imitation of the courtier, he terminated his discourse by falling headlong from the height of his simplicity into the depth of his ignorance. He displayed most elegance and memory when he made use of proverbs, whether applicable or not to what he was

discoursing about, as will be seen and observed in the progress of this history.

In these and other discourses they spent great part of the night. At last Sancho had a mind to let down the curtains of his eyes, as he used to say when he was inclined to sleep; so unrigging his donkey, he turned him loose into abundant pasture. But he did not take off the saddle from Rocinante's back, it being the express command of his master that he should continue saddled all the time they kept the field or did not sleep under a roof: for it was an ancient established custom religiously observed among knights-errant to take off the bridle, and hang it at the pommel of the saddle; but by no means to take off the saddle. Sancho observed this rule, and gave Rocinante the same liberty he had given his donkey, the friendship of which pair was so singular and reciprocal that there is a tradition handed down from father to son that the author of this authentic history compiled particular chapters upon that subject; but to preserve the decency and decorum due to so heroic an history, he suppressed them. Sometimes, however, waving this precaution, he writes that as soon as the two beasts came together they would fall to scratching one another with their teeth, and when they were tired, or satisfied, Rocinante would stretch his neck at least half a yard across Dapple's, and both, fixing their eyes attentively on the ground, would stand three days in that manner, or at least so long as they were let alone or till hunger compelled them to seek some food. The author, it is said, compared their friendship to that of Nisus and Euryalus, or that of Pylades and Orestes. Hence it appears that the author wished to display to the admiration of all people how firm the friendship of these two peaceable animals really was, to the shame of men, who so little know how to preserve the rules of friendship towards one another. Hence it has been said: "A friend cannot find a friend, reeds become darts[374];" and the proverb; "From a friend to a friend with

[374] No hay amigo para amigo
Las canas se vuelven lanzas.

This distich is from the *romance* of the Abencerrages and the Zegris, in the novel of Ginés Perez de Hita, entitled the *History of the civil wars of Grenada.*

a flea in your ear [375]." Let no one think, moreover, that the author was at all out of the way when he compared the friendship of these animals to that of men, for men have received divers wholesome instructions and many lessons of importance from beasts: for instance, the clyster from storks, the vomit and gratitude from dogs, vigilance from cranes, industry from ants, modesty from elephants, and fidelity from horses [376].

At length Sancho fell asleep at the foot of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote slumbered under an oak. He was soon awakened by a noise behind him; and starting up, he began to look about, and to listen whence the noise proceeded. Presently he perceived two men on horseback, one of whom dismounting, said to the other: "Alight, friend, and unbridle the horses; this place seems as if it would afford them pasture enough, and me that silence and solitude my amorous thoughts require." To say this and to lay himself along on the ground was the work of an instant; and, throwing himself down, his armour made a rattling noise. From this manifest token Don Quixote concluded he must be a knight-errant. Going to Sancho, who was fast asleep, he pulled him by the arm, and having with difficulty waked him, he said in a low voice: "Brother Sancho, we have an adventure."—"God send it be a good one," answered Sancho; "pray, Sir, where may her ladyship madam adventure be?"—"Where Sancho?" replied Don Quixote; "turn your eyes and look, and you will see a knight-errant lying

[375] In the orignal: "From a friend to a friend, the bug in the eye." This proverb would not have been understood, and we have followed M. Viardot's example in substituting an English expression which conveys the same sense with more perspicuity.

[376] In the whole of this passage, Cervantes only copies Pliny the naturalist, who says expressly that men learned vigilance from cranes (l. X., c. 23), from ants prudence (l. XI., c. 30), from elephants modesty (l. VIII., c. 5), fidelity from the horse (l.VIII., c. 40), from the dog the vomit (l. XXIX , c. 4), and gratitude (l.VIII., c. 40). Only the invention which Cervantes gives to the stork, Pliny attributes to the ibis of Egypt. He says likewise that blood-letting and many other remedies have been taught by animals. On the strength of the Roman naturalists' assertions, this ridiculous nonsense was long solemnly repeated in the schools.

along, who in my opinion, does not seem to be over-pleased, for I

saw him throw himself off his horse and stretch himself on the ground with some signs of discontent; and his armour rattled as he fell."—"But by what do you gather," quoth Sancho, "that this is an adventure?"—"I will not say," answered Don Quixote, "that this is altogether an adventure, but an introduction to one; for adventures usually begin thus. But hearken; methinks he is tuning a lute of some sort or other, and, by his spitting and clearing his throat, he should be preparing himself to sing."—"In good faith, so it is," answered Sancho, "and he must be some knight or other in love."—"There are no knights-errant not in love," said Don Quixote; "but let us listen to him, and by the thread we shall guess at the bottom of his thoughts, if he sings, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh [377]." Sancho would

[377] Saint Matthew, c. XII., v. 34.

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have replied to his master, but the Knight of the Grove's voice, which was neither very bad nor very good, hindered him. They both listened attentively and overheard the following

SONNET.

Bright auth'ress of my good or ill,
Prescribe the law I must observe;
My heart, obedient to your will,
Shall never from its duty swerve.

If you refuse my griefs to know,
The stifled anguish seals my fate;
But if your ears would drink my woe,
Love shall himself the tale relate.

Tho' contraries my heart compose,
Hard as the diamond's solid frame,
And soft as yielding wax that flows,
To you, my fair, 'tis still the same.

Take it for ev'ry stamp prepar'd;
Imprint what characters you choose;
The faithful tablet, soft or hard,
The dear impression ne'er shall lose.

With a deep *Ah!* which seemed to proceed from the very pit of his stomach, the Knight of the Grove ended his song; after some pause, in a mournful and plaintive voice, he said: "O most beautiful and most ungrateful woman of the world! Is it then possible, serenissimi Casildea de Vandalia, that you should suffer this your captive knight to consume and pine away in continual pilgrimages, and in rough and laborious toils? It is not enough that I have caused you to be acknowledged the most consummate beauty in the world by all the knights of Navarre, all those of Leon, all the Andalusians, all the Castilians, ay, and all the knights of La Mancha too?"—"Not so," cried Don Quixote at this pass, "for I am of La Mancha, and never have acknowledged any such thing; neither could I nor ought I to confess a thing so prejudical to the beauty of my mistress. Now you see, Sancho, how this knight raves:

but let us listen ; perhaps he will make some farther declaration."—"Ay, marry will he," replied Sancho, "for he seems to be in a strain of complaining for a month to come."

But it was not so ; the Knight of the Grove over-hearing somebody talk near him, proceeded no farther in his lamentation, but, assuming a standing posture, said in an audible and courteous voice : "Who goes there? what are ye? Are ye, by chance, of the number of the happy or the afflicted ?"—"Of the afflicted," answered Don Quixote. "Come hither to me then," answered the Knight of the Grove, "and make account that you come to sorrow and affliction itself." Don Quixote, on receiving so soft and civil an answer, went up to him, and Sancho did the same. The wailing knight laid hold of Don Quixote by the arm, saying: "Sit down here, Sir knight, for, to know that you are such, and one of those who profess knight-errantry, it is sufficient to have found you in this place, where your companions are solitude and the night-dew, the natural beds and proper stations of knights-errant." Don Quixote answered: "A knight I am of the profession you say, and though sorrows, disgraces and misfortunes have got possession of my mind, yet they have not chased away the compassion I feel for other men's misfortunes. From what you sung just now, I gathered that yours are of the amorous kind, I mean occasioned by the love you bear to that ungrateful fair you named in your complaint."

While the two knights were thus discoursing, they sat down together upon the hard ground, very peaceably and sociably, as if, at daybreak, they were not to break one another's heads. "Peradventure you are in love, Sir knight," said he of the Grove to Don Quixote. "By misadventure I am," answered Don Quixote, "though the mischiefs arising from well-placed affections ought rather to be accounted blessings than disasters."—"That is true," replied the Knight of the Grove, "provided that disdains do not disturb our reason and understanding ; but when they are many, they seem to have the nature of revenge."—"I never was disdained by my mistress," answered Don Quixote. "No, verily," added Sancho, who stood close by, "for my lady is as gentle as a lamb and as

soft as a pat of butter."—"Is this your squire?" demanded the Knight of the Grove."—"He is," replied Don Quixote. "I never in my life saw a squire," replied the Knight of the Grove, "who durst presume to talk where his lord was talking. At least, yonder stands mine, as tall as his father, and it cannot be proved that he ever opened his lips where I was speaking."—"In faith," quoth Sancho, "I have talked, and can talk, before one as good as..... and perhaps,..... but let that rest; stirring will only make it worse."

The Knight of the Grove's squire took Sancho by the arm, and said: "Gossip, let us two go where we may talk by ourselves, in squire-like discourse, all we have a mind, leaving these masters of ours to have their bellies full of relating the histories of their loves to each other. I warrant they will not have done before to-morrow morning."—"With all my heart," answered Sancho, "and I will tell you who I am, that you may see whether I am fit to make one among the talkative squires." Hereupon the two squires withdrew, and between them there passed a dialogue as pleasant as that of their masters was grave and serious.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GROVE, WITH THE WISE, NEW AND PLEASANT DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE TWO SQUIRES.

SEPARATING from their masters, as mentioned at the close of the preceding chapter, the squires retired a little apart to relate the story of their lives, leaving their masters to relate that of their loves. But the history begins with the conversation between the servants, and afterwards proceeds to that of the masters. It says that when the squires had attained a short distance, he of the Grove said to Sancho: "It is a toilsome life we lead, Sir, we who are squires to knights-errant. In good truth we eat our bread in the sweat of our brows[378], which is one of the curses God laid upon our first parents." "It may also be said," added Sancho, "that we eat it in the frost of our bodies, for who endures more heat and cold than the miserable squires to knight-errantry? Nay, farther, it would not be quite so bad did but we eat at all, for, according to the proverb, good fare lessens care. But it now and then happens that we pass a whole day or two

[378] "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." (Gen. c. III. 19.)

without breaking our fast, unless it be upon air."—"All this may be endured," rejoined the squire of the Grove, "with the hopes we entertain of reward; for if the knight-errant whom the squire serves be not over and above unlucky, he must in a short time find himself recompensed, at least, with a handsome government of some island or some pretty earldom."—"I," replied Sancho, "have already told my master that I should be satisfied with the government of an island, and he is so noble and so generous that he has promised it a thousand times."—"I," said the squire of the Grove, "should think myself amply rewarded for all my services with a canonry, and my master has already ordered me one."—"Ho, ho!" cried Sancho, "then your master is a knight in the ecclesiastical way[379], and so has it in his power to bestow these sorts of rewards on his faithful squires? Mine is a mere layman, though I remember some discreet persons (but in my opinion with no very good design) advised him to endeavour to be an archbishop. He wisely rejected their counsel

and would be nothing but an emperor, and I trembled all the while, lest he should take it into his head to be of the church, because I am not qualified to hold ecclesiastical preferments. To say the truth, Sir, though I look like a man, I am a very beast in church matters."—"Truly, you are under a great mistake," responded the

[379] In the twelfth century, there was in Spain a crowd of prelates at the head of the army, for instance, the celebrated Rodrigo Ximenez de Rada, archbishop, general and historian. In the war of the *Comuneros*, in 1520, there was a whole battalion formed of priests, commanded by the bishop of Zamora.

squire of the Grove, "for all insular governments are not so inviting. Some are crabbed, some poor, some unpleasant; in short the best and most desirable of them carries with it, a heavy burden of cares and inconveniences, which the unhappy wight to whose lot it falls must unavoidably undergo. It would be far better for us, who profess this cursed service, to retire home to our houses and pass our time there in more easy employments, such as hunting or fishing; for what squire is there in the world so poor as not to have his nag, his brace of greyhounds and his fishing-rod to divert

himself withal in his own village?"—"I want nothing of all this," rejoined Sancho. "It is true indeed I have no horse, but then I have an ass that is worth twice as much as my master's steed. God send me a bad Easter, and may it be the first that comes, if I would

swap with him, though he should give me four bushels of barley to boot. Perhaps, Sir, you will take for a joke the price I set upon my Dapple, for dapple is the colour of my ass. And then I cannot want greyhounds, our town being overstocked with them; besides, sporting is the more pleasant when it is at other people's charge."—"Really and truly, Signor squire," answered he of the Grove, "I have resolved and determined with myself to quit the frolics of these knights-errant, to get me home again to our village, and bring up my children, for I have three, like three oriental pearls."—"And

I have two," added Sancho, "fit to be presented to the pope himself in person, especially a girl that I am breeding up for a countess, if it please God, in spite of her mother."—"And pray what may be the age of the young lady you are breeding up for a countess?" demanded the squire of the Grove. "Fifteen years, or thereabouts," answered Sancho. "But she is as tall as a lance, as fresh as an April morning, and as strong as a porter."—"These are qualifications," said the squire of the Grove, "not only for a countess, but for a nymph of the Green Grove. Ah, the wanton young slut! how buxom must the jade be!"—"She is no wanton," interrupted Sancho, somewhat angrily, "nor was her mother one before her, nor shall either of them be so, Heaven willing, whilst I live. And pray speak more civilly, for such language is unbecoming a person educated as you have been among knights-errant, who are courtesy

itself."—"How little, Signor squire, do you understand what belongs to praising!" cried he of the Grove. "Do you not know that when a knight at a bull-feast gives the bull a home thrust with his lance, or when any one does a thing well, the common people usually cry: 'Oh, the son of a w—! how cleverly he did it [380].' And what seems to carry reproach with it is indeed a notable commendation! I would have you renounce those sons or daughters whose actions do not render their parents deserving of praise in that fashion."—"I do renounce them," answered Sancho, "in this sense, and, by this same rule, if you mean no otherwise, you may call my wife and children all the wantons and jades you please, for all they do or say are perfections worthy of such praises. In order that I may return and see them again, I beseech God to deliver me from mortal sin, that is from this dangerous profession of a squire, into which I have run a second time, enticed and deluded by a purse of a hundred ducats which I found one day in the midst of the Sierra Morena; and the devil is continually setting before my eyes, here and there and every where, a bag full of gold pistoles, so that methinks at every step I am laying my hand upon it, embracing it, and carrying it home, buying lands, settling rents, and living like a prince. While this runs in my head, all the toils I undergo with this fool my master, who to my knowledge is more of the madman than of the knight, become supportable and easy to me."—"For this reason," answered the squire of the Grove, "it is said that covetousness bursts the bag; and now you talk of madmen, there is not a greater in the world than my master, who is one of those meant by the saying: 'Other folks' burdens break the ass's back;' in effect, that another knight may recover his wits, he loses his own, and is searching after that, which when found, may chance to hit him in the teeth."—"By the way, is he in love?" demanded Sancho. "Yes," answered the squire of the Grove, "with one Casildea de Vandalia, one of the most whimsical dames in the world; but that is not the foot he halts on at present; he has

[380] In the original there is an expression too coarse to be written, since the days of Rabelais, and which was then so common in Spain that it was become merely a simple exclamation.

some other crotchets of more consequence in his pate, and we shall hear more of them anon [381]."—"There is no road so even," replied Sancho, "but it has some stumbling places or ruts in it; in other folks' houses they boil beans, but in mine whole kettles full; and madness will have more followers than discretion. But if the common saying be true, that it is some relief to have partners in grief, I may comfort myself with your worship, who serve a master as crack-brained as my own." — "Crack-brained but valiant," rejoined the squire of the Grove, "and more knavish than crack-brained or valiant."—"Mine is not so," cried Sancho. "I can assure you he has nothing of the knave in him; on the contrary, he has a soul as dull as a pitcher, and knows not how to do ill to any, but good to all, and bears no malice. A child may persuade him it is night at noon-day. For this simplicity I love him as my life, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, let him commit never so many extravagances."—"For all that, brother and Signor," responded the squire of the Grove, "if the blind lead the blind,

[381] This phrase contains a jeu de mots on the adjective *cruda*, which means crude

both are in danger of falling into the pit [382]. We had better turn us fairly about and go back to our homes; for they who seek adventures do not always meet with good ones."

Here Sancho beginning to spit every now and then very huskily, the squire of the Grove, who saw and observed it, said: "Methinks we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths. But I have brought hanging at my saddle-bow that which will loosen them." With that he arose, and returned almost immediately, with a large skin of wine and a pasty half a yard long. This is no exaggeration, for it was of a tame rabbit so large, that Sancho, at lifting it, thought verily it must contain a whole goat, or at least a large kid. So he cried: "And do you carry all this about with you?"—"Why what did you think?" answered the other; "did you take me for a bread and water squire? Oh! I have a better cupboard behind me on my horse than a general has with him upon a march."

Sancho fell to without staying to be entreated, swallowing mouthfuls in the dark: "Your worship," said he, "is indeed a trusty and loyal squire, wanting for nothing, magnificent and great, as this banquet demonstrates, which, if it came not hither by enchantment, at least it looks like it. Not as I am, a poor unfortunate wretch, with nothing in my wallet but a piece of cheese, so hard that you might knock out a giant's brains with it, and, to bear it company, four dozen of carobes * and as many hazel-nuts and walnuts, thanks to my master's stinginess, and to the opinion he has, and the order he observes, that knights-errant ought to feed and diet themselves only upon dried fruits and wild herbs."

"By my faith, brother," replied the squire of Grove, "I have no, stomach for wild pears, nor sweet thistles, nor mountain roots. Let our masters have them, with their opinions and laws of chivalry,

and cruel, and a not very clear allusion, at least in English, to the disguise and the feigned history of his knight.

[382] Saint Matthew, c. XV. v. 14.

* A pod so called in La Mancha, with a flat pulse in it, which green or ripe is harsh, but sweet and pleasant after it is dried.

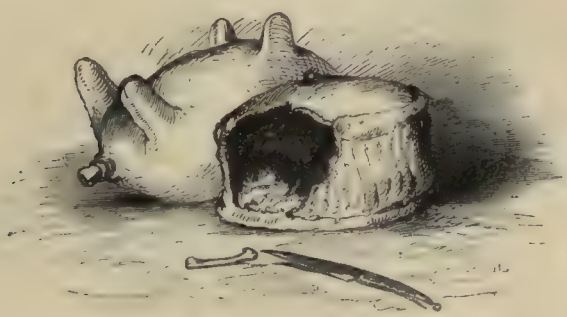
and let them eat what they commend. I carry cold meats, and this skin hanging at my saddle-pommel, happen what will. Such is my reverence for it, and so much the love I bear it, that few minutes pass but I give it a thousand kisses and a thousand hugs."

So saying, he put it into Sancho's hand, who, grasping and setting it to his mouth, gazed at the stars for a quarter of an hour. When he had done drinking, he let fall his head on one side, and, fetching a deep sigh, cried: "O wicked rogue! how catholic it is!"—"You see now," quoth the squire of the Grove, hearing Sancho's exclamation, "how you have commended this wine in calling it wicked."—"I confess my error," answered Sancho, "and see plainly that it is no discredit to any body to be abused, when it comes under the notion of praising. But tell me, Sir, by the life of him you love best, is not this wine of Ciudad Real [383]?"—"You have a distinguishing palate," cried the squire of the Grove; "it is of no other growth, and besides has some years over its head."—"Trust me for that," rejoined Sancho; "depend upon it, I always hit right, and guess the kind. But is it not strange, Signor squire, that I should have so great and natural an instinct in the business of knowing wines, that let me but smell to any, I hit upon the country, the kind, the flavour, how long it will keep, how many changes it will undergo, with all other circumstances appertaining to the wine? But no wonder; for I have had in my family, by the father's side, the two most exquisite tasters that La Mancha has known for many ages; in proof whereof, there happened to them what I am going to relate to you. To each of them was given a taste of a certain hogshead, and their opinion asked of the condition, quality, goodness or badness of the wine. The one tried it with the tip of his tongue, the other put it to his nose. The first said the wine savoured of iron, the second said it had rather a twang of goat's leather. The owner protested the vessel was clean, and the wine neat, so that it could not taste either of iron or leather. Notwithstanding this, the two famous tasters stood positively to

[383] In the novel of the *Licentiate Vidriéra*, Cervantes likewise quotes, among the most famous wines, that of *the more imperial than royal city* [*Real Ciudad*], *the saloon of the god of mirth.*

what they had said. Time went on, the wine was sold off, and at rincing the hogshead, there was found in it a small key hanging to a leather thong. Judge then, Sir, whether one of such a race may not very well undertake to give his opinion in these matters [384]."—"Therefore I say," added the squire of the Grove, "let us give over seeking adventures, and, since we have a good loaf of bread, let us not look for cheesecakes. Take my advice, and let us get home to our cabins, for there God will find us, if it be his will."—"No, I will serve my master till he arrives at Saragossa," returned Sancho, "and then we shall all understand one another."

In fine, the two good squires talked and drank so much that it was high time sleep should tie their tongues and allay their thirst; for to quench it was impossible. Thus both of them, keeping fast hold of the almost empty skin, with their meat half chewed, fell fast asleep, where we will leave them at present, to relate what passed between the Knight of the Grove and him of the Sorrowful Figure.



[384] This history pleased Cervantes, for he had already related it in his interlude, *la Eleccion de los Alcaldes de Daganzo*, in which the regidor Algarroba makes of it the title of the candidate Juan Berrocal to the choice of the municipal electors.

En mi casa probo, los dios pasados,
Una tinaja, etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GROVE.

PLENTY of words were exchanged between Don Quixote and the Knight of the Grove; among other discourses, the history informs us that the latter said to the former: "In short, Sir knight, I would have you to know that my destiny, or rather my choice, led me to fall in love with the peerless Casildea de Vandalia [385]; peerless I call her, not so much on account of her stature as the excellency of her state and beauty. This same Casildea I am speaking of, repaid my honourable thoughts and virtuous desires by employing me as Hercules was by his step-mother, in many and various perils, promising me, at the end of each of them, that the next should crown my hopes. But she still goes on, adding link upon link to the chain of my labours, insomuch that

[385] Vandalia is Andalusia. The ancient Bætica took this name when the Vandals estblished themselves there in the fifth century; and of *Vandalia* or *Vandalicia*, the Arabs, who have no *v* in their alphabet, made Andalusia.

they are become without number, nor can I guess which will be the last, and that which is to give a beginning to the accomplishment of my good wishes. One time she commanded me to go and challenge the famous giantess of Seville, called Giralda, who is

stout and strong, being made of brass, and, without stirring from her place, is the most changeable and unsteady woman in the world [386]. I came, I saw, I conquered; I made her stand still and fixed her to a point (for it chanced that for more than a whole week no wind blew but the north). Another time she sent me to weigh

[386] The *Giralda* is a large bronze statue, meant, according to some, for Truth, according to others, for Victory, which serves for a weathercock on the top of the high Arabian tower of the cathedral of Seville. Its name comes from *girar*, to turn. This statue is fourteen feet high, and weighs thirty-six hundredweight. In its left hand it holds a triumphal palm branch, and in its right a flag, which indicates the direction of the wind. It was raised in 1568 to the summit of the tower, which had formerly been an Arabian observatory, and was converted into a steeple for the cathedral at the time of the conquest of Ferdinand, in 1248.

the ancient stones of the formidable bulls of Guisando [387], an enterprise fitter for a porter than for a knight. At another time she commanded me to plunge headlong into the cavern of Cabra — an unheard-of and dreadful attempt! — and to bring her a particular relation of what is contained in that obscure and profound abyss [388]. I stopped the motion of the Giralda, I weighed the bulls of Guisando, I precipitated myself into the cavern of Cabra, and brought to light the hidden secrets of that abyss; and yet my hopes are dead, O how dead! and her commands and disdains alive, O how alive! In short, she has at last commanded me to travel over all the provinces of Spain, oblige all the knights I shall find wandering about that kingdom to confess that she alone excels in beauty all beauties this day living, and that I am the most valiant and the most completely enamoured knight in the world. In obedience to this command, I have already traversed half Spain, and have vanquished divers knights who have dared to contradict me; but what I am most proud of, is having vanquished in single combat the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea del Toboso. I make account that in this conquest alone I have vanquished all the knights in the world, for that Don Quixote I speak of has conquered them all, and I, having overcome

[387] *Los Toros de Guisando*, is the name given to four blocks of grey stone, nearly shapeless, which lie in the middle of a vineyard belonging to the convent of the Hiéronymites of Guisando, in the province of Avila. These blocks, which lie side by side, and turned towards the west, are about four feet and a half in length, about three feet in height, and a foot and a half in thickness. The bulls of Guisando are famous in the history of Spain, because in that place was concluded the treaty in which Henry IV., after his deposition by the cortès of Avila, acknowledged his sister, Isabella the Catholic, the heiress to the throne, to the exclusion of his daughter Jane, called the *Beltraneja*.

In many other parts of Spain, as Segovia, Toro, Ledesma, Banos, Torralva, other large blocks of stone, bearing a rude resemblance to bulls or wild boars, are to be met with. These ancient monuments are by some supposed to be the work of the Carthagenians; but all the efforts of learned antiquarians to throw light on their origin have hitherto been unsuccessful.

[388] On one of the summits of the *Sierra de Cabrera*, in the province of Cordova, is situated a large opening, possibly the crater af an extinct volcano, which the inhabitants call the *Mouth of Hell*. In the year 1683, some one effected a descent into this cavern by means of pulleys, to fetch out the corpse of a man who had been assassinated. From this man's account, it has been conjectured that the cavern of Cabra is nearly five hundred and thirty-seven feet (143 *varas*) in depth.

him, his glory, his fame, his honour are transferred to my person, as the poet sings: 'The victor's renown rises in proportion to that of the vanquished [389].' Thus, the innumerable exploits of the said Don Quixote are already placed to my account."

Don Quixote was thunderstruck to hear the Knight of the Grove, and was ready a thousand times to give him the lie. The words *you lie* were at the tip of his tongue; but he restrained himself the best he could, in order to make him confess the lie with his own mouth. Therefore he said very calmly: "Sir knight, that you may have vanquished most of the knights-errant of Spain, yea, and of the whole world, I will not dispute; but that you have conquered Don Quixote de la Mancha, I somewhat doubt. It might indeed have been somebody resembling him, though there are very few such."—"Why not?" replied he of the Grove; "by the canopy of Heaven, I swear that I fought with Don Quixote, vanquished him, and made him submit. He is tall of stature, thin-visaged, upright-bodied, robust-limbed, grizzle-haired, hawk-nosed, with large black mustachios. He wages war under the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, and his squire is a country fellow called Sancho Panza. He oppresses the back, and governs the reins of a famous steed called Rocinante, and finally he has for the mistress of his thoughts one Dulcinea del Toboso, sometimes called Aldonza Lorenzo, like mine, who because her name was Casildea, and being of Andalusia, I now distinguish by the name of Casildea de Vandalia. If all these tokens are not sufficient to prove the truth of what I say, here is my sword, which shall make incredulity itself believe it."—"Be not in a passion, Sir knight," said Don Quixote, "and hear what I have to say. You are to know that this Don Quixote you speak of is the dearest friend I

[389] The two verses quoted by Cervantes, are taken, with a slight alteration, from the *Araucana* of Alonzo de Ercilla:

Pues no es el vencedor mas estimado
Des aquello en que el vencido es reputado.

The archpriest of Hita had said, in the fourteenth century:

El vencedor ha honra del precio del vencido,
Su loor es alanto cuanto es el debatido.

have in the world, insomuch that I may say he is, as it were, my very self; and by the tokens and marks you have given of him, so exact and so precise, I cannot but think it must be himself that you have subdued. On the other side, I see with my eyes, and feel with my hands, that it cannot be the same, unless it be that, having many enchanters his enemies—one especially who is continually persecuting him—some one or other of them may have assumed his shape and suffered himself to be vanquished, in order to defraud him of the fame his exalted feats of chivalry have acquired over the face of the whole earth. For confirmation hereof, you must know that these cursed enchanters, his enemies, but two days ago transformed the figure and person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into those of a dirty, mean country wench. In like manner they must have transformed Don Quixote. But if all this be not sufficient to justify the truth of what I advance, here stands Don Quixote himself, ready to maintain it by force of arms, on foot or on horseback, or in whatever manner you please." So saying, he rose, and, grasping his sword, awaited what resolution the Knight of the Grove would take.

The latter very calmly answered: "A good pay-master is in pain for no pawn; he who could once vanquish you when transformed, Signor Don Quixote, may well hope to make you yield in your own proper person. But as knights-errant should by no means perform their feats of arms in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for daylight, that the sun may be witness of our exploits. The condition of our combat shall be that the conquered shall be entirely at the mercy and disposal of the conqueror, to do with him whatever he pleases, provided always that he command nothing but what a knight may with honour submit to."—"I am entirely satisfied with this condition and compact," answered Don Quixote.

Thereupon they both went to look for their squires, whom they found snoring in the very same posture in which sleep had seized them. They awakened them, and ordered them to get ready their steeds, for at sun-rise, they were to engage in a bloody and unparalleled single combat. At this news, Sancho was dreadfully terrified, and ready to swoon with apprehension for his master's

safety, remembering what he had heard the squire of the Grove tell of his master's valour. But the two squires, without speaking a word, went to look after their cattle, and found them altogether; for the three horses and Sancho's ass had already found one another out.

By the way, the squire of the Grove said to Sancho: "You must understand, brother, that the fighters of Andalusia have a custom, when they are godfathers in any combat, not to stand idle with their arms folded, while their godsons are fighting [390]. This I say to give you notice that, while our masters are engaged, we must fight too, and make splinters of one another."—"This custom, Signor squire," answered Sancho, "may be current, and pass among the ruffians and fighters you speak of, but among the squires of knights-errant, no, not in thought; at least I have not heard my master talk of any such custom, and he has all the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry by heart. But, taking it for granted that there is an express statute for the squires engaging while their masters are at it, yet I will not comply with it. I will rather pay the penalty imposed upon peaceable squires, which I dare say cannot be above a couple of pounds of white wax [391], and I prefer to pay them, for I know they will cost me less than the money I shall spend in tents to get my head cured, which I already reckon as cut and divided in twain. Besides, another thing which makes it impossible for me to fight, is my having no sword, for I never wore one in my life."—"I know a remedy for that," said the squire of the Grove: "I have here a couple of linen bags of the same size; you shall take one, and I the other, and we will have a bout of bag blows with equal weapons."—"With all my heart," answered Sancho, "for such a battle will rather dust our jackets than wound our persons."—"It must not be quite so, neither," returned the other: "lest the wind should blow them aside, we must put in them half a dozen clean and smooth pebbles, of equal weight. Thus we may brush one another without much harm or damage."—"Body of my

[390] In Spain, the seconds or witnesses in duels are called the *godfathers*.

[391] This was the fine generally imposed on the members of a club or society, who absented themselves on meeting-days.

father!" cried Sancho; "what sable fur and what bottoms of carded cotton he puts into the bags, that we may not break our noddles nor beat our bones to powder! But though they should be filled with balls of raw silk, be it known to you, Sir, I shall not fight. Let our masters fight, and hear of it in another world; but let us drink and live, for time takes care to carry away our lives, without our seeking new appetites to destroy them before they reach their appointed term and season, and drop with ripeness."—"For all that," replied the squire of the Grove, "we must fight, if it be but for half an hour."—"No, no," answered Sancho; "I shall not be so discourteous nor so ungrateful as to have any quarrel at all, be it never so little, with a gentleman of whose bread and wine I have once partaken. Besides, who the devil can set about dry fighting, without anger or provocation?"—"If that be all," suggested the squire of the Grove, "I will provide a sufficient remedy. Before we begin the combat, I will come up to your worship and fairly give you three or four good cuffs which shall lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler though it slept sounder than a dormouse."—"Against that expedient," answered Sancho, "I have another not a whit behind it. I will cut a good cudgel, and, before you reach me to awaken my choler, I will bastinado yours so sound asleep that it shall never awake more but in another world, where it is well known I am not a man to let any body handle my face. Let every one take heed to the arrow; though the safest way would be for each man to let his choler sleep, for nobody knows what is in another, and some people go out for wool and come home shorn themselves. God in all times blessed the peace-makers and cursed the wranglers; and if a cat, pursued and pent up in a room, turns into a lion, Heaven knows what I, that am a man, may turn into. Therefore, from henceforward I intimate to your worship, Signor squire, that all the damage and mischief that shall result from our quarrel must be placed to your account."—"It is well," replied the squire of the Grove, "God will send us day-light, and we shall then see what will come of it."

At this moment, a thousand sorts of enamelled birds began to chirp in the trees, and, in a variety of joyous songs, seemed to

welcome the blooming Aurora, who began now to discover the beauty of her face through the gates and balconies of the east. She shook from her locks an infinite number of liquid pearls, and in that delicious liquor bathed the herbs, which also seemed to shed and rain little globules of diamond. At her approach, the willows distilled savoury manna, the fountains smiled, the brooks murmured, the woods were cheered, and the meads put on their gayest verdure.

But scarcely had the clearness of the day given opportunity to see and distinguish objects, when the first thing that presented itself to Sancho's eyes was the squire of the Grove's nose, which

was so large, so enormous, that it almost overshadowed his whole body. In a word, it is said to have been of an excessive size, hawked in the middle, full of warts and carbuncles of the colour of a mulberry, and hanging two finger's breadth below his mouth. The size, the colour, the carbuncles, and the crookedness of this monstrous nose so horribly disfigured his face, that Sancho, at sight thereof, began to tremble hand and foot, like a child in a fit, and resolved within himself to take two hundred cuffs before his choler should awaken to encounter the hobgoblin.

Don Quixote likewise viewed his antagonist; but the latter had his helmet on and the beaver down, so that he could not see his face; but he observed him to be a strong made man, and not very tall. Over his armour the unknown wore a kind of surtout or loose coat, seemingly of the finest gold, besprinkled with innumerable mirrors in the shape of little moons, which made a most gallant and splendid show. A great number of green, yellow and white feathers waved about his helmet; his lance, which stood leaning against a tree, was very long and thick, and headed with pointed steel above a span long. Don Quixote viewed and noted every thing, judging by all he saw and remarked that the unknown must needs be of great strength. However he was not therefore daunted, like Sancho Panza; on the contrary, with a gallant boldness he said to the Knight of the Mirrors: "Sir knight, if your great eagerness to fight has not exhausted too much of your courtesy, I entreat you to lift up your beaver a little, that I may see whether the sprightliness of your countenance be answerable to that of your figure."—"Whether you be vanquished or victorious in this enterprise, Sir knight," answered he of the Mirrors, "you will have time and leisure enough for seeing me; and if I do not now comply with your desires, it is because I think I should do a very great wrong to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia to delay, even for the short time the raising my beaver would take up, to make you confess what you know I pretend to."—"At least, while we are getting on horseback," said Don Quixote, "you may easily tell whether I am that same Don Quixote you pretend to have vanquished."—"To this we

answer[392]," returned the Knight of the Mirrors, "that you are as like that very knight I vanquished as one egg is to another; but since you affirm that you are persecuted by enchanters, I dare not be positive whether you be or not the same person."—"That is sufficient," answered Don Quixote, "to make me believe you are deceived; however, to undeceive you quite, let us to horse, and in less time than you would have spent in lifting up your beaver, if God, my mistress and my arm avail me, I will see your face, and you shall see that I am not the Don Quixote you imagine you have vanquished."

Cutting thus short the discourse, they mounted their horses, and Don Quixote wheeled Rocinante about to take as much ground as was convenient for encountering his opponent, and the Knight of the Mirrors did the like. But Don Quixote was not gone twenty paces, when he heard himself called to by his adversary, so meeting each other half way, the Knight of the Mirrors said: "Take notice, Sir knight, that the condition of our combat is that the conquered, as I said before, shall remain at the discretion of the conqueror."—"I know it," answered Don Quixote, "provided that what is commanded and imposed on the vanquished shall not exceed nor derogate from the laws of chivalry."—"That is understood," answered the Knight of the Mirrors.

At this juncture, the squire with his strange nose presented himself to Don Quixote's sight, who was no less surprised at it than Sancho, inasmuch that he looked upon him to be some monster, or strange man, such as are not common now in the world. Sancho, seeing his master set forth to take his career, would not stay alone with the long-nosed monster, fearing lest one gentle wipe with that snout across his face should put an end to their battle, and he be laid sprawling on the ground, either by the blow or by fear. Therefore he ran after his master, holding by the back guard of Rocinante's saddle, and when he thought it was time for him to

[392] *A esto vos respondemos*, the ancient form of the answers made by the Kings of Castile to the petition of the Cortès. This explains the termination of the phrase, which is also in the style of a formula.

face about, he said: "I beseech your worship, dear Sir, before you turn about to engage, to be so kind as to help me up into this cork-tree, whence I can see more to my liking than from the ground the gallant encounter you are about to have with that knight."—"I believe, Sancho," said Don Quixote, that you have a mind to climb and mount a scaffold in order to see the bull-fights without danger."—"To tell you the truth, Sir," answered Sancho, "the prodigious nose of that squire astonishes and fills me with dread, and I dare not stand near him."—"In effect," said Don Quixote, "it is so frightful, that, were I not who I am, I should be afraid myself. Therefore come, and I will help you up."

While Don Quixote was busied in helping Sancho up into the cork-tree, the Knight of the Mirrors took as large a compass as he

thought necessary, and, believing that Don Quixote had done the like, without waiting for sound of trumpet or any other signal [393], he turned about his horse, who was not a whit more active, nor more promising than Rocinante; then, at his best speed, which was a middling trot, he advanced to encounter his enemy. But seeing him employed in helping up Sancho, he reined in his steed, and stopped in the midst of his career, for which his horse was most thankful, being unable to stir any farther. Don Quixote, thinking his enemy was coming full speed against him, clapped spurs to Rocinante's lean flanks, and made him so bestir himself that, as the history relates, this was the only time he was known to do something like a gallop, for at all others a downright trot was all that could be got out of him [394]. With this unwonted fury Don Quixote darted forward to the spot where the Knight of the Mirrors stood, striking his spurs up to the very rowels in his steed, without being able to make him stir a finger's length from the place where he made a full stand in his career. At this favourable juncture Don Quixote found his adversary, embarrassed with his horse, and encumbered with his lance, which latter he was apparently unable to set in its rest. Don Quixote, who heeded none of these inconveniences, with all safety and without the least danger attacked the Knight of the Mirrors with such force that, not a little against the latter's will, he bore him to the ground over his horse's crupper. Such was the weight of his fall, that the unknown knight lay motionless without any signs of life.

Sancho no sooner saw him fallen, than he slid down from the cork-tree, and in haste ran to his master. The latter, having

[393] Senza che tromba ò segno altro accenasse,
says Ariosto, in the description of the combat between Gradasse, and Renaud for the sword Durindane and the horse Bayard. (Canto XXXIII., str. LXXIX.)

[394] Hence doubtless Boileau took occasion for his epigram:

Tel fut ce roi des bons chevaux,
Rossinante, la fleur des coursiers d'Ibérie,
Qui, trottant jour et nuit et par monts et par vaux,
Galopa, dit l'histoire, une fois en sa vie.

alighted from Rocinante, had sprung upon the Knight of the Mirrors, and unlacing his helmet to see whether he was dead, and to give him air, if perchance he was alive, he saw.....but who can express what he saw, without causing admiration, wonder and terror in all that hear it? He saw, says the history, the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigy and picture of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco. As soon as he saw him, he cried aloud: "Come hither, Sancho, and behold what you must see but not believe. Make haste, son, and observe, what magic, what wizards and enchanters can do." Sancho approached and, seeing the bachelor Sampson Carrasco's face, he began to cross and bless himself a thousand times over. Meanwhile the unhorsed ~~cavalier~~ shewed no signs of life, and Sancho said to Don Quixote: "I am of opinion, Sir, that, right or wrong, your worship should thrust the sword down the throat of him who seems so like the bachelor Sampson Carrasco; perhaps in him you may kill some one of those enchanters your enemies."—"You do not say amiss," quoth Don Quixote, "for the fewer our enemies are the

better." While he was drawing his sword to put Sancho's advice in execution, the squire of the Knight of the Mirrors drew near, without the nose that made him look so frightful. "Have a care, Signor Don Quixote," cried he aloud, "have a care what you are about to do. The man who lies at your feet is the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, your friend, and I am his squire." Sancho, seeing him without his former ugliness, said to him: "And the nose, what has become of it?" To which the squire answered: "I have it here in my pocket." And putting in his hand, he pulled out a pasteboard nose, painted and varnished of the fashion we have already described. Sancho, eying him more and more, cried in a tone of admiration: "Blessed Virgin defend me! is not this Tom Cecial, my neighbour and gossip?"—"What if I be?" answered

the noseless squire; yes, Tom Cecial I am, gossip and friend to Sancho Panza; and I will inform you presently what conduits, lies and wiles brought me hither; in the mean time, beg and entreat your master not to touch, maltreat, wound or kill the Knight of the Mirrors now at his feet, for there is nothing more sure than that he is the daring and ill-advised bachelor Sampson Carrasco, our countryman."

By this time the Knight of the Mirrors was come to himself; which Don Quixote perceiving, he clapped the point of his naked sword to his throat, and said: "You are a dead man, knight, if you do not confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels in beauty your Casildea de Vandalia. Farther, you must promise, if you escape from this conflict and this fall with life, to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself before her on my behalf, that she may dispose of you as she shall think fit. If she leave you at your own disposal, you shall return and find me out (for the track of my exploits will serve you for a guide to conduct you to my presence), to tell me what shall have passed between her and you: these conditions being entirely comformable to our articles before our battle, and not exceeding the rules of knight-errantry."—"I confess," returned the fallen knight, "that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso's torn and dirty shoe is preferable to the ill-combed though clean locks of Casildea. I promise to go and return from her presence to yours, and give you an exact and particular account of what you require of me."—"You must likewise confess and believe," added Don Quixote, "that the knight you vanquished was not and could not be Don Quixote de la Mancha, but somebody else like him; even as I do confess and believe that you, though in appearance the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, are not he, but some other whom my enemies have purposely transformed into his likeness in order to restrain the impetuosity of my choler, and make me use with moderation the glory of my conquest."—"I confess, judge of and allow every thing as you believe, judge of and allow," answered the disjointed knight. "But suffer me to rise, I beseech you, if the hurt of my fall will permit, for it has left me sorely bruised."

Don Quixote helped him to rise, assisted by his squire, Tom Cecial, from whom Sancho could not remove his eyes, asking him questions to which the answers proved that he was really that Tom Cecial he said he was. But Sancho was so prepossessed by what his master had said of the enchanters having changed the Knight of the Mirrors into the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, that he could not give credit to what he saw with his eyes.

Finally, master and man remained under this mistake, while the Knight of the Mirrors and his squire, much out of humour and in ill plight, parted from Don Quixote and Sancho, to look for some convenient place where the former might sear-cloth himself, and splinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho continued their journey to Saragossa, where the history leaves them to give an account who the Knight of the Mirrors and his frightful nosed squire were [395].

[395] Throughout this adventure, so happily parodied upon all those of knight-errantry, Cervantes makes a liberal use of the riches and latitude of his native language, which, besides furnishing many synonymes for almost every word, allows the coinage of new terms. To express the large-nosed squire, he has *narigudo*, *narigante*, *narizado*; and after the nose has fallen from its place, he calls the squire *desnarigado*. We have been unable to apply any expressions analogous to these ludicrous terms.

CHAPTER XV.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT WHO THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS AND HIS SQUIRE WERE.

DON QUIXOTE departed, exceedingly content, elated and glorious at having gained the victory over so valiant a knight, as he imagined him of the Mirrors to be, from whose knightly word he hoped to learn whether the enchantment of his mistress continued; the said knight being under a necessity of returning, upon pain of forfeiting his spurs, to give him an account of what should pass between her and him. But Don Quixote thought one thing, and the Knight of the Mirrors another; for the latter, at least for the present, thought only of finding a place where he might plaster himself, as has been already said. The history then goes on to tell us that, when

the bachelor Sampson Carrasco advised Don Quixote to resume his intermitted exploits of chivalry, he, the priest and the barber had first consulted to devise the means of persuading Don Quixote to stay peaceably and contentedly at home, without distracting himself any more about his unlucky adventures. The result of this deliberation was a decision by general vote, the measure having been proposed by Carrasco, that they should let Don Quixote make another sally, since it seemed impossible to detain him, and that Sampson should also sally forth like a knight-errant; that he should encounter him in fight (for an opportunity could not long be wanting) and vanquish him, which would be a matter of facile accomplishment, it having been previously covenanted and agreed that the conquered should lie at the mercy of the conqueror; that finally, Don Quixote being thus conquered, the bachelor-knight should command him to return home to his village and house, and not stir out of it for two years, or till he had further orders from him. It was plain Don Quixote, when once overcome, would readily comply with these conditions, not to contravene or infringe upon the laws of chivalry; and it might then so fall out that, during his confinement, he might forget his follies, or an opportunity might offer of finding out some cure for his malady.

Carrasco accepted of the employment, and Tom Cecial, Sancho Panza's gossip and neighbour, a pleasant-humoured, shallow-brained fellow, offered his service to be the squire. Sampson armed himself as described, and Tom Cecial fitted the counterfeit pasteboard nose to his face in order that he might not be known by his gossip when they met. They took the same road that Don Quixote had taken, and arrived almost time enough to have been present at the adventure of Death's car. Finally they lighted on them in the wood, where befell them all that the prudent reader has just been perusing; and, had it not been for Don Quixote's extraordinary opinion that the bachelor was not the bachelor, Signor bachelor had been incapacitated for ever from taking the degree of licentiate, not finding so much as nests where he thought to find birds.

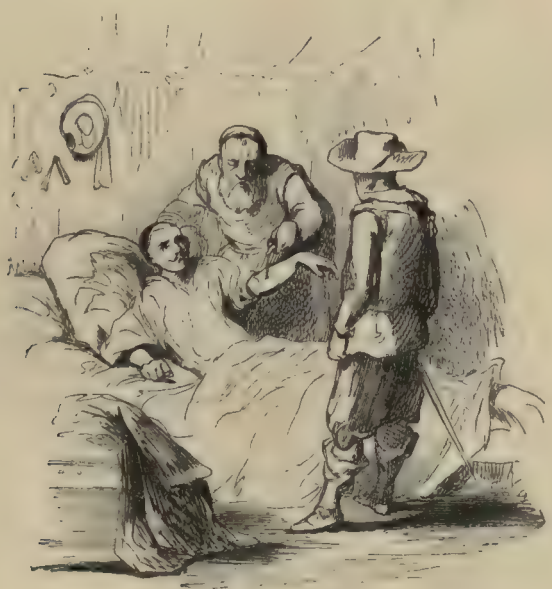
Tom Cecial, seeing how ill they had sped, and the unlucky issue of their expedition, said to the bachelor: "For certain, Signor

Sampson Carrasco, we have been very rightly served. It is easy to design and begin an enterprise, but very often difficult to get through it. Don Quixote is mad, and we think ourselves wise; he gets off sound and laughing, and your worship remains sore and sorrowful. Now, pray which is the greater madman, he who is so because he cannot help it, or he who is so on purpose?"—"The difference between these two sorts of madmen," answered Carrasco, "is that he who cannot help being mad will always be so, and he who plays the fool on purpose may give over when he thinks fit."—"If it be so," retorted Tom Cecial, "I was mad when I had a mind

to be your worship's squire, and now also I have a mind to be so no

longer, and to get me home to my house."—"It is fit you should," answered Sampson; "but to think that I will return to mine until I have soundly banged that Don Quixote, is to be greatly mistaken; and it is not now the desire to cure him of his madness that prompts me to seek him, but a desire to be revenged on him, for the pain of my ribs will not allow me to entertain more charitable considerations."

Thus the two went on discoursing till they came to a village, where they luckily met with an algebrist[396], who cured the unfortunate Sampson. Tom Cecial went back and left him, but the bachelor staid behind meditating revenge, and the history, which will speak of him again in due time, returns to rejoice at present with Don Quixote.



[396] The word *algebrista* comes from *algebrar*, which, according to Covarrubias means, in the old language, *the art of resetting broken bones.* The inscription *algebrista y sangrador* may still be seen on the sign-boards of some barber-surgeons.

CHAPTER XVI.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH A DISCREET GENTLEMAN OF LA MANCHA.

DON Quixote pursued his journey with the satisfaction and self-conceit already mentioned, imagining, upon account of his late victory, that he was the most valiant knight-errant the world could boast of in that age. He looked upon all the adventures which should befall him from that time forward as already finished and brought to a happy conclusion; he valued not any enchantments or enchanters; he no longer remembered the innumerable bastings he had received during the progress of his chivalries, nor the stoning that had demolished half his grinders, nor the ingratitude of the galley-slaves, nor the boldness and shower of pack-staves of the Yanguesian carriers. In short, he said to himself that could he but hit upon the art and method of disenchanting his lady Dulcinea, he should not envy the greatest good fortune that the most successful knight-errant of past ages ever did or could attain to. He was wholly taken up with these agreeable thoughts when Sancho said to him: "Is it not strange, Sir, that I still have before my eyes the monstrous and immeasurable nose of my gossip, Tom

Cecial?"—"And do you really believe, Sancho," said Don Quixote "that the Knight of the Mirrors was the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and his squire, Tom Cecial, your gossip?"—"I know not what to say to that," answered Sancho; "I only know that the marks he gave me of my house, wife and children could be given me by nobody else but himself. And his face, when his nose was off, was Tom Cecial's own, as I have seen it thousands and thousands of times in our village, next door to my house; the tone of the voice was also the very same."—"Come," replied Don Quixote, "let us reason a little upon this business: how can any one imagine that the bachelor Sampson Carrasco should come knight-errant-wise, armed at all points to fight with me? Was I ever his enemy? have I ever given him occasion to bear me a grudge? am I his rival? or does he make profession of arms as envying the fame I have acquired by them?"—"What then shall we say, Sir," answered Sancho, "to that knight being so very like Sampson Carrasco, be he who he would, and his squire so like Tom Cecial, my gossip? And if it be enchantment, as your worship says, were there no other two in the world they could be made to resemble?"—"The whole is artifice," answered Don Quixote, "and a trick of the wicked magicians who persecute me; foreseeing that I was to come off vanquisher in the conflict, they contrived that the vanquished knight should have the face of my friend the bachelor, that the kindness I have for him might interpose between the edge of my sword and the rigour of my arm, to moderate the just indignation of my breast, and by this means he might escape with his life, who, by cunning devices and false appearances, sought to take away mine. In proof whereof, you already know, O Sancho, by infallible experience, how easy a thing it is for enchanters to change one face into another, making the fair foul, and the foul fair, since not two days ago you beheld with your own eyes the surprising beauty of the peerless Dulcinea in its highest perfection, and at the same time I saw her under the plainness and deformity of a rude country wench, with cataracts on her eyes and a bad smell in her mouth. If the perverse enchanter durst make so wicked a transformation, we need not wonder if he have done the like as to Sampson Carrasco and your gossip, in order

to snatch the glory of the victory out of my own hands. Nevertheless I comfort myself, for, after all, be it under what shape soever, I have got the better of my enemy."—"God knows the truth," answered Sancho, who well knowing that the transformation of Dulcinea was all his own plot and device, was not satisfied with his master's chimerical notions; but he durst make no reply, lest he should let fall some word that might discover his cheat.

While they were thus discoursing, there overtook them a man upon a very handsome flea-bitten mare. He was clad in a fine green cloth gaban [397], faced with murrey-coloured velvet, and a

montera of the same. The mare's furniture was all of the field

[397] The gaban was a short close cloak, with sleeves and hood, worn over all in travelling.

ginet-fashion, violet and green. The horseman wore a Moorish scimitar hanging at a shoulder-belt of green and gold; and his buskins were wrought like the belt. His spurs were not gilt, but varnished with green, so neat and polished that they suited his clothes better than if they had been of pure gold. When the traveller came up to them, he saluted them courteously, and, spurring his mare, was passing on; but Don Quixote called to him: "Courteous Sir, if you are going our way and are not in haste, I should take it for a favour if we might join company."—"Truly, Sir," answered he with the mare, "I had not kept off but for fear your horse should prove unruly in the company of my mare."—"Sir," hereupon cried Sancho, "if that be all, you may safely hold in your mare, for ours is the soberest and best-conditioned horse in the world. He never did a naughty thing in his life, upon these occasions, but once, and then my master and I paid for it seven-fold. I say again that your worship may stop if you please, for were she served up betwixt two dishes, he would not, I assure you, so much as look her in the face."

The traveller checked his mare, wondering at the air and countenance of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which Sancho carried like a cloak-bag at the pommel of his ass's pannel. And if the gentleman in green gazed much at Don Quixote, Don Quixote stared no less at him, taking him to be some person of consequence. He seemed to be about fifty years of age; he had but few grey hairs; his nose was aquiline; his aspect between merry and serious; in a word, his mien and his appearance spoke him to be a man of worth. What he thought of Don Quixote was that he had never seen such a figure before. He was astounded at the length of his horse, the tallness of his stature, the meagreness of his aspect, his armour and his deportment; the whole forming such an odd figure as had not been seen in that country for many years past. Don Quixote remarked how the traveller surveyed him and read his desire in his surprise. Being the pink of courtesy, and fond of pleasing everybody, before the traveller could ask him any question, he prevented him by saying: "This figure of mine, which your worship sees, is so new, so much out of the way of what is generally in

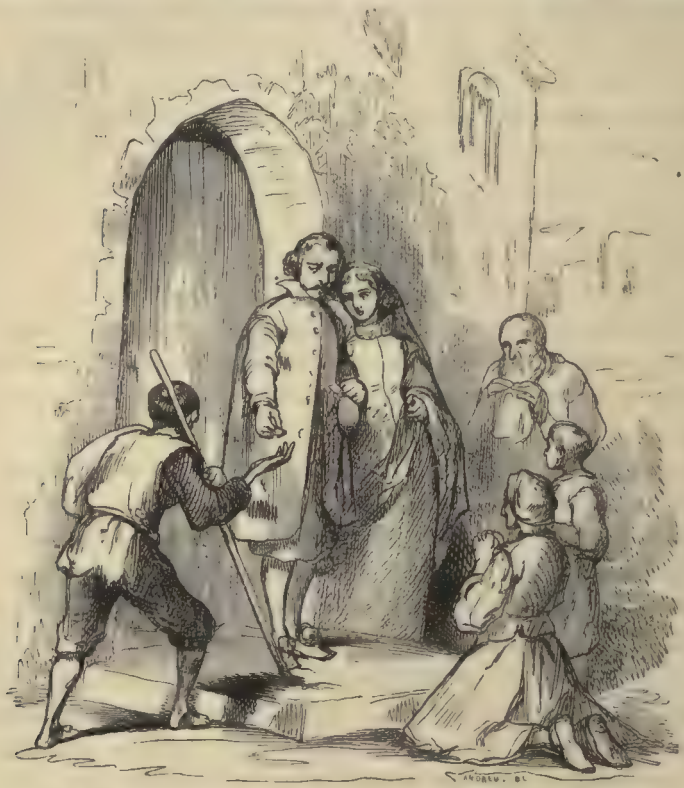
ashion, that I do not wonder that you are surprised at it. But you will cease to be so when I tell you that I am one of those knights whom people call seekers of adventures. I left my country, mortgaged my estate, quitted my ease and pleasures, and threw myself into the arms of fortune, to carry me whither she pleased. I had a mind to revive the long deceased chivalry, and, and for some time past, stumbling here and tumbling there, falling headlong in one place and getting up again in another, I have accomplished a great part of my design, succouring widows, protecting damsels, aiding minors and orphans, the natural and proper office of knights-errant. Thus, by many valourous and Christian exploits, I have merited the honour of being in print, in all or most of the nations in the world. Thirty thousand copies are already published of my history, and it is in the way of coming to thirty thousand more, if Heaven prevent it not. Finally, to sum up all in a few words, or in one only, know that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called *the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*. And, though self-praises depreciate, I am sometimes forced to publish my own commendations, but this is to be understood when nobody else is present to do it for me. Thus, worthy Sir, neither this horse, this lance, this shield, this squire, nor all this armour together, nor the wanness of my visage, nor my meagre lankness, ought from henceforward to be matter of wonder to you, now that you know who I am and the profession I follow."

Here Don Quixote was silent, and the man in green was so long before he returned any answer, that it looked as if he could not hit upon a reply. However after a long pause, he said: "Sir knight, you judged right of my desire by my surprise; but you have not removed the wonder raised in me at seeing you, for, supposing, as you say, that my knowing who you are might have removed it, yet it has not done so; on the contrary, now that I know it, I am in greater admiration and surprise than before. What! is it possible that there be knights-errant at present in the world, and that there are histories printed of real chivalries? I never could have thought there was any body now upon earth who relieved widows, succoured damsels, aided married women, or protected orphans; nor should

I yet have believed it, had I not seen it in your worship with my own eyes. Blessed be Heaven! for this history, which your worship says is in print, of your exalted and true achievements, must have cast into oblivion the numberless fables of fictitious knights-errant with which the world was filled, so much to the detriment of good morals and the prejudice and discredit of good histories."—"There is a great deal to be said," answered Don Quixote, "upon the question whether the histories of knights-errant are fictitious or not."—"Why, is there any one," answered the man in green, "that has the least suspicion that those histories are not false?"—"I have," returned Don Quixote; "but no more of this at present, and if we travel any time together, I hope in God to convince you, Sir, that you have done amiss in suffering yourself to be carried away by the current of those who take it for granted that these histories are not true."

From these last words of Don Quixote, the traveller began to suspect he must be a madman, and waited for a farther confirmation of his suspicion; but before they fell into any other discourse, Don Quixote desired him to say who he was, since he had just given some account of his own condition and life. The man in the green gaban answered: "I, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, am an hidalgo, native of a village where, God willing, we shall dine to-day. I am more than indifferently rich, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda. I spend my time with my wife, my children and my friends. My diversions are hunting and fishing; but I keep neither hawks nor grey-hounds; I content myself with some decoy-partridges and a stout ferret. I have about six dozen of books, some Spanish, some Latin, some of history, and some of devotion. Books of chivalry have not yet come over my threshold. I am more inclined to the reading of profane authors than religious, provided they are upon subjects of innocent amusement, the language agreeable, and the invention new and surprising; though indeed there are very few of this sort in Spain. Sometimes I eat with my neighbours and friends, more frequently I invite them. My table is neat and clean, and tolerably furnished. I neither censure others myself, nor allow others to do it before me. I

enquire not into other men's lives, nor am I sharp-sighted to pry into their actions. I hear mass every day; I share my substance



with the poor, making no parade with my good works, nor harbouring in my breast hypocrisy and vain glory, those enemies which so slily get possession of the best guarded hearts. I endeavour to make peace between those that are at variance, I devote myself particularly to Our blessed Lady, and I always trust, in the infinite mercy of God our Lord."

Sancho was very attentive to the relation of the hidalgo's life and employments. All which appearing to him to be good and holy, and thinking that one of such a character must needs work miracles, he flung himself off his donkey, and running hastily, laid hold of the gentleman's right stirrup; then, with a devout heart,

and almost weeping eyes, he kissed his feet more than once. The hidalgo observing his actions: "What mean you, brother?" said he. "What kisses are these?"—"Pray, let me kiss on," answered Sancho, "for your worship is the first saint on horseback I ever saw in all the days of my life."—"I am no saint," answered the hidalgo, "but a great sinner. You, brother, must needs be very good, as your simplicity demonstrates." Sancho went off, and got again upon his pannel, having forced a smile from the profound gravity of his master, and caused fresh astonishment in Don Diego.

Don Quixote then asked the latter how many children he had, telling him that one of the things wherein the ancient philosophers, who wanted the true knowledge of God, placed the supreme happiness, was in the gifts of nature and fortune, in having many friends and many good children. "I, Signor Don Quixote," answered the hidalgo, "have one son; and if I had him not, I should perhaps think myself happier than I am, not because he is bad, but because he is not so good as I would have him. He is eighteen years old; his six last he has spent at Salamanca, learning the Latin and Greek languages; but, when I was desirous he should study other sciences, I found him so over head and ears in poetry (if that may be called a science), that there was no prevailing with him to look into the law, which I would have had him study, nor into divinity, the queen of all sciences. I was desirous he should be the crown and honour of his family, since we live in an age in which our kings highly reward useful and virtuous literature[398], for letters without virtue are pearls on a dunghill. He passes whole days in examining whether Homer expressed himself well in such a verse of the Illiad; whether Martial, in such an epigram, be indecent or not; whether such a verse in Virgil is to be understood this or that way. In a word, all his conversation is with the books of the aforesaid poets, and with those of Horace, Persius, Juvenal

[398] We have only to imagine Cervantes in poverty, and neglected,—we do not say by Christian charity, but by ignorance and meanness,—to perceive in this phrase, from his pen, a bitter irony. The reader has seen, in note 177 *antè* page 71 of this volume, what sense the word *letters* has in Spanish.

and Tibullus, for as to modern rhymers, he makes no great account of them; though, notwithstanding the antipathy he seems to have to Spanish poetry, his thoughts are at this very time entirely taken up with making a gloss upon four verses sent him from Salamanca, which, I think, were designed for the subject of a literary joust."— "Children, Sir," answered Don Quixote, "are pieces of the bowels of their parents; whether good or bad, they must therefore be loved and cherished as parts of ourselves. It is the duty of parents to train them up from their infancy in the paths of virtue and good manners, and in good principles and Christian discipline, that when they are grown up, they may be the staff of their parents' age, and an honour to their posterity. As to forcing them to this or that science, I do not hold it to be right, though I think there is no harm in advising them. When there is no need of studying *de pane lucrando*, the student being so happy as to have bread by inheritance, I should be for indulging him in the pursuit of that science to which his genius is most inclined; and though that of poetry be less profitable than delightful, it is not at least one of those that are wont to disgrace the possessor. Poetry, Signor hidalgo, I take to be like a tender virgin, very young and extremely beautiful, whom divers other virgins, namely, all the other sciences, make it their business to enrich, polish and adorn; and to her it belongs to make use of them all, and on her part to give lustre to them all. But this amiable virgin is not to be rudely handled, nor dragged through the streets, nor exposed in the turnings of the market-place, nor posted on the corners or gates of palaces [399]. She is formed of an alchymy of such virtue, that he who knows how to manage her will convert her into the purest gold of inestimable price. He who possesses her should keep a strict hand over her, not suffering her to make excursions in licentious satires or lifeless sonnets. She must in no wise be venal, though she

[399] Cervantes had already said, in his novel, *The Gitanilla of Madrid*: "Poetry is a charming nymph, chaste, modest, discreet, intelligent, reserved. . . . . She is the friend of solitude; the running streams delight her, the meadows soothe her, the trees refresh her soul, the flowers gladden her heart; finally, she charms and instructs all who make her their friend."

need not reject the profits arising from heroic poems, mournful tragedies, or pleasant and artful comedies; but she must not be meddled with by buffoons, or by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of knowing or esteeming the treasures locked up in her. And think not, Sir, that I give the appellation of vulgar to the common people alone; all the ignorant, though they be lords or princes, ought and must be taken into the number of the vulgar. He therefore who, with the aforesaid qualifications, addicts himself to the study and practice of poetry, will become famous, and will make his name to be honoured in all the polite nations of the world. And as to what you say, Sir, that your son does not much esteem the Spanish poetry, I am of opinion that he is not very right in that; and the reason is this: the great Homer did not write in

Latin, because he was a Greek, nor Virgil in Greek, because he was a Roman [400]. In short, all the ancient poets wrote in the language they sucked in with their mothers' milk, and did not hunt after foreign tongues to express the sublimity of their conceptions. This being so, it is fit the custom should take place in all nations, and the German poet should not be undervalued for writing in his own tongue, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan, for writing in his. But your son, I should imagine, does not dislike the Spanish poetry; rather the poets who are merely Spanish, without any knowledge of other languages or sciences which might adorn, enliven and assist their natural genius. Even in this there may be a mistake; for it is a true opinion that the poet is born one [401]; the meaning of which is that a natural poet comes forth a poet from his mother's womb; and with this talent given him by Heaven, without farther study or art, composes things which verify the saying: *Est Deus in nobis*, etc. [402]. Not, I must add, but that a natural poet, who improves himself by art, will be a much better poet and have the advantage of him who has no other title to it but the knowledge of that art alone. The reason is because art cannot exceed nature, but only perfect it; so that art mixed with nature, and nature with art, form a complete poet. To conclude my discourse, Signor hidalgo, let your son follow the direction of his stars. Being so good a scholar as he must needs be, and having already happily mounted the first round of the ladder of the sciences, that of the languages, with the help of these he will by himself ascend to the top of human learning, which is

[400] Lope de Vega has repeated this expression word for word in the third act of his *Dorotea*. He says likewise, in the dedication of his comedy *El verdadero amante*, inscribed to his son: "I have met with many people who, ignorant of their own language, pride themselves on their knowledge of Latin, and despise every thing written in a modern tongue, forgetful that the Greeks did not write in Latin, nor the Latins in Greek. . . . . The real poet, of whom it is said that there is but one in an age, writes and excels in his native language, as Petrarch in Italian, Ronsard in French, and Garcilaso in Spanish."

[401] *Nascuntur poetæ, fiunt oratores*, says Quintilian.

[402] Ovid, *Art of Love*, lib. iii. v. 547; and *The Fasti*, lib. vi. v. 6.

no less an honour and an ornament to a gentleman, than a mitre to a bishop, or the long robe to the learned in the law. If your son writes satires injurious to the reputation of others, chide him and tear his performances. But if he pens discourses in the manner of Horace, reprehending vice in general, as that poet so elegantly does, commend him, because it is lawful for a poet to write against envy, and to brand the envious in his verses; and so of other vices, but not to single out particular characters. But there are poets who, for the pleasure of saying one malicious thing, will run the hazard of being banished to the isles of Pontus [403]. If the poet be chaste in his manners, he will be so in his verses. The pen is the tongue of the mind; such as are the conceptions of the mind, such will be the productions of the pen. When kings and princes see the wonderful science of poetry employed on prudent, virtuous and grave subjects, they honour, esteem and enrich the poets, and even crown them with the leaves of that tree, which the thunderbolt hurts not [404], signifying that nobody ought to offend those who wear such crowns, and whose temples are so adorned."

The gentleman in green was struck with astonishment and admiration at Don Quixote's harangue, insomuch that he began to waver in his opinion as to his being a madman. In the midst of the dissertation, Sancho, it not being much to his taste, had gone out of the road to beg a little milk of some shepherds who were hard by milking their ewes. And now the gentleman, highly satisfied with Don Quixote's ingenuity and good sense, was renewing the discourse, when on a sudden Don Quixote, lifting up his

[403] In allusion to the exile of Ovid, who was banished, not to the islands, but to the western coast of the Pontus. Nor was it for a mischievous expression, but for an imprudent look, that he was exiled.

Inscia quod crimen viderunt lumina, plector;
Peccatumque oculos est habuisse meum. (Eleg. 5.)

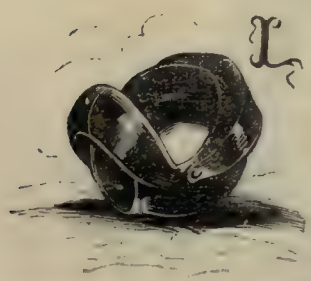
[404] The ancients, and Pliny among them, believed that the laurel was a preservative against thunderbolts. Suetonius says of Tiberius: *Et turbatiore cœlo nunquam non coronam lauream capite gestavit, quod fulmine adflari negetur id genus frondis.* (Cap, lxix.)

eyes, perceived a car surmounted with royal banners coming the same road they were going. Believing it to be some new adventure, he called aloud to Sancho to come and give him his helmet. Sancho,

hearing himself called, left the shepherds, and pricking on his donkey in all haste, came where his master was, whom there befell, as will be seen, a most dreadful and stupendous adventure.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEREIN IS SET FORTH THE LAST AND HIGHEST POINT WHICH THE UNHEARD-OF COURAGE OF DON QUIXOTE EVER DID OR COULD ARRIVE AT, IN THE HAPPY CONCLUSION WHICH HE GAVE TO THE ADVENTURE OF THE LIONS.



LOVING reader, the history proceeds to relate that, when Don Quixote called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet, the squire was buying some curds of the shepherds. Being hurried by the violent haste his master was in, he knew not what to do with them, nor how to bestow them; and that he might not lose them, now they were paid for, he bethought him of clapping them into his master's helmet; and with this excellent shift, back he came to learn the commands of Don Quixote, who said to him: "Friend, give me the helmet; for either I know little of adventures, or that which I descry yonder is one that does and will oblige me to have recourse to arms." The man in the green gaban, hearing this, cast his eyes every way as far as he could, and discovered nothing but a car coming towards them with two or three small flags, by which he conjectured that the said car was bringing some of the king's money. So he told Don

Quixote; but the latter believed him not, always thinking and imagining that every thing that befell him must be an adventure, and adventures upon adventures. Therefore he answered the hidalgo: "Preparation is half the battle; nothing is lost by being upon one's guard, for I know by experience that I have enemies both visible and invisible, and I know not when nor from what quarter, nor at what time nor in what shape, they will encounter me." Turning about, he then demanded his helmet of Sancho, who, not having time to take out the curds, was forced to give it

him as it was. Don Quixote took it without minding what was in it, and clapped it hastily upon his head: but as the curds were squeezed and pressed, the whey began to run down the face and beard of Don Quixote; at which he was so startled, that he said

to Sancho: "What can this mean, Sancho? Methinks my skull is

softening, or my brains melting, or I sweat from head to foot. If I do really sweat, in truth it is not through fear. Yet do I verily believe I am like to have a terrible adventure of this. If you have any thing to wipe withal, give it me, for the copious sweat quite blinds my eyes." Sancho said nothing, but gave him a cloth, and thanked Heaven that his master had not found out the truth. Don Quixote wiped himself, and took off his helmet to see what it was that so over-cooled his head. When he saw some white lumps in it, he put them to his nose, and, smelling them: "By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso!" cried he, "they are curds you have clapped in here, vile traitor and inconsiderate squire!" Sancho answered with great phlegm and dissimulation: "If they are curds give me them to eat; or rather may the devil eat them for me, for it must be he that put them there. What! I offer to foul your

worship's helmet! In faith, Sir, by what God gives me to understand, I too have also enchanters who persecute me, as a creature and member of your worship. I warrant they have put that dirt there in order to stir your patience to wrath against me, and provoke you to bang my sides, as you used to do. But truly this bout they have missed their aim; for I trust to the candid judgment of my master, who will consider that I have neither curds nor cream, nor any thing like it, and that if I had, I should sooner have put them into my stomach than into your honour's helmet."—"It may be so," said Don Quixote. All this the hidalgo saw, and saw with astonishment, especially when Don Quixote, after having wiped his head, face, beard and helmet, clapping it on and fixing himself firm on his stirrups, half-drawing his sword and grasping his lance, cried: "Now, come what will, here I am prepared to encounter Satan himself in person."

By this time, the car with the flags was come up. Nobody was with it but the carter upon one of the mules, and a man sitting upon the fore part. Don Quixote planted himself right in front of them, and said: "Whither go ye, brethren? What car is this? What have you in it, and what banners are those?" The carter answered: "The car is mine; in it are two fierce lions, which the general of Oran is sending to court as a present to his majesty, and the flags belong to our liege the king, to show that what is in the car is his."—"And are the lions large?" demanded Don Quixote. "So large," replied the man upon the fore part of the car, "that larger never came from Africa into Spain. I am the keeper of the lions, and have had charge of several, but never of any so large as these. They are a male and a female; the lion is in the first cage, the lioness in that behind, and at present they are hungry, not having eaten to-day. Therefore, Sir, get out of the way, for we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them." At this Don Quixote smiled a little, and said: "To me your lion-whelps! your lion-whelps to me! and at this time of day? By the living God! the necromancers who sent them hither shall see if I be a man to be scared by lions. Alight, honest friend; and, since you are their keeper, open the cages and turn out those beasts. In the

midst of this field will I make them know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in spite of the enchanters that sent them to me."—"Very well," said the hidalgo to himself, "our good knight has given us a specimen of what he is. Doubtless the curds have softened his skull and ripened his brains." At this juncture Sancho came to him: "For God's sake, Sir," cried he, "order it so that my master Don Quixote may not encounter these lions. If he does, they will tear us all to pieces."—"What then, is your master really so mad," answered the hidalgo, "that you fear and believe he will attack such fierce animals?"—"He is not mad," answered Sancho, "but daring."—"I will make him desist," replied the hidalgo. And, going to Don Quixote, who was hastening the keeper to open the cages, he said: "Sir, knights-errant should undertake adventures which promise good success, and not such as are quite desperate. The valour which borders too near upon the confines of rashness has in it more of madness than fortitude; besides, these lions do not come to assail your worship, nor do they so much as dream of any such thing. They are going to be presented to his majesty; and it is not proper to detain them or hinder their journey."—"Signor hidalgo," answered Don Quixote; "go hence; mind your decoy-partridge and your stout ferret, and leave every one to his own business. This is mine, and I will know whether these gentlemen lions come against me or not." And turning to the keeper, he added: "I vow to God, Don rascal, if you do not instantly open the cages, with this lance I will pin you to the car."

The carter, seeing the resolution of this armed apparition, said: "Good Sir, for charity's sake be pleased to let me take off my mules, and get with them out of danger before the lions are let loose. Should my cattle be killed, I am undone for all the days of my life, having no other livelihood but this car and these mules."—"O man of little faith!" answered Don Quixote, "alight and unyoke your beasts, and do what you will; but you shall quickly see you have laboured in vain, and might have saved yourself this trouble." The carter alighted, and unyoked his mules in great haste, while the keeper said aloud: "Bear witness, all here present, that against my will and by compulsion I open the cages and let loose the lions;

I protest to this gentleman that all the harm and mischief these beasts do shall stand and be placed to his account, with my salary and perquisites over and above. Pray, gentlemen, shift for yourselves before I open: for, as to myself, I am sure they will do me no hurt."

Again the hidalgo pressed Don Quixote, to desist from doing so mad a thing, it being to tempt God to undertake so extravagant an action. Don Quixote merely replied that he knew what he did. The gentleman rejoined, bidding him to consider well of it, for he was certain he deceived himself. "Nay, Sir," replied Don Quixote, "if you do not care to be a spectator of what you think will prove a tragedy, spur your flea-bitten, and save yourself." Sancho, hearing this, besought him with tears in his eyes to desist from that enterprise, in comparison with which that of the windmills, the fearful one of the fulling-mill hammers, and in short, all the exploits he had performed in the whole course of his life were mere tarts and cheesecakes. "Consider, Sir," said Sancho, "that here is no enchantment, nor any thing like it. I have seen, through the grates and chinks of the cage, the claw of a true lion; and I guess by it that the lion to whom such a claw belongs is bigger than a mountain."—"However it be," answered Don Quixote, "fear will make it appear to you bigger than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me. If I die here, you know our old agreement: repair to Dulcinea, and I say no more." To these he added other expressions, with which he cut off all hope of his desisting from his extravagant design.

The man in the green gaban would fain have opposed him, but found himself unequally matched in weapons and armour, and did not think it prudent to engage with a madman, for such, by this time, he took Don Quixote to be in all points. The latter hastening the keeper and reiterating his menaces, the hidalgo took occasion to clap spurs to his mare, Sancho to his donkey and the carter to his mules, all endeavouring to get as far from the car as they could, before the lions were let loose. Sancho lamented the death of his master, verily believing it would now overtake him in the paws of the lions; he cursed his hard fortune, he cursed the

unlucky hour that it came into his head to serve him again; but, for all his tears and lamentations, he ceased not punching his donkey to get far enough from the car.

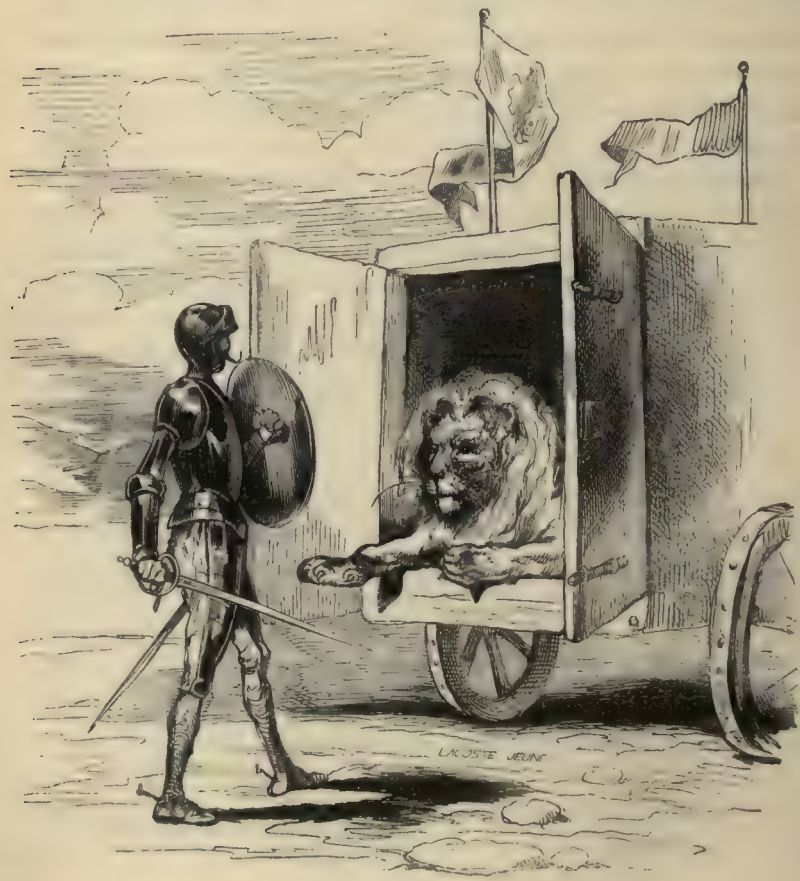
The keeper, seeing that the fugitives were got a good way off, repeated his arguments and entreaties to Don Quixote, who answered that he heard him, and that he should trouble himself with no more arguments nor entreaties, as all would signify nothing, and that he must make haste. Whilst the keeper was opening the first grate, Don Quixote considered with himself whether it would be best to fight on foot or on horseback, and at last he determined to fight on foot, lest Rocinante should be terrified at sight of the lions. Thereupon he leaped from his horse, flung aside his lance, braced on his shield and drew his sword; then, marching slowly, with an intrepid and undaunted heart, he planted himself before the car, devoutly commending himself, first to God, then to his mistress Dulcinea.

Be it known that the author of this faithful history, coming to this passage, falls into exclamations, and cries out: "O strenuous and beyond all expression courageous Don Quixote de la Mancha! thou mirror wherein all the valiant ones of the world may behold themselves! thou second Don Manuel Poncia de Leon, who was the glory and honour of the Spanish knights! with what words shall I relate this tremendous exploit? by what arguments shall I render it credible to succeeding ages? or what praises, though above all hyperboles hyperbolical, do not fit and become thee? thou, alone and on foot, intrepid and magnanimous, with a single sword, and that not one of those trenchant blades marked with a little dog [405], in

[405] The swords made by Julian del Rey, a celebrated armourer of Toledo, and a Moor by birth, were called *little dog swords* (*espadas del Perrillo*), because the blades of them were impressed with the figure of a little dog. These weapons were short and broad in the blade. Since the conquest of Toledo by the Spaniards over the Arabs (1085), this city was for several centuries the best manufactory in Christendom for all arms but fire arms. Besides Julian del Rey, it was the residence of Antonio, Cuellar, Sahagun and his three sons, and a crowd of other armourers, whose names have been handed down to posterity. In 1617, Cristobal de Figuéroa, in his book intituled: *Plaza universal de ciencias y artes*, enumerated by name as many as eighteen celebrated sword-cutlers established in the same town, and in the archives of the municipality, the marks or stamps (*cunos*) of ninety-nine armourers are still preserved. At the present day (1838) not a single armourer is to be found on the spot, and even the secret of the temper, which the Mozarabs communicated to the Spaniards, is lost.

one hand, and in the other a shield, not of the brightest and most shining steel, standest calmly, expecting two of the fiercest lions that the forest of Africa ever bred. Ah! let thy own deeds praise thee, valourous Manchegan; for here I must leave off for want of words whereby to enhance them."

Here the author ends his exclamation, and resumes the thread of the history. When the keeper saw Don Quixote fixed in his posture, and that he could not avoid letting loose the male lion, on pain of falling under the displeasure of the angry and daring knight, he set wide open the door of the first cage, where lay the lion, which appeared to be of extraordinary size, and of a hideous and



frightful aspect. The first thing he did was to turn himself round in the cage, reach out a paw and stretch himself at full length. He then gaped and yawned very leisurely; then licked the dust off his eyes and washed his face with half a yard of tongue. This done, he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared round on all sides, with eyes of fire: a sight and aspect enough to have struck terror into temerity itself. Don Quixote only observed him with attention, wishing he would leap out from the car and grapple with him, that he might tear him in pieces.

To such a pitch of extravagance had his incredible madness transported him. But the generous lion, more civil than arrogant, taking no notice of his vapouring and bravadoes, after having stared about him, as has been said, turned his back, shewed his hinder part to Don Quixote, and, with great phlegm and calmness, laid himself down again in the cage. When Don Quixote saw this, he ordered the keeper to give him some blows and provoke him to come forth. "That I will not do," cried the keeper, "for should I provoke him, I myself shall be the first he will tear in pieces. Be satisfied, Signor cavalier, with what is done; it is all that can be said in point of courage, and do not tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open; it is in his choice to come forth or not; since he has not yet come out, he will not come out all this day. The greatness of your worship's courage is already sufficiently shewn. No brave combatant, as I take it, is obliged to more than to challenge his foe and expect him in the field, and if the antagonist does not meet him, the infamy lies at his door, and the expectant gains the crown of conquest."—"That is true," answered Don Quixote, "shut the door, friend, and give me a certificate, in the best form you can, of what you have seen me do here. It is fit it should be known how you opened to the lion; I waited for him; he came not out; I waited for him again; again he came not out; and again he laid him down. I am bound to no more; enchantments avaunt, and God help right truth, and true chivalry; so shut the door, while I make a signal to the fugitive and absent, that they may have an account of this exploit from your mouth."

The keeper did so, and Don Quixote, clapping on the point of

his lance the linen cloth wherewith he had wiped the torrent of the curds from off his face, began to call out to the rest, who still fled, turning about their heads at every step, all in a troop round the hidalgo. Sancho chancing to espy the signal of the white handkerchief: "May I be hanged," said he, "if my master has not vanquished the wild beast, since he calls to us." They all three halted, and knew that it was Don Quixote who made the signs. Part of their fear subsiding, they drew nearer by degrees, till they came where they could distinctly hear the words of Don Quixote, who was calling to them. Finally, they came back to the car, and then Don Quixote said to the carter: "Put to your mules again, brother, and continue your journey. And, Sancho, give two gold crowns to him and the keeper, to make them amends for my having detained them."—"That I will with all my heart," answered Sancho; "but what is become of the lions? are they dead or alive?"

Then the keeper, very minutely and with proper pauses, related the success of the conflict, exaggerating the best he could the valour of Don Quixote, at sight of whom, he said, the abashed lion durst not stir out of the cage, though he had held open the door a good while; and upon his representing to the knight that it was tempting God to provoke the lion to make him come out by force, as he would have had him do whether he would or not, and wholly against his will, he had suffered the cage door to be shut. "What think you of this, Sancho?" cried Don Quixote; "can any enchantments prevail against true courage? With ease may the enchanters deprive me of good fortune, but of courage and resolution they never can."

Sancho gave the gold crowns, the carter put his cattle to, the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands for the favour received, and promised him to relate this valorous exploit to the king himself when he came to court. "If perchance his majesty," said Don Quixote, "should enquire who performed it, tell him THE KNIGHT OF THE LIONS; for from henceforward I resolve that the title I have hitherto borne of *the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure* shall be changed, trucked and altered to this. Herein I follow the ancient practice of knights-errant, who changed their names when

they had a mind, or whenever it served their turn [406]." That said, the car went on its way, and Don Quixote, Sancho and the man in the green gaban pursued their journey [407].

In all this time, Don Diego de Miranda had not spoken a word, being all attention to observe and remark the actions and words of Don Quixote, taking him to be a sensible madman, and a madman bordering upon good sense. The first part of his history had not yet come to his knowledge, for, had he read that, his wonder at Don Quixote's words and actions would have ceased, as knowing the nature of his madness. But knowing nothing of it, he sometimes thought him in his senses, and sometimes out of them, because what he spoke was coherent, elegant and well said, and what he did was extravagant, rash and foolish. "What greater madness," said the hidalgo to himself, "can there be than to clap on a helmet full of curds, and persuade one's self that enchanters have melted one's skull? what greater rashness, what greater extravagance, than to resolve to fight with lions?" Don

[406] In like manner Amadis of Gaul, whom Don Quixote made his especial model, after styling himself *the Knight of the Lions*, called himself successively *the Red Knight*, *the Knight of the Firm Island*, *the Knight of the Green Sword*, *the Knight of the Dwarf*, and *the Grecian Knight*.

[407] The chivalric histories are full of combats between knights and lions. Palmerin d'Olive slew them *as if they had been lambs*, and his son Primaleon made equally short work with the monarch of the forest. Palmerin of England fought unaided two lions and two tigers; and when king Perion, Amadis of Gaul's father, wanted to attack a lion that seized a stag which he, Perion, was pursuing, he was obliged to alight from his horse, *which was terrified and refused to put forward*. It is related that, during the last war of Grenada, the Catholic kings having received from an African emir a present of several lions, the court ladies surveyed the animals within their arena from the height of a balcony. One of them, who *served* the celebrated Don Manuel Poncia, either wilfully or accidentally let fall her glove. Don Manuel instantly sprang into the arena sword in hand, and recovered his mistress's glove. It was on this occasion that Queen Isabella called him Don Manuel Poncia de *Leon*, which name his descendants have born ever since: hence Cervantes calls Don Quixote *second Poncia de Leon*. This circumstance is related by several chroniclers, among others by Perez de Hita in one of his *romances* (*Guerras civiles de Granada*, cap. XVII).

¡ O el bravo Don Manuel,
Ponce de Leon llamado,
Aquel que sacará el guante,
Que por industria fue echado
Donde estaban los leones,
Y el lo sacò muy osado!

Quixote dispelled his reverie and cut short his soliloquy by saying: "Doubtless, Signor Don Diego de Miranda, in your opinion I must needs pass for an extravagant madman. And no wonder it should be so, for my actions indicate no less. Now for all that, I would have you know that I am neither so mad nor so shallow as I may have appeared to be. A fine appearance makes the gallant cavalier, in shining armour, prancing over the lists at some joyful tournaments, in sight of the ladies; a fine appearance makes the knight when, in the midst of a large square, before the eyes of his prince, he transfixes a furious bull [408]; and a fine appearance likewise do those knights make who, in military exercises, entertain and, if I may so say, do honour to their prince's court. But above all these, a much finer appearance makes the knight-errant who, through deserts and solitudes, through cross-ways, through woods and over mountains, goes in quest of perilous adventures, with design to bring them to a happy and fortunate conclusion, only to obtain a glorious and immortal fame. A knight-errant, I say, makes a finer appearance in the act of succouring a widow in a desert place, than a knight-courtier in addressing some damsel in a city. All cavaliers, moreover, have their proper and their peculiar exercises. Let the courtier wait upon the ladies, let him

[408] In Spain, before bull-fights were abandoned for hired gladiators, they were for a long time the favourite exercise of the nobility, and the most elegant pastime of the court. Mention of them is made in the Latin chronicle of Alpholso VII., in which are described the festivals given in Leon, in the year 1144, in honour of the marriage of the Infanta Donna Urraca to Don Garcia, King of Navarre: *Alii, latratu canum provocatis tauris protento venabulo occidebant.* Later, the custom becoming general, regulations for these encounters were established, and many gentlemen acquired great fame by their prowess in the arena. Don Luis Zapata, in a curious chapter of his *Miscelanea*, intituled *de toros y toreros*, states that Charles V. himself fought *a large black bull called Mahomet*, at Valadolid, in the presence of the empress and the ladies of the court. Accidents were of very frequent occurrence, and human blood very often stained the arena. The chroniclers are full of tragic narrations of encounters with bulls, and it will suffice to quote father Pedro Guzman on the subject, who says in his work *Bienes del honesto trabajo* (discurso v.) ..... "It is asserted that, one year with another, there annually dies in Spain of wounds received in these exercises, beween two and three hundred persons....." But remonstrances from the Cortès, anathemas from the Holy Office, and the temptations of prohibitions made by royal authority, have all been alike unable even to cool the mad infatuation of the Spaniards in favour of bull-fights.

adorn his prince's court with rich liveries, let him entertain the poorer cavaliers at his splendid table, let him order jousts, let him manage tournaments [409], let him shew himself great, liberal, magnificent, and above all a good Christian; in this manner will he precisely comply with the obligations of his duty. But let the knight-errant search the remotest corners of the world, let him enter the most intricate labyrinths, let him at every step assail impossibilities, let him, in the wild, uncultivated deserts, brave the burning rays of the summer's sun, and the keen inclemency of the winter's frost, let not lions daunt him, spectres affright him, or dragons and andriaques terrify him; for in seeking these, encountering those, and conquering them all, consists his principal and true employment. It being then my lot to be one of the number of knights-errant, I cannot decline undertaking whatever I imagine to come within the verge of my profession. Therefore to encounter these lions, as I just now did, belonged to me directly, though I knew it to be most extravagant rashness. I very well know that fortitude is a virtue, placed between the two vicious extremes of cowardice and rashness. But it is better the valiant should rise to the high pitch of temerity, than sink to the low point of cowardice. For, as it is easier for the prodigal to become liberal than for the covetous, so is it much easier for the rash to hit upon being truly valiant, than for the coward to rise to true valour. And, as to undertaking adventures, believe me, Signor Don Diego, it is better to lose the game by a card too much than one too little; for 'such a knight is rash and daring' sounds better in the ears of those that hear it, than 'such a knight is timorous and cowardly.'"—"I affirm, Signor Don Quixote," answered Don Diego, "that all you have said and done is levelled by the line of right reason, and I am convinced that if the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry should be lost, they might be found in your

[409] The difference between jousts (*justas*), and tournaments (*torneos*), is that, in jousts, the combat was between *two combatants only*, and in tournaments, *two parties of eight each*. Jousts, moreover, were always fought on horseback and the only weapon used was the lance. However, under the general name of tournaments was included every description of chivalric combat.

worship's breast, as in their proper depository and register. But let us make haste, for it grows late, to my village and house, that you may repose and refresh yourself after your late toil, which, if not of the body, has been a labour of the mind, the fatigue of which usually affects the body too."—" I accept of the offer as a great favour and kindness, Signor Don Diego," answered Don Quixote. Spurring on a little more than they had hitherto done, it was about two in the afternoon when they arrived at the house of Don Diego, whom Don Quixote called the *Knight of the Green Gaban.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE OR HOUSE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GREEN GABAN, WITH OTHER EXTRAVAGANT MATTERS.

DON QUIXOTE found that Don Diego's house was spacious, after the country-fashion, having the arms of the family carved in rough stone over the great gates; the buttery in the court-yard, the cellar under the porch, and several earthen wine-jars placed round about it. The earthen wine-jars being of the ware of Toboso, they renewed the memory of his enchanted and metamorphosed Dulcinea; and, without considering what he said, or before whom, he sighed, and cried aloud: "O

sweet pledges, found now to my sorrow! sweet and joyous when

Heaven would have it so [410]! O ye Tobosian jars, that have brought back to my remembrance the sweet pledge of my greatest bitterness!" These exclamations were overheard by the poetical scholar, Don Diego's son, who, with his mother, was come out to receive him; and both mother and son were astonished at the strange

[410] Cervantes here puts into Don Quixote's mouth two popular lines which commence Garcilaso de la Vega's tenth sonnet:

¡ O dulces prendas, por mi mal halladas!
Dulces y alegres cuando Dios queria.

These verses are imitated from Virgil. (Æn., lib. IV.)

Dulces exuviæ, dum fata deusque sinebant.

figure of Don Quixote. The latter, alighting from Rocinante, very courteously desired leave to kiss the lady's hands, and Don Diego said: "Receive, madam, with your accustomed civility, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, whom I now present to you, a knight-errant by profession, and the most valiant and discreet person in the world." The lady, whose name was Donna Cristina,

received him with tokens of much affection and civility, and Don Quixote returned them in courteous and elegant expressions. The same kind of compliments passed between him and the student, whom, by his talk, Don Quixote took to be a witty and acute person.

Here the author of this history sets down all the particulars of Don Diego's house, describing all the furniture usually contained in the mansion of a rich country gentleman. But the translator thought fit to pass over in silence these minute matters, as not suiting with the principal scope of the history, in which truth has more force than cold and insipid digressions.

Don Quixote was led into a hall, where Sancho unarmed him, and he remained in his wide walloon breeches and shamois doublet, all besmeared with the rust of his armour. His band was of the college cut, without starch and without lace; his buskins were date-coloured and his shoes waxed. He passed over his shoulder his trusty sword, which hung at a shoulder-belt made of sea-wolf's skin, and which he did not girt round his body, because it is thought, he had been many years troubled with a weakness in his loins. Over these he wore a short mantle of good grey cloth. But first of all, with five or six kettles of water (for there is some difference as to the number) he washed his head and face, and the last kettle full continued of a whey-colour, thanks to Sancho's gluttony and the purchase of the fatal curds that had made his master so white and clean.

With the aforesaid accoutrements, and with a genteel air and deportment, Don Quixote walked into another hall where the student was waiting to entertain them till the cloth was laid, for the lady Donna Cristina resolved to shew, upon the arrival of so noble a guest, that she knew how to regale those who came to her house.

While Don Quixote was unarming, Don Lorenzo (for that was the name of Don Diego's son) had leisure to say to his father: "Pray Sir, who is this gentleman you have brought us home? His name, his figure, and you telling us he is a knight-errant, hold my mother and me in great suspense."—"I know not how to answer you, my son," replied Don Diego. "I can only tell you that I have seen him act the part of the maddest man in the world, and then talk so ingeniously that his words contradict and undo all his actions. But talk to him yourself, feel the pulse of his understanding, and, since you have discernment enough, judge of his discretion or distraction as you shall find, though, to say the truth, I rather take him to be mad than otherwise."

After that, Don Lorenzo went to entertain Don Quixote, as has been said, and, among other discourse which passed between them, Don Quixote said to Don Lorenzo: "Signor Don Diego de Miranda, your father, Sir, has given me some account of your rare abilities and refined judgment, and particularly that you are a great poet."—"A poet, perhaps I may be," replied Don Lorenzo; but a great one, not even in thought. True it is I am somewhat fond of poetry, and of reading the good poets; but I in no wise therefore merit the title my father is pleased to bestow upon me."—"I do not dislike this modesty," answered Don Quixote, "for poets are usually very arrogant, each thinking himself the greatest in the world."—"There is no rule without an exception," answered Don Lorenzo, "such an one there may be who is really a poet and does not think it."—"Very few," answered Don Quixote; "but please to tell me, Sir, what verses are those you have now in hand, which, your father says make you so uneasy and thoughtful. If it be some gloss, I know somewhat of the knack of glossing, and should be glad to see it. If they are designed for a literary joust [411], endeavour to obtain the second; for the first is always carried by favour or by the great quality of the person, while the second is bestowed according to merit, so that the third becomes the second, and the first, in this account, is but the third, according to the liberty commonly taken in your universities. But for all that, the name of first makes a great figure."—"So far," said Don Lorenzo to himself, "I cannot judge you to be mad; let us proceed.—Your worship, I presume," he added aloud, "has frequented the schools. What sciences have

[411] Literary jousts were still very much in vogue in Cervantes' time; the author himself, when he was at Seville, carried off the first prize at the literary contest opened at Saragossa on occasion of the canonization of Saint Hyacinth, and competed also, towards the close of his life, at the joust instituted for an eulogy of Saint Theresa. There arose, on the death of Lope de Vega, a joust of this kind to eulogize his genius, and the best pieces produced by that competition were collected under the title of *Fama postuma*.—Cristoval Suarez de Figuéroa says, in his *Pasagero* (*Alivio* 3): "At a joust which recently took place in honour of Saint Antony of Padua, five thousand pieces of poetry were contributed to compete the palm; so that after carpeting the nave and cloisters of the church with the most elegant of these compositions, there remained enough to carpet in the same manner a hundred other monasteries."

you studied?"—"That of knight-errantry," answered Don Quixote, "which is as good as poetry, and even two little fingers' breadth beyond it."—"I know not what science that is," replied Don Lorenzo, "and hitherto it has not come to my knowledge."—"It is a science," replied Don Quixote, "which includes in it all or most of the other sciences of the world. In effect, he who professes it must be a lawyer and know the laws of distributive and commutative justice, in order to give every one that which is proper for him. He must be a theologian, in order to be able to give a reason for the Christian faith he professes, clearly and distinctly, whenever it is required of him. He must be a physician, and especially a botanist, in order to know, in the midst of wildernesses and deserts, the herbs and simples which have the virtue of curing wounds, for the knight-errant must not at every turn be running to look for somebody to heal him. He must be an astronomer, in order to know by the stars what is o'clock, and what part or climate of the world he is in. He must understand mathematics, because at every foot he will stand in need of them; and, setting aside, as being well understood, that he must be adorned with all the cardinal and theological virtues, I descend to some other minute particulars, and I say that he must know how to swim, like the fish Nicolas [412]. He must know how to shoe a horse, how to keep the saddle and bridle in repair; and, to return to what was said above, he must preserve his faith to God and his mistress inviolate [413]; he must be chaste in his thoughts, modest

[412] In Spanish *el pege Nicolas*, in Italian *Pesce Cola*. This is the name that was given to a famous swimmer of the fifteenth century, a native of Catania, in Sicily. It is said that he passed his life in the water rather than on land, and at last perished in attempting to recover, from the bottom of the Gulph of Messina, a golden cup which had been thrown there by Don Fadrique, King of Naples. His history is very popular in Italy and Spain; but it is, notwithstanding, less singular than that of a man named Francisco de la Vega Casar, born in 1660, in the village of Lierganès, near Santander. Father Feijoo, who was a contemporary of the event, relates, in two different works (*Teatro Critico* and *Cartas*), that this man passed many years in the deep sea; that certain fishermen of the bay of Cadiz took him in their nets; that he was transported to his own country; finally, that after a while he again returned to his favourite element and was never heard of more.

[413] *Nemo dulpici potest amore ligari*, says one of the canons of the *Statute of Love*, cited by André, chaplain to the court of France, in the thirteenth century, in his book *de Arte amandi* (cap. XIII.).

in his words, liberal in good works, valiant in exploits, patient in toils, charitable to the needy, and lastly, a maintainer of the truth, though it should cost him his life to defend it. Of all these great and small parts a good knight-errant is composed; consider then, Signor Don Lorenzo, whether that be a contemptible science which the knight who professes it learns and studies, and whether it may not be placed on a level with the stateliest of all those which are taught in the colleges and schools."—"If it be so," replied Don Lorenzo, "I maintain that this science is preferable to all others."—"How! if it be so!" answered Don Quixote. "What I mean, Sir," said Don Lorenzo, "is that I question whether there ever have been, or now are in being, any knights-errant, and especially adorned with so many virtues."—"I have often said," answered Don Quixote, "what I now repeat, namely, that the greatest part of the world are of opinion there never were any knights-errant; and, as I am of opinion that if Heaven does not in some miraculous manner convince them of the truth, that there have been and are such now, whatever pains are taken will be all in vain, as I have often found by experience, I will not now lose time in bringing you out of an error so universal. What I intend, is to beg of Heaven to undeceive you, and let you see how useful and necessary knights-errant were in times past, and how beneficial they would be at the present day, were they again in fashion. But now, through the sins of the people, sloth, idleness, gluttony and luxury triumph."—"Our guest has broken loose," said Don Lorenzo to himself; "but still he is a remarkable madman, and I should be a weak fool if I did not believe so."

Here their discourse ended, for they were called to dinner. Don Diego asked his son what he had copied out fair of the genius of his guest. "I defy," answered the young man, "the ablest doctors and best penmen in the world ever to extricate him from the rough draughts of his madness. His distraction is a medley full of lucid intervals."

To dinner they went, and the dinner was such as Don Diego had told them upon the road he used to give to those he invited, neat, plentiful and savoury. But that which pleased Don Quixote above all, was the marvellous silence throughout the whole house, as if it

had beeen a convent of Carthusians. After the cloth had been removed, grace said and their hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly entreated Don Lorenzo to repeat the verse designed for the literary joust. The student answered: "That I may not be like those poets who, when desired, refuse to repeat their verses, and when not asked, pour them out, I will read my gloss, for which I expect no prize, having done it only to exercise my fancy."—"A friend of mine, a very ingenious person," answered Don Quixote, "was of opinion that nobody should give themselves the trouble of glossing on verses. The reason, he said, was because the gloss could never come up to the text, and very often the gloss mistakes the intention and design of the author; besides, the rules of glossing are too strict, suffering no interrogations, nor *said hes* nor *shall I says*; they do not permit the making nouns of verbs, nor changing the sense, with other ties and restrictions which cramp the glossers, as your worship must needs know."—"Truly, Signor Don Quixote," said Don Lorenzo, "I have a great desire to catch your worship tripping in some false Latin; but I cannot, for you slip through my fingers like an eel."—"I do not understand," answered Don Quixote, "what you mean by slipping through your fingers."—"I will let you know another time," replied Don Lorenzo; "at present, give attention to the text and gloss, which are as follows.

"Could I the joyous moments past
Recal, and say what was now is,
Or to succeeding moments haste,
And now enjoy the future bliss [414].

THE GLOSS.

"As all things fleet and die away,
And day at length is lost in night,
My blessings would no longer stay,
But take their everlasting flight.

[414] The *gloss*, a kind of jeu d'esprit in the taste of acrostics, of which Cervantes gives an example and explains the rules by Don Quixote, was, according to Lope de Vega, a *very ancient composition, peculiar to Spain and unknown in other nations.* In effect, there is an immense quantity of them in the *Cancionero general*, which goes as far as the fifteenth century. Difficult verses were always proposed as a subject for the gloss, not only difficult to be placed at the end of the strophes, but difficult to be clearly understood.

O Fortune, at thy feet I lie,
To supplicate thy deity:
Inconstant goddess, frown no more,
Make me but happy now at last;
No more I'd curse thy fickle pow'r
Could I recal the moments past.

"No other conquest I implore,
No other palm my brow to grace,
Content ('tis all I ask) restore,
And give me back my mind's lost peace.
Past joys enhance the present pain,
And sad remembrance is our bane.
O, would at length relenting fate
Restore the ravish'd hours of bliss,
How should I hug the charming state,
And joyful say *what was now is!*

"Thy empty wish, fond wretch, give o'er,
Nor ask so vain, so wild a thing;
Revolving time no mortal pow'r
Can stop, or stay his fleeting wing.
Nimble as thought, he runs, he flies;
The present hour for ever dies.
In vain we ask futurity;
In vain we would recal the past;
We cannot from the present fly,
Nor *to succeeding moments haste.*

"Vex'd with alternate hopes and fears,
I feel variety of pain;
But death can ease a wretch's cares,
And surely death to me is gain.
Again my erring judgment strays
From sober reason's juster ways;
Convinced by her unerring voice,
Another life must follow this,
I make the present woes my choice,
Rather than forfeit *future bliss.*"

When Don Lorenzo had made an end of reading his gloss, Don Quixote stood up, and, holding him fast by the hand, cried out,

in a voice so loud that it resembled that of a boatswain in a squall: "By the highest Heavens, noble youth, you are the best poet in the universe, and deserve to wear the laurel, not of Cyprus, not of Gaeta, as a certain poet said, whom God forgive [415], but of the universities of Athens, were they now in being, and of those that now subsist of Paris, Bologna and Salamanca. Heaven grant that the judges who shall deprive you of the first prize may be transfixed by the arrows of Apollo, and that the Muses may never cross the threshold of their doors! Be pleased, Sir, to repeat some other

[415] In this phrase there is a satirical remark launched against some poet of the day; but we have been unable to discover against whom.

of your verses in the higher walks of poetry, for I would thoroughly feel the pulse of your admirable genius [416]."

Is it necessary to say that Don Lorenzo was delighted to hear himself praised by Don Quixote, whom he deemed a madman? O power of flattery! how far dost thou extend, and how wide are the bounds of thy pleasing jurisdiction! This truth was verified in Don Lorenzo, who complied with the request and desire of Don Quixote, repeating this sonnet on the story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

SONNET.

"The nymph who Pyramus with love inspir'd,
Pierces the wall, with equal passion fir'd.
Cupid from distant Cypru.. ither flies,
And views the secret breach with laughing eyes.

"Here vocal silence mutual vows conveys,
And whisp'ring eloquent their love betrays.
Though chain'd by fear, their voices dare not pass,
Their souls transmitted through the chink embrace.

"Ah! woful story of disastrous love!
Ill-fated haste that did their ruin prove!
One death, one grave, unites the faithful pair,
And in one common fame their memories share!"

"Heaven be thanked," said Don Quixote when he had heard to an end Don Lorenzo's sonnet; "among the infinite number of poets now in being, I have never met with one so consummate as the construction of your worship's sonnet shews you to be."

Four days was Don Quixote nobly regaled in Don Diego's house. At the end of that time he begged leave to be gone. "I thank you heartily," he said to his host, "for the favour and kind entertainment I have received in your house; but as it ill becomes knights-

[416] Doubtless Cervantes here meant to hold up the exaggeration so prevalent with praisers, for it is not credible that he seriously meant to confer on himself such emphatic eulogia. He did himself better justice in his *Voyage to Parnassus*, when he said of himself: "I who watch and work unceasingly in order to acquire the appearance of having that goodly gift of poetry which Heaven has not thought fit to bestow on me....."

errant to give themselves up to idleness and indulgence too long, I must now go, in compliance with the duty of my function, in quest of adventures, wherewith I am informed these parts abound. I design to employ the time hereabouts till the day of the jousts at Saragossa, at which I intend to be present. But in the first place I propose to visit the cavern of Montesinos, of which people relate so many and such wonderful things all over this district; I will at the same time endeavour to discover the source and true springs of the seven lakes, commonly called the lakes of Ruidera." Don Diego and his son applauded his honourable resolution, desiring him to furnish himself with whatever he pleased of theirs, for he was heartily welcome to it, his worthy person and noble profession obliging them to make this offer.

At length the day of his departure came, as joyous for Don Quixote as sad and unhappy for Sancho Panza, who liked the plenty of Diego's house wondrous well, and was loth to return to the hunger of the forests and wildernesses, and to the penury of his ill-provided wallets. However, he filled and stuffed them with what he thought most necessary. When Don Quixote took leave of Don Lorenzo, he said: "I know not whether I have told you before, and, if I have, I tell you again, that whenever you shall have a mind to shorten your way and pains to arrive at the inaccessible summit of the temple of Fame, you have no more to do but to leave on one side the somewhat narrow path of poetry and follow the very narrow path of knight-errantry. The latter is sufficient to make you an emperor before you can say 'Give me those straws.'"

With these expressions, Don Quixote did, as it were, finish and shut up the process of his madness, and especially with what he added: "God knows," said he, "how willingly I would take Signor Don Lorenzo with me, to teach him how to spare the humble, and to trample under foot the haughty [417], virtues annexed to the function I profess. But since his youth does not require it, nor his

[417] Don Quixote here applies to knights-errant the *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos* which Virgil attributed to the Roman people.

laudable exercises permit it, I content myself with giving your worship one piece of advice: it is, if you would become a famous poet, that you follow the opinion and judgment of other men rather than your own. No fathers or mothers think their own children ugly; and this self-deceit is still stronger with respect to the offspring of the mind."

The father and son wondered afresh at the intermixed discourses of Don Quixote, sometimes wise, sometimes wild, and the obstinacy with which he was bent upon the search of his unlucky adventures, the sole end and aim of all his wishes. Offers of service and civilities were repeated, and, with the gracious permission of the lady of the castle, they departed, Don Quixote upon Rocinante, and Sancho upon his donkey.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENAMOURED SHEPHERD, WITH OTHER TRULY PLEASANT ACCIDENTS.

DON QUIXOTE had journied but a little way from Don Diego's house, when he overtook two ecclesiastics or scholars and two country fellows, all four mounted upon asses. One of the scholars carried behind him, wrapped up in green buckram, like a portmanteau, a small bundle of linen, and two pairs of thread stockings; the other carried nothing but a new pair of black fencing-foils, with their buttons. The countrymen carried other things which they seemed to be bringing from some great town, where they had bought them, and were carrying them home to their own village. Both the

scholars and countrymen fell into the same wonder that all others

did at the first sight of Don Quixote, and eagerly desired to know what man this was, so different in appearance from other men. Don Quixote saluted them, and, when he learned that the road they were going was the same he was taking, he offered to bear them company, desiring them to slacken their pace, for their asses outwent his horse. To prevail upon them, he briefly told them who he was, and that his employment and profession were those of a knight-errant, going in quest of adventures through all parts of the world. He added that his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his appellative the *Knight of the Lions*. All this, to the countrymen, was talking Greek or gibberish; but not to the scholars, who soon discovered the soft part of Don Quixote's skull. Nevertheless, they looked upon him with surprise and respect, and one of them said: "If your worship, Sir knight, be not determined to one particular road, a thing not usual with seekers of adventures, come along with us, and you will see one of the greatest and richest weddings that to this day has ever been celebrated in La Mancha or in many leagues round about." Don Quixote asked if it were that of some prince,

that he extolled it so much. "No," answered the scholar, "only of a farmer and a farmer's daughter; he, the wealthiest of all this country, and she, the most beautiful that ever eyes beheld. The preparation is extraordinary and new; for the wedding is to be celebrated in a meadow near the village where the bride lives, whom they call, by way of pre-eminence, Quiteria the Fair. The bridegroom is called Camacho the Rich. She is of the age of eighteen, and he of two-and-twenty; both equally matched, though some nice folks, who have all the pedigrees in the world in their heads, pretend that the family of Quiteria the Fair has the advantage of that of Camacho. But now-a-days that is little regarded; riches are able to solder up abundance of flaws. In effect, this same Camacho is generous; he has taken it into his head to make a kind of arbour, to cover the whole meadow overhead, in such manner that the sun itself will be put to some difficulty to visit the green grass with which the ground is covered. He will also have dances, both with swords and little bells [418], for there are some people in his village who jingle and clatter them extremely well. I will say nothing of the shoe-dancers [419], so great is the number of them invited. But nothing, of all that I have repeated or omitted, is like to make this wedding so remarkable as what I believe the slighted Basilius will do upon this occasion. This Basilius is a neighbouring swain of the same village with Quitera, where his house joins that of Quiteria's parents, there being nothing but a wall between them. Cupid took hence occasion to revive in the world the long-forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe, for Basilius fell in love with Quiteria from his childhood, and she answered his wishes with a thousand modest favours, insomuch that the loves of the two children Basilius and Quiteria became the common talk of the village.

[418] By *sword-dances (danzas de espadas)*, were meant certain evolutions performed by parties of eight men, dressed in white cloth and armed with naked swords, to the sound of music.—*Little bell-dances (danzas de cascabel menudo)* were danced by men wearing collars of little bells on the upper parts of their legs, the noise of the bells accompanying their steps. These two dances are very ancient in Spain.

[419] *Shoe-dancers* (*zapateadores*) was the name given to those who performed a certain village-dance in which they kept time and measure by striking their shoes with the palms of their hands.

When they were grown up, the father of Quiteria resolved to forbid Basilius the usual access to his family; and, to save himself from apprehensions and suspicions, he purposed to marry his daughter to the rich Camacho, not choosing to match her with Basilius, who is not endowed with so many gifts of fortune as of nature; for, if the truth is to be told without envy, he is the most active youth we know, a great pitcher of the bar, an extremely good wrestler, and a great cricket-player. He runs like a buck, leaps like a wild goat, and plays at nine-pins as if he did it by witchcraft. For the rest, he sings like a lark, touches a guitar so that he makes it speak, and, above all, he handles the small sword like the most accomplished fencer."—"For this excellence alone," cried Don Quixote, "this youth deserves to marry, not only the fair Quiteria, but queen Genevra herself, were she now alive, in spite of Sir Lancelot and all opposers."—"To my wife with that," interrupted Sancho, who had been hitherto silent and listening, "who will have every body marry their equal, according to the proverb which says: 'Every sheep to its like [420].' What I would have, is that this honest Basilius, for whom I begin to feel a liking, should marry this same lady Quiteria, and Heaven send them good luck, and God's curse on those who would hinder people that love each other from marrying."—"If all who love each other were to be married," said Don Quixote, "it would deprive parents of the privilege and authority of finding proper matches for their children. If the choice of husbands were left to the inclination of daughters, some there are who would choose their father's servant, and others, some pretty fellow they see pass along the streets, in their opinion genteel and well-made, though he were a beaten bully. Love easily blinds the eyes of the understanding, so absolutely necessary for choosing our state of life. That of matrimony is greatly exposed to the danger of a mistake; there is need of great tact and the particular favour of Heaven to make it hit right. A person has a mind to take a long journey; if he be wise, before he set

[420] *Cada oveja con su pareja. Pareja* means *the half of a pair.*

forward, he will look out for some safe and agreeable companion. Why should not he do the like who undertakes a journey for life, especially if his fellow-traveller is to be his companion at bed and board, and everywhere else, as the wife is with the husband? The lawful wife is not a commodity which, when once bought, may be exchanged, swapped or returned: she is an inseparable appendage, which lasts as long as life itself; she is a noose which, when once thrown about the neck, turns to a Gordian knot, and cannot be unloosed till cut asunder by the scythe of death. I could say much more upon this subject, were I not prevented by the desire I have to know whether the Signor licentiate has any thing more to say concerning the history of Basilius."—"I have no more to say," answered the scholar, bachelor or licentiate as Don Quixote had called him, "but, that from the day Basilius heard that Quiteria was to be married to Camacho the Rich, he was never seen to smile, nor to speak coherently, and is always pensive and sad, talking to himself; certain and clear indications of his being distracted. He eats and sleeps but little; what he does eat is fruit; when he sleeps, it is in the fields upon the hard ground, like a brute. From time to time he throws his eyes up to Heaven, and at other times fixes them on the ground, with such stupefaction that he seems to be nothing but a statue clothed, whose drapery is put in motion by the air. In short, he gives such indications of an impassioned heart that we all take it for granted that Quiteria's pronouncing the fatal *yes* to-morrow will be the sentence of his death."—"Heaven will order it better," cried Sancho, "for God, that gives the wound, sends the cure. Nobody knows what is to come; there are a great many hours between this and to-morrow, and in one single moment the house might fall down; I have often seen it rain and the sun shine at the same time, and such a one goes to bed sound at night and is not able to stir next morning. Tell me: can any body brag of having driven a nail in Fortune's wheel? no, certes; and between the yes and the no of a woman I would not venture to thrust the point of a pin, for there would not be room enough for it. Grant me but that Quiteria loves Basilius with all her heart, and I will give him a bag-full of good fortune, for love, as I

have heard say, looks through spectacles which make copper appear to be gold, poverty to be riches and specks in the eyes pearls."—"What in God's name would you be at, cursed Sancho?" cried Don Quixote. "When you begin stringing of proverbs and tales, none but Judas, who I wish had you, can follow you. Tell me, animal, what know you of nails and wheels, or of anything else?"—"O!" replied Sancho, "if I am not understood, no wonder that what I say passes for nonsense. But no matter, I understand myself, neither have I said so very many foolish things; only your worship is always cricketising my words and actions."—"Criticising, I suppose you would say," cried Don Quixote, "thou misapplier of good language, whom God confound!"—"Pray, Sir, be not so sharp upon me," answered Sancho. "You know I was not bred at court, that I have not studied in Salamanca, to know whether I add to or take a letter from my words. As God shall save me, it is unreasonable to expect that the peasants of Sayago should speak like the citizens of Toledo[421]. Nay, there are Toledans who are not over nice in the business of speaking politely."—"It is even true," said the licentiate, "for how should they who are bred in the tanyards and shops of Zocodovor speak so well as they who are all day walking up and down the cloisters of the cathedral? and yet they are all Toledans. Purity, propriety, elegance and perspicuity of language, are to be found among discerning courtiers, though born in Majalahonda; I say discerning, because a great many of them there are who are not so; and discernment is the grammar of good language, when acccompanied by custom and use. I, gentlemen, for my sins, have studied the canon law in Salamanca, and pique myself a little upon expressing myself in clear, plain and significant terms."—"If you had not piqued yourself more upon managing these unlucky foils you carry

[421] *Tierra de Sayago* is the name of a district in the province of Zamora, in which the inhabitants wear only a coarse cloth sayon (*sayo*), and where the language is on a par with the costume.—Alphonso the Wise had ordained that, when a dispute arose about the pronunciation or signification of any Castilian word, it should be referred to Toledo, *as the standard of the Spanish language.*

than your tongue," said the other scholar, "you might, by this time, have been at the head of your class, instead of at the tail."—"Look you, bachelor," answered the licentiate, "you are the most mistaken in the world in your opinion touching the dexterity of the sword, if you hold it to be insignificant."—"With me, it is not merely an opinion, it is an acknowledged truth," replied Corchuelo, "and, if you have a mind I should convince you by experience, a good opportunity presents itself; you carry foils, I have nerves and strength that, backed by my courage, which is none of the least, will make you confess that I am not deceived. Alight, make use of your measured steps, your circles, your angles, and of all your science; I hope to make you see the stars at noon-day, with my modern and rustic dexterity, in which I trust, under God, that the man is yet unborn who shall make me turn my back, and that there is nobody in the world whom I will not oblige to give ground."—"As to turning the back or not, I meddle not with it," replied the adept; "but it may happen that, in the first spot you fix your foot on, your grave may be opened, I mean that you may be left dead there for despising the noble science of defence."—"We shall see that presently," answered Corchuelo. And, jumping hastily from his beast, he snatched one of the foils which the licentiate carried upon his ass. "It must not be so," cried Don Quixote; "I will be master of this fencing-bout, and judge of this long controverted question." Alighting from Rocinante, and grasping his lance, he then planted himself in the midst of the road, just as the licentiate, with a graceful motion of body and measured step, was making toward Corchuelo, who came to meet him, darting, as the phrase is, fire from his eyes, The two countrymen, without dismounting, served as spectators of the mortal tragedy. The flashes, thrusts, high strokes, back strokes and fore strokes, were numberless and thicker than hail. The bachelor fell to like an enraged lion, but he met with a smart tap on the mouth from the button of the licentiate's foil, which stopped him in the midst of his fury, making him kiss it, though not with so much devotion as if it had been a relic. In short, the licentiate, by dint of clean thrusts, counted him all the buttons of a little cassock he had on, and tore the skirts, so that they hung in rags

like polypus-tails [422]. Twice he struck off his hat, and so tired him that, through despite, choler and rage, he flung away the foil into the air with such force that it fell nearly three quarters of a league off. The truth of this is confirmed by the written testimonial of one of the country-fellows present, who was a kind of scrivener, and went to fetch it, which affidavit ought to be sufficient to prove that skill goes farther than strength.

Corchuelo sat down quite spent, and Sancho, going to him, said: "In faith, master bachelor, if you will take my advice, henceforward you will challenge nobody to fence, but to wrestle or pitch the bar, since you are old enough and strong enough for that. I have heard say of these masters that they can thrust the point of a sword through the eye of a needle."—"I am satisfied," answered Corchuelo, "and have learned by experience a truth I could not otherwise have believed." Thereupon he arose and embraced the

[422] *Hecho rabos de pulpo*, is a proverbial expression applied to torn clothes.

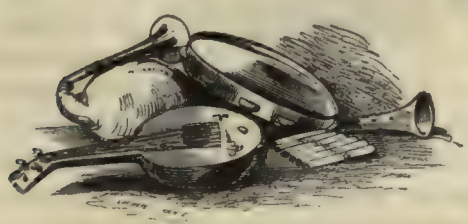
licentiate, and they were then better friends than before. Being unwilling to wait for the scrivener, who was gone to fetch the foil, thinking he might stay too long, they determined to make the best of their way that they might arrive betimes at Quiteria's village, whither they were all bound. By the way, the licentiate laid down to them the excellencies of the noble science of defence, with such self-evident reasons, with so many mathematical figures and demonstrations, that every body was convinced of the usefulness of the science, and Corchuelo was entirely cured of his obstinacy.

It was just night-fall, and, before they arrived, they all thought they saw, between them and the village, a kind of Heaven, full of innumerable and resplendent stars. They heard also the confused and sweet sounds of various instruments, as flutes, tambarines, psalteries, cymbals, little drums and bells. As they drew near, they perceived the boughs of an arbour made on one side of the

entrance into the town all hung with lights, which were not

disturbed by the wind, for it was so calm that there was not a breath of air so much as to stir even the leaves of the trees. The life and spirit of the wedding were the musicians, who went up and down in bands through that delightful place, some dancing, others singing, and others playing upon the different instruments aforesaid. In short, it looked as if mirth and pleasure danced and revelled through the meadow. Several others were busied about raising scaffolds, from which they might commodiously be spectators, next day, of the plays and dances that were to be performed in that place, dedicated to the solemnizing the nuptials of the rich Camacho and the obsequies of Basilius.

Don Quixote refused to go into the town, though both the countryman and the bachelor invited him. He pleaded as an excuse, and in his opinion a very sufficient one, that it was the custom of knights-errant to sleep in the fields and forests rather than in towns, though under gilded roofs. Therefore he turned a little out of the way, sorely against Sancho's will, who had not forgotten the good lodging he had met with in the castle or house of Don Diego.



CHAPTER XX.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE WEDDING OF CAMACHO THE RICH, WITH THE ADVENTURE OF BASILIUS THE POOR.

ALMOST before the fair Aurora had given bright Phœbus room with the heat of his warm rays to dry up the liquid pearls on his golden hair, Don Quixote, shaking off sloth from his drowsy members, got upon his feet, and called to his squire Sancho who still lay snoring. Don Quixote, perceiving him in that condition, said, before he awakened him: "O happy thou, above all that live on the face of the earth, who, neither envying nor being envied, neither persecuted by enchanters nor affrighted by enchantments, sleep on, I say and will say a hundred times more, sleep on; for no jealousies on thy lady's account keep thee in perpetual watchings, no anxious thoughts of paying debts awake thee, nor is thy rest broken with the thoughts of what thou must do to-morrow to provide for thyself and thy poor family. Ambition disquiets thee not, nor does the vain pomp of the world disturb thee, since thy desires extend not beyond the care of thine ass, for that of thy person is

laid upon my shoulders, a counterbalance and burden that nature and custom have laid upon masters. The servant sleeps, and the master is waking, to consider how he is to maintain, prefer and do him kindnesses. The pain of seeing the obdurate Heaven refuse convenient dews to refresh the earth afflicts not the servant, but the master who is bound to provide, in times of sterility and famine, for him who served him in times of fertility and abundance."

To all this Sancho answered not a word, for he was asleep, nor would he have awakened so soon as he did, had not Don Quixote jogged him with the butt end of his lance. At last he awoke, drowsy and yawning; and, turning his face on all sides, he said: "From yonder shady bower, if I mistake not, there comes a steam and smell, rather of broiled rashers of bacon than of thyme or rushes. By my faith, weddings that begin thus savourily must needs be liberal and abundant."—"Silence, glutton," said Don Quixote; "and let us hasten to assist at this wedding, and to see what becomes of the disdained Basilius."—"Marry, let what will become of him," answered Sancho, "he cannot be poor and marry Quiteria. A pleasant fancy for one not worth a groat, to aim at marrying above the clouds! Faith, Sir, in my opinion, a poor man should be contented with what he finds, and not be looking for pearls on vines. I dare wager an arm that Camacho can cover Basilius with reals from head to foot; and if it be so, as it must needs be, Quiteria would be a pretty bride indeed to reject the fine clothes and jewels that Camacho has given and can give her, to choose instead of them a pitch of the bar and a feint at foils of Basilius. One cannot have a pint of wine at a tavern for the bravest pitch of the bar, or the cleverest push of the foil. Abilities and graces that are not vendible, let who will have them for me. But when they light on a man that has wherewithal, may my life shew as well as they do. Upon a good foundation a good building may be raised, and the best bottom and foundation in the world is money."—"For the love of God, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "have done with your harangue; I verily believe, were you let alone to go on as you begin at every turn, you would have no time to eat or sleep, but would spend it all in talk."—"If your worship had a good

memory," replied Sancho, "you would remember the articles of our agreement before we sallied from home this last time. One of them was that you were to let me talk as much as I pleased, so it were not any thing against my neighbour, or against your worship's authority; and hitherto I think I have not broken that capitulation." —"I do not remember any such article, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and, though it were so, it is my pleasure you hold your peace and come along, for the musical instruments we heard last night are beginning again to cheer the valleys, and doubtless the espousals will be celebrated in the cool of the morning, rather than in the heat of the day."

Sancho did as his master commanded him, and saddling Rocinante and pannelling his donkey, they both mounted, and slowly entered the artificial shade. The first thing that presented itself to Sancho's sight, was a whole bullock spitted upon a large elm, the fire by

which it was roasting being composed of a little mountain of wood. Round it were placed six pots, not cast in common mould, for they were wine-jars [423], each containing a whole shamble of flesh. Entire sheep were sunk and swallowed up in them as commodiously as if they were only so many pigeons. The hares ready cased, and the fowls ready plucked, that hung about upon the branches, in order to be buried in the cauldrons, were without number. Immense quantities of wild fowl and venison were hanging about the trees, that the air might keep them cool. Sancho counted above three-score skins, each of above twenty-four quarts, and all, as appeared afterwards, full of generous wines. There were also piles of the whitest bread, like so many heaps of wheat on a threshing floor. Cheeses, ranged like bricks, formed a kind of wall, and two cauldrons of oil, larger than a dyer's vat, stood ready for frying all sorts of fritters and pancakes, which were pulled out with two stout peels, when fried, and dipped in another kettle of prepared honey that stood by. The men and women cooks were in number above fifty, all clean, all diligent, all in good humour. In the bullock's distended belly were a dozen sucking pigs, sewed up in it to make it savoury and tender. The spices of various kinds seemed not to have been bought by the pound, but by the hundred-weight, and stood free for every body in an enormous open chest. In short, the preparation for the wedding was rustic, but in such plenty that it was sufficient to feast an army.

Sancho beheld all, considered all, and was in love with every thing. The first that captivated and subdued his inclinations were the flesh-pots, out of which he would have been glad to have filled a moderate pipkin: then the wine-skins drew his affections, and lastly the products of the frying-pans, if such pompous cauldrons may be so called. At last, not being able to forbear any longer, he went up to one of the busy cooks, and, with courteous and hungry words, desired leave to sop a junk of bread in one of the pots.

"Brother," answered the cook, "to day is none of those days over which hunger presides, thanks to rich Camacho. Alight,

[423] *Tinajas*, a kind of large earthen jar which is used, in La Mancha, to hold wine instead of casks.

and see if you can find a ladle anywhere; you may skim out a fowl or two, and much good may they do you."—"I see no ladle," answered Sancho. "Stay," said the cook; "God forgive me, what a poor, helpless fellow you must be!" So saying, he laid hold of a kettle, and, sousing it into one of the jars, he fished out three pullets and a couple of geese. "Eat, friend," said he to Sancho, "and make a breakfast of this scum, to stay your stomach till dinner time."—"I have nothing to put it in," answered Sancho.

"Then take ladle and all," added the cook; "the riches and felicity of Camacho supply every thing."

While Sancho was thus employed, Don Quixote stood observing a dozen countrymen enter one side of the spacious arbour, all

upon as many beautiful mares, adorned with rich and gay caparisons, and their furniture hung round with little bells. They were clad in holiday apparel, and, in a troop, ran sundry well-ordered careers about the meadow, with a joyful cry of: "Long live Camacho and Quiteria, he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest of the world!" When Don Quixote heard the joyous exclamations: "It is plain," said he to himself, "that these people have not seen my Dulcinea del Toboso; for had they seen her, they would have been a little more sparing in their praises of this Quiteria." A little while after, there entered at divers parts of the arbour a great many different groups of dancers, among which was one consisting of four-and-twenty sword-dancers, handsome sprightly young men, all arrayed in fine linen, with handkerchiefs wrought with several colours of fine silk. One of those upon the mares asked a youth who led the sword-dance whether any of his comrades were wounded. "As yet, God be thanked," answered the youth, "nobody is hurt. We are all whole." With that he twined himself in among the rest of his companions, with so many turns, and so dexterously, that Don Quixote, accustomed as he was to see such kinds of dances, confessed that he had never seen any that he had liked so well as that.

There was another dance which pleased him no less. It was danced by a dozen most beautiful damsels, none of whom appeared to be under fourteen nor any quite eighteen years old. They

were all clad in light green cloth, with their locks partly plaited and partly loose, and all so yellow that they might rival those of the sun itself; and, in their hair they wore garlands of jessamine, roses and woodbine. This beautiful young bevy was led up by a venerable old man and an ancient matron, more nimble and airy than could be expected from their years. A bagpipe of Zamora was their music, and these young virgins, carrying modesty in their looks and lightness in their feet, approved themselves the best dancers in the world.

After these there entered an artificial dance, one of those called *speaking*-dances [424]. It was composed of eight nymphs divided into two files. The god Cupid led one file, and Interest the other; the former adorned with wings, bow, quiver and arrows, the other apparelled with rich and various colours of gold and silk. The nymphs, attendants on the god of love, had their names written at their backs on white parchment, and in capital letters. *Poetry* was the title of the first; *Discretion* of the second; *Good Family* of the third, and *Valour* of the fourth. The followers of Interest were distinguished in the same manner. The title of the first was *Liberality*; *Donation* of the second; *Treasure* of the third, and that of the fourth, *Peaceable Possession.* Before them all came a wooden castle drawn by savages, clad in ivy and hemp dyed green, so to the life that they almost frightened Sancho. On the front and on all the four sides of the machine, was written: *The Castle of Reserve.* Four skilful muscicians played on the flute and tambarine. Cupid began the dance, and after two movements, he lifted up his eyes, and bent his bow against a damsel that stood between the battlements of the castle, whom he addressed in this manner:

"I am the mighty god of Love;
Air, earth and sea my power obey:
O'er hell beneath, and Heaven above,
I reign with universal sway.

[424] *Speaking* dances (*danzas habladas*) were, as the description in the text explains, a kind of pantomine, interspersed with dancing and singing or recitative.

"I give, resume, forbid, command,
My will is nature's general law;
No force arrests my powerful hand,
No fears my daring courage awe."

His stanzas finished, he let fly an arrow at the top of the castle,

and retired to his post. Then Interest stepped forth; he made two other movements, and, the music having ceased, he said:

"Though Love's my motive and my end,
I boast a greater power than Love;
Who makes not Interest his sure friend,
In nothing will successful prove.

"By all adored, by all pursued;
Then own, bright nymph, my greater sway,
And for thy gentle breast subdued,
With large amends shall Interest pay."

Interest having retired, Poetry advanced, and, after she had made her movements like the rest, fixing her eyes on the damsel of the castle, she said:

"My name is Poetry: my soul,
Wrapped up in verse, to thee I send;
Let gentle lays thy will controul,
And be for once the Muses' friend.

"If, lovely maid, sweet Poetry
Displease thee not, thy fortune soon,
Envied by all, advanced by me,
Shall reach the circle of the moon."

Poetry disappearing, from the side of Interest stepped forth Liberality, and, after making her movements, said:

"Me Liberality men call;
In me the happy golden mean,
Nor spendthrift-like to squander all,
Nor niggardly to save, is seen.

"But, for thy honour, I begin,
Fair nymph, a prodigal to prove;
To lavish here's a glorious sin,
For who'd a miser be in love?"

In this manner all the figures of the two parties advanced and retreated, and each made its movements and recited its verses,

some elegant and some ridiculous; but Don Quixote, though he had a very good memory, treasured up the foregoing only. Presently they mixed altogether in a kind of country-dance, with a genteel grace and easy freedom. When Cupid passed before the castle, he shot his arrows aloft, while Interest flung gilded balls against it [425]. In conclusion, after having danced some time, Interest drew out a large purse of Angora cat-skin, which seemed to be full of money; and throwing it at the castle, the boards were disjointed and tumbled down with the blow, leaving the damsel exposed, without any defence at all. Then came Interest with his followers, and, clapping a great golden chain about her neck, they feigned to take her prisoner and lead her away captive. At this sight, Love and his adherents made a show as if they would rescue her, and all their seeming efforts were made in concert with the music. They were parted by the savages, who, with great agility, rejoined the boards and reinstated the castle; the damsel was again enclosed therein as before, and so the dance ended, to the great satisfaction of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs who it was that had contrived and ordered the show. She answered that it was the production of the beneficed clergyman of the village, who had a notable talent for such kind of inventions. "I will lay a wager," said Don Quixote, "that this bachelor or clergyman is more a friend to Camacho than Basilius, and understands satires better than vespers. Certes he has ingeniously interwoven in the dance the abilities of Basilius with the riches of Camacho." Sancho Panza, who had listened to all this, said: "The king is my cock, I hold with Camacho."—"In short" said Don Quixote, "it is plain you are an arrant bumpkin, and one of those who cry long life to the conqueror."—"I know not who I am one of," answered Sancho,

[425] *Alcancias.* This was the name of the clay balls, about as large as oranges, filled with flowers or perfumes, and sometimes with ashes or water, which the knights flung at each other in the evolutions of tournaments. It was an Arabian game which the Spaniards had imitated, preserving its original name.

"but I know very well I shall never get such elegant scum from Basilius's pots as this just fished from Camacho's;" and at the same time he shewed his master the kettle full of geese and hens. Laying hold of one, he began to eat with notable good humour and appetite, and said: "A fig for Basilius's abilities, for you are worth just as much as you have, and you have just as much as you are worth. There are but two families in the world, as my grandmother used to say, the *haves* and the *have nots* [426], and she stuck to the former. Now-a-days, master Don Quixote, people are more inclined to feel the pulse of *have* than of *know*, and an ass with golden furniture makes a better figure than a horse with a pack-saddle. So, I tell you again, I hold with Camacho, the abundant scum of whose pots are geese and hens, hares and rabbits; whilst Basilius's pots, if they were to be skimmed, would only yield dish-water."—"Have you finished your harangue, Sancho?" demanded Don Quixote. "I must have done," answered Sancho, "because I perceive your worship is going to be in a passion at what I am saying; but where it not for that, there was work enough cut out for three days."—"God grant, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "I may see you dumb before I die."—"At the rate we go on," answered Sancho, "before you die, I shall be mumbling cold clay, and then perhaps I may be so dumb that I may not speak a word till the end of the world, or at least till doomsday."—"Though it should fall out so," answered Don Quixote, "your silence, O Sancho, will never rise to the pitch of your talk, past, present and to come. Besides, according to the course of nature,

[426] Sancho's grandmother quoted an ancient Spanish proverb, which the Portuguese poet Antonio Enriquez Gomez has paraphrased in the following lines:

El mundo tiene dos linages solos
En entrambos dos polos.
Tener esta en Oriente,
Y no tener asiste en Occidente.

(*Academia III., vista* 2.)

I must die before you; therefore I may never hope to see you dumb, not even when drinking or sleeping, which is the most I can say."—"In good faith, sir," answered Sancho, "there is no trusting to madam Ghostly, I mean death, who devours lambs as well as sheep; and I have heard our vicar say that she treads with equal foot on the lofty towers of kings and the humble cottages of the poor [427]. That same gentlewoman is more powerful than nice. She is not at all squeamish; she eats of every thing, lays hold of all, and stuffs her wallet with people of all sorts, of all ages, of all conditions. She is not a reaper who indulges in the siesta; she cuts down and mows at all hours, the dry as well as the green grass; nor does she stand to chew, but devours and swallows down all that comes in her way, for she has a canine appetite, that is never satisfied; and though she has no stomach, she makes it appear that she has a perpetual dropsy, and a thirst to drink down the lives of all that live, as one would drink a cup of cool water."—"Enough, enough, Sancho," cried Don Quixote; "leave off while you are well, and do not spoil all, for, in truth, what you have said of death, in your rustic phrases, might become the mouth of a good preacher. I tell you, Sancho, if you had but discretion equal to your natural abilities, you might take a pulpit in your hand, and go about the world preaching fine things."—"A good liver is the best preacher," answered Sancho; "and that is all the divinity I know."—"Or need know," added Don Quixote. "But I can in no wise comprehend how, since the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, you, who are more afraid of a lizard than of Him, should be so knowing."—"Good your worship, judge of your own chivalries," returned Sancho, "and meddle not with judging other men's fears or valours, for perhaps I am as pretty a fearer of God as any of my neighbours; and pray let me whip off this scum; for all besides is idle talk, of which we must give an account in the next world."

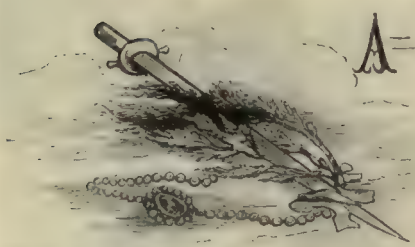
So saying, he fell to afresh, and assaulted his kettle with so

[427] An allusion to the well known sentence of Horace: *Pallida mors*, etc.

long-winded an appetite that he awakened that of Don Quixote, who doubtless would have assisted him, had he not been prevented by what we are under a necessity of deferring till the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED CAMACHO'S WEDDING, WITH OTHER DELIGHTFUL ACCIDENTS.



AT the moment that Don Quixote and Sancho had made an end of the discourse recounted in the preceding chapter, they heard a great outcry and noise. It was occasioned by the labourers who rode on the mares, who, in full career, and with a great shout, went to meet the bride and bridegroom, who were coming surrounded with a thousand kinds of musical instruments and inventions, accompanied by the parish-priest, the kindred on both sides, and by a concourse of the better sort of people from the neighbouring towns, all in their holiday apparel.

When Sancho espied the bride, he cried: "In good faith, she is

not clad like a country girl, but like a court lady. By the

mass, her patenas [428] seem to me at this distance to be of rich coral, and her gown, instead of green stuff of Cuenca, is no less than a thirty-piled velvet. The trimming also, I vow, is of satin. Then do but observe her hands: instead of rings of jet, let me never thrive but they are of gold, ay, and of right gold, and adorned with pearls as white as a curd, and every one of them worth an eye of one's head. Ah, the merry jade! and what fine hair she has! if it is not false, I never saw longer nor fairer in all my life. Then her sprightliness and mien! Why she is a very moving palm-tree, loaded with branches of dates; for just mark the trinkets hanging at her hair, and about her neck; by my soul, the girl is so well plated over that she might safely steer through the Flemish shoals [429]."

Don Quixote smiled at the rustic praises bestowed by Sancho Panza, but he thought that, setting aside his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, he had never seen a more beautiful woman. The fair Quiteria looked a little pale, occasioned doubtless by want of rest the preceding night, which brides always employ in setting themselves off for the wedding-day following. The bride and bridegroom proceeded towards a kind of theatre on one side of the meadow,

[428] By this name is understood certain thin plates of metal, a sort of consecrated medals, anciently worn by Spanish ladies instead of necklaces, which, at the period when Cervantes wrote, were worn only by country-women.

[429] The sand-banks on the coast of the Netherlands were greatly dreaded by the Spanish mariners. The dangerous navigation of this coast, and the skill requisite in order to achieve it in safety, gave rise to the proverbial expression [made use of in the text by Sancho], applied as a favourable summary of a person's qualifications, that such a one is capable of *steering safely through the Flemish sand-banks*.—As the Spanish word *banco* signifies also *banking-house*, Lope de Vega says ironically of the *maestro* Burguillos (a ficticious name of his own), that he had received payment for his work, contributed to a literary joust, in a draft for two hundred crowns on the Flemish *banks*. Doubtless also by an equivoque on the double meaning of the word *banco*, Filleau de Saint-Martin (the translator of the popular version of Don Quixote in France) renders this passage by saying of Quiteria: *Je ne crois pas qu'on la refusat á la Banque de Bruxelles*. [M. Viardot is the first commentator who has exhibited in its proper light the allusion in Sancho's expression. Jarvis had said in this place: "She might pass current at any bank in Flanders," adding, in a note: "At that time Antwerp, and the other towns of the Low Countries, were the grand mart of all Europe for trade and exchanges." Smollett, likewise, has: "By my salvation! the damsel is well covered, and might pass through all the banks of Flanders," closer, indeed, to the original, but evidently ignorant of the allusion to the Flemish sand-banks. Motteux's version runs thus, "She's a mettled wench, and might well pass muster in Flanders," and Shelton's is to the same effect, in nearly the same words. Ed. D. Q.

adorned with carpets and boughs, where the nuptial ceremony was to be performed, and whence they were to see the dances and spectacles. Just as they reached their places, they heard a loud outcry behind them, and somebody shouting: "Hold a little, inconsiderate and hasty people." Hereupon they all turned about their heads, and observed a man clad in a long black jacket, all welted with flame-coloured silk. He was crowned, as they presently perceived, with a garland of mournful cypress, and held in his hand a long truncheon. As he drew near, all knew him to be the gallant shepherd Basilius, and waited to see what would be the issue, apprehending some sinister event from his arrival at such a season. At length he came up, tired and out of breath; planting himself just before the affianced couple, and leaning on his truncheon, which had a steel pike at the end, changing colour and fixing his eyes on Quiteria, with a trembling and hoarse voice, he said: "You well know, ungrateful Quiteria, that, by the rules of the holy religion we profess, you cannot marry another man whilst I am living; neither are you ignorant that, waiting till time and my own industry should better my fortune, I have not failed to preserve the respect due to your honour. But you, casting all obligations due to my lawful love behind your back, are going to make another man master of what is mine, another whose riches serve not only to make him happy in the possession of them, but every way superlatively fortunate. Very well:—now, in order that his good luck may be heaped to the brim (not that I think he deserves it, but that Heaven will have it so) I, with my own hands, will remove all impossibility or obstacle, by removing myself out of his way. Long live the rich Camacho with the ungrateful Quiteria, many and happy ages may they live; and let poor Basilius die, whose poverty clipped the wings of his good fortune and laid him in his grave." So saying, he laid hold of his truncheon, which was stuck in the ground, and drew forth a short sword that was concealed in it and to which it served as a scabbard; then, setting what may be called the hilt upon the ground, with a nimble spring and determined purpose, he threw himself upon it. In an instant, half the bloody blade appeared at his back, and the poor

wretch lay his length along the ground, weltering in his blood and pierced through with his own weapon.

His friends ran presently to his assistance, grieved at his misery and deplorable disaster. Don Quixote, quitting Rocinante, was almost the first on the spot, and taking Basilius in his arms, he

found that he had still life in him. They would have drawn out the sword; but the priest was of opinion it should not be drawn out till he had made his confession, fearing that their pulling it out and his expiring would happen at the same moment. Basilius, coming a little to himself, said, with a faint and doleful voice: "If, cruel Quiteria, in this my last and fatal agony you would give me

your hand to be my spouse, I should hope my rashness might be pardoned, since it procured me the blessing of being yours." The priest, on hearing this, advised him to mind the salvation of his soul rather than the gratifying of his bodily appetites, and, in good earnest, to beg pardon of God for his sins, especially for this last desperate action. Basilius replied that he would by no means make any confession, till Quiteria had first given him her hand to be his wife; for that satisfaction would quiet his spirits, and give him breath for confession. Don Quixote, hearing the wounded man's request, cried in a loud voice that Basilius desired a very just and very reasonable thing, and besides very easy to be done, and that it would be every whit as honourable for signor Camacho to take Quiteria a widow of the brave Basilius, as if he received her at her father's hands. "All that is necessary," he added, "is a bare *yes*, since the nuptial bed of these espousals must be the grave."

Camacho heard all this in suspense and confusion, not knowing what to do or say. But so importunate were the cries of Basilius's friends, desiring him to consent that Quiteria might give her hand to be Basilius's wife, lest his soul should be lost by departing out of this life in despair, that they forced him to reply that, if Quiteria thought fit to give it him, he was content, since it was only delaying for a moment the accomplishment of his wishes. Upon this all present hastened to Quiteria; some with entreaties, and all with the most persuasive reasons, importuned her to give her hand to poor Basilius. But she, harder than marble and more immovable than a statue, either could not or would not return any answer; and doubtless she would have continued silent, but the priest bade her resolve immediately, for Basilius had his soul between his teeth, and there was no time to wait for deliberation. Then the beautiful Quiteria, without answering a word, much troubled and concerned, approached the spot where Basilius, his eyes already turned in his head, breathing short and quick, lay muttering the name of Quiteria, and giving tokens of dying more like a Heathen than a Christian. Quiteria, kneeling beside him, asked him to give her his hand. Basilius unclosed his eyes, and, fixing them steadfastly upon her; "O Quiteria" said he: "you who

relent at a time when your pity is a sword to finish the taking away of my life, for now I have not enough left to bear the glory you give me in making me your husband, nor to suspend the pain which will presently cover my eyes with the dreadful shadow of death; I beg of you, O fatal star of mine, that the hand you require and give be not out of compliment, or to deceive me afresh. I conjure you to confess and acknowledge aloud that you bestow your hand upon me without any force laid upon your will, and that you give it me as to your lawful husband. It would, in this extremity, be unjust for you to impose upon me, or deal falsely with him who has always behaved faithfully and sincerely to you."

At these words he was seized with such a fainting fit that all the by-standers thought his soul was just departing. Quiteria, all modesty and bashfulness, taking Basilius's right hand in hers, made answer:

"No force would be sufficient to bias my will. With all the freedom I have, I therefore give you my hand to be your lawful wife, and receive yours, if you give it me as freely, and if the calamity you have brought yourself into by your precipitate resolution

does not disturb or hinder it."—"Yes, I give it you," answered Basilius, "neither discomposed nor confused, but with the clearest understanding that Heaven was ever pleased to bestow upon me; so do I give and engage myself to be your husband."—"And I to be your wife," answered Quiteria, "whether you live many years, or are carried from my arms to the grave."—"For one so much wounded," said Sancho Panza, at this juncture, "this young man talks a great deal; advise him to leave off his courtship, and mind the business of his soul, though, to my thinking, he has it more in his tongue than between his teeth."

Basilius and Quiteria thus joining their hands, the tender-hearted priest, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the benediction upon them, and prayed to God for the repose of the newly married man's soul. But the latter had no sooner received the benediction than he suddenly started up, and nimbly drew out the sword which was sheathed in his body. All the by-standers were struck with astonishment, and some, more simple than the rest, began to cry aloud: "A miracle, a miracle!"—"No miracle, no miracle," said Basilius; "say rather, stratagem, stratagem!" The priest, astonished and confounded, ran with both hands to feel the wound, and found that the sword had passed, not through Basilius's flesh and ribs, but through a hollow iron pipe filled with blood, fitted to the place and purpose, and, as it was afterwards known, the blood prepared by art not to congeal. In short, the priest and Camacho, and the rest of the by-standers, found they had been imposed upon and deceived. The bride showed no signs of being sorry for the trick; on the contrary, hearing it said that the marriage, as being fraudulent, was not valid, she said that she confirmed it anew, whence every body concluded that the business had been concerted with the knowledge of both parties. Camacho and his abettors were so confounded that they transferred their revenge to their hands, and, unsheathing abundance of swords, they fell upon Basilius, in whose behalf as many more were instantly drawn. Don Quixote, leading the van on horseback, with his lance in its rest and his body well covered with his shield, made them all give way. Sancho, who took no pleasure in such kind of frays, retired to the jars, out of

which he had obtained his charming skimmings; that asylum seeming to him to be a sanctuary worthy of reverence.

Don Quixote cried aloud: "Hold, sirs, hold; it is not fit to take revenge for the injuries done us by love. Pray consider that love and war are exactly alike; and, as in war it is lawful and customary to employ cunning and stratagem to defeat the enemy, so likewise, in amorous conflicts, it is allowable to put in practice tricks and sleights in order to compass the desired end, provided they be not to the prejudice and dishonour of the party beloved. Quiteria was Basilius's, and Basilius Quiteria's, by the just and favourable disposition of Heaven. Camacho is rich; he may purchase his pleasure when, where and how he pleases. Basilius has but this one ewe-lamb; no one, how powerful soever, has a right to take it from him, for those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder [430]; and whoever shall attempt it must first pass the point of this lance." Then he brandished it, with such vigour and dexterity that he struck terror into all those who did not know him. But Quiteria's indifference took such fast hold of the imagination of Camacho, that it presently blotted her out of his memory. The persuasions also of the priest, who was a prudent and well-meaning man, had their effect, and Camacho and those of his faction remained pacified and calmed. In token of peace, they put up their swords again in their scabbards, blaming rather the fickleness of Quiteria than the cunning of Basilius. Even Camacho reasoned within himself that if Quiteria loved Basilius when she was a virgin, she would love him also when she was married, and that he had more reason to thank Heaven for so good a riddance, than to repine at the loss of her.

Camacho and his followers being thus pacified and comforted, those of Basilius were so too, and the rich Camacho, to show that he did not resent the trick put upon him, would have the diversions and entertainments go on, as if he had been really married. But

[430] In this phrase there is an allusion to Nathan's parable to David, after the rape of Uriah's wife, of the ewe-lamb; and another allusion to the words of the Gospel. "What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." (2 Sam. XII. St. Matthew XIX. 6).

neither Basilius, nor his spouse, nor their followers would partake of them. They went home to Basilius's village, for the poor man who is virtuous and discreet finds those who follow, honour and stand by him, as well as the rich man finds attendants and flatterers. They took Don Quixote with them, esteeming him to be a person of worth and bravery. Only Sancho's soul was sorrowful and overcast, finding it impossible for him to stay and partake of Camacho's splendid entertainment and festival, which lasted till night. Drooping and sad, he followed his master, who went off with Basilius's troop, leaving behind him the flesh-pots of Egypt[431], which, however, he carried in his mind,—the skimmings of the kettle, now almost consumed and spent, representing to him the glory and abundance of the good he had lost. It was, therefore, in a pensive and sorrowful frame of mind that he prepared to follow the track of Rocinante.

[431] After quitting Egypt, the Israelites said in the desert: "When we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat to the full." (Exod. XVI. 3)

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE GRAND ADVENTURE OF THE CAVERN OF MONTESINOS, SITUATED IN THE HEART OF LA MANCHA, TO WHICH ADVENTURE THE VALOUROUS DON QUIXOTE GAVE A HAPPY CONCLUSION.

N the most cordial manner did the newly married couple make Don Quixote welcome to their habitation; they felt highly obliged by the readiness he had shewn in defending their cause, and they esteemed his discretion in equal degree with his valour, accounting him a Cid in arms and a Cicero in eloquence. Three days honest Sancho solaced himself at the expense of the bride and bridegroom, from whom it was known that the feigned wounding himself was not a trick concerted with the fair Quiteria, but an invention of Basilius, who had hoped from it the very success which fell out. He confessed that he had, in truth, let some of his friends into the secret, in order that they might favour his design and support his deceit. Don Quixote affirmed that that could not nor ought to be

called deceit which aims at virtuous ends, and that the marriage of lovers was the most excellent of all ends. "But observe," he added "that hunger and continual necessity are the greatest enemies to love. In love, all is gaiety, mirth and content, especially when the lover is in actual possession of the person beloved, to which necessity and poverty are opposed and declared enemies. All this I say with design to persuade Signor Basilius to quit the exercise of those abilities wherein he so much excels, which, though they procured you fame, they gain you no money, and in order to induce you now to apply yourself to the acquisition of riches by lawful and indutrious means, which are never wanting to the prudent and diligent. The honourable poor man (if a poor man can be said to be worthy of honour) possesses a jewel in a beautiful wife, and whoever deprives him of her, deprives him of his honour. The beautiful and honourable woman, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurels and palms of victory and triumph. Beauty of itself attracts the inclinations of all that behold it, and the royal eagles and other towering birds stoop to the tempting lure. But if such beauty be attended with poverty and a narrow fortune, it is besieged by kites and vultures, and other birds of prey, and she who stands firm against so many attacks, may well be called the crown of her husband [432]. Observe, discreet Basilius," added Don Quixote, "that, in the opinion of a certain sage, there was but one good woman in all the world; but he gave it as his advice that every man should believe she was fallen to his lot, and so he would live contented. For my part, I am not married, nor have I yet ever thought of being so; yet would I venture to give my advice to any one who should ask me what method he should take to get a wife to his mind. In the first place, I would advise him to lay a greater stress upon reputation than fortune, for the virtuous woman does not acquire a good name merely by being good, but by appearing to be so; in effect, public freedoms and liberties hurt a woman's reputation much more than secret guilt. If you bring a virtuous woman to your house, it is an easy matter to keep her so,

[432] "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." (Prov. XII. 4.)

and even to fortify her virtue; but, if you take a woman of evil inclinations to be your wife, you will have much ado to mend her, for it is not very feasible to pass from one extreme to another. I do not say it is impossible, but I take it to be extremely difficult."

All this Sancho listened to. "This master of mine," said he to himself, "when I spoke things pithy and substantial, used to say I might take a pulpit in my hand, and go about the world preaching fine sermons; now I say of him that, when he begins stringing of sentences and giving advice, he may not only take a pulpit in his hand, but two upon each finger, and stroll from place to place preaching: 'Mouth, what would you have?' The devil take him for a knight-errant, that knows every thing! I believed in my heart that he only knew what belonged to his chivalries; but he thrusts his spoon into every dish." Sancho muttered this so loud that his master, overhearing him, asked what he was muttering about. "I neither say nor mutter any thing," answered Sancho; "I was only saying to myself that I wished I had heard your worship preach this doctrine before I was married: then, perhaps, I should have been able to say now that the ox that is loose is best licked."—"Is your Teresa then so very bad, Sancho?" returned Don Quixote. "She is not very bad," answered Sancho, "neither is she very good; at least, not so good as I would have her."—"You are in the wrong, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "to speak ill of your wife, who is the mother of your children."—"We are not in one another's debt upon that score," answered Sancho; "she speaks no better of me whenever the fancy takes her, especially when she is jealous, for then Satan himself cannot bear with her."

Eventually, both master and squire remained three days with the newly-married couple, by whom they were served and treated like kings. Don Quixote desired the dexterous student to furnish him with a guide to conduct him to the cavern of Montesinos, as he had a mighty desire to go down into it, and to see with his own eyes whether the wonders related of it in all those parts were true. The student told him he would procure him a cousin of his, a famous scholar and a great lover of books of chivalry, who would very gladly lead him to the mouth of the cavern itself, and also shew

him the lakes of Ruidera, famous all over La Mancha and even all over Spain. "You will find him," added the student, "a very entertaining companion, for he is a young man who knows how to write books for the press and dedicate them to princes."

In short, the cousin came, mounted on an ass big with foal,

whose pack-saddle was covered with a doubled piece of an old striped carpet. Sancho saddled Rocinante, pannelled Dapple, and replenished his wallet, that of the scholar being equally well provided; then, commending themselves to the protection of God and taking leave of every body, they set out in the direction of the famous cavern of Montesinos.

Upon the road, Don Quixote asked the student's cousin of what kind his exercises, profession and studies were. The other answered that his profession was the study of humanity, his exercise composing of books for the press, all of great use and no small entertainment to the commonwealth. "One of them," said he, "is intitled *A treatise on Liveries*, in which I describe seven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottoes and ciphers, whence the cavalier courtiers may pick and choose to their minds for

feasts and rejoicings, without being beholden to others, and without beating their own brains to invent and contrive them to their humour or design. In fact, I adapt them to the jealous, the disdained, the forgotten, the absent, so properly that more will hit than miss. I have also another book, which I intend to call *The Metamorphoseos*, or *Spanish Ovid*, of a new and rare invention. Imitating Ovid in a burlesque way, I therein mean to shew who the Giralda of Seville was, who the angel of La Magdalena; what the kennel of Vecinguerra at Cordova, what the bulls of Guisando, the Sierra Morena, the fountain of Leganitos and the Lavapies at Madrid, not forgetting that of the Pou, that of the Golden Pipe and that of the Priora[433]. To all these I purpose to add their several allegories, metaphors and transformations, in such a manner as at once to delight, surprise and instruct. I have yet another book, which I call a *Supplement to Virgil Polydore*[434], which treats of the invention of things; it is a work of vast erudition and study, wherein I make out several material things omitted by Polydore, and explain them in fine style. Virgil forgot to tell us, for instance, who was the first in the world that had a cold, and who the first that was anointed for the French distemper. These points I resolve to a nicety, and cite the authority of about five and twenty authors for them. So that your worship may judge whether I have taken true pains, and whether such a performance is not likely to be very useful to the whole world!"

Sancho, having been attentive to the student's discourse: "Tell me, sir," said he, "so may God send you good luck in the printing your books, can you inform me (for I know you can, since you

[433] We have already spoken (vide notes 386 and 387) of the Giralda and the bulls of Guisando.—The angel of La Magdalena is a shapeless figure placed for a weather-cock on the steeple of the church of Saint Magdalen at Salamanca.—The kennel of Vecinguerra carries the rain-water from the streets of Cordova to the Guadalquivir.—The fountains of Leganitos, etc., are all situated in the promenades and public places of Madrid.

[434] He should have said Polydore Virgil. He was a learned Italian, who published, in 1499, the treatise *De rerum inventoribus*.

know every thing) who was the first that scratched his head? for my part, I am of opinion it must have been our father Adam."—"Certainly," answered the scholar, "for there is no doubt that Adam had a head and hair; now, this being granted, and he being the first man of the world, he must needs have scratched it sometimes."—"So I believe," answered Sancho. "But tell me now, who was the first tumbler in the world?"—"Truly, brother," answered the scholar, "I cannot determine that point till I have studied it; but I will study it as soon as I return to the place where I keep my books, and will satisfy you when we see one another again, for I hope this will not be the last time."—"Look ye, sir," replied Sancho, "take no pains about this matter, for I have already hit upon the answer to my question. Know that the first tumbler was Lucifer, when he was cast headlong from Heaven, for he came tumbling down to the lowest abyss."—"You are in the right, friend," said the scholar; and Don Quixote added: "This question and answer are not your own, Sancho, you have heard them from somebody else."—"Say no more, sir," replied Sancho; "in good faith, if I fall to questioning and answering, I shall not have done between this and to-morrow. But do not think that, for foolish questions and ridiculous answers, I need be obliged to any of my neighbours."—"Sancho," returned Don Quixote, "you have said more than you are aware of; for some there are, who tire themselves with examining into and explaining things, which, when known and explained, signify not a farthing to the understanding or the memory."

In these and other pleasant discourses they passed that day. At night they lodged in a small village, whence, the scholar told Don Quixote, the distance to the cavern of Montesinos did not exceed two leagues; so that, if he continued his resolution to enter into it, it would be necessary to provide himself with ropes to tie and lower himself down into its depths. Don Quixote answered that, though it led to the infernal regions, he would see the bottom. Accordingly, they bought about a hundred fathoms of cord, and, about two in the afternoon of the following day, they came to the cavern, the mouth of which is wide and spacious, but

overgrown with briars, wild fig-trees and thorns, so thick and intricate that they quite conceal it.

When they arrived here, the cousin, Sancho and Don Quixote alighted, and the two former bound the knight very fast with the cord. While they were swathing him, Sancho said: "Have a care, dear sir, what you do. Pray do not bury yourself alive, nor hang yourself, dangling like a flask of wine let down to cool in a well. It does not belong to your worship to be the scrutinizer of this hole, which must needs be worse than a Moorish dungeon." —"Tie on, and talk not," answered Don Quixote; "such an

enterprize as this, friend Sancho, was reserved for me alone." Then the guide added: "I beseech your worship, signor Don Quixote, to take good heed and look about you with a hundred eyes down there below; perhaps there may be things proper to be inserted in my book of metamorphoses."—"The drum is in a hand that knows full well how to beat it," answered Sancho Panza.

That said, and the tying of Don Quixote (not over his armour, but his doublet) finished: "We have been," said the latter, "very careless in neglecting to provide a little bell to be tied to me with this rope, by the tinkling of which you might hear me still descending, and know that I was alive; but, since that is now impossible, be God my guide!" Immediately he kneeled down,

and in a low voice addressed an orison to Heaven for assistance and success in this seemingly perilous and strange adventure. Then, in a loud voice, he cried: "O lady of my actions and thoughts,

illustrious and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, if it be possible that the prayers and requests of this thy adventurous lover reach thy ears, I beseech thee, for thy unheard of beauty's sake, hearken to them; all I supplicate of thee, is not to refuse me thy favour and protection, now that I so much need it. I am just going to precipitate and ingulph myself in the profound abyss here before me, solely in order to let the world know that, if thou favourest me, there is no impossibility I will not undertake and accomplish.

So saying, he drew near to the brink, and saw that he could not be let down, nor even enter the cavern, but by cutting his way through. Accordingly, drawing his sword, he began to lay about him, and hew down the brambles and bushes which concealed the mouth of

the cavern. At the noise of his strokes, an infinite number of huge ravens and owls flew out so thick and so fast, that they beat Don Quixote to the ground. And certes, had he been as superstitious as he was catholic, he had taken it for an ill omen, and forborne shutting himself up in such a place. At length he got upon his legs, and seeing no more ravens flying out, nor other night-birds, for sundry bats flew out among the ravens, the cousin and Sancho gave him the rope and lowered him to the bottom of the fearful cavern. As he disappeared, Sancho gave him his blessing, and making a thousand crosses over him, said: "God, the Rock of France and the Trinity of Gaeta [435] speed thee, thou flower, cream and scum of knights-errant. Go, thou Hector of the world, heart of steel, arms of brass; once more, God guide thee, and send thee back safe and sound without deceit, to the light of this world which thou art forsaking to bury thyself in this obscurity." The cousin uttered similar prayers and invocations. Don Quixote went down, calling for more and more rope, which they gave him by little and little. When the voice, from the windings of the cave, could be heard no longer, the hundred fathom of the cordage was all let down. They were then of opinion to pull Don Quixote up again, since they could lower him no farther. However, they delayed about half an hour, and then they began to gather up the rope, which they did very easily, and without any weight, whence they conjectured that Don Quixote remained in the cavern. Sancho, believing as much, wept bitterly, and drew up in a great hurry to know the truth. But coming to a little above eighty fathoms, they felt a weight, at which they rejoiced exceedingly. In short, at about the tenth fathom, they discerned Don Quixote very distinctly, to whom Sancho

[435] The Rock of France is a lofty mountain in the district of Alberca, in the province of Salamanca, where it is related that a Frenchman, named Simon Vela, discovered, in 1434, a consecrated image of the Virgin. Many hermitages and a convent of Dominicans have since been built on its sides.—The Trinity of Gaeta is a chapel and convent founded, by king Ferdinand V. of Arragon, on the summit of a promontory before the port of Gaeta, and dedicated to the Holy Trinity.

cried in a joyful voice: "Welcome back to us, dear sir; for we began to think you had stayed there to breed." But Don Quixote

answered not a word, and when they had pulled him quite out, they perceived that his eyes were shut, as if he were asleep. They laid him along on the ground, and untied him, yet still he did not awake. But they so turned, jogged, re-turned and shook him, that after a good while he came to himself, stretching and yawning as if he had awaked out of a heavy and deep sleep. Gazing from side to side like one amazed, he said: "God forgive ye, friends, for having brought me away from the most pleasing and charming life and sight that ever mortal saw or lived. Now, in good truth, I am thoroughly satisfied that all the enjoyments of this life pass away like a shadow or a dream, and fade away like the flower of the field. O unhappy Montesinos! O desperately wounded Durandarte! O unfortunate Belerma! O weeping Guadiana! and ye, unlucky daughters of Ruidera, whose waters shew what floods of tears streamed from your fair eyes!"

The cousin and Sancho listened attentively to Don Quixote's words, which he spoke as if he fetched them with immense pain from his entrails. They entreated him to explain to them what he had been saying, and to relate what he had seen in that hell below. "Hell do you call it!" cried Don Quixote; "nay, call it so no more, for it does not deserve that name, as you shall presently see." He desired they should first give him something to eat, for he was very hungry. They spread the scholar's carpet upon the green grass, then addressed themselves to the pantry of his wallets, and all three, seated in loving and social wise, collationed and supped at one and the same time. The carpet being removed, Don Quixote cried: "Let no one rise, and, my sons, be all attentive to me."

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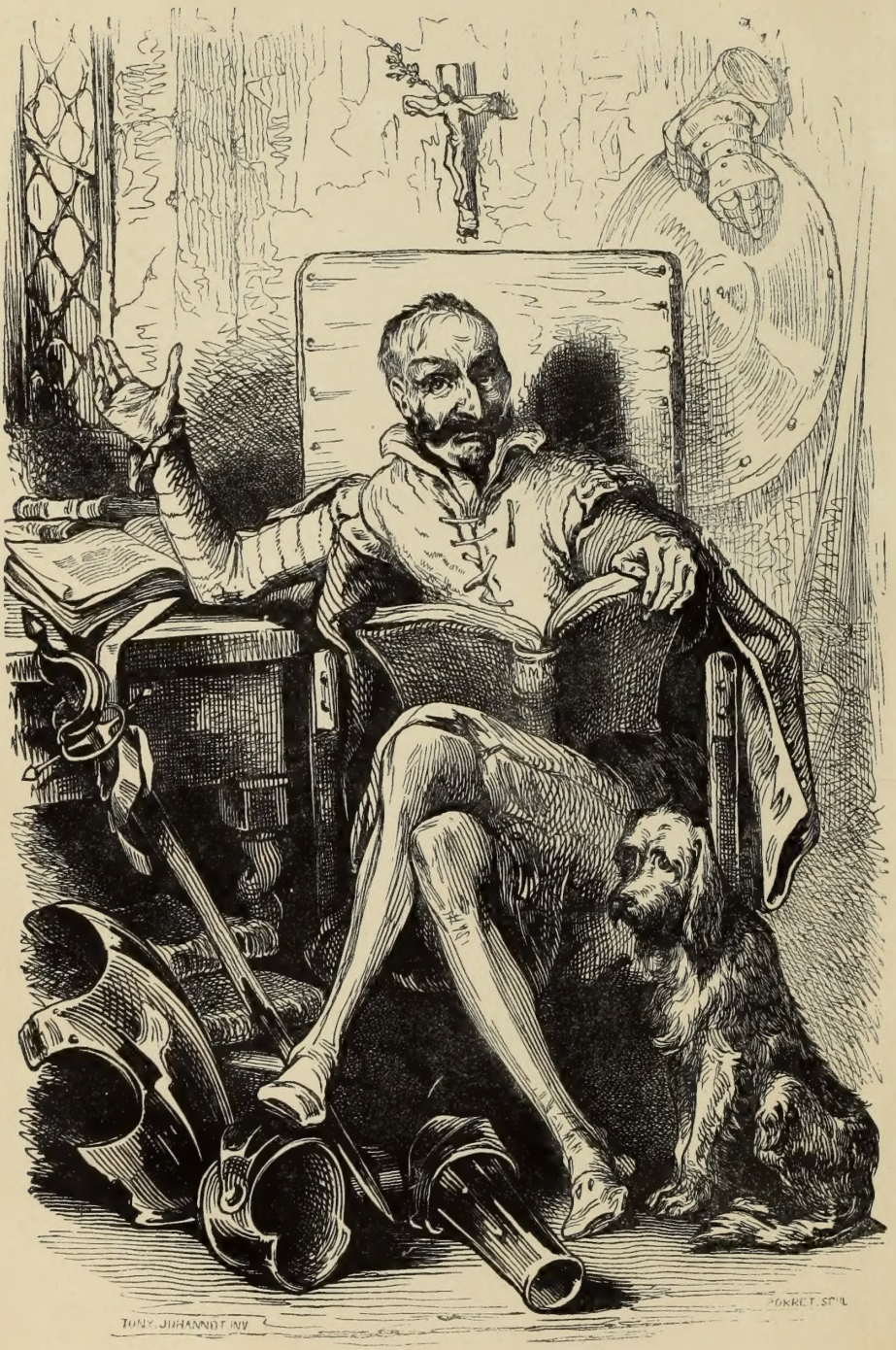
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DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA
DE MIGUEL DE
CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA,

BY

CHARLES JARVIS, ESQ.

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MEMOIR OF CERVANTES,

WITH

A NOTICE OF HIS WORKS.

ONE passage in the admirable memoir of M. Viardot, which we are about to submit to the English reader, states, that many of the allusions to be found in the works of Cervantes, can only be understood by those who are acquainted with the events of his life. Those events are so varied in their character, and so deeply interesting, that we should feel great surprise at their being passed over so briefly as they have been when former editions of DON QUIXOTE were published, if we did not recollect what insuperable obstacles present themselves to acquiring minute particulars of the course of eminent men, who have lived even within a few years of our own time, and how many of the greatest magnitude might, in the ordinary course of

things, be expected to baffle the industry which aspired to collect materials for the complete history of an author, who lived three centuries ago. A happy coincidence gave M. Viardot opportunities for prosecuting such an enquiry which were denied to his predecessors. Not only had he facilities for studying Spanish manners, in all the several grades which society can furnish, but, favoured by the highest political, as well as the highest literary authorities in the country, he was enabled to make an extended and successful search for documents, facts, and traditions, and the result is a most gratifying picture, in detail, of the Author of DON QUIXOTE.

He has rendered a worthy service to letters and to humanity, for the character of Cervantes well deserves to be known. Like our own Raleigh it was his fate to shine in strangely dissimilar situations. His was a life of awful vicissitude. But a noble and generous spirit made him great in all,—whether we look at him on the day of battle, in the gloom of a Moorish dungeon, or contending with the consuming cares of ordinary life—we must admire the warrior, the captive, and the man.

It may generally be said, M. Viardot remarks, that the history of an author, like that of an artist, is confined to the works which survive him: that his writings are his actions, and that, in fine, the man is lost in the author. This is not so in the case of Cervantes. Distinguished as a man, before he became illustrious as a writer, he performed great actions before he gave to the world an immortal book. His history would interest without the superadded recommendation of a glorious name; and his life, not less than his work, is replete with entertainment and morality.

Unknown till his death, or indeed it may be said until long after that event, Cervantes had no biographers at that period when contemporary attention, fixed on a celebrated man, usually collects, with religious care, the peculiarities of a glorious existence. All the efforts of posthumous admiration, slow to arouse itself, were necessary to supply, with the aid of tradition as well as authentic documents, conjecture as well as certainty, a memoir, at last incomplete, of a long and active life. Many difficulties opposed the performance of the task, many doubts were to be cleared up, but that which is known as having been averred, and that which is shown to be probable, is sufficient to give us a just idea of what was the true destiny of one of the greatest minds that ever reflected lustre on the human race.

Even now, the place which contains the tomb of Cervantes is unknown, and the world was long ignorant of that which had seen his cradle. Eight cities claimed the distinction of being his birth-place, Madrid, Seville, Toledo, Lucena, Esquivias, Alcazar de San Juan, Consuegra, and Alcala de Henares. It is in the last that he was born and baptized in the parish church of St. Mary the Greater, October 9th, 1547. His family, originally of Galicia, afterwards established in Castile, without belonging to the titled nobility, was at least reckoned among those respectable houses, the members of which are called *sons of somebody* (*hijos de algo*, or *hidalgos*). From the thirteenth century, we find the name of Cervantes mentioned with honour in the annals of Spain. There were warriors who bore it at the time of the great conquests of Ferdi-

nand at the taking of Baeza and Seville. They had a share in the territorial divisions then made, when they re-peopled with Christians the lands evacuated by the Moors. Others of his ancestors are celebrated among the conquerors of the new world, as having carried into those distant regions some branches of the ancient stock. Early in the sixteenth century, Juan de Cervantes was corregidor of Ossuna. His son, Rodrigo de Cervantes, married, about the year 1540, Donna Leonora de Cortinas, a lady of a noble family, from the village of Barajos. Two daughters were the fruits of that union, Donna Andrea and Donna Louisa, and afterwards two sons, Rodrigo and Miguel. This latter was the youngest of that family, poor as it was honourable.

Few incidents connected with the youth of Cervantes are known. It is probable, being born in a university city, to which the youth of Madrid repaired for purposes of study, the capital being distant but four leagues, that there his education was commenced. That which is known of him, and from himself is, that he had, from his most tender years, a great taste for letters, and he was fond of reading to such a degree, that he would *collect scraps of paper in the street* to peruse them. His inclination for poetry and for the theatre showed itself in his admiration of the street-performances of the famous Lope de Rueda, an itinerant actor and founder of the Spanish theatre, whose performances Cervantes witnessed, at Segovia and Madrid, before he was eleven years of age.

The young Miguel, having reached adolescence, set out for Salamanca, where he passed two years, and matriculated among the students of that celebrated university. It is known that he lived in the street *Los Moros*. It was there that he became acquainted with the manners of the students, which he has so well depicted in some of his works, among others, in the second part of Don Quixote, and in two of his best novels, *Le Licencié Vidriera* (The Graduate Vidriera), and *La Tia Fingida* (The Feigned Aunt). Somewhat later, we find Cervantes at the school of a professor of considerable note, named Juan Lopez de Hoyos. This person, as Regent of the College, was directed by the municipality of Madrid, to compose allegories and devices, which were to adorn in the church of *Las Descalzas Reales*, the mausoleum of Queeen Elizabeth of Valois, on the occasion of the magnificent funeral ceremony celebrated there on the 24th of October, 1568. Hoyos required the assistance of some of his ablest pupils, and Cervantes is mentioned among the first. In the report which the Professor published, where he recounts, in detail, the sickness, the death, and the obsequies of the Queen, he mentions the work of Cervantes, whom he repeatedly terms "his dear and well-beloved disciple"—several pieces, the first an epitaph in the form of a sonnet, and, among the others, an elegy, composed in the name of all the class, and addressed to the Cardinal Don Diego de Espinosa, President of the Council of Castile, and Grand Inquisitor.

These first essays were applauded, and it was doubtless, at this time, encouraged by his success at school, that he composed the little pastoral poem of Filena, several sonnets and romances, and also some miscellaneous poetry These he mentions, at a later period of his life, in his "Voyage to Parnassus," but none of them are now extant.

It was then that the mysterious and sanguinary drama was to be acted in the palace of Philip II., of which the double denoûement was the death of the Infant Don Carlos, and that of the Queen Elizabeth, who survived him but two months. Pope Pius V. sent immediately a nuncio to Madrid, to offer to the King of Spain his compliments of condolence, and to claim also, through the medium of this embassy of etiquette, certain rights of the church, which had been denied, by Philip, to his Italian dominions. The nuncio was a Roman prelate, named Giulio Acquaviva, son of the Duke of Atri, who received the Cardinal's hat on his return from Spain. His mission was any thing but agreeable to Philip, who had peremptorily ordered that no one, prince or subject, should speak to him on the death of his son, and who, devout as he was, would never give way on any point to the court of Rome. In consequence of this state of things, the delegate of the Pope made but a short stay at Madrid. He received his passports on the 2nd of December, 1568, two months after his arrival, with orders to return immediately to Italy, by the route of Valencia and Barcelona. As Cervantes assures us himself that he served the Cardinal Acquaviva, at Rome, in quality of valet, it is probable that the nuncio, to whom the young Miguel had been presented among the poets who had celebrated the obsequies of the queen, conceived a regard for him, and feeling for his situation, and being struck with his talents, consented to admit him into what was then called the *family* of a great personage, which was not considered exactly the same as passing into his domestic service. It was, moreover, a very common practice for Spanish young gentlemen to accept of such situations, without being thought to degrade themselves, in the service of the Roman purple, either with the view of visiting Italy at little expense, or in the hope of gaining church preferment, from the favour and influence of their patrons.

It was in accompanying his new master, on his return to Rome, that Cervantes travelled, taking the road through Valencia and Barcelona, of which he repeatedly sounds the praise in his writings. He also visited the southern provinces of France, which he describes in his *Galatea*, for at no other period of his life could he have seen those countries.

Notwithstanding the luxurious indolence which the ante-chamber of the Roman Prelate might offer to him, and the opportunity, more delightful still, which it afforded him for indulging his taste for poetry, Cervantes did not remain long in this situation. In the following year, 1569, he enrolled his name among the Spanish troops, who then occupied part of Italy. For gentlemen in poor circumstances, no prospect of advancement was open, but that offered by the church or the army; Cervantes preferred arms, and became a private soldier. The word, by-the-way, had not exactly the same signification as at present, it meant the first step towards military rank, from which a youth could immediately be made an ensign, or even a captain. He did not, therefore, go for a common soldier, but, as the Spanish phrase run, *asentar plaza de soldado*, took the place of a soldier or volunteer.

The moment was well chosen for a man of courage like Cervantes. At that period a great quarrel had just broken out, which arrayed Christianity and Islamism against each other. Selim the Second, violating treaties, invaded, in a

time of profound peace, the Isle of Cyprus, which belonged to the Venetians. The latter implored aid from Pope Pius V., who immediately ordered his gallies to join those of Spain, under the order of Marc-Antony Colona, and the Venetian gallies. The combined fleet took its departure early in the summer of 1570 for the Levant, with a view of arresting the progress of the common enemy. But misunderstandings and indecision, on the part of the commanders, caused the first campaign to prove a failure. The Turks took Nicosie by assault, and extended their conquest over the whole island, while the Christian squadrons, separated by storms, were obliged severally to return to the ports from which they had started. Among the forty-nine Spanish gallies, which had united with the naval force of the Pope, under the superior orders of John André Dorea, were twenty Neapolitan gallies, commanded by the Marquis of Santa Cruz. These had reinforced their crews with five thousand Spanish soldiers, among which were comprehended the company of the brave Captain Diego de Urbina, which was detached from the regiment of Miguel de Moncada. It was in this company that Cervantes was then enrolled, and made the first trial of his new profession.

While he wintered with the fleet in the Port of Naples, military preparations were carried on vigorously by the three maritime powers of the South of Europe, and the diplomacy of the times laid the basis of a strict alliance. Eventually, on the 20th May, 1571, the famous treaty of the League was signed, between the Pope, the King of Spain, and the Republic of Venice. In the same treaty the powers agreed to receive, for the generalissimo of their combined forces, the natural son of Charles V., Don Juan of Austria, who had just distinguished himself by his debut in arms, having put an end to the long revolt of the Moors in Grenada.

Don Juan collected, with all possible expedition, in Barcelona, the veteran troops, whose valour he had proved in the war of Alpuxarres, and, among others, the famous regiments of Don Miguel de Moncada, and of Don Lope de Figueroa; and setting sail for Italy without delay, he entered, on the 26th of June, the harbour of Genoa with forty-seven gallies. After distributing the troops and the crews in the different vessels of the squadron, he proceeded to the port of Messina, in Sicily, where the combined fleet reassembled. In this arrangement, the Italian gallies of Jean André Doria, then in the service of Spain, received two new companies of veterans, formed from the regiments of Moncada d' Urbina and Rodrigo de Mora: Cervantes followed his Captain on board the galley Marquesa, commanded by Francesco Santo-Pietro.

The fleet of the confederates, having succoured Corfu, and cleared for some time the enemy's squadron, discovered it on the morning of the 7th of October, at the entrance of the gulf of Lepanto. An action commenced shortly after noon by the wing of Barbarigo, extending itself nearly along the whole line, which terminated at the close of day, in one of the most signal and murderous, but at the same time one of the most useless victories, recorded in the annals of modern times.

Cervantes was then suffering from an intermitting fever, and when the battle was about to begin, his captain and comrades earnestly pressed him to

withdraw to the lower deck of the galley; but the generous descendant from the conquerors of Seville, though enfeebled by sickness, far from yielding to this prudent suggestion, begged, as a favour, that his captain would assign to him a post of the greatest peril. He was placed near the shallop, among twelve soldiers of the *élite*. His galley, the Marquesa, was one of those most distinguished in the action: she boarded *The Captain of Alexandria*, killed nearly five hundred Turks, with their commander, and captured the royal standard of Egypt. In the midst of this bloody struggle, Cervantes received three arquebuss-wounds, two in the breast and one in the left hand, which was broken, in consequence of which he remained maimed through all his future life. Justly proud of having acted so noble a part in that memorable combat, Cervantes never regretted the loss of his hand, but often declared that he applauded himself for having paid this price, that he might be counted among the soldiers of Lepanto; and in proof of his courage, which he prized himself for, much more than for his wit, he loved to show the wounds received, as he would say, "on the most glorious occasion which had occurred in that century, or in those which had preceded it, or which, it could reasonably be hoped, would be witnessed for ages to come,—a triumph, which was among the stars destined to guide future warriors to the Heaven of honour."

Don Juan could have wished to follow up his victory, to carry the castles of Lepanto and Saint Maure, and to blockade the Turks in the Dardanelles, but the advanced season of the year, the want of provisions, the great number of sick and wounded which he had under his charge, and the express commands of his brother Philip, obliged him to return to Messina, which he reached on the last day of October. The troops were distributed in winter quarters, and the regiment of Moncada was stationed in the south of Sicily. For Cervantes, sick and wounded as he was, he could not quit Messina, and was compelled to remain six months in the hospital of that place. Don Juan, who had taken the most lively interest in his fate since the day after the battle, when he visited the different camps of his naval force, did not forget Cervantes in his sad retreat. Mention is made of little pecuniary grants sent to him from the pay office of the fleet, under date of the 15th and 23rd of January, and the 9th and 17th of March, 1572. Subsequently, when Cervantes had regained his health, an order of the Generalissimo, addressed on the 29th of April to the official paymaster of the fleet, gave the high allowance of three crowns per month to the soldier Cervantes, who served in a company of the regiment of Figueroa.

The campaign which followed that distinguished by the battle of Lepanto, was far from presenting the grand results which had been expected from it. Pius V., the soul of the league, was dead; the Venetians, whose interests suffered from the interruption of their commerce in the Levant, were no longer hearty in the cause; the Spaniards found themselves engaged almost single-handed against the Turks, who, strengthened by the diversion France made in their favour, against the Catholic king, the very year of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, threatening Spanish Flanders, had made great preparations, and threatened in their turn the coast of Sicily. Marc-Antony Colona, however, set sail on the 6th of June, for the Archipelago, with a portion of the confede-

rate fleet, and, among others, with thirty-six gallies of the squadron of the Marquis de Santa Cruz, with which was the company of the regiment of Figueroa, in which Cervantes had entered. Don Juan of Austria took his departure on the 9th of August with the rest of the fleet, but the two squadrons vainly sought to meet during the first part of the season. Afterwards, when they had at length joined, in the month of September, they lost, through the ignorance of the pilots, the opportunity for attacking, with advantage, the Turkish fleet, which had imprudently divided its forces in the ports of Navarin and Modon. After an useless attempt on the castle of Navarin, Don Juan was obliged to re-embark his troops, and to return at the commencement of November to the port of Messina. Cervantes recounts at length, in his history of "The Captive Captain," the details of the unsuccessful expedition 1572, in which he had taken a part.

Philip II., however, had not yet abandoned his design. He hoped to assemble, by the spring of the following year, three hundred gallies at Corfu, and to strike a blow at the Ottoman fleet which it should never recover. But the Venetians, who treated secretly with Selim, through the intervention of France, signed a treaty of peace in March, 1573. This unexpected defection broke up the league, and necessarily caused the projected attack on the Turks to be abandoned. To occupy the forces assembled by Spain, it was resolved to make a descent either on Algiers or Tunis: Philip and Don Juan both preferred attempting the latter, but the King only wished to overthrow the throne of the Turk Aluch-Aly, to place on it the Moor Muley-Mohammed, and to dismantle the fortresses which it cost so much to keep up, while the prince, his brother, to whom he denied the title of Infant of Spain, wished to make himself king of that country, in which the Spaniards, from the time of Charles V., had possessed the fort of Goletta.

The expedition was at first successful. After having landed his men at Goletta, Don Juan sent the Marquis of Santa Cruz at the head of several companies, the *élite* of his force, to take possession of Tunis, which had been abandoned by the Turkish garrison and nearly the whole of the inhabitants. Philip, however, not a little disturbed by the designs of the royal adventurer, sent an order for his immediate return into Lombardy. Don Juan obeyed, leaving but a weak garrison at Goletta and in the fort, which the Turks carried by assault towards the close of that year.

Cervantes, after being at Tunis with the Marquis of Santa Cruz, in the ranks of that famous regiment of Figueroa, which made, according to the historian Vander-Hamen, "the earth tremble at their muskets," returned to Palermo with the fleet. Thence he embarked under the Duke de Sesa, who attempted, but unsuccessfully, to relieve Goletta. Afterwards he went into winter quarters at Sardinia, and was thence recalled into Italy, with the gallies of Marcel Doria. It was at that time that Cervantes obtained from Don Juan, who had returned to Naples in June 1575, permission to return to Spain, from which he had been absent seven years.

From his connexion with these military expeditions, Cervantes was enabled to travel through Italy. He visited Florence, Venice, Rome, Naples, Palermo,

and the college of Bologna, founded for Spaniards by Cardinal Albornoz. He acquired the Italian language, and applied himself assiduously to the study of that literature which had formerly boasted the names of Boscan, Garcilaso, Hurtado de Mendoza, and which presented in his time those of Mesa, Virues, Mira de Amescua, and the brothers Leonardo de Argensola. This study had great influence on his subsequent labours, and on his general style, in which some of his contemporaries, belonging to the sect of *Anti-Petrarchists*, point out a number of Italianisms, which he took little care to disguise.

Cervantes, at that period twenty-eight years of age, lame, weakened by the fatigues of three campaigns, and having always served as a common soldier, resolved to visit his native country and his family. He might hope, in approaching the court, to gain a suitable recompense for his brilliant services. He obtained from his general more than a mere furlough: Don Juan of Austria gave him letters to the King, his brother, in which, warmly eulogising the soldier who was wounded at Lepanto, he entreated Philip immediately to confer on him the command of one of the companies, then in the course of being raised in Spain, to serve in Italy or Flanders. The viceroy of Sicily, Don Carlos of Arragon, Duke de Sesa, recommended also to the favour of the King and his ministers a soldier, till then neglected, who had won by his valour, his wit, and his exemplary conduct, the esteem of his comrades and also of his commanders.

Provided with such powerful recommendations, which promised a happy issue to his voyage, Cervantes embarked at Naples in the Spanish galley *El Sol* (the Sun), with his elder brother, Rodrigo, a soldier like himself, the general of artillery, Pero Diez Carrillo de Quesada, the late governor of Goletta, and many other military officers of distinction, who were, like himself, returning to their country. But new trials awaited Cervantes, and the period of repose had not yet arrived for him. On the 26th of September, 1575, the galley *El Sol* was surrounded by an Algerine squadron, under the command of Mami, an Albanian, who had gained the title of "Captain of the Sea." Three Turkish vessels boarded the Spanish galley, and, among others, a galleon, with twenty-two benches of rowers, commanded by Dali-Mami, a Greek renegade, who was called the Cripple. After a combat, as obstinate as it was unequal, in which Cervantes displayed his wonted bravery, the galley, obliged to strike her flag, was conducted in triumph to the port of Algiers, where the captives were divided among their conquerors. It was the lot of Cervantes to fall into the hands of Dali-Mami, who had acted so important a part in capturing the Christian ship.

This man was equally avaricious and cruel. As soon as he had read the letters addressed to the King by Don Juan of Austria and the Duke de Sesa, he supposed his prisoner to be a Spanish gentleman of the most noble family, and of the greatest importance to his own country. To obtain a high price and an early ransom, he loaded him with chains, threw him into prison, and subjected him to all kinds of privations and tortures. Such was the custom of those barbarous corsairs, when captives of distinction fell into their hands. They subjected them to the most cruel treatment, at least during the first period of their captivity, either to compel them to deny their faith, or to induce them

to consent that their relations and friends should be importuned to send promptly the price fixed for their redemption.

In this struggle against incessant persecution, Cervantes exhibited a high degree of heroism, more rare and more noble than mere courage, the heroism of patience—"that second description of valour," as it is called by Solis, "and the daughter of the heart, which the first inhabits." Far from yielding—far from sinking, Cervantes then conceived the project, afterwards repeatedly hazarded by him, of attempting to regain his liberty by his boldness and his perseverance. He wished also to restore all his companions to freedom, of whom he became the soul and the guide, by the superiority of his mind and his high character. Of these, the names of several have been preserved, and among them those of Don Francisco de Menesès, the ensigns Rios and Castaneda, a Serjeant named Navarrete, a certain Don Beltran del Salto y Castilla, and another gentleman named Osorio. Their first design, according to P. Haedo, was to proceed by land, as other captives had done, to Oran, which belonged at that time to Spain. They so far succeeded as to get out of Algiers with the assistance of a Moor of the country, who had been gained over by Cervantes to act as guide. This man, however, abandoned them on the second day, and the fugitives had no resource but to return to the houses of their masters, there to receive chastisement for their attempt to escape. Cervantes was considered the chief actor in the plot.

Some of his companions, among others the ensign Gabriel de Castaneda, were ransomed about the middle of the year 1576. Castaneda took upon himself to carry letters to the parents of Cervantes—letters, in which the two brothers gave an account of their deplorable situation. Rodrigo de Cervantes, their father, sold or mortgaged the small patrimony of his son, his own property, which was little more considerable, and even the dowries of his two unmarried sisters; thus condemning the whole family to poverty. These affectionate efforts, alas! were all useless. When the produce of the sales and the mortgage had been sent to Cervantes he wished to come to an arrangement with his master, Dali-Mami, but the renegade set too high a value on his captive to admit of his being ransomed on moderate terms. His demands were so exorbitant that Cervantes was obliged to renounce the hope of purchasing his liberty. He generously appropriated his share of the money to effect the redemption of his brother, which, a lower price being set upon him, was brought about in August, 1577. On leaving he promised to fit out, from Valencia or the Balearic Isles, very speedily an armed frigate, which should proceed to a certain indicated part of the African coast, to liberate his brother and the other Christians. He carried with him pressing letters, praying that this might be done, from many captives of high birth, to the viceroys of the maritime provinces.

This project was connected with a plan long since formed by Cervantes. Three miles from Algiers, on the eastern side of the town, there was a garden and summer-house belonging to Kaid Hassan, a renegade Greek. One of his slaves, named Juan, a Spaniard, native of Navarre, had secretly dug in this garden, which he was employed to cultivate, a sort of cave, or subterranean apartment. Thither, in obedience to directions given by Cervantes, from the end of February, 1577, the captive Christians successively repaired, as oppor-

tunity offered, and made it their residence. Their number, when Rodrigo left for Spain, already amounted to fourteen or fifteen. Cervantes then, without quitting his master, governed this little subterranean republic, providing for the wants and the safety of its members. This fact, which proves the great resources of his mind, might be somewhat doubted, if it were not proved by a multitude of testimonies and documents. He had, for his principal assistants in this enterprise, Juan, the Navarrese above mentioned, who kept the wicket, and would not suffer any one to approach Hassan's garden; and, afterwards, another slave called el Dorador (the Gilder), who, when very young, had forsaken his religion, and who had recently again become a Christian. The latter was charged with the task of carrying food to the cavern, which no one was allowed to leave but in the darkness of night. When Cervantes thought the arrival of the frigate might be expected, which his brother had undertaken to get sent, he made his escape from the house of Dali-Mami, and on the 28th of September, after taking leave of his friend, the Doctor Antonio de Sosa, who was too ill to accompany or follow him, he proceeded to take up his abode in the subterranean retreat.

His calculation was correct. In the interval which had passed, a ship was fitted out from Valencia or Majorca, under the command of an officer named Viana, who had but lately been ransomed; a man, active, brave, and well acquainted with the coast of Barbary. The frigate arrived within sight of Algiers on the 28th of September; and, after keeping the high sea all day, she approached at night the spot agreed upon, near the garden, to communicate with the captives, whence they might be embarked in a few moments. Unfortunately, some fishermen, who had not yet left their vessel, perceived, notwithstanding the gloom of night, the Christian frigate. They gave the alarm, collected a force to act against it, and Viana was obliged to retire to the open sea. He subsequently attempted to approach the shore a second time, but his attempt had a disastrous issue. The Moors were on their guard, they surprised the frigate where it was intended to effect a landing, made prisoners of all on board, and thus defeated the projected escape.

Up to that period, Cervantes and his companions had patiently endured, in the hope of regaining their liberty, all the privations, annoyances, and even the sickness which had been created among them by a long residence in their humid and gloomy cave. But that hope now failed them. The morning after the capture of the frigate, the Gilder, the renegade, who had been reconciled to the Church, and in whom Cervantes had reposed the utmost confidence, abjured it again, and hastened to make known to the Dey of Algiers, Hassan-Aga, the retreat of the captives whom Viana had purposed to carry off. The Dey, delighted with such intelligence, which enabled him, according to the custom of that country, to appropriate all those Christians, as lost slaves, to himself, sent the commandant of his guards, with thirty Turkish soldiers, to arrest the fugitives, and the gardener who concealed them. The soldiers, conducted by the treacherous informer, made their appearance unexpectedly, sword in hand, in the cavern. While they were securing the astonished Christians, Cervantes raised his voice, and, with a noble firmness, declared that "none of his com-

panions were at all to blame; that he alone had induced them to fly, had concealed them; and that, as he alone was the author of the plot, he alone ought to suffer for it." Astonished at conduct so generous, which went to draw down on the head of Cervantes all the wrath of Hassan-Aga, the Turks sent a messenger to their master, to make him acquainted with what had occurred. The Dey ordered that the captives should be conducted to a building reserved for his slaves, and that their chief should be immediately brought before him: Cervantes, loaded with chains, was conducted from the cavern, on foot, to the palace of Hassan, amidst the angry hootings of the excited populace.

The Dey interrogated him many times, and employed alternately the most flattering promises and most terrible threats, to induce him to betray his accomplices. Cervantes, deaf to all he could urge, inaccessible to fear, persisted in accusing himself alone. The Dey, tired of attempting to shake his resolution, and doubtless, in some degree touched by his magnanimity, contented himself with ordering him to be chained in his slave-house, or prison.

Kaïd Hassan, from the garden in which the fugitives had been taken, ran to the Dey, to demand that severe punishment should be awarded to all the captives; and, beginning with his slave Juan, the gardener, he hanged him with his own hands. The same fate would undoubtedly have been shared by Cervantes and his companions, had not the avarice of the Dey abated in some measure his natural cruelty. But the greater part of the prisoners were claimed by their former masters, and Cervantes himself was again placed in the power of Dali-Mami. Whether he had given the Dey some offence, or whether the latter thought this particular captive would be likely to be ransomed at a high price, is not known; but he, (the Dey,) purchased him shortly afterwards, paying for him five hundred crowns.

Hassan-Aga, who was of Venetian origin, and whose real name was Andreta, was one of the most ferocious wretches who had given Barbary an infamous celebrity by their monstrous crimes. What P. Haedo recounts of the atrocities, committed during his government, surpasses all belief, and makes the reader shudder with horror. He was not less terrible to his Christian slaves, of whom the number amounted to nearly two thousand, than he was to his Mussulman subjects. On this subject Cervantes says, in his "Captive Captain"—"Nothing caused us so much torment as the witnessing of the stupid cruelties which my master perpetrated on the Christians. Every day he ordered one to be hanged. One he impaled; he cut the ears off another, and that for nothing at all, or for offences so trifling, that the Turks themselves acknowledged that he committed crime merely for the pleasure of being criminal, and because his natural instinct led him to act the part of butcher to the human race."

Cervantes was purchased by Hassan-Aga about the end of February, 1577. Notwithstanding the rigour of his captivity, notwithstanding the imminent peril which threatened him on each attempt to escape, he never ceased using, to that end, all the means which circumstances offered, or which could be gained by his own address. In the course of the year 1578, he contrived to send a Moor to Oran, with letters addressed to Don Martin de Cordova, governor of the fortress; but this emissary was arrested, at the moment the object of his expedition was

on the point of being attained, and he, with his despatches, was brought back to the Dey of Algiers. Hassan-Aga caused the unfortunate messenger to be impaled; and condemned Cervantes, whose signature was attached to the letters to receive two thousand lashes. Some friends, however, who at the time surrounded the Dey, interposed their good offices, and once more the pitiless Hassan pardoned him. His clemency in this case was the more remarkable, as at this period, the barbarian caused three Spanish captives to be beaten to death in his presence, whose crime was, that they had attempted to fly by the same road, and who had been seized, and brought back to Algiers by the natives.

So much misfortune, and such repeated disasters, could not, however, conquer the resolution of Cervantes, and his mind was unceasingly occupied with plans for effecting his own emancipation, and that of the companions most dear to him. About September, 1579, he formed an acquaintance with a Spanish renegade, who was a native of Grenada, where he called himself the licentiate Giron, but who had assumed with the turban the name of Abd-al-Rhamen. This person seemed to repent the course he had pursued, and manifested a desire to return to his own country, and to seek a reconciliation with the Catholic Church; in concert with him, Cervantes formed a new project for effecting his escape. They applied to two Valencian merchants, established in Algiers, whose names were Onofre Exarque, and Balthazar de Torres. Both favoured the scheme; and the former gave about fifteen hundred doubloons to buy an armed frigate, with twelve benches of rowers, which the renegade Abd-al-Rhamen purchased, under the pretence of going on a cruise. The crew was engaged, and many persons of distinction, apprized by Cervantes of what was in contemplation, only waited for the signal to embark. One contemptible wretch sold them all; the Doctor Juan Blanco de Paz, a Dominican monk, went, like another Judas, attracted by the vile hope of gain, and betrayed to the Dey the scheme of his countrymen.

Hassan-Aga chose at first to dissemble. He wished, by seizing on the parties at the moment of making their attempt, to acquire the right of appropriating them to himself, as slaves condemned to death. Notwithstanding this, news of the perfidious betrayal got abroad, and the Valencian merchants could not doubt but the Dey was well acquainted with the arrangement in which they had participated, and had been the moving instruments. Trembling for his fortune and for his life, Onofre Exarque desired that Cervantes should escape by himself, as of his evidence he stood greatly in fear, expecting that confession would be extorted from him on the rack. He offered to ransom him at any price, and to send him immediately to Spain. But Cervantes, incapable of flight while impending danger was about to fall on his friends, rejected this offer, but he consoled the merchant, by swearing to him that neither torture, nor the dread of death, should induce him to accuse any one.

At this time, being ready to leave Algiers in the renegade's frigate, he had concealed himself in the dwelling of one of his old companions in arms, the ensign Diego Castellano. An order, issued by the Dey, was soon proclaimed in the streets, demanding the slave Cervantes, and threatening whoever should harbour him, with the severest punishment. Always generous, Cervantes

promptly relieved his friend from this dangerous responsibility; and voluntarily presented himself before the Dey, in some measure protected by the intercession of a renegade from Murcia, named Morato Raez Maltrapillo, who had gained the good graces of Hassan-Aga. The latter demanded from Cervantes the names of all his accomplices; and, in order to intimidate him the more, caused his hands to be tied behind his back, a rope being passed round his neck, giving him to understand that, failing to comply, he should be instantly conducted to the gallows. Cervantes manifested the same firmness of soul for which he had been distinguished before; he accused no one but himself; and declared that he had no accomplices but four Spanish gentlemen, who had recently obtained their liberty. His answers were so noble, and so ingenious, that Hassan-Aga was again moved. He contented himself with exiling the licentiate Giron to the kingdom of Fez; and with sending Cervantes to a cell in the prison of the Moors, where the sufferer languished for five whole months, shackled aud chained. Such was the price of that magnanimous act which procured for him, in the words of an ocular witness, the ensign Louis de Pedroso, "renown, honour, and a crown of glory, among his fellow Christians."

These several adventures, of which, Cervantes says, "that they would long remain in the recollection of the people of that country;" and P. Haedo likewise tells us, that "they would form a history by themselves," gave our author so much credit, both with the Christians and the Moors, that Hassan lived in constant apprehension of some enterprise being undertaken of a more general and more important character. Previously, two brave Spaniards had attempted to bring about an insurrection in Algiers. Cervantes, looked up to by twenty thousand captives then in the capital of the regency, might very well have entertained the same idea. One of his later historians, Fernandez-Navarrete, makes him do so; and even affirms that the attempt might have succeeded, but for the malevolence and ingratitude of which he was so often the victim. Be that as it may, Hassan-Aga stood so much in fear of his courage, his address,and the influence which he had gained over his companions in captivity, that he said of him, "while I keep this Spanish cripple under a secure guard, my capital, my slaves, and my gallies are safe." Nevertheless, (such is the power of true greatness,) Cervantes was the only prisoner whom the barbarian treated with forbearance and moderation. This is proved by the latter; who, speaking of himself in "The Captive Captain," says, "One only got on well with him. This was a Spanish soldier, named Saavedra; who performed actions which will long be remembered in that country, the object of them all being to recover his liberty. Hassan-Aga, however, never gave him a blow with the stick, nor caused him to be struck by others, nor addressed to him one injurious word; whilst each of the numerous attempts made by this captive to escape, made us all fear that he would be impaled; and he himself expected more than once, that such would be his fate."

Cervantes, chained in his cell, had little more to lament than the slaves, who were said to be free, and whose condition now became intolerable. By monopolising the commerce in grain, and all kinds of provisions, Hassan-Aga caused such a famine, that the streets of the city were strewed with the dead

bodies of the native inhabitants who died from hunger and disease. The Christians, fed from avarice rather than from compassion, did not receive from the Turks, their masters, more than was absolutely necessary to sustain life; notwithstanding they were still, without intermission, overwhelmed with the most severe tasks; for the great preparations which Philip the Second, was then making against Portugal, while announcing an expedition against Algiers, had alarmed the regency; and they compelled the prisoners to work day and night, to repair the fortifications, and to re-fit the fleet.

While Cervantes was making so many useless attempts in Algiers to win his liberty, his parents had recourse to every effort at Madrid, to procure it for him by the ordinary means of ransom. Having exhausted all their resources in 1577, to procure the release of his elder brother, they now caused an enquiry to be instituted, before one of the alcaldes of the court, under date of March 17th, 1578; at which many witnesses came forward to prove the honourable services of Cervantes, in the campaigns of the Levant, and the great distress of his family, which put it out of their power to effect his liberation by their own means. To this document, which was transmitted to the king, the Duke de Sesa, the late viceroy of Sicily, added a sort of certificate, in which he warmly recommended his old soldier to the benevolence of the monarch.

The death of the father of Cervantes interrupted these proceedings, and overwhelmed the unhappy family with the deepest affliction. In the following year Philip the Second resolved to send to Algiers commissioners of ransom. The father Fray Juan Gil, procurator-general to the order of the Holy Trinity, and who had besides the title of *Redeemer for the crown of Castile*, was entrusted with this mission, to which they joined another monk of the same order, named Fray Antonio de la Bella. Before these religious functionaries, on the 31st July, 1579, Donna Leonora de Cortinas and her daughter, Donna Andrea de Cervantes, presented themselves, bringing with them three hundred ducats to be applied towards the ransom of Miguel de Cervantes, their son and brother. Two hundred and fifty ducats were offered by the poor widow, and fifty by the daughter.

The redeemers set out on their journey, and reached Algiers, May 29th, 1580. They immediately commenced their honourable labours. But great difficulties for a long time opposed the liberation of Cervantes. The Dey, his master, demanded a thousand crowns for his freedom, being double the sum he had given for him; and threatened, if this were not paid immediately, to carry his slave to Constantinople. In effect, a firman from the Grand-Seignior, having been received, appointing a successor to the Government of the Regency, Hassan-Aga, prepared to carry off with him his wealth, and had already chained Cervantes to one of his gallies. The father Juan Gil, moved with compassion, and trembling lest this interesting prisoner should lose for ever the opportunity of regaining his liberty, used such earnest prayers and entreaties, that he at length effected his ransom, on paying five hundred crowns in Spanish gold. To raise this sum, he had found it necessary to borrow from several European merchants; and, at the same time, to draw heavily on the general redemption fund. At length, after having paid nine doubloons, as a

compliment to the officers of the galley, in which he had been placed as a rower, Cervantes was permitted to go on shore on the 19th Sept., 1580; at the very moment when Hassan-Aga, set sail for Constantinople. Thus was Cervantes preserved for his country and the world.

The first use which he made of his liberty, was to refute, in the most public and most convincing manner, the calumnies of which he had lately been the victim. His infamous traducer, the monk Juan Blanco de Paz, who falsely arrogated to himself the dignity of Commissary to the Holy office, had taken advantage of the close confinement of Cervantes, to attribute to him the exile of the renegade Giron; and also the failure of the last attempt of the captives to escape. Cervantes was no sooner free than he prayed the father Juan Gil to institute an enquiry into the facts. Eventually, the apostolic notary received the declarations of eleven Spanish gentlemen, of the highest distinction, among the captives, in answer to twenty-five questions which were submitted to them. This proceeding, in connection with which are found, minutely recounted, all the circumstances of the captivity of Cervantes, furnishes, besides, interesting details relating to his wit, his character, the purity of his manners, and that noble devotion to the cause of the unhappy, which gained him so many friends Among the testimonials thus obtained, may be mentioned one by Don Diego de Benavides; which states, that, on his arrival at Algiers, desiring to be informed who were the principal Christian captives, Cervantes was named to him in the first rank, because he was loyal, noble, virtuous, of excellent character, and beloved by the other gentlemen. This Benavides sought for the friendship of Cervantes; and was so cordially received, that he describes himself as having found in him a father and mother. The carmelite monk, Fray Feliciano, likewise declares, that, after detecting the falsehood of a calumnious accusation circulated against Cervantes, he had become his friend; like all the other captives who envied the reputation he enjoyed for his noble conduct, his Christian, honourable and virtuous character. In addition to what has already been stated, Louis de Pedrosa declares, that, of all the gentlemen residing in Algiers, no one had rendered more good than Cervantes had done to the other prisoners, or been more distinguished by unsullied honour. Signalized above all the rest, there was an indescribable grace attached to his actions; and for high-minded feeling, prudence and reflection, few men could be compared with him.

Is it matter of astonishment, when the strange events of his captivity are considered, that Cervantes preserved the memory of them in his after life, and found in his own adventures, subjects for dramas and novels, and that he made, in almost all his works, allusions not easily to be understood, without a previous acquaintance with the course of his eventful life? He never forgot the manner in which he had been restored to freedom, and gratitude dictated to him, in the tale called the Anglo-Spaniard, a just eulogium on the good redeemers. Provided with the minutes of the enquiry made by the notary Pedro de Ribera, and the individual certificate of father Juan Gil, he about the end of October, 1580, experienced, to use his own expression, "one of the greatest joys a human being can taste in this world; that of returning, after a long period of

slavery, safe and sound to his native land"——"for, on earth," he adds in another place, "there is no good which can equal that of regaining lost liberty."

Misfortune soon drove him from the bosom of his family. At the period of his return, Philip II. remained convalescent at Badajoz, after the death of his second wife, Anne of Austria. That monarch entered Portugal on the 5th of December, which the Duke of Alba had recently conquered and tranquillized. The Spanish army, however, still occupied the country, as well to secure its submission, as to pave the way for an attack on the Azores, where the friends of the Prior of Ocrato continued to hold out. Rodrigo de Cervantes, after his ransom, had re-entered the service, and had probably re-joined his old corps, the regiment of the Camp Major General, Don Lope de Figueroa. Our author determined to do the same; and the man whom the Dey of Algiers had feared, though chained in his slave prison-house, resumed, with his mutilated hand, the musket of a private soldier. Cervantes embarked, in the summer of 1581, in the squadron of Don Pedro Valdes, who had orders to make a descent on the Azores, and to protect the commerce of the Indies. He made the campaign in the following year, under the orders of the Marquis de Santa Cruz; and was in the naval battle which that admiral gained on the 25th of July, within sight of the island of Terceira, over the French fleet, which had taken part with the insurgents of Portugal. The galeon San-Mateo, which carried the veterans of Figueroa, among which Cervantes was unquestionably to be found, took a most conspicuous part in this victory. Afterwards, the two brothers made the campaign of 1583, and were at the taking of Terceira, which was captured by assault. Rodrigo de Cervantes distinguished himself in this affair, and was one of the first to spring on shore, for which he received the rank of ensign, on the return of the fleet.

Notwithstanding his humble rank in the army, from which merit only could redeem him, in the absence of fortune, Cervantes boasts, on his return to Portugal, where he went into winter quarters, that he was admitted into the most distinguished circles. He had there, by a lady of Lisbon, a natural daughter named Donna Isabel de Saavedra, who continued with him the remainder of his life, even after his marriage, as he never had another child.

It was love that caused Cervantes to devote himself to the study of letters. In the interval between his campaigns, he made the acquaintance of a young lady of a noble family of the little town of Esquivias, in Castile: her name was Donna Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano. He became passionately in love with her, and found means, in the midst of a soldier's stormy life, to write in her honour the poem called Galatea. This poem, which he calls an eclogue, is a pastoral novel, wholly in the manner of that time, in which he contrived to recount, as a tale of fiction, part of his own adventures; to praise the leading wits of the day; and, above all, to offer the lady, the object of his affection, a delicate but impassioned homage. It cannot be doubted, from the example of Rodrigo de Cota, author of the Celestina—of Jorge de Montemayor, author of the Diana; and from the direct testimony of Lope de Vega, that Cervantes, under the name of *Elicia*, a shepherd on the shores of the Tagus, represented

the story of his own love for Galatea, a shepherdess, *born on the shores of the same river*. Nor can it be doubted, that the other shepherds introduced into the fable, Tircis, Damon, Meliso, Siralvo, Lauso, Larsileo, Artidoro, are intended to image Francisco de Figueroa, Pedro Lainez, Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, Luis Galvez de Montalvo, Luis Barahona de Soto, Don Alonzo de Ercilla, Andres Rey de Artieda, his own friends, all writers, more or less celebrated in their day. The *Galatea*, of which we have but the first part, is remarkable for the purity of its style, the beauty of the descriptions, and the delicacy of it pictures of love. But the shepherds of Cervantes are too erudite, too philosophical, too eloquent; and the somewhat ill-regulated fecundity of his genius led him to heap up episode upon episode, with too little order, and with bu indifferent taste. These are the defects of which Cervantes accuses himself in the prologue to his pastoral; and which he would, doubtless, have avoided in the second part, which he often promised, but never made the promise good.

The *Galatea*, dedicated to the abbot of Saint Sophia, Ascanio Colona, son of Marc Antonio Colona, the admiral under whom he had formerly served, was published at the close of 1584; and on the 14th of December, in that year, Cervantes, then thirty-seven years of age, married the heroine of his poem. The father of Donna Catalina de Palacios Salazar was dead, and the widow promised, when her daughter was affianced, to give her a moderate dower, in moveable goods and other property. This was done two years afterwards; and in the contract of marriage, dated August the 9th, 1586, before the notary Alonzo de Aguilera, Cervantes, in like manner, settles on his wife one hundred ducats, which are stated to be the tenth part of his property.

Having left the army, after so many years of service, a private soldier as he had entered it, and become a citizen of Esquivias, the monotonous dullness of which life ill-accorded with the activity of his mind, Cervantes, urged by his circumstances to seek for some addition to his very moderate means, recalled his earlier dreams, and resumed the first occupation of his youth. The proximity of Madrid enabled him to visit the capital frequently, and, indeed, almost to reside there. It was there that he again became intimate with many authors of the time, and, among others, with Juan Rufo, Lopez Maldonado, and, above all, with Vicente Espinel, the author of the romance of *Marcos de Obregon*, which Le Sage has turned to such good account in his Gil Blas. It is even probable, that Cervantes was admitted to a sort of academy, which a nobleman had just opened in his house at Madrid; who thus did, near the court of Philip II., what had made Ferdinand Cortes illustrious at that of Charles V. Cervantes, at least, speaking in one of his novels of the Italian academies, mentions the *imitatorial academy* of Madrid.

During the four years immediately following his marriage, Cervantes again became a man of letters, as well as a citizen of Esquivias, and gave up pastoral poetry, which brought him nothing, to devote himself exclusively to the theatre. It was while he was yet a child, that the Spanish theatre, emancipated from the church and *secularized*, if such an expression may be used, began to exhibit in public the entertainments of Lope de Rueda, a wandering Æschylus, author as well as actor, the humble, but the undoubted founder of the stage which was

subsequently to be illustrated by Lope de Vega, Calderon, Moreto, Tirso de Molina, and Solis, whence Corneille and Molière were to derive their inspiration. The court of Spain, which had always been accustomed to move from the capital of one province to another, fixed its residence permanently at Madrid in 1561; and, about the year 1580, the two theatres, *de la Cruz* and *del Principe*, which still exist, were erected. At that time, there were some superior minds, who did not disdain to labour for the scene, which till then had been neglected or abandoned to the heads of strolling companies, who composed for themselves the farces, which formed their stock list. Cervantes was one of the earliest to enter on this new career, and his first production was a comedy, written in six acts, founded on his own adventures, and entitled *Los Tratos de Argel*. This was followed by more than twenty others, among which he himself mentions, with satisfaction and with praise, *La Numancia*, *La Batalla Naval*, *La Gran-Turquesca*, *La Entretenida*, *La Casa de los zelos*, *La Jerusalen*, *La Amaranta o la del Mayo*, *El Bosque amoroso*, *La Unica y bizarra Arsinda*, and, above all, *La Confusia*, which appeared, as he thought, to admirable advantage on the stage. "I," said he, "did not hesitate to reduce comedies to three acts from five, in which they had been written till then. I was the first who represented imagination and the secret thoughts of the soul; giving moral impersonations to the theatre, for the gratification of the public, who received them with general applause. I wrote, at this period, from twenty to thirty comedies, which were all well received, wthout having a single cucumber or projectile thrown at them; and each had its run, without encountering hisses, hootings, or groanings."

All these pieces, as part of our author's writings, were long known but by name; and their loss was much regretted. It was thought that, with an imagination so rich, so much vivacity, an understanding of so high an order, and a taste so pure,—that with his knowledge of the rules of the drama, as displayed in many parts of Don Quixote,—and after the praises which he so ingenuously bestows on himself, as a comic playwright, together with the singular talent which he has really displayed in his interludes;—it was thought, all these things borne in mind, that his so lauded dramatic compositions must be pre-eminent. Unfortunately for his theatrical renown, three or four of them have been recovered; and, among others, *La Numancia*, *La Entretenida*, and *Los Tratos de Argel*. These pieces are far from justifying the regrets which their loss had excited; and the reputation of their author would assuredly have gained by their only being known from the parental judgment which he had pronounced upon them It is a curious instance, and not the only one which he furnishes, of the incapacity of a man of superior genius to form a just estimate of his own works.

Of the plays, above mentioned as regained, the best is, unquestionably, the *Numancia*. Though far removed from perfection, it is incomparably better than the tragedies of Lupercio de Argensola, on which Cervantes is prodigal of eulogium. (vide Don Quixote, part I. chap. 48;) a circumstance very remarkable, coming, as it does, from a pen so little accustomed to flattery. In the heroic sentiments of a people who devote themselves to death, rather

than submit to lose their liberty; in the touching episodes which grow out of a catastrophe so immense; in the enthusiasm, the friendship, the love, and the maternal fondness displayed in connection with it—he displays all the energy and delicacy of a soul so noble, and yet so tender. But still, taken altogether, the drama is defective; the plan vague and unconnected, the details incoherent, and the interest, being too much divided, fatigues attention and exhausts itself. Upon the whole, the best productions which Cervantes has given to the stage, are his interludes, little pieces called *saïnétès*, farcical entertainments; which were acted then, not after a regular play, but between the acts of more important performances. Nine interludes, by Cervantes, have been discovered, *El Juez de los divorcios, El Ruffian viudo, La Eleccion de los alcaldes, &c.* which are, for the most part, models of whimsical buffoonery.

Poor Cervantes did not long find, in theatrical success, the profit and glory which he had expected. That source of emolument was soon dried up. "Comedies," as he himself says, in his prologue, "have their times and seasons." It was at this period, that that prodigy of nature, the great Lope de Vega came to claim the comic monarchy as his own; to bring under his jurisdiction all actors, and to fill the world with his plays." Driven from the theatre, like many others, by the unheard of fecundity of Lope de Vega, Cervantes was compelled to seek another occupation—one, undoubtedly, less to his taste, less brilliant, and less noble; but which might give him bread, More than forty years of age, without patrimony, unrecompensed for his twenty years of service and suffering, he had to sustain the burthen of a family, which was increased by two sisters and his natural daughter. A counsellor of finance, Antonio de Guevara, was appointed, in 1588, as Commissary at Seville to victual ships and fleets sailing to the Indies; with the right of naming four commissioners to assist in the performance of his duty. At this time he was engaged in completing the equipment of that *invincible Armada*, which the English and the tempests destroyed. Guevara offered one of these situations to Cervantes, who, in consequence, set out for Andalusia, accompanied by all his family, with the exception of his brother Rodrigo, who was still serving with the army in Flanders.

Here then we see the author of 'Galatea,' the dramatist twenty times successful, compelled to become clerk to a victualler of the navy! But this was not all: he solicited from the king by a petition dated May 1590, some employment as paymaster in New Grenada, or as corregidor in the little town of Goetemala. He, in fact, wished to go to America, which he mentions as "the common refuge for desperate Spaniards." Happily his petition was buried among the papers of the Council of the Indies.

The abode of Cervantes at Seville was of long duration. Excepting several excursions into Andalusia and a single journey to Madrid he remained there ten consecutive years. After having been clerk to the victualler of the fleet, Guevara, up to 1590, he filled the same situation for the ensuing two years, under Pedro de Isunza, the successor of Guevara. Afterwards, when this subordinate situation failed him, by the suppression of the superior office, he became a business agent, and lived for many years by the commissions given him by municipal bodies, and rich individuals, among whom may be named Don Her-

nando de Toledo of Cigales, whose affairs he managed, and made a friend of his employer.

In the midst of occupations so unworthy of him, and so uncongenial to his taste, Cervantes, would not bid the muses a last adieu: he still secretly worshipped at their shrine, and carefully kept alive the sacred fire of his genius. The house of the celebrated painter Francisco Pacheco, master and father-in-law of the great Velasquez, was open then to every variety of merit. The studio of the artist, who likewise cultivated poetry, was, to use the words of Rodrigo Caro, the regularly established academy or rendezvous for all men of genius in Seville. Cervantes was among its most constant visitors, and his portrait figures in that invaluable gallery, containing more than a hundred distinguished persons, who had been painted and brought together by the pencil of its proprietor. In that academy he contracted a friendship with the illustrious lyric poet Fernando de Herrera, whose memory has been almost suffered to perish by his countrymen; as they neither know the date of his birth nor that of his death, nor any particulars of his life, and whose works, or rather the few of them which remain, were found in fragment in the portfolios or scrap books of his friends. Cervantes wrote a sonnet on the death of Herrera, but was equally the friend of another poet, Juan de Jauregui; the elegant translator of the Aminta of Tasso, whose translation, equalling the original, has the rare privilege of being so accounted among classic works. The painter Pacheco, studied poetry; the poet Jauregui, practised painting, and, as well as his friend, produced a portrait of Cervantes.

It was during his abode at Seville, that Cervantes wrote most of his novels; which successively increased in number, were collected and published long afterwards, between the two parts of Don Quixote. The adventures of two celebrated robbers, who were apprehended at Seville, in 1569; and of whom the history was still generally known, furnished matter for his *Rinconete y Cortadillo*. The plunder of Cadiz, where on the 1st July, 1596, an English force was landed from the fleet, commanded by Admiral Howard and the Earl of Essex, suggested to him the idea of the *Anglo Spaniard*. He also wrote at Seville *El Curioso impertinente*, which he inserted in the first part of Don Quixote; *El Zeloto Estremeno*, and *La Tia fingida*, founded on recollections of his abode at Salamanca, of which, for a long period the title only was known, and which has but lately been discovered in manuscript.

Up to the time of Cervantes, since the wars of Charles the Vth., which opened to Spain a knowledge of Italian literature, Spanish writers had confined themselves to translating the licentious tales of the Decameron, and to imitations of Boccacio. Cervantes, therefore, is justified in saying in his prologue, "I present myself as the first who has written novels in Spanish, for though there are a great number printed and circulated in our language, they are all borrowed from foreign authors. Those which I have produced are mine; they are neither imitations nor thefts; my mind engendered and my pen gave them birth." He termed them *Novelas ejemplares*, "example novels," to distinguish them from Italian tales, and because, as he said, there was no one of them from which some useful example might not be drawn. They are further divided into two classes, *serious* and *jocose*. Of the former there are seven, and eight of the latter.

On the occasion of the death of Philip II., which occurred on 13th September, 1598, a magnificent catafalque was erected in the cathedral of Seville, "the most wonderful funereal monument," writes one who saw and recorded the ceremony, "that human eyes had ever the happiness to behold." It was on this occasion, that Cervantes wrote that famous burlesque sonnet, in which he ridicules with so much humour the bombast of the Andalusians, the Gascons of Spain, and which he calls, in one of his late works, "The Journey to Parnassus," the *principal* honour of his writings. The date of that sonnet serves to fix the time of his residence at Seville, which he left shortly afterwards never to return. The cause of this was as follows.

Cervantes, who in many respects resembled Camoens, experienced the worst misfortune which embittered the life of that great man, when he was accused of malversations, in his office of commissioner of the victualling department at Macao, thrown into prison, and brought before the tribunal of accounts. Like the poet of the Lusiad, Cervantes remained poor, and clearly proved his innocence. Towards the close of 1594, when engaged at Seville, in settling the accounts of his commissariat, and when he was recovering with difficulty some arrears, Cervantes transmitted repeatedly sums of money to the treasurer at Madrid, in bills of exchange drawn from Seville. One remittance arising from the taxation of the district of Velez-Malaga, and amounting to 7,400 reals was sent by him in specie to a merchant at Seville, named Simon Freire de Lima, who undertook to convey it to the treasury in Madrid. It was then that Cervantes made a journey to the capital, and not finding there the cash which he had transmitted, he reclaimed from the merchant the sum which he had confided to him, but, in the mean time, Freire had failed, and fled from Spain. Cervantes returned immediately to Seville, where he found that all the goods of his debtor had been seized by other creditors. He upon this, addressed a petition to the king, and a decree of the 7th August, 1595, ordered doctor Bernardo de Olmedilla, judge of *los grados*, at Seville, to take by privilege from the assets of Freire, the sum which had been remitted by Cervantes. That judge effectually enforced the claim, and forwarded the amount to the Treasurer General, Don Pedro Mesia de Tobar, by a bill of exchange drawn November 22, 1596.

The tribunal of the Treasury exerted the greatest severity in adjusting the accounts of all connected with the Exchequer, which had been completely drained by the conquests of Portugal and Terceira, by the campaigns in Flanders, the destruction of the invincible Armada, and the ruinous experiments made by certain charlatans in finance, who were called at that time *arbitristas*. The inspector general, to whom Cervantes had been but the agent, was conducted to Madrid to make up his accounts. He represented, that all the documents necessary as vouchers, were at Seville in the hands of Cervantes. A royal order dated Sept. 6, 1597, directed in a summary way, the judge Gaspar de Vallejo, to arrest, and to send Cervantes under a proper escort to the prison of the capital, there to be dealt with by the tribunal of accounts. He was in consequence, forthwith committed to prison, but, having offered security for the payment of 2,641 reals, to which the alleged deficiency was reduced, he was released under a second order dated December 1st, of the same year, on condition

that he presented himself before the court within thirty days to pay the balance.

It is not exactly known how this first proceeding against Cervantes terminated; but, some years afterwards, he was again disturbed on account of this paltry claim for 2,641 reals. The inspector of Baza, Gaspar Osorio de Tejada, presented in his accounts, at the end of 1602, an acknowledgement from Cervantes, proving, that that sum had been received by him in 1594, when he was commissioned to recover arrears of claims on that city and district. Having consulted on this point, the judges of the court of the Treasury, made a report dated Valladolid Jan. 24th, 1603, in which they gave an account of the arrest of Cervantes in 1597, for this same sum, and of his conditional enlargement, adding, that since he had not appeared before them. It was on this occasion that Cervantes went with all his family to Valladolid, where for two years Philip the III., had held his Court. Proof has been obtained, that, on the 8th February 1603, his sister Donna Andrea was engaged in superintending the household and wardrobe of a certain Don Pedro de Toledo Osorio, Marquis de Villafranca, who had returned from the expedition to Algiers. Among the papers found there are house-keeping accounts, which prove the distress of Cervantes, and of his family and many notes and bills, in his hand writing. He settled his affairs with the tribunal of accounts either by proving an anterior payment, or by satisfying the claim at this period, for the suit commenced against him ceased, and he passed the rest of his life peaceably in the vicinity of that tribunal by which he had been so sharply treated. The honour of Cervantes requires that these minute details should thus be stated; but if it were necessary to prove by other evidence that his probity stood above all suspicion, it would suffice to recall the fact, that he himself mentions in a spirit of gaiety, his numerous imprisonments. It would have been too much for effrontery itself to do this, if he had been subjected to them by any disgraceful action; and his enemies, those who envied his talents and detracted from his merit in every possible way, and reproached him even with his crippled hand, would not have failed to wound, in the most vulnerable part, the self-love of the gifted writer.

The materials for tracing the course of Cervantes here present a serious hiatus. Nothing is known of him with certainty from 1598, when he wrote at Seville the sonnet on the tomb of Philip II, till 1603, when he had returned to Valladolid where the court then resided. It is, however, during this interval of five years, that he conceived, commenced, and nearly finished the first part of Don Quixote. Many circumstances render it probable that he quitted Seville with his family about the year 1599, and that he settled in some village of La Mancha, a province where he had relations established, and where he had a variety of engagements. The promptitude with which he appeared before the tribunal of accounts held at Valladolid, in 1603, seems to prove that be must have been residing at some place nearer than Andalusia; and the perfect knowledge which he shows in his romance of the localities, and manners of La Mancha, likewise prove, that he must have remained there for a considerable period. It is probable that he had fixed his abode at Argamasilla de Alba, and that, in placing himself there, the country of his insane gentleman, he designed to ridicule the inhabitants of

that village, who precisely at that date were carrying on, for certain claims to pre-eminence, quarrels so disgraceful, and law-suits so obstinate, that, according to the chronicles of the time, they had, from the ruin they caused, and the constant collision of individuals, the effect of diminishing the numbers of the population not a little.

When we see it announced by Cervantes, in his prologue to Don Quixote, that the offspring of his genius was "The history of a child, meagre, adust, and whimsical————born in a prison, where every inconvenience keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation;" we ask, with eager curiosity, on what occasion, at what period, and in what country, did he obtain the sad leisure for his mind to give birth to one of the finest efforts of human wit? It has generally been the opinion out of Spain, for a long time, that he conceived and begun his work in the cells of the Holy Inquisition. It would be difficult, as Voltaire says, for any one to calumniate the Holy Inquisition whatever he might say; but, in the midst of all his troubles, Cervantes had at least the happiness to avoid any quarrel with that fraternity. On the subject of his imprisonment in La Mancha, a thousand conjectures have been hazarded; but all is still uncertainty: some believe that this misfortune befel him in the village of Toboso, in consequence of a bitter sarcasm, addressed to a female, whose offended relatives took this method of avenging the insult. It is, however, almost generally admitted, that it was the inhabitants of the village of Argamasilla de Alba, who threw Cervantes into a gaol, being exasperated against him, either because he exacted from them the arrears of tithes claimed by the grand priory of San Juan, or because that he deprived them of the small rills that irrigated their lands, which they had drawn from the waters of the Guadiana, to carry on the Government salt-petre works. It is certain that they show to this day, in that village, an ancient edifice called the *Casa de Medrano*, which the immemorial tradition of the country has distinguished as the prison of Cervantes. It is equally certain that the poor commissioner of tithes, or of gunpowder, remained there a very long time; and in so miserable a condition, that he was obliged to have recourse to his uncle, Don Juan Barnabe de Saavedra, citizen of Alcazar de San Juan, to solicit protection and assistance. The recollection of a letter, written by Cervantes at that time to his uncle, is preserved, which commenced with these words, "Long days and short, or rather sleepless nights fatigue me in this prison, or, to speak more correctly, this cavern." It is in reference to this severe treatment, that he begins Don Quixote with an expression of mild resentment. "Domiciled in a village of La Mancha, the name of which I purposely omit."

Returned, after an absence of thirteen years, from what was called the Court, that is to say to the city in which the residence of the king was established, Cervantes found himself as in a foreign country. Another prince, and other favorites governed the state, and his former friends were dead, or widely dispersed. If the soldier of Lepanto, if the author of Galatea, had found neither justice nor protection while his titles to consideration were fresh in the minds of men, what could he hope for from the successors of Philip the second, and his ministers, after being forgotten for so many years. Notwithstanding the discouragements of his situation, pressed by the necessities of his family, Cervan-

tes resolved on a last effort. He presented himself at the levee of the duke of Lerma, the Atlas, as he was called, who thus sustained the whole weight of the monarchy, who was, in other words, the omnipotent dispenser of court patronage. The proud favorite treated him with contempt; and Cervantes, wounded to the bottom of his proud but susceptible soul, renounced, for ever, the part of dancing attendance on the great. From that time, his hours were divided between business agencies and the labours of his pen. He lived, resigned to his lot, in retirement, and with humble means, on the produce of his labours, and the assistance he received from his patrons, the Count de Lemos, and the Archbishop of Toledo.

The unfortunate situation in which Cervantes found himself, poor and despised, caused him to hasten the publication of Don Quixote, at least of the first part of it, in which he had already made great progress. He obtained permission of the king to print it under date of the 26th Sept. 1604. It was, however, necessary to find a Macænas to accept the dedication, and to allow it to be brought forward, under the protecting shadow of his name. In conformity with established custom, this was indispensable to Cervantes, poor and unknown, and for a work like his. If his book, the title of which might mislead, were taken for a mere romance of chivalry, it might have fallen into the hands of people, who, not finding in it the extravagancies they sought, would have been incapable of appreciating the delicate satire it threw on a taste depraved like theirs. On the other hand, if it should be immediately recognised and comprehended, the subtile and bold criticisms there combined, in a thousand allusions to the principal object of criticism, rendered high protection eminently desirable. The patronage of a grandee, would avert the evil he dreaded on either hand. Cervantes, under these circumstances, made choice of Don Alonzo Lopez de Zuniga y Sotomayor, seventh duke of Bejar, one of those specimens of noble blood, who condescend to bestow on letters and the fine arts, the encouraging smile of their titled ignorance. It is stated that the duke, on learning that Don Quixote was a work of raillery, fancied it would compromise his dignity, and refused to accept its dedication. Cervantes, affecting to give way to the repugnance thus manifested by the duke, only requested the favour of being permitted to read one chapter of the work to his lordship. This being conceded, such was the surprise and the pleasure which the reading afforded to his auditory, that from chapter to chapter, he was obliged to go on to the end of the book. The author was overwhelmed with praise, and the duke, yielding to the general prayer of those present, permitted himself to be immortalized.

It is likewise said, that an ecclesiastic, steward to the Duke of Bejar, who at the same time regulated his house and governed his conscience, shocked at the success of Cervantes, censured the book and the author with equal bitterness, and severely reproached the duke for the favourable reception which both had received from him. This morose monk had no doubt great influence over his client, for the duke forgot Cervantes, who, in his turn, dedicated nothing else to him. He indeed revenged himself after his own fashion, by representing the scene which has been described, with the several personages engaged in it, in the second part of Don Quixote.

The first part was published in 1605. It may be as well before going further

with this narrative, to explain what was, as to the special object of the book, the state of things at the time when it made its appearance.

The period at which it is supposed knight-errantry flourished, and within which the adventures of the paladins is comprehended, is between the extinction of ancient, and the rise of modern civilization. It was in those days of darkness and barbarism, when might was right, when justice was rendered by wager of battle, when feudal anarchy incessantly desolated the land, when religious power called to the aid of the civil authority, could find no other means than "The truce of God," to secure to a nation a few days of peace. Certainly at such an epoch, it might have been well that a brave knight should devote himself to the defence of the unfortunate and the protection of the oppressed. A warrior of high rank, lance in hand, and covered with armour, who should thus have traversed the world seeking occasions to exercise his noble profession, the generosity of his heart, and the prowess of his arm, might have been a glorious benefactor entitled to the gratitude and admiration of mankind. When he had destroyed some of the banditti who infested the high roads, or drawn from their retreats other escutcheoned robbers, who, from their castles built on the summits of the rocks, pounced like an eagle from his nest, on the helpless passengers who presented themselves an easy prey to violence; when he had delivered captives from their chains, snatched an innocent man from punishment, brought a murderer to justice, hurled a usurper from the throne—when he had in fact renewed in this primeval age of modern society, the labours of Hercules, of Theseus, of the demi-gods of a former world in its infancy—then his name, repeated from mouth to mouth, would have been preserved in the memory of men, with all the decorations of traditional history. On the other hand, women, whom public manners did not as yet protect from outrage, which they wanted bodily strength to resist, would become the principal object of the generous care of the knight-errant. Gallantry, that new description of love, unknown to antiquity, the gallantry to which christianity has given birth, mingling with sensual pleasures, respect, and a species of religious worship, would blend the knight's sweetest enjoyments with the justice his lance might administer, and thus divide his existence between war and love.

There was assuredly in the subject, treated in a certain way, matter not for a book, but for the whole literature of a country. It was easy to connect with the history of knights-errant, that of the customs of the age in which they lived, descriptions of tournaments and fêtes, the gallant justice of the courts of love, the songs of troubadours, the exhibitions of dancers and the pilgrimages of monks or warriors to the Holy-Land; and the east was open, with all its wonders, to the writer of romance. But it was not thither that they shaped their course, or at least it was not there that authors of chivalry were content to stop. Without respect for truth, or even for probability, they heaped up at pleasure the grossest blunders in history, in geography, in philosophy and even added the most dangerous errors in morals. They only knew how to tell of blows of the lance and blows of the sword, of perpetual battles, of incredible exploits, of inconsistent adventures put together from end to end without plan, connection, or intelligence; they mixed tenderness with ferocity, vice with super-

stition; they called to their aid giants, monsters, enchanters, and in fine each strove to surpass by exaggerations, impossibilities and wonders.

Nevertheless, by their very defects, books of this description could not fail to please. At the time when they appeared, some learned men had, it is true, made a noble beginning to seek the treasures of antiquity among its ruins: but the multitude, ignorant and idle, were still without wholesome aliment to fill up their leisure and the void left in their minds. On such prey they sprang with greediness. Besides, since the crusades, a general taste for adventurous enterprises had marvellously prepared them for chivalric romances, and if these had found in Spain more popular and more lasting success than any where else, it was because in Spain, more than in any other place, the taste for a chivalrous career was deeply rooted. To eight centuries of incessant warfare against the Moors and the Arabs, had succeeded the discovery and conquest of the New World, and then came the wars of Italy, Flanders and Africa. How can we be astonished at the passion evinced for books of chivalry, in a country where the examples set forth in them had been actually reduced to practice? Don Quixote was not the first madman of his kind, and the fictitious hero of La Mancha had had living precursors, models of flesh and blood. If we open the "Illustrious Men of Castile," by Hernando del Pulgar, we shall there see the well known extravagance of Don Suéro de Quinonès, son of the chief magistrate of the Asturias, spoken of with praise, who, having agreed to break three hundred lances, in order to ransom himself from the chains cast around him by his lady, defended during thirty days the pass of Orbigo, as did Rodomont the bridge of Montpellier. The same chronicler, without departing from the reign of John II., (from 1407 to 1454,) mentions a crowd of warriors personally known to him, such as Gonzalo de Guzman, Juan de Merlo, Gutierre Quejada, Juan de Polanco, Pero Vazquez de Sayavedra, Diego Varela, who not only visited their neighbours the Moors of Grenada, but traversed foreign countries, like true knights-errant, France, Germany and Italy, offering to break a lance in honour of their ladies, with any who would accept of their challenge.

This immoderate taste for romance of chivalry soon bore its fruits. Young persons estranged from the study of history, which did not offer sufficient matter for their ill-regulated curiosity, took the books of their choice, offering as models both in language and manners. Obedience to the caprice of women, adulterous amours, false points of honour, sanguinary vengeance for the most trivial injuries, unbridled luxury, contempt for social order, all these were brought into practice, and books of chivalry thus became not less fatal to good manners, than to good taste.

These fatal consequences excited at first the zeal of the moralists. Luis Vivès, Alexo Venegas, Diego Gracian, Melchor Cano, Fray Luis de Granada, Malon de Chaïde, Arias-Montano, and other sensible and pious writers, expressed aloud their indignation at the evil effects produced by such reading. The laws afterwards came to their aid. A decree of Charles V. issued in 1543, ordered the viceroys and courts of the New-World not to suffer, by either Spaniard or Indian, any romance of chivalry to be printed, sold or read. In 1555, the Cortes of Valladolid claimed, in a very energetic petition, the same prohibi-

tion for the Peninsula, and still more, demanded that all the books of that description then in existence, should be collected and burnt. Queen Jane, promised a law on this subject, which however never appeared *.

But neither the declamations of rhetoricians or moralists, nor the anathemas of legislators, could put a stop to the contagion. All these remedies were impotent opposed to the prevailing taste for the marvellous, a taste over which reason, philosophy and science, cannot gain a perfect triumph. Romances of chivalry were still written and read. Princes, lords and prelates, accepted the dedications of them; and Saint Theresa, very much attached in her youth to this kind of literature, invented a chivalrous romance, before writing *The interior of the Chateau*, and her other mysterious works. Charles V. devoured in secret the *Don Belianis of Greece*, one of the most monstrous productions of this literature run mad, even while he was issuing against it decrees of proscription; and when his sister the Queen of Hungary, wished to give a grand entertainment on her return to Germany, she could find nothing better to offer in the celebrated fêtes of Bins, 1549, than the realization of the adventures of a book of chivalry, in which all the lords of the court, and the austere Philip II. himself, took a part. This taste had even penetrated the cloisters; they read there, and even wrote romances. A franciscan monk, who was called Fray Gabriel de Mata, caused to be printed, not in the thirteenth century, but in the year 1589, a chivalric poem, of which the hero was Saint Francis the patron of his order, and the poem was entitled *ell caballero Asisio*, the knight of the Assizes. For a frontispiece it had a portrait of the saint on horseback and armed at all points, after the manner of those figures which decorate the Amadis de Gaul and the Eplandian. His horse was gaily caparisoned and adorned with magnificent plumes. He wore on the head-piece of his casque, a cross with nails and a crown of thorns. On his shield, the representation of the five wounds appeared, and on the standard of his lance, one of Faith holding

* The following are some of the passages contained in this curious petition.

"We further say that the mischief is most notorious which has been done, and is now doing to the youth of both sexes, by the reading of books of lies and vanities, such as *Amadis*, and all the books of like character, published since that period. For as young men and young women, from idleness, principally occupy themselves with these, they imbibe a taste for those reveries and adventures of which they read, as well in love as in war, and at the same time fall into other follies, and for these having once conceived a passion, when favourable opportunities occur, they give a loose run to extravagance, much more than but for such reading they would ever have done. Very often it will happen that the mother will leave her daughter shut up in the house, believing that she may leave her with safety in such a retreat, when the latter will so well employ her time in these studies, that the mother may find it would have been much wiser to have taken her child out with her. Not only does this lead to the prejudice and disparagement of individuals, but to the great detriment of conscience, for the more the parties become attached to such foolery, the more will they become indifferent to the holy, true and christian doctrine. To remedy the above mentioned evil, we supplicate your Majesty to order, under severe penalties, that no books of this description, or approaching to it, shall be read or printed, and further that those which have already been published may be collected and burnt. Doing this your Majesty will render a great service to God, in taking from young persons the reading of books of vanity, and in compelling them to read religious works, which will edify their souls and reform their lives, and your Majesty will further confer on these kingdoms a great benefit and favour."

the cross and the chalice with this legend, "In this there can be no failure." This singular book was dedicated to the constable of Castile.

Such was the state of things, when Cervantes, shut up in his little village of La Mancha, conceived the idea of overthrowing from top to bottom the whole fabric of chivalric literature. It was then in the zenith of its popularity, of its success, of its triumph, when he resolved, poor, humble, unknown, without a protector, having no power at his command but his wit and his pen, to attack the hydra which had set common sense and law at defiance. But he opposed to it arms much more efficacious in the cause of reason, than arguments, sermons and legislative prohibitions—ridicule. His success was complete. The moralists and legislators who had previously opposed books of knight-errantry, might say as Buffon said of J. J. Rousseau, with regard to nursing mothers: "We had all advised the same thing; he alone dared to order it and made himself obeyed." A gentleman of the court of Philip III., Don Juan de Silva y Toledo, lord of Canada-Hermosa, had published in 1602, *the chronicle of the prince Don Policisne de Bœcia.* This book, one of the most extravagant of its kind, was the last romance of chivalry produced in Spain. After the appearance of Don Quixote, not only was there no new romance published, but the old ones wholly ceased to be re-printed, which thus rendered scarce, have no longer value but as bibliographic curiosities. There are many of which the names only are known, and doubtless there were many more of which not even the names have been preserved. In a word, the success of the history of Don Quixote was such, that some moody critics have complained, that by the excessive power of the remedy, an opposite disease has been produced, and they have not scrupled to affirm that the irony of this satire, over-shooting the mark, had hit and severely shaken the maxims till then revered, of the old Castilian point of honour.

Having explained the primitive object of Don Quixote, it is now time to return to the history of the book and its author. According to a tradition generally admitted, and which is not at variance with probability, the first part of the work when it originally came out, was received with the most perfect indifference. As Cervantes had reason to fear, it was read by people who could not understand it, and so neglected by those who ought to have been able to comprehend all its merit. A thought struck him then, to publish under the title of *Buscapié*, (a name, given to those little fusees or serpents, thrown forward in military operations to give light to a night-march,) an anonymous pamphlet, in which, affecting to criticise his book, (as Pope did his pastorals a century later,) he explained its real object, at the same time hinting, imaginary as they were, that his characters and their actions had some reference to the men and the events of the times. This little trick completely answered the purpose. Excited by the imperfect disclosures of *Buscapié*, the leading wits of the day read the book, and from that time Cervantes saw the indifference of the public rapidly resolve itself into insatiable curiosity. The first part of Don Quixote was reprinted four times in Spain in one year, 1605, and almost immediately found its way into foreign parts,—editions of it being printed in France, Italy, Portugal and Flanders.

The dazzling success of his work was destined to have for Cervantes a result

more certain than the drawing of him from obscurity and misery—that of exciting envy, and raising up enemies against him. It is not meant to speak merely of that base vanity which all merit offends, and which the glory of another's triumph always exasperates; but there was in Don Quixote enough of literary satire—enough of arrows launched against the authors or the admirers of the books and publications of the time, to put in motion all who were in any way connected with letters. As is ever the case, great reputations can receive, without being disturbed, the blows dealt to them; and thus Lope de Vega, perhaps the most ill-treated of all, exhibited no rancour against the new writer, who ventured to mingle a few drops of wormwood with the nectar of praise with which the public had conspired to intoxicate his brains. His fame and his wealth enabled him to be generous. He had even the courtesy to declare that Cervantes wanted neither grace nor style. But it was not so with authors of the second rank, who had to defend their trumpery characters and interests. From them there was a regular out-breaking against poor Cervantes, a concert of public censures and secret diatribes. One, from the height of his pedantic erudition, treated him as having the mind of a lay-brother, wanting culture and science; another, thinking to demolish, entitled him a *Quixote-ist*; one railed at him in small pamphlets, the journals of the time; another addressed to him under cover a sonnet most injurious in its character, which Cervantes to revenge the outrage, took care to publish himself. Among men of some reputation for courage who appeared most ardent to make war upon him, the poet Don Luis de Gongora, founder of the sect of *cultos*, may be named as envious from nature, as critical from the turn of his wit; doctor Cristoval Suarez de Figueroa, another writer, cynical and jealous; and thus down to the hair-brained D'Esteban Villegas, who gave his poems dated from college, the title of "Delicious morsels," and had the modesty to cause his likeness to be given for the frontispiece, in which he was represented as a rising sun, dimming the lustre of the stars, adding to this device, lest by some it should be thought too obscure, a motto well calculated to guard against all ambiguity: *sicut soli matutinus me surgente, quid istæ?* Cervantes, who had as little malice as vanity, must have laughed at these attempts of self-love on the part of his adversaries, vainly to arrest the progress of his rising glory; but what must have most deeply wounded his affectionate heart, was the desertion of some of his friends, or those at least, who are such so long as their contemporaries do not rise above their level, but who never pardon in their associates the crime of transcending themselves. It is painful to number among these the name of Vicente Espinel, a romance-writer, poet and musician, the author of *Marcos de Obregon*—who invented the strophe called *espinela*, and who gave the fifth cord to the guitar. Cervantes would have been too happy if he had not experienced that alloy which always mingles with the joy consequent on success. It is sufficient to mention this once for all, as that which is inevitable, and it will therefore be unnecessary to recur to it.

The period of the publication of Don Quixote, is that of the birth of Philip IV., which took place at Valladolid, April 8, 1605. In the preceding year, Don Juan Fernandez de Velasco, constable of Castile, had been sent to

England, to negociate a peace. James I., in return for this high compliment, despatched Admiral Lord Howard to present the treaty of peace to the king of Spain, and to congratulate him on the birth of his son. Lord Howard landed at Corunna with six hundred English, and entered Valladolid, May 26th 1605. He was received with all the magnificence that the court of Spain could display. Among the religious ceremonies, the bull-fights, the masked-balls, the reviews and the games or tourneys, where the king himself ran at the ring, and all the fêtes which were lavished on the admiral, mention is made of a dinner given to his lordship by the constable of Castile, where twelve-hundred dishes were served of meat and fish, without mentioning the dessert and a superabundance of other delicacies. The duke of Lerma had an account of these ceremonies written, which was printed at Valladolid in the same year. Cervantes is believed to be the author, at least an epigrammatic sonnet of Gongora, who was an eye witness, seems to give proof of it.*

It was in the train of these rejoicings, that an unhappy event occurred to distress the family of Cervantes, and conduct him, for the third time, to prison. A knight of St. James, named Don Gaspar de Ezpeleta, wishing to pass, on the night of the 27th of June, 1605, over the wooden bridge of the river Esqueva, was prevented by a stranger; a quarrel ensued, and the two combatants drawing their swords, Don Gaspar was pierced with several wounds. Crying for help, he took refuge, covered with blood, in one of the neighbouring houses: one of the two apartments on the first floor of this house, was occupied by Donna Luisa de Montoya, widow of the historian Esteban de Garibay, with her two sons, and the other by Cervantes and his family. At the cries of the wounded man, Cervantes hastened to him, with one of the sons of his neighbour; they found Don Gaspar lying under the portico, his sword in one hand, and his shield in the other, and they took him in to widow Garibay's, where he expired on the following day. An inquest was immediately held, by the *alcalde de casa y corte*, Cristobal de Villaroel; they took the depositions of Cervantes, of his wife Donna Catalina de Palacios Salazar, of his natural daughter Donna Isabel de Saavedra, then twenty years of age, of his sister Donna Andrea de Cervantes, a widow, having a daughter twenty-eight years of age, called Donna Constanza de Ovando, of a nun Donna Magdalena de Sotomayor, who was also said to be the sister of Cervantes, of his servant Maria de Cevallos, and lastly of two friends, who happened to be in the house Senor de Cigales and a Portuguese named Simon Mendez. Supposing, whether right or wrong, that

* The following is the substance of the sonnet:—

"The queen is delivered; the Lutheran is come, with his six hundred heretics and as many heresies; we have spent a million in a fortnight, to give him jewels, banquets and wine.

"We have made a parade, or a grand display, and given feasts, which were so many tumults, to the English legate, and the spies of him who swore to observe the peace, by Calvin.

"We have baptized the son of a monarch, who is born to be king of Spain, and we have made a dance of enchantments.

"We remain poor, Luther is become rich, and these great exploits have been written by Don Quixote, by Sancho and by his ass."

Don Gaspar had been killed in a love affair with the daughter or the niece of Cervantes, the judge had those ladies arrested, as well as Cervantes himself and his sister, the widow Ovando. It was not till the end of eight or ten days, after examinations and hearing witnesses, and even giving bail, that the four prisoners were released. The depositions to which this disagreeable incident gave rise, prove that at this time, to sustain the burthen of four women, of whom he was the only support, Cervantes still occupied himself with agencies, and mixed with the cultivation of literature the dull, but less barren pursuits of business.

It may be presumed that Cervantes followed the court to Madrid in 1606, and that he fixed his residence from that time forward, in that capital, where he was near to his relations at Alcala, to those of his wife at Esquevias, and well placed at the same time for his literary engagements and his business agencies. It has been lately established, that in June, 1609, he lived in the street de la *Magdalena*, and shortly afterwards behind the college of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette; in June, 1610, in the street *del Leon*, No. 9; in 1614, in the street *Las Huertas;* afterwards in the street *duc d'Albe*, at the corner of that of San Isidoro; thence he is traced to the spot, whence he took his final departure in 1616, in the street *del Leon*, No. 20, at the corner of that of *Francos*, where he died.

After his return to Madrid, Cervantes, growing old, without fortune and having to struggle for a numerous family, experienced the same ingratitude in regard to his talents that he had met with for his services, at a period when, if sordid dedications produced pensions for their authors, books brought them nothing; neglected by his friends, outraged by his rivals, and having been brought by long and painful experience, to a state, which from the absence of every gay illusion, the Spanish describe by the word *desengano*, Cervantes sought complete retirement. He lived as a philosopher, without murmuring, without complaining, not in that state of golden mediocrity, which Horace commends to the votaries of the muses, but in poverty and distress. He found however two patronizing friends, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, archbishop of Toledo, and a distinguished and enlightened nobleman, Don Pedro Fernandez de Castro, Count de Lemos, author of the comedy entitled *la Casa Confusa*, which brought round him, in 1610, a little literary court in his vice-royalty at Naples, who did not forget, in a situation at once so exalted and so distant, the old wounded soldier who was unable to follow him.

One thing really inexplicable, which, however, does as much honour to the independent spirit of Cervantes, as it reflects shame on those who had the dispensing of royal favours, is the obscurity in which this illustrious man was left, while crowds of small wits received allowances, which they had begged by their pitiful strains in prose and verse. It is mentioned that one day Philip III., being at the balcony of his palace, perceived a student, who was walking with a book in his hand, on the margin of the Manzanares. This man, wrapped up in a black cloak, stopped every minute, struck his forehead with his hand and burst out in loud peals of laughter. Philip, observing this pantomime from a distance, exclaimed,—"That student is a madman, or he is reading Don Quixote." Some of the courtiers ran immediately to ascertain if royal penetration was, in this instance right, and returning, announced to the king that it was

really Don Quixote the student was engaged with and from which he received so much delight; but it occurred to none of them to advise the prince of the neglect under which the author of a work so popular and so admirable then languished.

Another anecdote of a somewhat later period, it may not be improper to insert here, to shew still more decidedly the high estimation in which Cervantes was held, as well as the poverty to which he was reduced. The party from whom this fact is obtained, the licentiate Francisco Marquez de Torres, chaplain to the archbishop of Toledo, who was instructed to censure the second part of Don Quixote, shall speak for himself. He says,—"I truly certify, that on the 25th of February of this year, 1615, the most illustrious lord cardinal archbishop, my lord and master, having been to pay a visit to the ambassador of France, many French gentlemen who had accompanied the ambassador, as well courtiers as scholars and friends to polite literature, came to me and the other chaplains of the cardinal, desirous of learning from us what books of imagination we had that were then in vogue. I happened to mention Don Quixote, which I had critically examined. Scarcely had they heard the name of Miguel de Cervantes, when they began to whisper to each other, and spake much of the admiration excited in France and the neighbouring states, for his various works. The *Galatea*, one of them knew almost by heart, as also the first part of Don Quixote, and the Novels. Their applause was so enthusiastic that I offered to take them to see the author of the books we had mentioned, an offer which they welcomed with a thousand demonstrations of lively satisfaction. They questioned me much in detail as to his age, his profession, his birth and his fortune. I was obliged to reply that he was old, a soldier, a gentleman and poor; to which one of them replied precisely in these words:—'What then, has Spain not made such a man rich? Is he not provided for by the state?' One of the gentlemen taking up this idea, ingeniously remarked:—'If it is necessity that urges him to write, Heaven grant that he may never know abundance, so that from his remaining in poverty, the world may be enriched with more of his books.'"

The first edition of Don Quixote, that of 1635, had been published while the author was at a great distance, and from a manuscript in his hand writing, which it was very difficult to make out; in consequence it was full of faults. One of the first cares of Cervantes, when established at Madrid, was to publish a second edition of his book, which he carefully revised and corrected. This second edition, published in 1608, was greatly superior to its predecessor, an has been used as a model for all the reprints which have since been given to the world.

Four years after, in 1612, Cervantes published the twelve novels, which form with the two episodes given in Don Quixote, and the one discovered at a subsequent period, the collection of fifteen novels which he had composed since he resided at Seville. They have already been mentioned in a former part of this memoir. This book, which is described in the privilege granted for publication, "as a very laudable and entertaining work, in which the nobleness and fecundity of the Castilian language are displayed," was received in Spain and

in foreign countries, with as much favour as Don Quixote. Lope de Vega imitated him in two different ways, in composing in his turn, novels very inferior to those written by Cervantes, and in bringing on the stage several of the subjects treated by the latter. Other great dramatists drew from the same source, and among them, the monk Fray Gabriel Tellez, known under the name of Tirso de Molina, who pronounced Cervantes to be the *Spanish Boccacio*, Don Agustino Moreto, Don Diego de Figueroa, and Don Antonio Solis.

After the novels, Cervantes published, in 1614, his poem, entitled, *A journey to Parnassus*. In this work, which was written in imitation of that of Cesare Caporali, of Perouse, he praises the good authors of his time, and attacks without mercy those adepts of the new school, who by their ridiculous and delirious innovations had impaired and almost annihilated the beautiful language of the Golden Age. In the dialogue, he complains of the actors, who would neither perform any of the plays which he had formerly written, nor those which he had recently prepared for the stage. Lope de Vega, continued to be so much the rage that the productions of other writers were regarded with perfect indifference. Cervantes felt hurt at the neglect which he experienced. On this subject in his preface to his plays, he thus breathes his resentment.

"Some years ago, I had recourse again to my old amusement; and, on the supposition that the times were not altered since my name was in some estimation, I composed a few pieces for the stage; but found no birds in last year's nests: my meaning is, I could find no player who would ask for my performances, though the whole company knew they were finished; so that I threw them aside, and condemned them to perpetual silence. About this time, a certain bookseller, (his name was Villaroel,) told me that he would have purchased my plays, had he not been prevented by an actor, who said, that from my prose much might be expected, but nothing from my verse. I confess I was not a little chagrined at hearing this declaration; and said to myself either I am quite altered, or the times are greatly improved, contrary to common observation, by which the past is always preferred to the present. I revised my comedies, together with some interludes which had lain some time in a corner, and I did not think them so wretched, but that they might appeal from the muddy brain of this player to the clearer perception of other actors less scrupulous and more judicious. Being quite out of humour, I parted with the copy to a bookseller, who offered me a tolerable price; I took his money, without giving myself any farther trouble about the actors, and he printed them as you see. I could wish they were the best in the world, or at least possessed of some merit. Gentle reader, thou wilt soon see how they are, and if thou canst find anything to thy liking, and afterwards shouldst happen to meet with any back-biting actor, desire him for me, to take care and mend himself; for I offend no man as for the plays, thou mayest tell him, they contain no glaring nonsense, no palpable absurdities."

Though severe the opinion expressed by the actor, it was not very ill founded. It must, however, have been acutely felt by Cervantes, who rhymed in despite of Minerva, and who clung with childish fondness to his fame as a poet. Eight comedies were printed by Villaroel, in 1615, and as many interludes, with a

dedication to Count de Lemos, and a prologue, which is not only very lively, but also very interesting, as connected with the history of the Spanish stage. Lope de Vega continued to reign at that period, and the rival who was to dethrone him, Calderon, had just commenced his career. The public received with indifference the best pieces of Cervantes, and the actors did not think fit to represent one of them. Both the public and the players were ingrates perhaps, but not very unjust. Who can blame them for having left unnoticed comedies, of which Blas de Nasarre, reprinting them a century afterwards, supposes that Cervantes had written them badly by design, to burlesque the extravagant follies which had in his time been so much in vogue.

In the same year, 1615, another little work by Cervantes saw the light, which was connected with a circumstance of some interest. Spain preserved still the custom of *joutes poétiques*, or struggles, which are still kept up in the South of France, under the name of Floral games. Paul V., having canonised in 1614, the famous saint Theresa de Jesus, the triumph of that heroine of the cloisters was given as a subject for poetical competition, of which Lope de Vega was appointed one of the judges. It was ordered that the ecstacies of the saint should be sung in the form of the ode, called *cancion castellana*, and in the metre of the first eclogue of Garcilaso de la Vega, the sweetly melancholy shepherd-poet. All the writers of any name took part in the contention, and Cervantes, turning lyric poet at the age of sixty-two, sent his ode with the rest, which though it did not gain the prize, was at least printed as among the best which the occasion had produced, in the history of the fêtes which all Spain celebrated to the glory of her illustrious daughter.

It was also in the same year 1615, that the second part of Don Quixote appeared.

This work was far advanced, and it had been announced in the prologue to his novels and he still laboured at it assiduously, when about the middle of the year 1614, a continuation of the first part appeared at Tarragona, as the work of the licentiate Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas. This was a fictitious description under which was concealed the insolent plagiarism which, while the original author was living, dared to steal from him the title and the subject of his book. It has not been possible to discover the real name of the writer; it however appears to be proved from the researches of Mayans, of P. Murillo, and of Pellicer, that it was an Arragonese monk of the preaching order, and one of the play-writers, at which Cervantes laughs so heartily in the first part of Don Quixote. Like certain robbers on the highways who outrage the unfortunate persons they rob, the pretended Avellaneda commenced his book by vomiting all the gall which a heart full of hatred and jealousy could pour forth, overwhelming Cervantes with the grossest abuse. He called him cripple, old man, hangman, calumniator,—he reproached him with his misfortunes, with his imprisonments and his poverty, and finally accused him of being destitute of wit and talent, and boasted that he would spoil the sale of his second part. When this book fell into the hands of Cervantes, when he saw so many insults offered to him, at the opening of an insipid work, a work at once pedantic and indecent, piqued by such effrontery, he prepared to take vengeance on

the assailant in a manner worthy of himself. He hastened to finish his own book, and made such efforts that the last chapters exhibit some marks of precipitation. He however, was anxious that there should be nothing in it that would render it possible for his work to be compared with the book of Avellaneda. In dedicating his comedies to the Count de Lemos, at the opening of the year 1615, he says "Don Quixote has put on his spurs that he may hasten to kiss the feet of your excellency. I believe he will appear a little peevish, because at Tarragona, he was bewildered and ill-treated, nevertheless, it has been established by a diligent enquiry, that it is not really he who figures in that history, but an impostor who wishes to pass for him, yet cannot accomplish his object." Cervantes did better still; even in the text of Don Quixote, (prologue and chapter 59,) he replies to the grossest insults, offered by his plagiarist, without ever deigning to mention his name, by raillery the most playful, delicate and witty; thus proving himself as superior to such an adversary by the nobleness and dignity of his resentment, as by the overwhelming merit of his writings. But in order to withdraw from future Avellanedas all temptation to continue the adventures of his hero, he in this volume carries him to his death-bed: receives his will, his confession and his last sigh: he buries him, supplies his epitaph, and then feels himself justified in exclaiming with a noble and a just pride: "Here Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, puts down his pen; but he has placed it so high that no one henceforth will think it prudent to make a new attempt at seizing it." It cannot be mentioned but with regret, that the flat and miserable continuation published by the licentiate of Tordesillas, was translated into French, by the author of Gil Blas, and that the great body of French readers confounded it till latterly with the genuine work of Cervantes.

We pause here for a moment to examine Don Quixote, not merely for its objects and its origin, but for itself; to consider finally under its general aspect this imperishable work, the glory alike of its author and his country.

In his Persian letters, Montesquieu, makes one of his characters say: "The Spaniards have but a single admirable book that which shows the absurdity of all the rest of their literature." This is one of those amusing sarcasms which please by their very extravagance, and which the Spaniards ought not to have taken seriously. Is any one angry in France, because Rica, the character whose remark has just been quoted, says, at the close of the very same letter, that: "At Paris, there is a house where madmen are confined.... Unquestionably the French, much decried in neighbouring countries, find it necessary to shut up a few of their number in a mad-house, to persuade the world that those suffered to go at large are not mad." The banter in this one case is about as good as it is in the other. The remark of Montesquieu on Don Quixote, is however, equally incorrect, for the character of the eulogium pronounced on that work, and the unmeasured condemnation pronounced on every other. If it had no merit but that of parodying romances of chivalry, it would not have long survived. Its object accomplished, after a time the conqueror would have been buried with the conquered. Is it the criticism on Amadis, on Esplandian, on Platir, and on Kyrie-Eleison, that we seek in it now? No doubt Cervantes calculated among its merits, that it would utterly ruin and overthrow that extravagant and dan-

gerous literature, which had too long prevailed in Spain. His book in this respect is a moral work, which unites in the most eminent degree the merits of true comedy, to amuse and correct at the same time. Don Quixote is anything but a mere satire on the old romances, and it may not be improper to attempt pointing out the transformations which the subject underwent in the mind of the author.

It is certainly probable, that in commencing the work, Cervantes had no object in view, but to attack with the weapons of ridicule, all the chivalric literature of his country. This is indeed stated in due form in his prologue. Further it may suffice to remark the strange negligence, the contradictions, the absurdities which abound in the first part of Don Quixote, to prove from these very defects, (if after all they are really defects,) that he began it in a mirthful moment, in a whim without any prepared plan, letting his pen run at random as imagination prompted, to find himself at last the romancer, as La Fontaine did himself to be, the fabulist of nature, and not attaching any great premeditated importance to the work of which as yet, he had not comprehended all the grandeur. Don Quixote at first is but a madman, a complete madman; a madman, bound, and even beaten, for the poor gentleman, receives more blows from beasts and men, than even the haunches of Rocinante could support. But this is only for a short time. Could Cervantes long confine himself between madness and stupidity? He manifests an affection for his heroes—the children of his understanding as he calls them, and soon in equal and well-regulated portions, he divides between them his judgment and his wit. To the master he gives reason, elevated and enlarged, which in a sound mind would give birth to study and reflection; to the servant an instinct, limited but unerring, innate good sense, a natural clearness of perception, when not disturbed by the interests of the moment, which all men may receive with their birth, and which common experience will suffice to cultivate. Don Quixote is but the case of a man of diseased brain; his monomania is that of a good man who revolts at injustice, and who would exalt virtue. He indulges a day dream of making himself the comforter of the afflicted, the champion of the weak, the terror of the proud and the wicked. On all other subjects he reasons admirably, he utters eloquent dissertations; he is fitter, as Sancho says, '*rather to be a preacher than a knight-errant.*' On his part, Sancho assumes a new shape; he is sly though coarse, subtle though blunt. As Don Quixote, has but one grain of madness, his squire has but one of credulity, which however is justified, by the superior intelligence of his master, and accounts for the attachment to him which he feels.

They furnish an admirable spectacle. We see these two men, become inseparable, like the soul and body, sustaining and completing each other; united for an object, at once noble and ridiculous, performing foolish deeds, but making wise speeches; exposed to the mirth if not to the brutality of spectators, and bringing to light the vices and the follies of those by whom they are mocked or more seriously mal-treated; exciting at first the contempt of the reader, afterwards his pity, and finally his most lively sympathies. They affect almost as much as they amuse; they give at the same moment a mirthful entertainment and a moral lesson; forming, in short, by the perpetual contrast of one with the

other and of both with all the rest of the world, the unfailing materials for a drama, immense in its design, and always new.

It is more especially in the second part of Don Quixote, that we discover the new plan of the author, ripened by age and greater experience of the world. There is no question of knight-errantry, more than is necessary to continue the original idea that the same general plan may embrace the two parts. It is no longer a playful parody on chivalric romance; it is a book of practical philosophy, a collection of maxims or rather of parables, a mild and judicious critique on human nature generally. The new personage introduced to the familiarity of the hero of La Mancha, Samson Carrasco; what is he but an incredulous sceptic who laughs at everything without restraint and without respect. To give another example, who has not thought, reading the second part of Don Quixote for the first time, that Sancho invested with the government of the island of Barataria, would provoke laughter by his foolery? who has not expected that this improvisatore monarch, would commit more extravagances on the seat of justice than Don Quixote could accomplish in his penitence on the Sierra Morena? They find themselves mistaken. The genius of Cervantes looks much further than the mere amusement of the reader, without however, forgetting even that. He wished to prove that the so loudly boasted science of government is not the secret of one family, or of a particular caste, but that it is accessible to all, and that it is necessary, constantly to exercise other qualities more precious than a knowledge of the laws and the study of politics, good sense and good intentions. Without departing from his character—without exceeding the limits of the sphere of his mind as previously defined, Sancho Panza judges and reigns like king Solomon.

The second part of Don Quixote did not appear till ten years after the first; and Cervantes when he published the latter did not think of supplying a continuation. It was then fashionable to leave works of imagination unfinished. The writers of that day were accustomed to bring their histories to a conclusion, as Ariosto did the songs of his poem, in the midst of the most complicated adventures and in the most interesting part of the action. *Le Lazarille de Tormès* and *Le Diable Boiteux*, have no denoûment, neither has the *Galatea*. Even in France, *Gil Blas* was written in three fragments. It was not the continuation of Avellaneda, which decided Cervantes to furnish the second part of Don Quixote, as he had nearly written it when the imitation appeared. If Don Quixote had been but a literary satire it might have remained unfinished. It is clearly with the design which has been ascribed to him, that Cervantes resumed and continued the subject. Therefore it is that the two portions of the work offer an instance perfectly unique in the annals of literature, of a second part, being written on an after-thought, which not only equals, but surpasses the first. It is because the execution is not inferior, and the original idea is greater and more fertile—it is because the work addresses itself to all nations and to all times—it is because it speaks the universal language of human nature: it is in fine perhaps the only one which elevates to the highest rank that rare and precious quality above all others, with which the human mind is endowed, common sense, which is so scarce; good sense, so good indeed that nothing can be better.

It is here only intended to give an explanation in some degree historical of the book of Cervantes, for of what use would it be to pronounce its eulogium; Who has not read it? who does not know it by heart? who has not thought with Sir Walter Scott, the greatest admirer, as he is the noblest rival of Cervantes, that it is one of the master-pieces of human genius. Is there any tale more popular? is there any history which affords more pleasure to readers of all ages, of all tastes, of all characters, and of all conditions. Have we not always before our eyes Don Quixote, tall, grim and solemn, and Sancho fat, short and humourous, the housekeeper of the former, the wife of the latter, and the curate, and the barber master Nicholas, the servant Maritornes, and the bachelor Carrasco, and all the other characters of the history including Rocinante and the ass, another pair of inseparable friends! Can it be forgotten how this book is conceived? how it is executed? Can we have failed to admire the perfect unity of the plan, and the immense diversity of the details? The imagination of Cervantes is so fruitful, is so lavish of its gifts that it more than satisfies the curiosity of the most insatiable reader. The infinite skill with which the incidents succeed and are blended with each other, always animated by an interest continually varied continually increasing, and which however are notwithstanding quitted without regret for the still more lively pleasure of resuming the thread of the two heroes' adventures. Their similarity and their contrast at the same time, the speeches of the master, the sallies of the valet, a gravity never heavy, a light humour never trifling, a close and natural alliance of the burlesque and the sublime, of laughter and emotion, amusement and morality. In a word is it possible not to have felt the charms and beauties of that harmonious, magnificent and graceful language, adapting itself to every shape and every manner; of that style in which all styles are united, from the most familiar comic to the most lofty eloquence, and which elicited the remark that the book was "divinely written in a divine language!"

But this last satisfaction is only enjoyed in perfection by those who are so fortunate as to be able to read it in the original. Of such there are comparatively but few on this side of the Pyrenees: We no longer live in the times when Spanish was spoken at Paris, Brussels, Munich, Vienna, Milan and Naples, where it was the language of courts, of politics, and of high fashion: the French tongue has dethroned it. On the other hand, however, it is easy for every one to fancy that he can read Don Quixote, finding it translated into his own idiom. If no book can boast of having so many readers, none assuredly can boast of having had more translators. It is found in Holland, in Denmark, in Sweden, and in Russia. In German there are authors not less celebrated than Tieck and Soltau, who have not thought it beneath them to translate into the language of their country, the great work of Cervantes. In England it has had eight or ten translators, and the names of Jarvis and Smollett are among the number. Perhaps it may boast of as many in Italy from Franciosini down to the anonymous translators of 1815, for whom the engravings of Novelli were designed. In France the translations which have been made, are still more numerous, if we include all the versions which have appeared since its first sketches of Cæsar Oudin and de Rosset, contemporaries of the book, down to the two translations produced in the present century. That offered by Filleau de Saint Martin,

about the middle of the last, is, if not the best, at least the most extensively diffused. In the introduction supplied by M. Auger in 1819, he made the remark that the number of editions of that single translation, published in France, amounted at the time of his writing,—will it be credited?—to fifty one! Since that time a fifty second edition has appeared. This success, which is perhaps wholly unexampled proves in a striking manner the immense merit of the original work, and the curiosity always new,—always on the increase, which it continues to make from age to age. From this it of necessity results that Don Quixote is most powerfully endowed with the principle of life, or rather that it bears on its front the stamp of immortality to have so gloriously survived the rude mutilations of its translators. It was written with too much wit and address to be comprehended by every one, and it was necessary to use some ingenuity, to put the emissaries of the holy office on a false scent. This will account for the caution observable in some instances, and we cannot too much admire the adroit management, the double meaning, the sly allusions, and the delicate irony so cleverly veiled, which Cervantes used to disguise to the inquisition, thoughts too boldly conceived, too insulting, and too profound to be openly and without reserve avowed. It was in fact necessary for two hundred years, to read Don Quixote as the epitaph of the licentiate Pedro Garcias, was read, and like the student in Gil Blas, to raise the tomb stone in order to know what soul was there interred. Now many of the allusions to the author's contemporaries, necessarily escape us, and it becomes more difficult to comprehend the meaning of Cervantes. The words alone are seen, the object which he had in view, is concealed, and the Spaniards themselves do not in every instance fully understand the meaning of their favorite author. The key is wanting, and that can only be found in the recent commentaries of the Rev. John Bowles, of Pellicer, of the Spanish academy of Fernandez Navarrette, of Los Rios, of Arrieta, and of Clémencin. No translator has till now had the opportunity of profitting by their labours to understand Cervantes, and to make him understood. Such assistance however was desirable—was indispensable. Of these aids M. Viardot, has been on the alert to avail himself, and the fruits of his industry will be found in many pages of the present edition of Don Quixote.

More than sixty years of age, toiling with all the ardour, and all the energy of a young man, Cervantes was engaged at the same moment in writing several important works. In that noble dedication, every way worthy of him, which in October 1615, he addressed to his patron the Count de Lemos, published with the second part of Don Quixote, he announced to him the speedy appearance of another romance, "Persiles and Sigismunda," (*Los trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda.*) In the same way he had promised on other occasions, the second part of the "Galatea," and two novels the exact description of which is not known, entitled (*Las Semanas del Jardin.*) Of the works last mentioned, not even a fragment remains. As to "Persiles and Sigismunda," that was published by his widow in 1617. Strange to say in the moment when Cervantes destroyed the romance of chivalry, by the darts of irresistible satire, with the same pen which hurled those murderous weapons, he wrote a romance almost as absurd as any of those which had turned the brain of his Hidalgo. He made himself at once

the censor and the apologist, imitating those he ridiculed, and being the first to commit the sin, on which he had poured his anathema. Not less strange is it, that it was for this work that his warmest eulogium and fondest predilections were reserved, like those parents whose blind admiration is lavished on the sickly and ill-formed offspring of their old age, rather than on their elder, robust and comely progeny. Of Don Quixote he speaks with modesty, almost with embarrassment, but he pompously proclaims to the world the wonders of "Persiles and Sigismunda." This was like Corneille, placing Nicomède before Cinna; or Milton preferring "Paradise Regained," to "Paradise Lost." It is difficult to say to what class of works of imagination the romance of "Persiles and Sigismunda," properly belongs, for it has a touch of all without being distinctly identified with any. It is a tissue of episodes interlaced with each other, like those of one of Calderon's intrigues, consisting of extravagant adventures, silly rencounters, astounding prodigies, preposterous characters, and extravagant sentiments. Cervantes the exact, the judicious painter of the physical and the moral, would in this instance have done well to lay his scene in the hyperborean regions, for the adventures he recounts, belong to an imaginary world and have no relation to the one which he had before his eyes. The reading however of this breaking out of a great mind, which might easily be made to furnish matter for twenty dramas and a hundred tales, cannot fail to make us admire the imagination of one almost seventy years of age, as rich, as fertile as that of Ariosto, nor can we praise too much that pen, which always noble, elegant and bold, covers the absurdities of his narrative with the magnificent dress of his language. The "Persiles and Sigismunda," is more correct and more polished than Don Quixote. It is in many parts a perfect model of style, and perhaps the most classical book in Spain. It may be compared to a palace, built wholly of marble and cedar wood, but without order, without proportions, without shape, and in fact offering instead of an architectural design, a mass of precious materials. Looking at the subject of the work, at the name of the author, and at the preference which he gave it over all his other labours, together with the excellent touches which are thus so madly thrown away, we are justified in regarding his "Persiles and Sigismunda," as one of the most striking aberrations of the human mind.

Cervantes could neither enjoy the fame which he complacently promised to this last effusion of his genius, this Benjamin of *the children of his mind*, nor the durable and legitimate success of that work which constituted his true claim to immortality. Always unfortunate, he was not permitted to see through contemporary praise the immense glories he was to receive from posterity. At the moment when he published the second part of Don Quixote, towards the close of the year 1615, being then sixty-eight years of age, he was attacked without chance of remedy, by that malady which shortly afterwards closed his life. Hoping at the commencement of the fine season to find some relief from the air of the country he set off on the 2nd of April following, for the village of Esquivias, where his wife's relations still resided. At the end of a few days, finding his illness increase, he was obliged to return to Madrid, being brought back by two friends who took care of him on the road. It was on this occasion return-

ing from Esquivias, that a little incident occurred, which he converted into the prologue to "Persiles and Sigismunda," and which gives us the only detailed relation extant of the character and progress of his malady.

The three friends were quietly pursuing their road, when a student who was behind them, mounted on an ass, called to them to stop for him, and regretted on joining them, that he had not been able sooner to overtake and enjoy their company. One of the villagers from Esquivias replied, that the fault lay with the horse of Senor Miguel de Cervantes, which had a very long step. On hearing the name of Cervantes, which he passionately admired without knowing the man, the student sprang from his seat, seized the hand of our author, and pressing it between his own, exclaimed: "Yes, yes, here is the maimed but potent hand, the all famous, the mirthful writer,—in short the prime favorite of the Muses." Cervantes finding himself thus improvisatorised, overwhelmed with caresses and eulogies, replied to them with his wonted modesty, and desired the student to remount his animal, that they might continue their journey together. "We held in our horses a little," Cervantes continues, "and on the road conversed on the subject of my illness. My sentence was soon pronounced by the good student. 'Your complaint,' said he, 'is dropsy which could not be cured by all the waters of the ocean, even though you should drink them drop by drop. Your worship, Senor Cervantes, should in drinking allow yourself but short rations, and do not forget to eat well, and attending to these directions you will get better without any other medicine.' 'That is what many people have told me already,' I replied, 'but I can no more refrain from drinking with all my might, than could one, who was born for no other purpose. My life is about to close, and with the short beatings of my pulse, which will cease at the latest by Sunday next, I shall finish my course. You, sir, have arrived at the wrong moment to make my acquaintance, as I have not time enough left, to show the gratitude I feel for the interest you so kindly take in my welfare.' While conversing thus, we came to the bridge of Toledo, which I crossed, while the student turned off, to go to that of Segovia."

This prologue, without sequel or connection, from the burlesque portrait which he draws of the student, at least shows that Cervantes retained all his former gaiety when on the point of bidding a long adieu to his merry friends. It was the last effort of his pen, his disease made frightful progress; he took to his bed and received extreme unction on the 18th of April. It was then that the return of his friend the count de Lemos, was announced, who had just been removed from the vice royalty of Naples to the presidency of the council. The last thoughts of Cervantes were identified with sentiments of gratitude; a tender recollection of his former protector. Almost in his dying moments, he dictated the following letter which is translated word for word.

"Those ancient verses, which were celebrated in their time, and which begin thus,

'One foot already in the grave,'

"I could wish were less appropriate in this my letter, for almost with the same words I may properly commence and say:

'One foot already in the grave,
And in the agonies of death,
Great lord I write these lines to thee.'[1]

"Yesterday they gave me extreme unction, and to-day I write this letter. My time is short; my sufferings increase, hope fades, and with all this to deplore, I sustain existence from a wish that I have to retain life a little longer, and to stay the progress of my disease, till I can approach to kiss the feet of your excellency. Perhaps the joy of seeing you well and in Spain again, would be so great that it would restore me to health. But if it is decreed that I should lay down my life, why then let Heaven's will be accomplished. May your excellency be made acquainted with this wish of mine, and know that you had in me a slave so desirous of serving, that he would even come from beyond the grave to evince his attachment. I rejoice at the return of your excellency; I rejoice to see you every-where successfully command; and I rejoice still more that my hopes are accomplished, established on the fame of your virtues——."

This letter which ought, according to Los Rios, to be always present to the view of great men and authors, to teach the one, generosity, the other, gratitude, most clearly proves the perfect serenity which the soul of Cervantes preserved, even to the last. Attacked soon after by a wearisome languor, he expired on Saturday the 23rd April, 1616.

The Rev. John Bowle has made the remark that the two greatest geniuses of that celebrated era, both comparatively little known to their contemporaries, and both signally avenged by posterity, Miguel de Cervantes, and William Shakespeare, departed this life on the very same day. It will certainly be found in the biographical sketches of Shakespeare, that he died on his birthday on the 23rd of April, 1616; but it should be borne in mind that the English did not adopt the Gregorian calendar till 1752, and consequently up to that period they were behind the Spaniards in their dates, as the Russians are now behind the rest of Europe. Shakespeare, therefore, survived Cervantes twelve days.

By his will, Cervantes named as executors, his wife Donna Catalina de Palacios Salazar, and his neighbour the licentiate Francisco Nunnez, and he ordered that he should be buried in the convent of a religious brotherhood called the Trinitarians, founded four years before, in the street *del Humilladero*, where his daughter, Donna Isabel de Saavedra, driven to it probably by the poverty of the paternal house, had recently taken the veil. It is probable that this last wish of Cervantes was respected; but in 1633 the monks *del Humilladero*, removed to a new convent in the street *de Cantaranas*, and it is not known what became of the ashes of Cervantes, of which no tomb, no stone, no inscription, indicates the last resting place.

[1] 'Puesto ya el pie en el estribo,
Con las ansias de la muerte,
Gran senor, esta te escribo.'

From similar negligence, the two portraits made of him by Jauregui and Pacheco, have been suffered to perish. Only a single copy of one of them has been preserved till our time. It is of the reign of Philip IV, the grand epoch of Spanish painting, and some attribute it to Alonzo del Arco, others to the school of Vicencio Carducho or of Eugenio Cajès. Be this as it may, whoever was the artist, it answers exactly to the picture Cervantes has drawn of himself, in the prologue to his novels. He supposes that one of his friends wishes to engrave his portrait to serve as a frontispiece to the book, and the following inscription was to be placed under it. "He whom you see here, with an acquiline countenance, and chesnut hair; the forehead smooth and uncovered, the nose awry, though well proportioned; the beard silver (it is not twenty years since it was gold;) large moustachios, a small mouth, teeth not very numerous, for he has but six in front, and yet more, they are in bad condition and worse arranged, since they do not correspond one with another; the figure between the two extremes, neither large nor small; the complexion clear, rather pale than brown; a little stooping in the shoulders, and not very light about the feet; this is the author of '*Galatea*' and of '*Don Quixote de la Mancha*,' and other works, thrown on the town which may have lost their road, the name of their master being unknown. He is commonly called Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra." He afterwards speaks of his left hand, which was injured at the battle of Lepanto, and finishes his portrait in the following words: "In fine, since this opportunity has offered, and since I may remain in blank without form, I am forced to make myself of some importance by my tongue, which though it may stammer and speak rather confusedly here, utters only such truths, as may be understood by signs."

All has now been stated that could be collected of this illustrious man, one of those who pay by suffering through a whole life, for the tardy honours of posthumous fame. Born of a family, honourable, but poor; receiving in the first instance a liberal education, but thrown into domestic servitude by calamity; page, valet de chambre, and afterwards soldier; crippled at the battle of Lepanto; distinguished at the capture of Tunis; taken by a Barbary corsair; captive for five years in the slave-depôts of Algiers; ransomed by public charity, after every effort to effect his liberation by industry and courage had been made in vain; again a soldier in Portugal and the Azores; struck with a woman noble and poor, like himself; recalled one moment to letters by love, and exiled from them the next by distress; recompensed for his services and talents by the magnificent appointment of clerk to a victualling board; accused of malversation with regard to the public money; thrown into prison by the king's ministers, released after proving his innocence; subsequently again imprisoned by mutinous peasants; become a poet by profession, and a general agent; transacting, to gain a livelihood, negociations by commission, and writing dramas for the theatre; discovering when more than fifty years of age, the true bent of his genius; ignorant what patron he could induce to accept of the dedication of his work; finding the public indifferent to a book at which they condescended to laugh, but did not appreciate, and could not comprehend; finding also jealous rivals, by whom he was ridiculed and defamed; pursued by want even to old

age; forgotten by the many, unknown to all, and dying at last, in solitude and poverty; such, during his life and at his death, was Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. It was not till after the lapse of two centuries, that his admirers thought of seeking for his cradle and his tomb, that they adorned with a medallion in marble the last house in which he lived, that they raised a statue to his memory in the public square, and that, effacing the cognomen of some obscure but more fortunate individual, his countrymen inscribed at the corner of a little street in Madrid that great name, the celebrity of which resounds through the civilized world.

It is thus that M. Viardot sums up the strangely varied, the brilliant but frequently overclouded career of Cervantes. We have followed his narrative with feelings of lively interest throughout, the precursors we trust, of those which the subscribers to this work will experience in their turn. Still we cannot help remarking that had the glow of admiration which our French contemporary brought to his editorial task, been less fervent, his shrewdness would have discovered some passages in the eventful story, which almost justify suspicion that Cervantes was imprudent enough to furnish his contemporaries with too plausible an excuse for leaving him in poverty. Generous and brave as he was, it is but too probable that he was not free from the besetting weakness, which has abased and destroyed some of the admired possessors of genius in our own time. He tells us himself in a tone of merriment, awfully at variance with the subject of the communication, that in his last illness when admonished by the student who joined him on the road to Toledo, to drink little, he replied that: "he could no more refrain from drinking with all his might, than if he were born for nothing else." And this was his feeling when on the very brink of the grave; when as he states, he fully expected that in a few days his pulse would cease to beat for ever.

If thus circumstanced, Cervantes could so feel and so express himself, it is not very unlikely that indulging so fatal a passion, he sometimes lost his reason, and fell into inexcusable negligence, or acts of culpable indiscretion. Hence perhaps, arose some of the pecuniary and other embarrassments which he had so frequently to strive against.

What has here been offered, is thrown out with no wish to inculpate Cervantes, but for the purpose of accounting in some degree for the poverty and neglect in which he lived. We cannot refrain from blaming his contemporaries for neglecting to render to his genius the homage that it deserved; but at the period in which he lived, few authors, however exalted their powers, enjoyed their

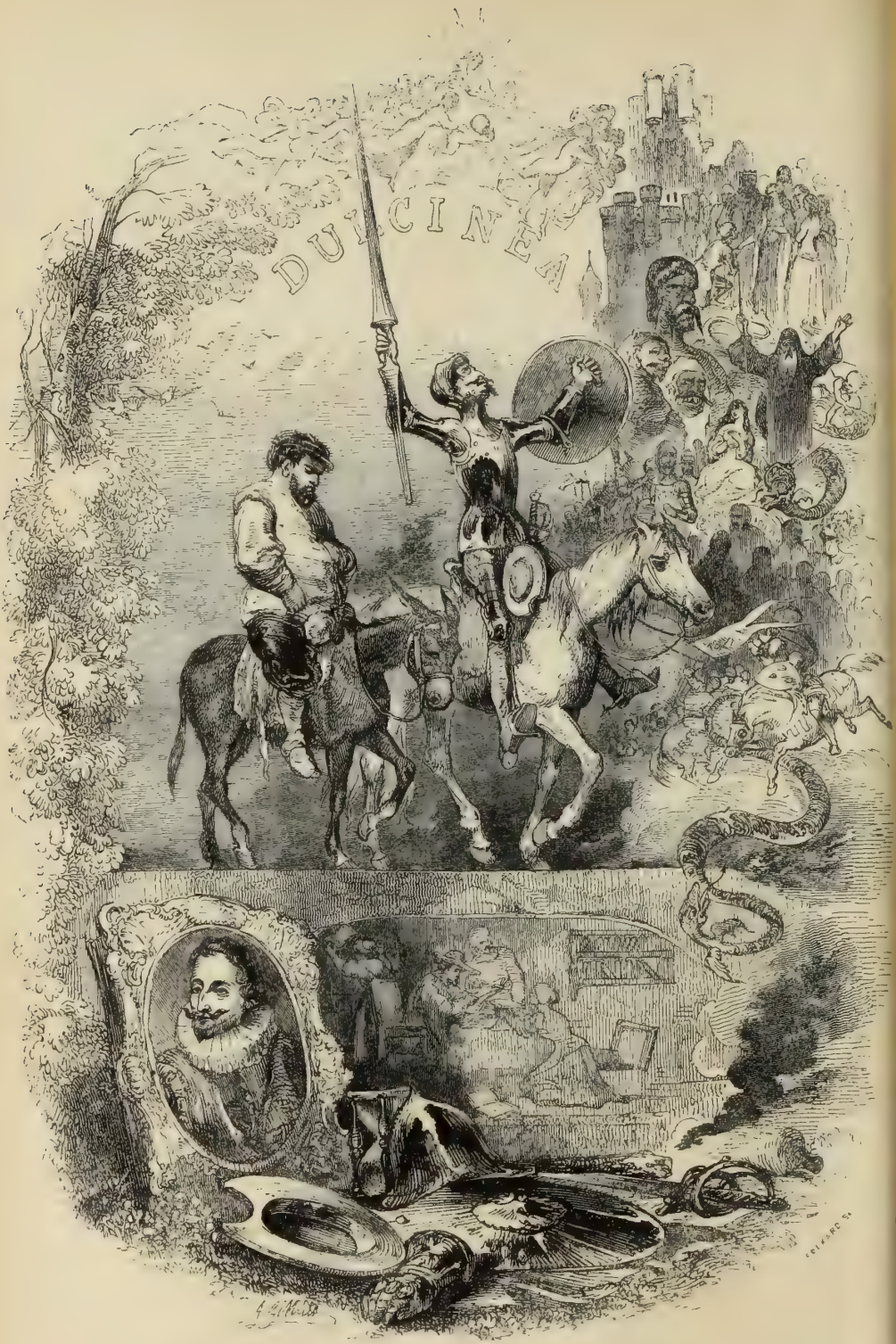
glory during their life-time. It is to posterity alone, that they owe the long delayed but immortal wreath.

Speaking on the subject of his translation of Don Quixote, M. Viardot, says: "The translation of a justly celebrated book, of one of those works which belong less to an individual literature than to all human nature, is not solely a matter of taste and style; it is a matter of conscience, and I should almost say of probity, I think that the translator's strict duty is to direct his efforts incessantly, not only to render the sense in all its truth, in all its rigour, but further to re-produce the effect of every period, of every phrase and of almost every word. I think that, with every respect to the rules and exactions of his own language, he ought to conform himself to the style of his author, in the whole and in the detail, that the original may be continually felt under the copy; that he ought to succeed, not in tracing, as it has frequently been said, the engraving of a picture, that is to say a discoloured imitation, but to paint the picture a second time, with its general colour, and particular shades. I think again that the translator ought to reject as a culpable thought, as he would a temptation to robbery or sacrilege, every wish to suppress the least fragment of the text, or to make the slightest addition of his own; he should, according to Cervantes's words, '*nothing omit and nothing add.*'"

On the principle thus laid down, M. Viardot has resolutely acted. With a similar feeling on the English editor's mind, the translation by Charles Jarvis has been preferred to Motteux or Smollett, as being by far the closest to the great original, and the fittest vehicle for the masterly designs of M. Johannot, the only illustrator of Cervantes who has succeeded in really depicting the scenes and characters he describes. Every sheet has been scrupulously read with M. Viardot's translation, and his annotations faithfully translated and appended. Where we have been compelled to diverge from Jarvis's text, it has been to modify the obsolete forms of expression which are numerously scattered through his translation, and to abate some few details which could no longer please in the present advanced state of society. Doing this in some few instances it has been anxiously attempted to remove the excrescence without injury to the tree, to repress coarseness without frittering away the humour of the author.

In conclusion we think it will be conceded to us that we did not in the outset overstate the advantages possessed by our French contemporary, in the performance of his task, nor the almost idolatrous zeal with which he devoted himself to its perfect fulfilment. If, carried away by a generous enthusiasm, he sometimes is betrayed into an excess of applause, which the cold severity of deliberate criticism, would arraign, the error is one which the English reader will pardon, if he do not share it. The approbation—the cordial flattering approbation bestowed on that portion of the present edition which has already issued from the press, by the most distinguished critics, justifies a hope that it has little to fear from the professed reviewer; and it is confidently expected that the notes, now for the first time appended, will in many instances serve to correct the misconceptions of former editors, and cause the true meaning of the author to be more universally understood than it has hitherto been; while the characteristic sketches of Spanish scenery, and Spanish character,

found in the engravings, will enable the English reader to effect the closest possible approach to that enjoyment, which was formerly regarded as almost exclusively reserved for the native of Spain.


DULCINEA

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

LOVING Reader, you may believe me without an oath, that I wish this book, as the child of my understanding, were the most beautiful, the most sprightly and the most ingenious that can be imagined. But I could not control the order of nature, whereby each thing engenders its like; and, therefore what could my sterile and uncultivated genius produce but the history of a child, meagre, adust and whimsical, full of various wild imaginations never thought of before? like one you may suppose born in a prison, where every inconvenience

keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation. Doubtless repose of body, a desirable situation, unclouded skies, and above all, a mind at ease, can make the most barren Muses fruitful, and produce such offspring to the world, as fill it with wonder and content. It often falls out, that the parent has an ugly child, without any good quality; and yet fatherly fondness claps such a bandage over his eyes, that he cannot see its defects: on the contrary, he takes them for wit and pleasantry, and recounts them to his friends for smartness and humour. But I, though I seem to be father, being really but the step-father of Don Quixote, will not go down with the stream of custom, nor beseech you, almost, as it were, with tears in my eyes, as others do, dearest reader, to pardon or dissemble the faults you shall discover in this my child. You are neither his kinsman nor friend; you have your soul in your body, and your will as free as the bravest of them all, and are as much lord and master of your own house, as the king of his subsidies, and know the common saying, "Under my cloak, a fig for the king." All this exempts and frees you from every regard and obligation; and therefore you may say of this history whatever you think fit, without apprehension of being calumniated for the evil, or hope of reward for the good you shall report.

I would fain give it you neat and naked, without the ornament of a preface, or the rabble and catalogue of the accustomed sonnets, epigrams, and encomiums, that are wont to be placed at the beginning of a book. For, let me tell you, though it cost me some pains to write the history, I reckoned none greater than the writing of what you are now reading. I often took pen in hand, and as often laid it down, not knowing what to say: and once upon a time, being in deep suspense, with the paper before me, the pen behind my ear, my elbow on the table, and my cheek on my hand, thinking what I should say, unexpectedly, in came a friend of mine, a pleasant gentleman, and of a very good understanding; who, seeing me so pensive, asked me the cause of my thoughtfulness. Not willing to conceal it from him, I answered, that I was musing on what preface I should make to Don Quixote, and that I was so much at a stand about it, that I intended to make none at all, nor even to publish the achievements of that noble knight: for would you have me not be concerned at what that ancient law-giver, the vulgar, will say when they see me, at the end of so many years slept away in the silence of oblivion, appear, with all my years upon my back, with a legend as dry as a kex, empty of invention, the style flat, the conceits poor, and void of all learning and erudition;

without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end of the book; seeing that other books, though fabulous and profane, are so full of sentences of Aristotle, of Plato, and of all the tribe of philosophers, that the readers are in admiration, and take the authors of them for men of great reading, learning and eloquence? When they cite the Holy Scriptures, they pass for so many

St. Thomas's and doctors of the church; observing herein a decorum so ingenious, that in one line they describe a raving lover, and in another give you a little scrap of a Christian homily, that it is a delight, and a perfect treat

to hear or read it. All this my book is likely to want; for I have nothing to quote in the margin, nor to make notes on at the end; nor do I know what authors I have followed in it, to put them at the beginning, as all others do, by the letters A, B, C, beginning with Aristotle, and ending in Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis, though the one was a railer and the other a painter. My book will also want sonnets at the beginning, at least sonnets whose authors are dukes, marquisses, earls, bishops, ladies, or celebrated poets; though, should I desire them of two or three obliging friends, I know would promptly furnish me, and with such, as those of greater reputation in our Spain could not equal. In short, my dear friend, continued I, it is resolved that signor Don Quixote remain buried in the records of La Mancha, until Heaven sends somebody to supply him with such ornaments as he wants; for I find myself incapable of helping him through my own insufficiency and want of learning; and because I am naturally too idle and lazy to hunt after authors, to say what I can say as well without them. Hence proceeds the suspense and thoughtfulness you found me in, sufficiently occasioned, you must own, by what I have told you.

My friend, at hearing this, striking his forehead with the palm of his hand, and setting up a loud laugh, said, "By Jove, brother, I am now perfectly undeceived of a mistake I have been in ever since I knew you, still taking you for a discreet and prudent person in all your actions; but now I see you are as far from being so, as heaven is from earth. For how is it possible that things of such little moment, and so easy to be remedied, can have the power to puzzle and confound a genius so ripe as yours, and so well made to break through and trample upon greater difficulties? In faith, this does not spring from want of ability, but from an excessive laziness, and penury of right reasoning. Will you see whether what I say be true? Then listen attentively, and you shall perceive, that, in the twinkling of an eye, I will confound all your difficulties, and remedy all the defects that you say suspend and deter you from introducing into the world the history of this your famous Don Quixote, the light and mirror of all knight errantry."

"Say on," replied I, hearing what he said to me; "after what manner do you think to fill up the vacuity made by my fear, and reduce the chaos of my confusion to clearness?" He answered, "The first thing you seem to stick at, concerning the sonnets, epigrams, and eulogies, that are wanting for the beginning, and should be the work of grave personages and people of quality,

may be remedied by taking some pains yourself to make them, and then baptizing them, giving them what names you please, fathering them on Prester John of the Indies or on the emperor of Trebizond, of whom I have certain intelligence that they are both famous poets; and though they were not such, and though some pedants and bachelors should backbite you, and murmur at this truth, value them not two farthings; for, though they should convict you of a lie, they cannot cut off the hand that wrote it.

As to quoting, in the margin, the books and authors from whom you collected the sentences and sayings you have interspersed in your history, there is no more to do but to contrive it so that some sentences and phrases may fall in pat, which you have by heart, or at least which will cost you very little trouble to find: as, for example, treating of liberty and slavery,

'Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro.'

And then in the margin cite Horace, or whoever said it. If you are treating of the power of death, presently you have,

'Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede
Pauperum tabernas regum turres.'

If of friendship and loving our enemies as God enjoins, go to the Holy Scripture, if you have never so little curiosity, and set down God's own words:

'Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros.'

If you are speaking of evil thoughts, bring in the Gospel again,

'De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ.'

On the instability of friends, Cato will lend you his distich,

'Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos;
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.'

And so with these scraps of Latin, and the like, it is odds but people will take you for a great grammarian, which is a matter of no small honour and advantage in these days. As to clapping annotations at the end of the book, you may

do it safely in this manner: if you name any giant in your book, see that it be the giant Goliah; and with this alone, (which will cost almost nothing) you have a grand annotation: for you may put, The giant Golias, or Goliat, was a Philistine, whom the shepherd David slew with a great blow of a stone from a sling, in the valley of Terebinthus, as related in the book of Kings, in the chapter wherein you shall find it.

Then, to shew yourself a great scholar, and skilful in cosmography, let the river Tagus be introduced into the history, and you will gain another notable annotation, thus: The river Tagus was so called from a certain king of Spain: it has its source in such a place, and is swallowed up in the ocean, first kissing the walls of the famous city of Lisbon; and some are of opinion its sands are of gold, &c. If you have occasion to treat of robbers, I will tell you the story of Cacus, for I have it by rote. If you write of courtezans, there is the bishop of Mondonedo will lend you a Lamia, Lais, and Flora; and this annotation must needs be very much to your credit. If you would tell of cruel women, Ovid will bring you acquainted with Medea. If enchanters and witches are your subject, Homer has a Calypso, and Virgil a Circe. If you would give us a history of valiant commanders, Julius Cæsar offers you himself in his Commentaries, and Plutarch will furnish you with a thousand Alexanders. If you treat of love, and have but two drams of the Tuscan tongue, you will light on Leon Hebreo, who will give you enough of it. And if you care not to visit foreign parts, you have at home Fonseca, "Of the love of God," where he describes all that you, or the most ingenious persons, can imagine upon that fruitful subject. In fine, there is no more to be done but using these names, or hinting these stories, in your text, and let me alone to settle the annotations and quotations; for I will warrant to fill the margins for you, and enrich the end of your book with half a dozen leaves into the bargain.

We come now to the catalogue of authors, set down in other works, that is wanting in yours; the remedy whereof is very easy; for you have nothing to do but to find a volume that has them all, from A down to Z, as you say, and then transcribe that very alphabet into your book. And suppose the falsehood be ever so apparent, from the little need you have to make use of them, it signifies nothing; and perhaps some will be so foolish as to believe you had occasion for them all in your simple and sincere history. But, though it served for nothing else, that long catalogue of authors will, at the first sight,

give some authority to the book. And who will go about to disprove whether you follow them or not, seeing they can get nothing by it?

After all, if I take the thing right, this narrative of yours has so need of the ornaments you say it wants; for it is only an invective against the books of chivalry, which sort of books Aristotle never dreamed of, Saint Basil never mentioned, nor Cicero once heard of. Nor does the relation of its fabulous extravagancies fall under the punctuality and preciseness of truth; nor do the observations of astronomy come within its sphere; nor have the dimensions of geometry, or the rhetorical arguments of logic, any thing to do with it; nor has it any concern with preaching, mixing the human with the divine, a kind of mixture which no Christian judgment should meddle with. All it has to do is to copy nature; imitation is the business, and the more perfect that is, so much the better what is written will be. Since this writing of yours aims at no more than to destroy the authority and acceptance the books of chivalry have had in the world, and among the vulgar, you have no business to go begging sentences of philosophers, passages of holy writ, poetical fables, rhetorical orations, or miracles of saints; but only to endeavour, by plainness, and significant, decent, and well-ordered words, to give your periods a pleasing and harmonious turn, expressing the design in all you advance, and, as much as possible, making your conceptions clearly understood. Endeavour also, that, by reading your history, the melancholy may be provoked to laugh, the gay humoured be heightened, and the simple not tired; that the judicious may admire the invention, the grave not undervalue it, nor the wise forbear commending it. In conclusion, carry your aim steadily to overthrow that ill-compiled machine of books of chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more; and, if you carry this point, you gain one of considerable importance.

I listened with great silence to what my friend said to me, and his words made so strong an impression upon me, that I approved them without disputing, and out of them chose to compose this preface; wherein, sweet reader, you will discern the judgment of my friend, and my own good hap in finding such a counsellor at such a pinch, and your own ease in receiving, in so sincere and unostentatious a manner, the history of the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha; of whom it is clearly the opinion of all the inhabitants of the district of the field of Montiel that he was the chastest lover, and the most valiant knight, that has been seen in those parts for many years. I will not enhance the service I do you in bringing you acquainted with so notable and so

worthy a knight; but I beg the favour of some small acknowledgment for the acquaintance of the famous Sancho Pança, his squire, in whom, I think, I have decyphered all the squire-like graces that are scattered up and down in the whole mob of books of chivalry. And so God give you health, not forgetting me. Farewell.

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH TREATS OF THE QUALITY AND MANNER OF LIFE OF THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

OMICILED in a village of La Mancha, the name of which I purposely omit, there lived, not long ago, one of those gentlemen who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound for coursing. A dish of boiled meat, consisting of somewhat more mutton than beef, the fragments served up cold on most nights,[1] sheep's chitterlings on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a small pigeon, by way of addition, on Sundays, consumed three-fourths of his income. The rest was laid out

[1] In the original *duelos y quebrantos*, literally gripes and groans. Translators, unacquainted with the custom which gave this name to a dish, have successively rendered

in a surtout of fine black cloth, a pair of velvet breeches for holi-days, with slippers of the same; and on week-days he prided himself in the very best of his own home-spun cloth. His family consisted of an elderly housekeeper, a niece not quite twenty, and a lad for

the field and the market, who both saddled the horse and handled the pruning-hook. The age of our Hidalgo* bordered upon fifty

them by words very far from their true signification. Here is an explanation of them. It was customary, in the country towns of La Mancha, for the shepherds to come every week and give their masters an account of the state of their flocks; on which occasions they brought with them the sheep which had died since their last report, that the flesh of them might be separated from the bones for salting. The offal of these carcases was always eaten on Saturdays, and it was the only meal allowed to be eaten on those days, by a dispensation in the kingdom of Castile since the battle of Las Navas, in 1212. It may be readily imagined why, from its origin and form, this dish was properly called *duelos y quebrantos.*

* *Hidalgo* has much the same application in Spain, as Squire has in England; it literally signifies the son of something, in contradistinction to those who are the sons of nothing.

years. He was of a robust constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage; a very early riser, and a keen sportsman. It is said his surname was Quixada, or Quesada (for there is some difference among the authors who have written upon this subject), though, by probable conjectures, it may be gathered that he was called Quixana. But this is of little importance to our story; let it suffice, that, in relating, we do not swerve a jot from the truth.

You must know then, that this gentleman aforesaid, at times when he was idle, which was most part of the year, gave himself up to the reading of tales of chivalry, with such relish, that he nearly forgot all the sports of the field, and even the management of his domestic affairs; and his curiosity and extravagant fondness for them reached that pitch, that he sold many acres of arable land

to purchase books of knight-errantry, and carried home all he could lay hands on of that kind. But, among them all, none pleased him so much as those composed by the famous Feliciano de Silva;[2] for the glaringness of his prose, and the intricacy of his style, seemed to him so many pearls; and especially when he came to peruse those love speeches and challenges, where, in several places, he found written: "The reason of the unreasonable treatment of my reason enfeebles my reason in such wise, that with reason I complain of

[2] The literal title of the books alluded to is as follows:—"*The Chronicle of the very valiant Knights Don Florizel de Niquea, and the vigorous Anaxartes. . . . . corrected and modernized from the style in which it was originally written, by Zirphea, Queen of Arignes, by the noble knight Feliciano de Silva.*" Saragossa, 1584.

your beauty;" and also when he read, "The high heaven of your divinity, which divinely fortifies you with the stars, making you meritorious of the merit merited by your greatness." With this kind of language the poor gentleman lost his wits, and distracted himself to comprehend and unravel their meaning; which was more than Aristotle himself could do, were he to rise again from the dead for that purpose alone. He had some doubts as to the dreadful wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he imagined, that, notwithstanding the most expert surgeons had cured him, his face and whole body must be full of seams and scars. Nevertheless, he commended in his author the concluding his book with a promise of finishing that interminable adventure; and he often had it in his thoughts to take pen in hand, and conclude it himself, precisely as it is there promised,[3] which he had certainly performed, and successfully too, if other greater and continual cogitations had not diverted him

[3] "Were I to finish by fiction so estimable a history, it would be offensive. I will therefore leave off here, authorizing any one, into whose hands the conclusion may fall, to join it to this, for I have a great desire to see it." (Belianis, book VI. chap. 75.)

He had frequent disputes with the priest of his village (who was a learned person, and had taken his degrees in Siguenza,[4]) which of the two was the better knight, Palmerin of England,* or Amadis de Gaul. But master Nicholas, barber-surgeon of the same town affirmed, that none ever came up to the knight of the sun; and that if any one could be compared to him, it was Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul; for he was of a disposition fit for every thing, no finical gentleman, nor such a whimperer as his brother; and, as to courage, he was by no means inferior to him. In short, he so bewildered himself in this kind of study, that he passed the nights in reading from sun-set to sun-rise, and the days from sun-rise to sun-set; and thus, through little sleep and much reading, his brain was dried up in such a manner that he came at last to lose his wits. His imagination was full of all that he read, enchantments, battles, single combats, challenges, wounds, courtships, amours, tempests, and impossible absurdities. And so firmly was he persuaded that

[4] Graduate at Siguenza is a piece of irony. In Cervantes' time, the small universities and their pupils were much ridiculed. Christoval Suarez de Figuerona, in his book called *el Pasagero*, makes a schoolmaster say:—"As to the degrees, you will easily find some little country university, where they say unanimously: *Accipiamus pecuniam, et mittamus asinum in patriam suam.* (Let us take the money and send the ass back to his country.)"

* England seems to have been often made the scene of chivalry; for, besides this Palmerin, we find Don Florando of England, and some others, not to mention Amadis's mistress, the Princess Oriana of England.

the whole system of chimeras he had studied was true, that he thought no history in the world was more to be depended upon. The Cid Ruydiaz, he was wont to say, was a very good knight, but not comparable to the knight of the burning sword, who with a single back-stroke cleft asunder two fierce and monstrous giants. He was better pleased with Bernardo del Carpio, for putting the enchanted Orlando to death in Roncevalles, by means of the same stratagem which Hercules used, when he suffocated Anteus, son of the earth, by squeezing him between his arms. He spoke mighty well of the giant Morgante; for, though he was of that monstrous brood who are always proud and insolent, he alone was affable and well bred. But, above all, he was charmed with Reynaldo de Montalban, especially when he saw him sallying out of his castle and plundering all he met; and when abroad he seized that image of Mahomet, which was all massy gold, as his history records.[5] He would have given his housekeeper, and niece to boot, for a fair opportunity of handsomely kicking the traitor Galalon.[6]

In fine, having quite lost his wits. he fell into one of the strangest conceits that ever entered into the head of any madman; which was, that he thought it expedient and necessary, as well for the advancement of his own reputation, as for the public good, that he should commence knight-errant, and wander through the world, with his horse and arms, in quest of adventures; and to put in practice whatever he had read to have been practised by knights-errant; redressing all kinds of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions; that, by accomplishing such enterprizes, he might acquire eternal fame and renown. The poor gentleman already imagined himself at least crowned emperor of Trebizond by the valour of his arm: and wrapt up in these agreeable delusions, and hurried on by the strange pleasure he took in them, he prepared to execute what he so much desired.

[5] "O bastard!" replied Renaud to Roland, who had been upbraiding him for his thefts: "oh, son of a bad woman! you lied in all you said, for to steal from the pagans of Spain is no theft; and I alone, in spite of upwards of forty thousand Moors, took from them a little golden Mahomet, which I wanted to pay my soldiers with." (Mirror of Chivalry, part. I. chap. 46.)

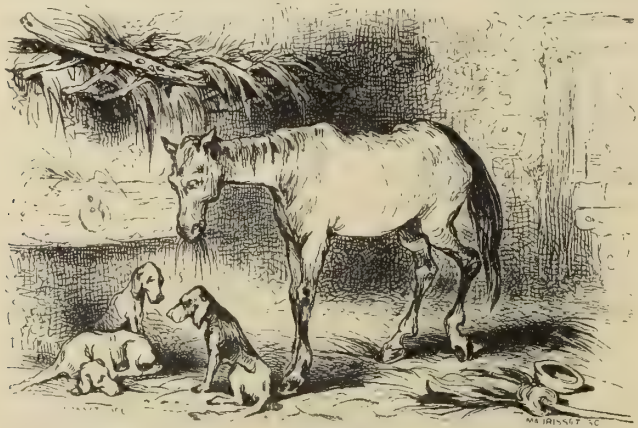
[6] One of Charlemagne's twelve peers. He was surnamed the Traitor, for betraying the Christian army into the hands of the Saracens, in the pass of Roncevalles.

And the first thing he did, was, to scour up a suit of armour, which had been his great-great-grandfather's, and, being mouldy and rust-eaten, had lain by, many long years, forgotten in a corner. This he cleaned, and furbished up: but he perceived one grand defect, which was, that instead of a helmet there was only a simple morion or steel-cap! but he dexterously supplied this want by contriving a sort of vizor of pasteboard, which, being fixed to the head-piece, gave it the appearance of a complete helmet. It is true, indeed, that, to try its strength, and whether it was proof against a cut, he drew his sword, and, giving it two strokes, undid in an instant what he had

been a week in doing. But, not altogether approving of his having broken it to pieces with so much ease, and to secure himself from the like danger for the future, he made it over again, fencing it with

small bars of iron within, in such a manner, that he rested satisfied of its strength; and, without caring to make a fresh experiment on it, he approved it, and looked upon it as a most excellent helmet.

The next thing he did, was, to visit his steed; and though his bones stuck out like the corners of a rial,* and he had more faults than Gonela's horse, which "tantum pellis et ossa fuit," [7] he fancied that neither Alexander's Bucephalus, nor Cid's Babieca, was equal to him. Four days was he considering what name to give him: for, (as he said within himself), it was not fit that a horse so good, and appertaining to a knight so famous, should be without some name of eminence; and therefore he studied to accommodate him with one, which should express what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, and what he actually now was: for it seemed highly reasonable, if his master changed his state, he likewise should change his name, and acquire one famous and high sounding, as became the new order, and the new way of life, he now professed. After sundry names devised and rejected, liked and disliked again, he concluded at last to call him Rocinante;[8] a name, in his opinion,



* A ludicrous image drawn from the irregular figure of the Spanish coin of that name, to express the jutting bones of a lean beast.

[7] Picho Gonela was the buffoon of the Duke Borso of Ferrara, who flourished in the fifteenth century. Luigi Domenichi made a collection of his pasquinades. On one occasion, having laid a wager that his horse, which was old and lean, should jump higher than his master's, he made him leap from a balcony, thus winning the stakes. The Latin quotation is from Plautus. (Andalusia, act III. scene 6.)

[8] This name is a compound or augmentation of *rocin*, which means a small jaded horse or pony. Cervantes intended it, moreover, for a pun: the horse which was formerly a jade, (*rocin-antes*), is become the first of jades, (*ante-rocin.*)

lofty and sonorous, and at the same time expressive of what he had been when he was but a common steed, and before he had acquired his present superiority over all the steeds in the world.

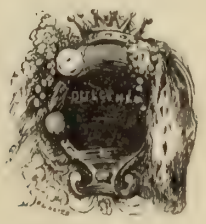
Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to give himself one. This consideration took him up eight days more, and at length he determined to call himself Don Quixote:[9] from whence, as is said, the authors of this most true history conclude, that his name was certainly Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would have it. But recollecting that the valorous Amadis, not content with the simple appellation of Amadis, added thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, in order to render it famous, and styled himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a good knight, did in like manner call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; whereby, in his opinion, he set forth, in a very lively manner, his lineage and country, and did it due honour by taking his surname from thence.

And now his armour being scoured, the morion converted into

[9] *Quixote* means literally a cuisse, or piece of armour for the thigh; *Quixada* means jaw; and *Quesada* a cheese-cake. Cervantes called his hero by the name of this piece of armour, because the syllable *ote*, in the Spanish language, generally terminates words which have a ridiculous meaning.

a perfect helmet, and both his steed and himself new named, he persuaded himself that he wanted nothing but to make choice of some lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without a mistress, was a tree without leaves or fruit, and a body without a soul. "If," said he, "for the punishment of my sins, or through my good-fortune, I should chance to meet some giant, as is usual with knights-errant, and should overthrow him in fight, or cleave him asunder, or vanquish and force him to yield, will it not be proper to have some lady to send him to as a present? that, when he comes

before her, he may kneel to her sweet ladyship, and, in a humble and submissive tone, accost her thus: "Madam, I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island Malindrania, whom the never-enough-to-be-praised Don Quixote de la Mancha has overcome in single combat, and I have been commanded to present myself before your ladyship, that your grandeur may dispose of me as you think proper." Oh! how did our good gentleman exult when he had made this harangue, and especially when he had found out a person on whom to confer the title of his mistress: which, it is believed, happened thus. Near the place where he lived, there dwelt a very comely country lass, with whom he had formerly been in love; though, as it is supposed, she never knew it, nor troubled herself about it. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo; and her he pitched upon to be the lady of his thoughts; then casting about for a name which should have some affinity with her own, and yet incline towards that of a great lady or princess, he resolved to call her Dulcinea del Toboso (for she was born at that place:) a name, to his thinking, harmonious, uncommon and significant, like the rest he had devised for himself, and for all that belonged to him.



CHAPTER II.

OF THE FIRST SALLY THE INGENIOUS DON QUIXOTE MADE FROM HIS VILLAGE.

As soon as these dispositions were made he would no longer defer putting his design in execution; being the more strongly excited thereto by the mischief he thought his delay occasioned in the world; such and so many were the grievances he proposed to redress, the wrongs he intended to rectify, the exorbitances to correct, the abuses to reform, and the debts to discharge. And therefore, without making any one privy to his design, or being seen by any body, one morning before day (which was one of the hottest in the month of July,) he armed himself cap-a-pie, mounted Roscinante, adjusted his ill-composed beaver, braced on his target,* grasped his lance, and issued forth into the fields at a private door of his back-yard, with the greatest satisfaction and joy, to find with how much ease he had given a beginning to his honourable enterprise. But scarce was he got into the plain, when a terrible thought assaulted him, and such as had well-nigh made him abandon his new undertaking; for it came into his remembrance, that he was not dubbed a knight, and that, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to enter the lists against any knight; and though he had been dubbed, still he must wear white armour, as a new knight, without any device on his shield, until he

* The target, or buckler, was slung about the neck with a buckle and thong.

had acquired one by his prowess. These reflections staggered his resolution ; but his frenzy prevailing above any reason whatever, he purposed to get himself knighted by the first person he should meet, in imitation of many others who had done the like, as he had read in the books which had occasioned his madness. As to the white armour, he proposed to scour his own, the first opportunity, in such sort that it should be whiter than ermine; and herewith quieting his mind, he went on his way, following no other road than what his horse pleased to take; believing that therein consisted the life and spirit of adventures.

Thus our flaming adventurer jogged on, talking to himself, and saying, "Who doubts, but that, in future times, when the faithful history of my famous exploits shall come to light, the sage who writes them, while he gives a relation of this my first sally, so early in the morning, will do it in words like these: 'Scarce had ruddy Phœbus spread the golden tresses of his beauteous hair over the face of the wide and spacious earth; and scarce had the painted birds, with the sweet and mellifluous harmony of their forked tongues, saluted the approach of rosy Aurora, when, quitting the soft couch of her jealous husband she disclosed herself to mortals through the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon; when the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, abandoning the lazy down, mounted his famous courser Rocinante, and began to travel through the ancient and noted field of Montiel,*'" (and true it is, that was the very field;) and passing along it, he continued saying, "Happy times, and happy age, in which my famous exploits shall come to light, worthy to be engraved in brass, carved in marble, and drawn in picture, for a monument to all posterity! O thou sage enchanter! whoever thou art, to whose lot it shall fall to be the chronicler of this wonderful history, I beseech thee not to forget my good Rocinante, the inseparable companion of all my travels and excursions." Then on a sudden, as one really enamoured, he went on saying, "O Princess Dulcinea! mistress of this captive heart, great injury hast thou done me in discarding and disgracing me by thy rigorous decree, forbidding me to appear in the presence of thy beauty. Vouchsafe, lady, to remember this thine enthralled heart, that endures so many afflictions for love of thee."[10]

Thus he went on, stringing one extravagance upon another, in the style his books had taught him, and imitating, as nearly as he could, their very phrase. He travelled on so leisurely, and the sun advanced so fast, and with such intense heat, that it was sufficient to have melted his brains, if he had had any. He journeyed almost

* A proper field to inspire courage, being the ground upon which Henry the Bastard slew his legitimate brother, Don Pedro, whom our brave Black Prince Edward had set upon the throne of Spain.

[10] In allusion to a passage in *Amadis*, in which Oriane commands the hero never to present himself before her again. (Book II. chap. 44.)

the whole day without meeting with any thing worth relating, which disheartened him much; for he wanted immediately to have encountered somebody, to make trial of the force of his valiant arm.

Some authors say his first adventure was that of the Pass of Lapice; others pretend it was that of the windmills. But what I have been able to discover of this matter, and what I have found written in the annals of La Mancha, is, that he travelled all that day, and, toward the fall of night, his horse and he found themselves tired, and almost dead with hunger; and, looking round to see if he could discover some castle or shepherd's cottage, to which he might retire, and relieve his extreme necessity, he perceived not far from the road an inn;[11] which was as if he had seen a star directing him to the porticos of his redemption. He made all the haste he could, and came

up to it just as the day shut in. There chanced to stand at the door two young women of indifferent fame, who were going to Seville with certain carriers, and who happened to take up their lodging at the inn that night. As whatever our adventurer thought, saw, or imagined, seemed to him to be done and transacted in the manner he had read of, immediately, at sight of the inn, he fancied it to be a castle with four turrets and battlements of refulgent silver; together with its draw-bridge, deep moat, and all the appurtenances with which such castles are usually described. As he was making up to the inn, which he took for a castle, at some little distance from it, he

[11] We preserve, for want of a better, the sacred name of inn; but it is a very poor translation of the word *venta*. That is the name given to those miserable isolated public-houses, which are used as resting-places between distant country-towns; where the only lodging to be obtained is a stable, and the only provisions, barley for the mules.

checked Rocinante by the bridle, expecting some dwarf to appear on the battlements, and give notice, by sound of trumpet, of the arrival of a knight at the castle. But finding this delayed, and that Rocinante pressed to get to the stable, he drew near to the inn-door, and saw there the two strolling wenches, who seemed to him to be two beautiful damsels, or graceful ladies, who were taking their pleasure at the castle-gate.

It happened that a swine-herd, getting together his hogs (for, without begging pardon, so they are called) from the stubble field, was winding his horn, at which signal they are wont to assemble; and

at that instant Don Quixote's imagination represented to him what he wished, namely, that some dwarf gave the signal of his arrival; and therefore, with wondrous content, he came up to the inn, and to the ladies; who, perceiving a man armed in that manner, with lance and buckler, were frightened, and began to run into the house. But Don Quixote, guessing at their fear by their flight,

lifted up his pasteboard visor, and, discovering his withered and dusky visage, with courteous demeanour and grave voice thus accosted them: "Fly not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy; for the

order of knighthood which I profess, permits me not to offer injury to any one, much less to virgins of such high rank as your presence denotes." The wenches stared at him with all the eyes they had, and were looking to find his face, which the scurvy beaver almost

covered. But when they heard themselves styled virgins, recollecting their profession, they could not contain their laughter, but burst out in so violent a manner, that Don Quixote began to grow angry, and said to them: "Modesty well becomes the fair, and nothing is so foolish as excessive laughter proceeding from a slight occasion; but I do not say this to disoblige you, or to cause you to discover any ill disposition towards me; for mine is no other than to do you service." This language, which they did not understand, and the uncouth mien of our knight, increased their laughter, and his wrath; and things would have gone much farther, had not the inn-keeper come out at that instant, (a man, who, by being very bulky, was inclined to be very peaceable,) who, beholding such an odd figure all in armour, the pieces of which were so ill-sorted, as were the bridle, lance, buckler, and corselet, could scarcely forbear keeping the damsels company in the demonstrations of their mirth. But, being in some fear of a pageant equipped in so warlike a manner, he resolved to speak him fair, and therefore accosted him thus: "If your worship, Signor Cavalier, is in quest of a lodging, bating a bed (for in this inn there is none to be had), every thing else will be found here in great abundance." Don Quixote, perceiving the humility of the governor of the fortress (for such to him appeared the inn-keeper and the inn) answered: "Any thing will serve me, Signor Castellano,* for arms are my ornaments, and fighting my repose." The host thought he called him Castellano because he took him for an honest Castilian; whereas he was an Andalusian, and of the coast of Saint Lucar, as arrant a thief as Cacus, and as sharp and unlucky as a collegian or a court-page; and therefore he replied: "If it be so, your worship's beds are hard rocks, and your sleep the being always awake; and since it is so, you may venture to alight, being sure of finding in this poor hut sufficient cause for not sleeping a whole twelvemonth, much more one single night." And so saying, he went and held Don Quixote's stirrup, who alighted with much difficulty and pains; for he had not broken his fast all that day. He presently requested of the

* Castellano, in Spanish, signifies both a governor of a castle, and a native of Castile.

p. 26.

host to take especial care of his steed, for he was the best piece of horse-flesh that ever ate bread in the world. The inn-keeper viewed him, but did not think him so good as Don Quixote represented him to be; no, not by half; and having set him up in the stable, he returned to see what his guest would be pleased to order, whom the damsels were unarming; (for they were already reconciled to him;) and though they had taken off the back and breast pieces;

they could not find out how to unlace his gorget, or take off the counterfeit beaver, which he had fastened in such a manner with green ribbons, that, there being no possibility of untying them, they must of necessity be cut; which he would by no means consent to, and so he remained all the night with his helmet on, the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable.

Whilst the girls were taking off his armour, imagining them to be persons of the first quality, and ladies of that castle, he said to them with great gaiety, as the old Romance has it, "Never sure was knight so nobly served by ladies as was Don Quixote, since his departure from his village, damsels waited on his person, and princesses on his steed. O Rocinante! for that, dear ladies, is my horse's name, and Don Quixote de la Mancha is my own? for though I was not willing to discover myself, until the exploits done for your service and benefit should discover me, the necessity of accommodating the old romance of Sir Lancelot to our present purpose has been the occasion of your knowing my name before the proper season: but the time will come, when your ladyships may command, and I obey; and the valour of my arm shall manifest the desire I have to serve you." The lasses, who were not accustomed to such rhetorical flourishes, answered not a word, but only asked whether he would be pleased to eat any thing. With all my heart, answered Don Quixote: any thing eatable would, I apprehend, come very seasonably. That day happened to be Friday, and there was nothing to be had in the inn, excepting a parcel of dried fish, which in Castile they call abadexo, in Andalusia baccalao, in some parts curadillo, and in others truchuely.* They asked him, whether he would be pleased to eat some truchuelas, for they had no other to offer him. So there be many troutlings, answered Don Quixote, they may serve me instead of one trout: for I would as willingly be paid eight single rials, as one piece of eight: and the rather, because perhaps these troutlings are like veal, which is preferable to beef, or like kid, which is better than the goat. But, be that as it will, let it come quickly; for the toil and weight of arms cannot be supported without supplying the stomach well. They laid the cloth at the

* The same which we call Poor John, or little Trout.

door of the inn, for the sake of the fresh breeze; and the landlord brought him some of the ill-watered and worse-boiled bacalao, and a loaf of bread as black and mouldy as his armour: but it was matter of great laughter to see him eat; for, having his helmet on, and his beaver up, he could not put any thing into his mouth with his own hands, but somebody must do it for him; and so one of the aforesaid ladies performed this office. But to give him drink was utterly impossible, if the host had not bored a reed, and, putting one end into his mouth, poured in the wine leisurely at the other;

and all this he suffered patiently, rather than cut the lacings of his helmet.

In the mean time there came to the inn a sow doctor, who, as soon as he arrived, sounded his whistle of reeds four or five times; which entirely confirmed Don Quixote in the thought that he was

in some famous castle, that they served him with music, and that the poor jack was trout, the coarse loaf the finest white bread, the wenches ladies, and the host governor of the castle; and so he concluded his resolution to be well taken, and his sally attended with success. But what gave him the most disturbance was, that he was not yet dubbed a knight; thinking he could not lawfully undertake any adventure, until he had first received the order of knighthood.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE PLEASANT METHOD DON QUIXOTE TOOK TO BE DUBBED A KNIGHT.

AND now, being disturbed with this thought, he made an abrupt end of his short supper; which done, he called the landlord, and, shutting himself up with him, in the stable, he fell upon his knees before him, and said, I will never rise from this place, valorous knight, until your courtesy vouchsafes me a boon I mean to beg; which will redound to your honour, and to the benefit of human kind. The host, seeing his guest at his feet, and hearing such expressions, stood confounded, gazing at him, and not knowing what to do or say; he strove to raise him from the ground, but in vain, until he had promised to grant him the boon he requested. I expected no less, sir, from your great magnificence, answered Don Quixote; and therefore know, the boon I would request, and which has been vouchsafed me by your liberality, is, that you shall to-morrow morning dub me a knight; this night in the chapel of your castle I will watch my armour: and to-morrow, as I have said, what I so earnestly desire shall be accomplished; that I may be duly qualified to wander through the four quarters of the world, in quest of adventures, for the relief of the distressed, as is the duty of chivalry, and of knights-errant, whose hearts, like mine, are strongly bent on such achievements.

The host, who (as we have said) was an arch fellow, and already entertained some suspicions of the madness of his guest, was now at hearing such expressions, thoroughly convinced of it: and, that he might have something to make sport with that night, resolved to keep up the humour. He replied, that he was certainly very much in the right in what he requested; and that grand achievements were peculiar and natural to cavaliers of such prime quality as he seemed to be of, and as his gallant deportment did demonstrate: that he himself, in the days of his youth, had betaken himself to that honourable employ, wandering through divers parts of the world in search of adventures, not omitting to visit the suburbs of Malaga, the isles of Riaran, the compass of Seville, the aqueduct-market of Segovia, the olive-yard of Valentia, the rondilla of Granada, the coast of St. Lucar,* the fountain of Cordova,† the hedge-taverns of Toledo, and sundry other parts, where he had exercised the agility of his feet and dexterity of his hands; doing sundry wrongs, soliciting sundry widows, undoing some damsels, and bubbling several young heirs;‡ in fine, making himself known to most of the tribunals and courts of judicature in Spain: and that at last he had retired to this castle, where he lived upon his own means and other people's, entertaining all knights-errant, of whatever quality or condition they were, merely for the great love he bore them, and that they might share their gettings with him in requital for his good-will. He further told him, there was no

* Names of certain infamous places in Spain.

† Near which was the whipping post.

‡ These expressions seeming a little too strong and open in the original, the translator was inclined to have qualified them in the version; but, upon reading Don Belianis of Greece, (part ii. chap. 3,) he found Don Brianel, who was travelling to Antioch on the princess Aurora's errand, and lodged in a house of good repute; the landlord of which, Palinee, had been trained up to chivalry. The host offers his service to wait upon Don Brianel, and wanting a cloak, frightens a page, who flies and leaves his cloak behind him. Don Brianel approves the thing, and tells him, he performed it so cleverly, he believed it was not his first exploit of the kind; and he frankly owns, he had often put in practice such pieces of dexterity. In allusion to this approved feature of knight-errantry, Don Quixote's host brags of divers wonders he performed that way; and this was a strong precedent, nor could our knight object to any example fetched from his favourite Don Belianis's approved history. Thus, this passage in Cervantes, which has been thought very faulty, appears to be not only excusable, but very judicious, and directly to his purpose of exposing those authors and their numerous absurdities.

chapel in his castle, in which to watch his armour, (for it had been pulled down in order to be rebuilt:) however in cases of necessity, he knew it might be watched wherever he pleased, and that he might do it that night in a court of the castle: and the next day, if Heaven permitted, the requisite ceremonies should be performed, in such a manner that he might be dubbed a knight, and so effectually knighted, that no one in the world could be more so. He asked him, also, whether he had any money about him? Don Quixote replied, he had not a farthing; having never read, in the histories of knights-errant, that they carried any. To this the host replied, he was under a mistake; for, supposing it was not mentioned in the story, the authors thinking it superfluous to specify a thing so plain, and so indispensably necessary to be carried, as money and clean shirts, it was not, therefore, to be inferred that they had none: and, therefore, he might be assured that all the knights-errant, (of whose actions there are such authentic histories,) did carry their purses well lined for whatever might befal them; and that they carried also, shirts, and a little box of ointment wherewith to heal the wounds they might receive, because there was not always one at hand to cure them, in the fields and deserts where they fought. Unless, pursued the host, they had some sage enchanter for their friend, to assist them immediately, bringing some damsel or dwarf in a cloud through the air, with a phial of water of such virtue, that, in tasting a drop of it, they should instantly become as sound and whole of their bruises and wounds as if they had never been hurt: but that, so long as they wanted this advantage, the knights-errant of time past never failed to have their squires provided with money, and other necessary things, such as lint and salves, to cure themselves with; and, when it happened that the said knights had no squires, (which fell out very rarely,) they carried all these things behind them upon their horses, in a very small wallet, hardly visible, as if it were something of greater importance; for, were it not upon such an account, this carrying of wallets was not currently admitted among knights-errant. Therefore he advised him, though he might command him as his godson, (which he was to be very soon,) that from thenceforward he should not travel without money,

or without the aforesaid precautions, and he would find how useful they would be to him, when he least expected it. Don Quixote promised to follow his advice with all punctuality. Order was presently given for performing the watch of the armour, in a large yard adjoining the inn; and Don Quixote, gathering all the pieces of it together, laid them upon a cistern that stood close to a well; and, bracing on his buckler, and grasping his lance, with a solemn pace, began to walk backward and forward before the cistern, beginning his parade just as the day shut in.

The host acquainted all that were in the inn with the frenzy of his guest, the watching of his armour, and the knighting he expected. They wondered at so odd a kind of madness, went out to observe him at a distance, and they perceived, that, with a composed air, he sometimes continued his walk; at other times. leaning upon his lance, he looked wistfully at his armour, without taking off his eyes for a long time together. It was now quite night; but the moon shone with such a lustre as might almost vie with His who lent it; so that whatever our new knight did was distinctly seen by all the spectators.

While he was thus employed, one of the carriers, who put up there, had a mind to water his mules, and it was necessary first to remove Don Quixote's armour from off the cistern: who, seeing him approach, called to him, with a loud voice, "Ho! there, whoever though art, rash knight, that approachest to touch the arms of the most valorous adventurer that ever girded sword; take heed what thou doest, and touch them not, unless thou wouldst leave thy life a forfeit to thy temerity." The carrier troubled not his head with these speeches, (but it had been better for him if he had, for he might have saved his carcase,) but, instead of that, taking hold of the straps, he tossed the armour a good distance from him: which Don Quixote perceiving, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and fixing his thoughts, (as it seemed,) on his mistress Dulcinea, he said, "Assist me, dear lady, in this, the first affront offered to this breast enthralled to thee; let not thy favour and protection fail me in this first moment of danger." Uttering these and the like ejaculations, he let slip his target, and lifting up his lance with both hands, gave

the carrier a blow on the head, that laid him flat on the ground, in such piteous plight, that had he repeated it, there would have been

no need of a surgeon. This done, he gathered up his armour, and walked backward and forward with the same gravity as at first.

Soon after, another carrier, not knowing what had happened, (for still the first lay stunned,) came out with the same intention of watering his mules; and as he was going to clear the cistern, by removing the armour, Don Quixote, without speaking a word, or imploring any body's protection, again let slip his target, and, lifting up his lance, broke the second carrier's head in three or four places. All the people of the inn ran out together at the noise, and the inn-keeper among the rest; which Don Quixote perceiving, he braced on his target, and, laying his hand on his sword, exclaimed, "O queen of beauty, the strength and vigour of my enfeebled heart, now is the time to turn the eyes of thy greatness towards this thy captivated knight, whom so prodigious an adventure at this instant awaits." Hereby, in his opinion, he recovered so much courage, that if all the carriers in the world had attacked him, he

would not have retreated an inch. The comrades of those that were wounded, (for they perceived them in that condition,) began to let fly a shower of stones at Don Quixote; who sheltered himself the best he could under his shield, and durst not stir from the cistern, lest he should seem to abandon his armour. The host cried out to them to let him alone, for he had already told them he was mad, and that he would be acquitted, as a madman, though he should kill them all. Don Quixote also cried out louder, calling them cowards and traitors, and the lord of the castle a poltroon and base-born knight, for suffering knights-errant to be treated in that manner; adding, if he had received the order of knighthood, he would make him smart for his treachery: "But for you, rascally and base scoundrels," said he, "I do not value you a straw: draw near—come on—and do your worst; you shall quickly see the reward you are like to receive for your folly and insolence." This he uttered with so much vehemence and resolution, that he struck a terrible dread into the hearts of the assailants; and for this reason, together with the landlord's persuasions, they forebore throwing any more stones; and he permitted the wounded to be carried off, and returned to the watch of his armour with the same tranquillity and sedateness as before.

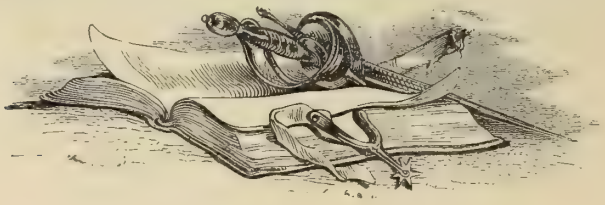
The host did not relish these pranks of his guest, and therefore determined to put an end to them by giving him his unlucky order of knighthood out of hand, before any farther mischief should ensue, and so, coming up to him he begged pardon for the rudeness of which those vulgar people had been guilty, without his knowing any thing of the matter; however, he said, they had been sufficiently chastised for their rashness. He repeated to him, that there was no chapel in that castle, neither was it necessary for what remained to be done; for the whole stress of being dubbed a knight lay in the blows on the neck and shoulders, as he had learned from the ceremonial of the order; that it might be effectually performed in the middle of a field; that he had already discharged all that belonged to the watching of the armour, which was sufficiently performed in two hours; and much more, since he had been above four about it. All this Don Quixote believed, aud said he was there ready to obey him; and desired him to finish the business with the utmost dispatch,

because if he should be assaulted again, and found himself dubbed a knight, he was resolved not to leave a soul alive in the castle, except those he should command him to spare for his sake. The constable, thus warned, and apprehensive of what might be the event of this resolution, presently brought the book in which he entered the accounts of the straw and barley he furnished to the carriers; then, with the two damsels, (a boy carrying an end of candle before them,) he came where Don Quixote was, whom he commanded to kneel; and reading in his manual, (as if he had been saying some devout prayer,) in the midst of the reading he lifted up

his hand and gave him a good blow on the nape of the neck; and after that, with his own sword, a handsome thwack on the shoulder, still muttering within his teeth as if he were praying. This done,

he ordered one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with the most obliging freedom and discretion; of which latter not a little was needful to keep them from bursting with laughter at every period of the ceremonies. But indeed the exploits they had already seen our new knight perform, kept their mirth within bounds. At girding on the sword, the good lady said, "God make you a fortunate knight, and give you success in battle." Don Quixote asked her name, that he might know from thenceforward to whom he was indebted for the favour received; for he intended her a share of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his arm. She replied with much humility that she was called La Tolosa, and was a cobbler's daughter of Toledo, who lived at the little shops of Sancho-bienaya; and that wherever she was, she would serve and honour him as her lord. Don Quixote then desired her, for his sake, thenceforward to add to her name the Don, and to call herself Donna Tolosa; which she promised to do. With the other, who buckled on his spurs, he held the same kind of dialogue as he had done with her companion: he asked her name also, and she replied that she was called La Molinera, and was daughter of an honest miller of Antequera. Don Quixote entreated her also to add the Don, and call herself Donna Molinera, making her fresh thanks and offers of service.

The never-till-then-seen ceremonies, being thus hastily dispatched, Don Quixote, who was impatient to see himself on horseback and sallying out in quest of adventures, immediately saddled Rocinante, and, embracing his host, mounted; and, at parting, said such strange things to him, acknowledging the favour of dubbing him a knight, that it is impossible to express them. The host, to get him the sooner out of the inn, returned his compliments with no less flourishes, though in fewer words; and, without demanding any thing for his lodging, wished him a good journey.



CHAPTER IV.

OF WHAT BEFEL OUR KNIGHT AFTER HE HAD SALLIED OUT FROM THE INN.

IGHT was about to break on a new day, when Don Quixote issued forth from the inn, so satisfied, so gay, so blithe, to see himself knighted, that the joy thereof almost burst his horse's girths. But recollecting the advice of his host concerning the necessary provisions for his undertaking, especially the articles of money and clean shirts, he resolved to return home, and furnish himself accordingly, and also provide himself with a squire: purposing to take into his service a certain country-fellow of the neighbourhood, who was poor, and had children, yet was very fit for the squirely office of chivalry. With this thought he turned Rocinante towards his village; who, as it were knowing what his master would be at, began to put on with so much alacrity, that he hardly seemed to set his feet to the ground. He had not gone far, when, on his right-hand, from a thicket hard by, he fancied he heard a weak voice as of a person complaining. Scarcely had he heard it, when he said, "I thank heaven for the favour it does me, in laying before me so early an opportunity of complying with the duty of my profession, and of reaping the fruit of my honourable desires: these are, doubtless, the cries of some distressed person, who stands in

need of any protection and assistance; and, turning the reins, he put Rocinante forward towards the place from whence he thought the voice proceeded. He had entered but a few paces into the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and a lad to another, naked from the waist upwards, about fifteen years of age, who was the person that cried out; and not without cause, for a lusty country fellow was laying on him very severely with a belt, and accompanying

every lash with a reprimand and a word of advice; for, said he, "The tongue slow and the eyes quick." The boy answered, "I will do so no more, dear sir; by the passion of God I will never do so again; and I promise, for the future, to take more care of the flock."

Now Don Quixote, seeing what passed, said, in an angry tone, "Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to meddle with one who is not able to defend himself; get upon thy horse, and take thy lance,[12] (for he had also a lance leaning against the oak to which the mare was fastened,) for I'll make thee to know that it is cowardly to do what thou art doing." The countryman, seeing such a figure coming towards him, armed from head to foot, and brandishing his lance at his face, gave himself up for a dead man, and with good words, answered, "Signor Cavalier, this lad, whom I am chastising, is a servant of mine; I employ him to tend a flock of sheep which I have hereabouts, and he is so careless, that I lose one every day; and because I correct him for his negligence, or roguery, he says I do it out of covetousness, and for an excuse not to pay him his wages; but before heaven, and on my conscience, he lies." "Lies, in my presence! pitiful rascal," said Don Quixote; "by the sun that shines upon us, I have a good mind to run thee through and through with this lance: pay him immediately without further reply; if not, by that Power that rules us, I will dispatch and annihilate thee in a moment! Untie him presently." The countryman hung down his head, and, without saying a word, loosened the boy. Don Quixote asked the lad how much his master owed him; who answered, "Nine months wages, at seven reals* per month." Don Quixote computed it, and found that it amounted to sixty-three reals; and he bade the countryman instantly disburse them, otherwise he must expect to die for it. The fellow in a fright, answered, "That on the word of a dying man, and upon the oath he had taken, (though by-the-way, he had taken no oath,) it was not so much; for he must deduct the price of three pair of shoes he had given him upon account, and a real for two blood-lettings when he was not well." "All this is very right," said Don Quixote; "but set the shoes and the blood-lettings against the stripes you have

[12] It appears, at the present day, rather strange for a peasant to be carrying a lance: but it was then customary, among all classes of Spaniards, to go armed with either a sword, or a lance and shield, as now they carry their carabines. In his *Dialogue between the Dogs Scipio and Berganza*, Cervantes mentions of a country gentleman, who went to see his sheep in the fields, *mounted on a well-groomed mare, armed with lance and buckler, looking more like a cavalier of the guarda-costa than an owner of flocks of sheep.*

* A real is about sixpence English.

given him undeservedly; for, if he tore the leather of the shoes you paid for, you have torn his skin; and, if the barber-surgeon drew blood from him when he was sick, you have drawn blood from him when he is well; so that, upon these accounts, he owes you nothing." "The mischief is, Signor Cavalier," quoth the countryman, "that I have no money about me; but let Andrew go home with me, and I will pay him all, real by real." "I go with him!" said the lad; "the devil a bit. No, sir, I design no such thing; for, when he has me alone, he will flay me alive like another Saint Bartholomew." "He will not do so," replied Don Quixote: "It is sufficient to keep him in awe, that I lay my commands upon him; and upon condition he swears to me, by the order of knighthood which he has received, I will let him go free, and will be bound for the payment." "Take heed, good sir, what you say," quoth the boy: "for my master is no knight, nor ever received any order of knighthood: he is John Haldudo, the rich, of the neighbourhood of Quintanar." "That is little to the purpose," answered Don Quixote: "there may be knights of the family of the Haldudos, and especially as every man is the son of his own works." "That's true," quoth Andrew; "but what works is my master the son of, who refuses me the wages of my sweat and labour?" "I do not refuse thee, friend Andrew," replied the countryman; "and be so kind as to go with me; for I swear, by all the orders of knighthood that are in the world, to pay thee, as I have said, every penny down, with the interest into the bargain." "As to the interest, I thank you for that," said Don Quixote; "give it him in reals, and I shall be satisfied: and see that you perform what you have sworn; else I swear to you by the same oath, to return and chastise you; for I shall find you out, though you should hide yourself closer than a lizard. And if you would know who it is that commands you this, that you may be the more strictly obliged to perform your promise, know that I am the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of wrongs and abuses. And so farewell, and do not forget what you have promised and sworn, on pain of the penalties aforesaid." So saying, he clapped spurs to Rocinante, and was soon got a good way off.

The countryman followed him with all the eyes he had; and,

when he found he was quite past the wood, and out of sight, he turned to his man Andrew, and said: "Come hither, child, I am resolved to pay thee what I owe thee, as that redresser of wrongs commanded me." "And I swear so you shall," quoth Andrew: "and you will do well to perform what that honest gentleman has commanded, whom heaven grant to live a thousand years; and who is so brave a man, and so just a judge, that, adad, if you do not pay me, he will come back and execute what he has threatened." "And I swear so too," quoth the countryman; "but to show thee how much I love thee, I am resolved to augment the debt to increase the payment." And, taking him by the arm, he tied him again to the tree, where he gave him so many stripes that he left him for dead. "Now, master Andrew, call upon that redresser of wrongs; thou wilt find he will hardly redress this, though I believe I have not quite done with thee yet; for I have a good mind to flay thee alive, as thou fearedst but now." But, at length, he untied him, and gave him leave to go in quest of his judge, to execute the sentence he had pronounced. Andrew withdrew in dudgeon, swearing he would find out the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and tell him all that had passed, and that he should pay for it sevenfold. Notwithstanding all this, away he went weeping, and his master staid behind laughing.

Thus the valorous Don Quixote redressed this wrong; and overjoyed at his success, as thinking he had given a most fortunate and glorious beginning to his knight-errantry, he went on towards his village, entirely satisfied with himself, and saying, in a low voice, "Well mayest thou deem thyself happy above all women living on the earth, O Dulcinea del Toboso, beauteous above the most beautiful, since it has been thy lot to have subject and obedient to thy whole will and pleasure so valiant and renowned a knight, as is ever and shall be, Don Quixote de la Mancha; who, (as all the world knows,) received but yesterday the order of knighthood, and to-day has redressed the greatest injury and grievance that injustice could invent, or cruelty commit:—to-day hath he wrested the scourge out of the hand of that pitiless enemy, who so undeservedly lashed a tender stripling."

Just as he had done speaking, he approached the centre of four roads; and presently, it came into his imagination that the knights-errant, when they came to these cross-ways, set themselves to consider which of the roads they should take: and, to imitate them, he stood still awhile; and at last, after mature consideration, let go the reins, submitting his own will to be guided by that of his horse, who, following his first motion, took the direct road towards his stable. Having gone about two miles, Don Quixote discovered a company of people, who, as it afterwards appeared, were merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks in Murcia. There were six of them; and they came with their umbrellas, and four servants on horseback, and three muleteers on foot. Scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he imagined some new adventure; and to imitate, as nearly as possible, the passages he had read in his books, he fancied this to be cut out on purpose for him to achieve. With a graceful deportment and vast intrepidity he settled himself firm in his stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his target, and posting himself in the midst of the highway, stood waiting the coming up of those knights-errant, for such he already judged them to be: and when they had come so near as to be seen and heard, Don Quixote raised his voice, and, with an arrogant air, cried out,

"Let the whole world stand, if the whole world does not confess that there is not, in the whole world, a damsel more beautiful than

the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso." The merchants stopped at the sound of these words, and to behold the strange figure of him who pronounced them; and, by the one and the other, they soon perceived the madness of the speaker: but they had a mind to stay and see what that confession meant, which he required of them: and one of them, who was somewhat of a wag, but, withal, very discreet, said to him, "Signor Cavalier, we do not know who this good lady you mention may be; let us but see her, and if she is of so great beauty as you intimate, we will, with all our hearts, and without any constraint, confess that truth you demand from us." "Should I show her to you," replied Don Quixote, "where would be the merit in confessing a fact so notorious?" the business is, that, without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it; and if not, I challenge you all to battle, proud and monstrous as you are: and, whether you come on one by one, (as the laws of chivalry require,) or all together, as is the custom and wicked practice of those of your stamp, here I wait for you, confiding in the justice of my cause." "Signor Cavalier," replied the merchant, "I beseech your worship, in the name of the princes here present, that we may not lay a burden upon our consciences, by confessing a thing we never saw nor heard, and especially what is so much to the prejudice of the empresses and queens of Castile and Estremadura, that your worship would be pleased to show us some picture of this lady, though no larger than a barley-corn; for we shall guess at the clue by the thread: and herewith we shall rest satisfied and safe, and your worship remain contented and pleased: nay, I verily believe, we are already so far inclined to your side, that, though her picture should represent her squinting with one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone from the other, notwithstanding all this, we will say whatever you please in her favour." "There distils not, base scoundrels," answered Don Quixote, burning with rage,—"there distils not from her what you say, but rather ambergris and rich perfume; neither is she crooked, nor hump-backed, but as straight as a spindle of Guadarrama: but you shall pay for the horrid blasphemy you have uttered against so transcendent a beauty as my mistress."

And so saying, with his lance couched, he ran at him who had spoken, with so much fury and rage, that, if good fortune had not ordered it that Rocinante stumbled and fell, in the midst of his career, it had gone hard with the daring merchant. Rocinante fell, and his master lay rolling about the field a good while, and

endeavouring to rise, but in vain, so encumbered was he with his lance, target, spurs, and helmet, and with the weight of his antique armour. While he was thus struggling, he continued calling out, "Fly not, ye dastardly rabble; stay, ye race of slaves; for it is

through my horse's fault, and not my own, that I lie here extended." A muleteer of the company, not over good-natured, hearing the poor fallen gentleman vent such boasts, could not bear it without returning him an answer on his ribs ; so, coming to him, he took the lance, and, after he had broken it to pieces, with one of the splinters he so belaboured Don Quixote, that, in spite of his armour, he thrashed him to chaff. His masters cried out not to beat him so much ; and to leave him, but the muleteer was provoked, and would not quit the game until he had quite spent the remainder of his choler : and running for the other pieces of the lance, he finished the breaking them upon the poor fallen knight, who, notwithstanding the tempest of blows that rained upon him, never shut his mouth, threatening heaven and earth, and those assassins, for such they seemed to him. At length the fellow was tired, and the merchants went on their way, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse concerning the poor belaboured knight. Don Quixote when he found himself alone, tried again to rise ; but if he could not do it when whole and well, how should he when bruised and almost battered to pieces? Yet still he thought himself a happy man, looking upon this as a misfortune peculiar to knights-errant, and imputing the whole to his horse's fault ; but it was impossible for him to raise himself up, his whole body was so horribly bruised.

CHAPTER V.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE NARRATION OF OUR KNIGHT'S MISFORTUNE.

ANQUISHED he would not own himself; but, finding that he was unable to stir, he bethought himself of having recourse to his usual remedy, which was to recollect some passage of his books; and his frenzy instantly presented to his remembrance that of Baudouin and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain: a story, known to children, not unknown to youth, commended and credited by old men, and, for all that, no truer than the miracles of Mahomet. Now this example seemed to him as if it had been cast in a mould to fit his present distress: and so, with signs of great bodily pain, he began to roll himself on the ground, and said, with a faint tone, what was said by the wounded knight of the wood:—

> "Where art thou, mistress of my heart?
> Unconscious of thy lover's smart:
> Ah me! thou know'st not my distress,—
> Or thou art false and pitiless."

And in this manner he went on with the romance, until he came to where it said: "O noble Marquis of Mantua, my uncle and lord by blood." It so fortuned that, just as he came to that verse, there passed by a countryman of his own village, and his near neighbour,

who had been carrying a load of wheat to the mill; who, seeing a man lying stretched on the earth, came up and asked him who he was, and what ailed him, that he made such a doleful lamentation? Don Quixote believed he must certainly be the Marquis of Mantua, his uncle, and so returned him no answer, but went on with his romance,[13] giving an account of his misfortune, and of the amours of the emperor's son with his spouse, just in the same manner as it is there recounted. The peasant stood confounded at hearing such extravagancies; and taking off his visor, which was beaten all to

pieces, he wiped his face, then covered with dust; and the moment he had done wiping it, he knew him, and said, "Ah, Signor Quixada, (for so he was called before he had lost his senses, and was

[13] This *romance*, in three parts, of which the author is unknown, is to be found in the *Cancionero*, printed at Antwerp in 1555. It is there related that Carloto, the son of Charlemagne, enticed Baudouin, (Valdovinos,) into the *unfortunate grove*, (*la floresta sin ventura*,) with the design of taking his life and marrying his widow. He wounded him mortally in twenty-six different places, and left his corpse in the thicket. The Marquis of Mantua, his uncle, who was hunting near the spot, heard the wounded man's cries, came to the place, and recognized his nephew. He sent an express to Paris, asking justice at the Emperor's hands, and Charlemagne caused his son to be executed.

transformed from a sober gentleman to a knight-errant,) how came your worship in this condition?" but he answered out of his romance to whatever question was asked him.

The good man seeing this, made a shift to take off his back and breast pieces, to see if he had received any wound: but he saw no blood, nor sign of any hurt. Then he endeavoured to raise him from the ground, and with much ado set him upon his ass, as being the beast of easier carriage. He gathered together all the arms, not excepting the broken pieces of the lance, and tied them upon Rocinante; and so, taking him by the bridle, and his ass by the halter, he went on, towards his village, full of reflection at hearing the extravagancies which Don Quixote uttered; and no less thoughtful was the knight, who, through the mere force of bruises and bangs, could scarcely keep himself upon the ass, and, ever and anon, sent forth such groans as seemed to pierce the skies, insomuch

that the peasant was again forced to ask him what ailed him. None but the devil himself could furnish his memory with stories so suited to what had befallen him; for, at that instant, forgetting

Valdovinos, he bethought himself of the Moor Aben Darraez, at the time when the governor of Antequera, Rodrigo of Narvaez, had taken him prisoner, and conveyed him to his castle, so that when the peasant asked him again how he did, he answered him in the very same words and expressions, in which the prisoner Aben Darraez answered Rodrigo of Narvaez, as he had read the story in the Diana of George of Montemayor, applying it so patly to his own case, that the peasant went on cursing himself to the devil for listening to such monstrous nonsense. He thence collected that his neighbour was gone mad, and therefore made what haste he could to reach the village, to free himself from the vexation of Don Quixote's tiresome and impertinent speeches; who, in conclusion, said, "Be it known to your worship, Signor Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, that this beauteous Xarifa, whom I mentioned, is now the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have done, do, and will do, the most famous exploits of chivalry, that have been, are, or shall be seen in the world." To this the peasant answered, "Look you, Sir, as I am a sinner, I am not Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonzo, your neighbour: neither is your worship Valdovinos, nor Aben Darraez, but the worthy gentleman Signor Quixada." "I know who I am," answered Don Quixote; "and I know too that I am not only capable of being those I have mentioned, but all the twelve peers of France; yea, and the nine worthies; since my exploits will far exceed all that they have jointly or separately achieved.

With these and the like discourses, they reached the village about sun-set: but the peasant staid until the night was a little advanced, that the people might not see the poor battered gentleman so scurvily mounted. When the hour he thought convenient was come, he entered the village, and arrived at Don Quixote's house, which he found all in an uproar. The priest and the barber of the place, who were Don Quixote's great friends, happened to be there; and the housekeeper was saying to them, aloud, "What is your opinion, Signor Licentiate Pero Perez, (for that was the priest's name,) of my master's misfortune? for neither he, nor his horse, nor the target, nor the lance, nor the armour, have been seen these six days past. Woe is me! I am verily persuaded, and it is as

certainly true as I was born to die, that these cursed books of knight-errantry, which he keeps, and is so often reading, have turned his brain; and, now I think of it, I have often heard him say, talking to himself, that he would turn knight-errant, and go about the world in quest of adventures. The devil and Barabbas take all such books, that have thus spoiled the finest understanding in all La Mancha." The niece joined with her, and said, moreover, "Know, master Nicholas, (for that was the barber's name,) that it has often happened, that my honoured uncle has continued poring over these confounded books of mischief two whole days and nights; and then, throwing the book out of his hand, he would draw his sword, and fence, back-stroke and fore-stroke, with the walls; and when he was heartily tired, would say, he had killed four giants, as tall as so many steeples, and that the sweat, which ran from him, when weary, was the blood of the wounds he had received in the fight: and then he would presently drink off a large jug of cold water, and be as quiet and well as ever, telling us that water was a most precious liquor, brought him by the sage Esquife,[14] a great enchanter, and his friend. But I take the blame of all this to myself, that I did not advertise you, gentlemen, of my dear uncle's extravagancies, before they were come to the height they now are, that you might have prevented them, by burning all those cursed books, of which he has so great store, and which as justly deserve to be committed to the flames, as if they were heretical." "I say the same," quoth the priest; "and, in faith, to-morrow shall not pass without holding a public inquisition against them, and condemning them to the fire, that they may no more minister occasion to those who read them to do what I fear my good friend has done."

All this the peasant and Don Quixote overheard, and it confirmed the countryman in the belief of his neighbour's infirmity; and so he began to cry aloud, "Open the doors, gentlemen, to the Marquis of Mantua and Signor Valdovinos, who comes dangerously wounded, and to Signor Aben Darraez, the Moor, whom the valorous Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera, brings as his prisoner." At hearing this, they all came out; and as some

[14] Alquife, who wrote the *Chronicle of Amadis of Greece*. Don Quixote's niece maims his name.

knew their friend, and others their master and uncle, they all ran to embrace him, who was not yet alighted from the ass; for, indeed, he could not. "Forbear all of you," he cried, "for I am sorely wounded through my horse's fault: carry me to my bed; and, if it be possible, send for the sage Urganda, to search and heal my wounds." "Look ye, in the devil's name," said the housekeeper immediately, "if my heart did not tell me right, on which leg my master halted. Get up stairs, in God's name; for, without the help of that same Urganda, we shall find a way to cure you ourselves. Cursed, say I again, and a hundred times cursed, be those books of knight-errantry, that have brought your worship to this pass. They carried him presently to his chamber, and searching for his wounds, they found none at all: and he told them he was only bruised by a great fall he got with his horse Rocinante, as he was fighting with ten of the most prodigious and audacious giants that were to be found on the earth. "Ho, ho," says the priest, "what! there are giants too in the dance: by my faith I shall set fire to them all before to-morrow night." They asked Don Quixote a thousand questions, and he would answer nothing, but only desired something to eat, and that they would let him sleep, which was what he stood most in need of. They did so, and the priest inquired particularly of the countryman in what condition he had found Don Quixote; who gave him an account of the whole, with the extravagancies he had uttered, both at the time of finding him, and all the way home; which increased the licentiate's desire to do what he did the next day; which was to call on his friend, master Nicholas, the barber, with whom he came to Don Quixote's house.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE PLEASANT AND GRAND SCRUTINY, MADE BY THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER, IN OUR INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN'S LIBRARY.

ETTING Don Quixote sleep on, the priest asked the niece for the keys of the chamber where the books were,—those authors of the mischief; and she delivered them with a very good will. They all went in, and the housekeeper with them. They found above a hundred volumes in folio, very well bound, besides a great many small ones. No sooner did the housekeeper see them, than she ran out of the room in great haste, and immediately returned with a pot of holy water and a bunch of hyssop, and said, "Signor Licentiate, take this, and sprinkle the room, lest some enchanter, of the many these books abound with, should enchant us, in revenge for what we intend to do, in banishing them out of the world." The priest smiled at the housekeeper's simplicity, and ordered the barber to reach him the books, one by one, that they might see what they treated of; for, perhaps they might find some that did not deserve to be chastised by fire. "No," said the niece, "there is no reason why any of them should be spared, for they have all been mischief-makers: it will be best to fling them out of the window into the court-yard, and make a pile of them, and set fire to it, or else carry them into

the back-yard, and there make a bonfire of them, and the smoke will offend nobody." The housekeeper said the same, so eagerly did they both thirst for the death of those innocents. But the priest would not agree to that, without first reading the titles, at least.

The first that master Nicholas put into his hands, was "Amadis

de Gaul," in four parts; and the priest said, "There seems to be some mystery in this; for, as I have heard say, this was the first

book of chivalry printed in Spain, and all the rest have had their foundation and rise from it; and, therefore, I think, as head of so pernicious a sect, we ought to condemn him to the fire without mercy." "Not so, Sir," said the barber, "for I have heard, also, that it is the best of all the books of this kind; and, therefore, as being singular in his art, he ought to be spared." [15] "It is true," said the priest, "and for that reason his life is granted him for the present. Let us see that other that stands next him." "It is," said the barber, "'The Adventures of Esplandian, the legitimate son of Amadis de Gaul.'" [16] "Verily," said the priest, "the goodness of the father shall avail the son nothing; take him, mistress housekeeper; open your casement, and throw him into the yard, and let him give a beginning to the pile for the intended bonfire." The housekeeper did so with much satisfaction, and honest Esplandian was sent flying into the yard, there to wait, with patience, for the fire with which he was threatened. "Proceed," said the priest. "The next," said the barber, "is 'Amadis, of Greece:' yea, and all these on this side are of the lineage of Amadis." [17] "Then, into the yard with them all," quoth the priest;

[15] Of *Amadis de Gaule* it is not known who was the original author, nor even in what country it first appeared; though it is certainly known that Spain had not that honour. Some conjecture Flanders, others France, and others Portugal. This last opinion appears to be the best founded. We may conclude, until proof to the contrary appears, that the original author of *Amadis* was the Portuguese Vasco de Lobeïra, who flourished, according to Nicholas Antonio, in the reign of King Denis, (Dinois,) at the close of the thirteenth century, or, according to Clemencin, in the reign of John I., at the end of the fourteenth. Spanish versions of it were first circulated in fragments; of these written fragments were formed the partial editions of the fifteenth century, and the collector Garcia Ordonez de Montalvo made, by compiling them, his complete edition of 1525. D'Herberay gave, in 1540, a *French* translation of *Amadis*, at that time much admired, but forgotten since the first appearance of the free imitation, by Count Tressan, which is well known.

[16] The book is intituled: *The branch springing from the four books of Amadis de Gaule, called the exploits of the very valiant Knight Esplandian, son to the excellent King Amadis de Gaule.*—Alcala, 1588. The author of it is Garcia Ordonez de Montalvo, the editor of Amadis. He asserts, in the beginning, that these exploits were written in Greek, by Master Helisabad, the surgeon of Amadis, who had also translated them. That is the reason that he calls his book by the strange title of *Las Sergas*, which is a poor imitation of the Greek title εργα.

[17] The history of Amadis of Greece is thus entitled: *Chronicle of the very valiant Prince and Knight of the Burning-Sword, Amadis of Greece, &c.*—Lisbon, 1596. The author says, also, that it was written in Greek by the sage Alquife, then translated into Latin, then into a romance (in metre). Nicholas Anthonio, in his *Spanish Library*, (tome XI. p. 394,) reckons twenty books of chivalry, containing the adventures of Amadis's descendants.

for, rather than not burn Queen Pintiquiniestra, and the shepherd Darinel, with his eclogues, and the devilish intricate discourses of its author, I would burn the father who begot me, did I meet him in the garb of a knight-errant." "Of the same opinion am I," said the barber. "And I too," added the niece. "Since it is so," said the housekeeper, "away with them all into the yard." They handed them to her; and, there being great numbers of them, to save herself the trouble of the stairs, she threw them all—the shortest way—out of the window.

"What tun of an author is that?" said the priest. "This is," answered the barber, "'Don Olivante de Laura.'" "The author of that book," said the priest, "was the same who composed 'The Garden of Flowers;' and, in good truth, I know not which of the two books is the truest, or rather, the least lying: I can only say that this goes to the yard for its arrogance and absurdity."[18] "This, that follows, is 'Florismarte of Hircania,'"[19] said the barber. "What! is Signor Florismarte there?" replied the priest: "now, in good faith, he shall soon make his appearance in the yard, notwithstanding his strange birth[20] and chimerical adventures: for the harshness and dryness of his style will admit of no excuse. To the yard with him, and this other, mistress housekeeper." "With all my heart, dear Sir," answered she; and, with much joy, executed what she was commanded. "This is 'The Knight Platir,'"[21] said the barber. "That," said the priest, "is an ancient book, and I find nothing in him deserving pardon; let him keep the rest company, without more words;" which was accordingly done. They opened another book, and found it entitled "The Knight of the Cross." "So religious a title," quoth the priest, "might, one would think, atone for the ignorance of the author; but, it is a

[18] The author of these two works was Antonio de Torquémada.

[19] Or, *Felix Mars of Hircania*, published by Melchor de Ortéga, Knight of Ubéda. Valladolid, 1556.

[20] His mother Marcelina, wife of Prince Florisan of Misia, brought him into the world in a wood, and confided him to the care of a wild woman, called Balsagina, who, from the united names of his parents, named him Florismars, and afterwards Felix Mars.

[21] *Chronicle of the very valiant knight Platir, son of the Emperor Primaleon.*—Valladolid, 1533. The author of this work is unknown, as, indeed, are nearly all the authors of books of chivalry.

common saying, 'the devil lurks behind the cross:'[22] so to the fire with him." The barber, taking down another book, said, "this is 'The Mirror of Chivalry.'"[23] "Oh! I know his worship very well," cried the priest. "Here comes 'Signor Reynaldos de Montalvan,' with his friends and companions, greater thieves than Cacus; and 'The Twelve Peers,' with the faithful historiographer Turpin. However, I am only for condemning them to perpetual banishment, because they contain some things of the famous Mateo Boyardo's invention; from whom, also, the christian poet Ludovico Ariosto[24] spun his web: but if I find even him here, and speaking any other language than his own, I will show him no respect; but, if he speaks in his own tongue, I will put him upon my head." "I have him in Italian," said the barber, "but I do not understand him." "Neither is it any great matter whether you understand him or not," answered the priest; "and we would willingly have excused the good captain[25] from bringing him into Spain, and making him a Castilian, for he has deprived him of a great deal of his native value: and this is the misfortune of all those who undertake to translate books of verse into other languages; for, with all their care and skill, they can never raise them to the pitch they were at, in their first production. I pronounce, in short, that this, and all other books, that shall be found treating of French matters, be thrown aside, and deposited in some dry vault, until we can determine, with more deliberation, what is to be done with them;

[22] *Book of the invincible knight Lepolemo, and of his exploits as knight of the Cross.*—Toledo, 1562 and 1563. This book is in two parts, of which one, at the author's dictation, was written in Arabic, by the Sultan Zulema's orders, by a Moor named Xarton, and translated by a captive of Tunis; the other is in Greek, by King Artidorus.

[23] This work is in four parts: the first, the composition of Diego Ordonez de Calahorra, was printed in 1562, and dedicated to Martin Cortez, son of Ferdinand Cortez; the second, written by Pedro de la Sierra, was printed at Saragossa, in 1580; the two last by the licentiate Marcos Martinez, appeared also at Saragossa, in 1603.

[24] It is well known that Boyardo was the author of *Roland amoureux*, and Ariosto of *Roland furieux*.

[25] The captain here alluded to, is Don Geronimo Ximenez de Urrea. Don Diego de Mendoza said of him: "And has not Don Geronimo de Urrea earned the reputation of a noble writer, and, what is of more consequence, plenty of money, by translating *Roland Furieux*, that is to say by having written, where the author says *cavaglieri*, cavalleros—*arme*, armas—*amori*, amores? In that way, I could write more books than Methuselah lived years."

excepting 'Bernardo del Carpio,[26] and another called 'Roncesvalles;[27] which, if they fall into my hands, shall pass into the housekeeper's, and thence into the fire, without any remission." The barber confirmed the sentence, and held it for good, and a matter well determined, knowing that the priest was so true a christian, and so much a friend to both, that he would not utter a falsehood for all the world,

And so, opening another book, he saw it was "Palmerin de Oliva," and next to it another, called "Palmerin of England;" which the licentiate espying, said, "Let this 'Oliva' be torn to pieces and burnt, that not so much as the ashes may remain; but let 'Palmerin of England' be preserved, and kept as a singular piece; and let such another case be made for it, as that which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, and appropriated to preserve the works of the poet Homer. This book, gossip, is considerable upon two accounts; the one, that it is very good in itself; and the other, because there is a tradition that it was written by an ingenious king of Portugal. All the adventures of the castle of Miraguarda are most excellent and artificial; the dialogue courtly and clear; and the decorum preserved, in all the characters, with great judgment and propriety.[28] Therefore, master Nicholas, saving your better judgment, let this, and 'Amadis de Gaul,' be exempted from the fire, and let all the rest perish without any farther inquiry." "Not so, gossip," replied the barber, "for this, that I have here, is the renowned 'Don Belianis,'" The priest replied; "This, with the second, third, and fourth parts, wants a little rhubarb to carry

[26] This poem is in octaves, and is written by Augustin Alonzo, of Salamanca.—Toledo, 1585. It must not be confounded with that by bishop Balbuena, which did not appear until after Cervantes' death.

[27] By Francisco Garrido de Villena.—Toledo, 1585.

[28] The first part of the Palmerins is intituled: *Book of the famous knight Palmerin d'Oliva, who performed several noble feats of arms, without knowing whose son he was.*—Medina del Campo, 1563. The supposed author was a Portuguese woman, whose name is not known. The other Palmerin (*Chronica do famoso e muito esforzado cavaleiro Palmeirim de Ingalaterra*, etc.) is in six parts. The two first are attributed by some to King John II., by others to the infant Don Luis, and to the prior of Ocrato, who disputed the crown of Portugal with Philip II.; others imagine the author of them to have been Francisco de Moraes. The third and fourth parts were were written by Diego Fernandez. The fifth and sixth by Baltazar Gonzalez Lobato; all Portuguese.

off its excessive choler: besides, we must remove all that relates to the castle of fame, and other grosser impertinencies;[29] wherefore, let them have the benefit of transportation;[30] and, as they shew signs of amendment, they shall be treated with mercy or justice: in the mean time, neighbour, give them room in your house, but let nobody read them." "With all my heart," quoth the barber; and, without tiring himself any farther in turning over books of chivalry, he bid the housekeeper take all the great ones, and throw them into the yard. This was not spoken to one stupid or deaf, but to one who had a greater mind to be burning them, than weaving the finest and largest web. And, therefore, laying hold of seven or eight at once, she tossed them out at the window.

By her taking so many together, there fell one at the barber's feet; who had a mind te see what it was, and found it to be "The history of the renowned knight, Tirant the White." "Heaven save me!" quoth the priest, with a loud voice, "is 'Tirant the White' there? Give me him here, neighbour; for, I make account, I have found in him a treasure of delight, and a mine of entertainment. Here we have Don Kyrie-Eleison of Montalvan, a valorous knight, and his brother Thomas of Montalvan, and the knight Fonseca, and the combat which the valiant Detriante fought with Alano, and the smart conceits of the damsel Plazerdemivida, with the amours and artifices of the widow Reposada;[31] and madam, the Empress, in love with her squire Hypolito. Verily, gossip, in its way, it is the best book in the world: here the knights eat, and sleep, and die in their beds, and make their wills before their deaths; with several things which are wanting in all other books of this kind. Notwithstanding all this, I tell you the author deserved, for writing so many foolish things, seriously; to be sent to the galleys for all

[29] This romance is entitled: *Book of the valiant and invincible prince Don Belianis of Greece, son of the emperor Don Belanio and the empress Clorinda; translated from the Greek, in which language it was written by the sage Friston, by a son of the virtuous Torribio Fernandez.*—Burgos, 1579. This son of the virtuous Torribio was the licentiate Geronimo Fernandez, attorney at Madrid.

[30] That is to say, the delay necessary for summoning to justice those who reside in the colonies; six months at least.

[31] One was the follower, and the other the duenna of the princess Carmesina, the supposed Tirant the White.

the days of his life:[32] carry it home, and read it, and you will find all I say of him to be true." "I will do so," answered the barber; "but what shall we do with these little books that remain?" "These," said the priest, "are, probably, not books of chivalry, but of poetry." And, opening one, he found it was "The Diana of George Montemayor,"[33] and said, (believing all the rest to be of the same kind,) "these do not deserve to be burnt like the rest; for they cannot do the mischief that those of chivalry have done: they are works of genius and fancy, and do nobody any hurt." "O Sir," said the niece, "pray order these to be burnt with the rest; for, should my uncle be cured of this distemper of chivalry, he may, possibly, by reading these books, take it into his head to turn shepherd, and wander through the woods and fields, singing and playing on a pipe; and, what would be still worse, to turn poet, which, they say, is an incurable and contagious disease." "The damsel says true," quoth the priest, "and it will not be amiss to remove this stumbling-block and occasion, out of our friend's way. And, since we begin with "The Diana of Montemayor," I recommend not to burn it, but to take away all that treats of the sage Felicia, and of the enchanted fountain, and almost all the longer poems; and leave him the prose, in God's name, and the honour of being the first in that kind of writing." "This, that follows," said the barber, "is 'The Diana called the second, by Salmantino;'[34] and another of the same name, whose author is Gil Polo." "'The

[32] This unknown author, who, according to the curate, deserved the galleys, intitled his work: *Tirant the White of Roche-Salee, knight of the Garter, who, by his high feats of chivalry, became a Prince, and the Cæsar of the Grecian empire.* The hero is called Tirant, because his father was lord of the marsh of Tirania, and the White, because his mother's name was Blanche; and of Roche-Salée, because he was lord of a strong castle built on a mountain of salt. This book, one of the oldest of the kind, was probably written in Portuguese by a Valencian named Juannot Martorell. A translation of it, in the Limosian language, commenced by him, and terminated, after his death, by Juan de Galba, was printed at Valencia, in 1490. Copies of the Spanish translation, published at Valladolid, in 1511, are become extremely scarce. This book is wanting in the collection of original romances of chivalry in the *Bibliothèque Royale de Paris.* It has been vainly sought after, over all Spain, for the *Bibliothèque de Madrid*, and the commentators are obliged to quote from it either in Italian or French.

[33] A Portuguese: he was poet, musician, and soldier. He was murdered in Piedmont, in 1561.

[34] Salmantino implies of Salamanca. He was a doctor of that town, by name Alonzo Perez.

Salmantinian,'" answered the priest, "may accompany and increase the number of the condemned: to the yard with him; but let that of Gil Polo[35] be preserved, as if it were written by Apollo himself. Proceed, gossip, and let us dispatch; for it grows late."

"This," said the barber, opening another, "is 'The ten books of the Fortune of Love,' composed by Antonio de Lofraso, aSardinian poet."[36] "By the holy orders I have received," said the priest, "since Apollo was Apollo, the muses muses, and the poets poets, so humorous and so whimsical a book as that, was never written; it is the best and most singular of the kind that ever appeared in the world; and he who has not read it, may reckon that he never read any thing of taste: give it me here, gossip; for I value the finding it more than if I had been presented with a cassock of Florence satin." He laid it aside with exceeding pleasure, and the barber proceeded, saying, "These, that follow, are, 'The shepherd of Iberia,'[37] 'The nymphs of Enares,'[38] and 'The cures of Jealousy.'"[39] "There is no more to be done," said the priest, but to deliver them up to the secular arm of the housekeeper; and ask me not why, for then we should never have done." "This, that comes next, is 'The shepherd of Filida.'"[40] "He is no shepherd," said the priest, "but an ingenious courtier; let him be preserved, and laid up as a precious jewel." "This bulky volume here," said the barber, "is intitled 'The Treasure of divers Poems.'"[41] "Had they been fewer," replied the priest, "they would have been more esteemed: it is necessary this book should be weeded, and cleared of all the low things interspersed amongst its sublimities: let it be preserved, both as the author is my friend, and out of

[35] A Valencian poet, who continued Montemayor's work, under the title of Diana enamorada.

[36] The title of this work is thus rendered: *The ten books of the fortune of love; in which are to be found the virtuous and peaceable amours of the shepherd Frexano and the fair shepherdess Fortune.*—Barcelona, 1575.

[37] By Don Bernardo de la Vega, canon of Tucuman.—Seville, 1591.

[38] By Bernardo Gonzales Bobadilla.—Alcala, 1587.

[39] By Bartholme Lopez de Enciso.—Madrid, 1586.

[40] By Luis Galvez de Montalvo.—Madrid, 1582.

[41] By Don Pedro Padilla.—Madrid, 1575.

regard to other more heroic and exalted pieces of his writing." "This," pursued the barber, "is a book of songs, by Lopez Maldonado."[42] "The author of this book, also," replied the priest, "is a great friend of mine: his verses, sung by himself, raise admiration in the hearers; and such is the sweetness of his voice in singing them, that they perfectly enchant. He is a little too prolix in his eclogues; but there can never be too much of what is really good; let it be kept with the select."

"But what book is that next to it?" "'The Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes,'" said the barber. "That Cervantes has been a great friend of mine these many years, and I know that he is better acquainted with misfortune than with poetry. His book has somewhat of good invention in it; he proposes something, but concludes nothing: we must wait for the second part, which he promises:[43] perhaps, on his amendment, he may obtain that entire pardon which is now denied him; in the meantime, gossip, give him a recluse in your chamber." "With all my heart," answered the barber; "and here come three together! 'The Araucana of Don Alonzo de Ercilla,' 'The Austriada of John Rufo, a magistrate of Cordova,' and 'The Monserrato of Christoval de Nirves, a poet of Valencia.'" "These three books," said the priest, "are the best that are written in heroic verse in the Castilian tongue, and may stand in competition with the most famous of Italy; let them be preserved, as the best performances in poetry, Spain can boast."[44] The priest grew tired of looking over so many volumes, and so, inside and contents unknown, he would have all the rest burnt. But the barber had already opened one called "The tears of Angelica."[45] "I should have shed tears myself," said the priest,

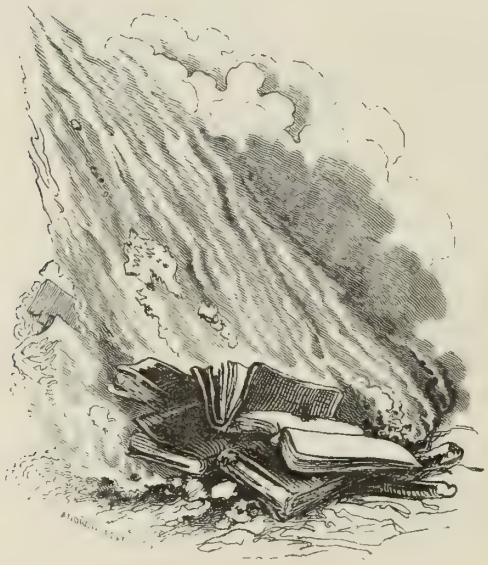
[42] Printed at Madrid, in 1586.

[43] Cervantes, in his dedication of *Persiles y Sigismunda*, which was published a short time before his death, renewed his promise of giving to the world a second part of the *Galatea*. But it was not found among his writings.

[44] The *Araucana*, a grand epic poem, is a relation of the conquest of Arauco, a province of Chili, by the Spaniards. Alonzo de Ercilla was one of the expedition. The *Austriada* is the heroic history of Don Juan of Austria, from the revolt of the Moors of Grenada till the battle of Lepanto: and the *Monserrate* describes the repentance of St. Garin and the foundation of the monarchy of Monserrat, in Catalonia, in the ninth century.

[45] A poem, in twelve cantos, by Luis Brahona de Soto. 1586.

hearing the name, "had I ordered that book to be burnt; for its author was one of the most famous poets, not of Spain only, but of the whole world, and translated some fables of Ovid with great success."



CHAPTER VII.

OF THE SECOND SALLY OF OUR GOOD KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

NLY then it was, that Don Quixote began to call out loudly, saying—"Here, here, valorous knights, here ye must exert the force of your valiant arms, for the courtiers begin to get the better of the tournament." This noise and outcry, to which they all ran, put a stop to any farther scrutiny of the books that remained; and, therefore, it is believed, that to the fire, without being seen or heard, went the "Carolea,"[46] and "Leon of Spain,"[47] with "The Acts of the Emperor," composed by Don

[46] There were, in Cervantes' time, two poems of this name, on the victories of Charles V.; one of them was by Geronimo Sampere, Valencia, 1560; the other by Juan Ochoa de la Salde, Lisbon, 1585.

[47] *El Leon de Espana*, a poem in octaves, by Pedro de la Vecilla Castellanos, on the heroes and martyrs of the ancient kingdom of Leon.—Salamanca, 1586.

Luis de Avila,[48] which, without doubt, must have been among those that were left; and, perhaps, had the priest seen them, they had not undergone so rigorous a sentence. When they came to Don Quixote, he was already got out of bed, and continued his outcries and ravings, with his drawn sword laying furiously about him, back-stroke and fore-stroke, being as broad awake as if he

had never been asleep. They closed in with him, and laid him upon his bed by main force; and, after he was a little composed, turning himself to talk to the priest, he said, "Certainly, my lord archbishop Turpin, it is a great disgrace to us, who call ourselves the twelve peers, to let the knights-courtiers carry off the victory without more opposition, after we, the adventurers, had gained the

[48] *Los hechos del emperador.* This is another poem (*Carlo famoso*) in honour of Charles V.; not by Luis de Avila, but by Don Luis Zapata. There is an error, either of the author's or of the printer's, in the text.

prize in the three preceding days."[49] "Say no more, good gossip," said the priest; "it may be the will of fate to change our fortune, and what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow; mind your health for the present; for, I think you must needs be extremely fatigued, if not sorely wounded." "Wounded! no," said Don Quixote, "but bruised and battered I am for certain; for that bastard, Don Roldan, has pounded me to mash with the trunk of an oak, and all out of mere envy, because he sees that I am the sole rival of his prowess. But let me never more be called Rinaldo of Montauban, if, as soon as I am able to rise from this bed, I do not make him pay dear for it, in spite of all his enchantments: but, at present, bring me some breakfast, for I know nothing will do me so much good; and let me alone to revenge myself." They did so; they gave him some victuals, and he fell fast asleep again, and left them in fresh admiration of his madness.

That night the housekeeper set fire to and burnt all the books that were in the yard, and in the house too; and some must have perished that deserved to be treasured up in perpetual archives; but their fate, and the laziness of the scrutineer, would not permit it, and in them was fulfilled the saying, "that the just sometimes suffer for the unjust." One of the remedies, which the priest and barber prescribed at that time, for their friend's malady, was to alter his apartment, and wall up the room where the books had been, that when he got up, he might not find them; in hopes, that the cause being removed, the effect might cease; and they were to pretend, that an enchanter had carried them away, room and all; which was presently done accordingly. Within two days after, Don Quixote got up, and the first thing he did was to visit his books; and, not finding the room where he left it, he went up and down looking for it. He came to the place where the door used to be, and he felt with his hands and stared about every way without speaking a word; but after some time, he asked the housekeeper whereabouts the room stood, where his books were. She, who was already well tutored what to answer, said to him, "What room, or

[49] In allusion to the tournament at Persepolis, in the romance of Belianis of Greece.

what nothing, does your worship look for? there is neither room nor books in this house; for the devil himself has carried all away." "It was not the devil," said the niece, "but an enchanter, who came one night upon a cloud, after your departure

hence, and, alighting from a serpent, on which he rode, entered into the room; and I know not what he did there, but, after some little time, out he came flying through the roof, and left the house full of smoke, and when we went to see what he had been doing, we saw neither books nor room; only we very well remember, both I and mistress housekeeper here, that when the old thief went away, he said with a loud voice, that for a secret enmity he bore to the owner of those books and of the room, he had done a mischief in this house, which should soon be manifest: he told us also, that he was called the sage Mugnaton." "Freston, he meant to say," [50]

[50] Cervantes, no doubt, wrote Friston, who was an enchanter, the supposed author of Belianis, who lived in the *forest of Death.*

quoth Don Quixote. "I know not," answered the housekeeper, whether his name be Freston or Friton; all that I know is that it ended in *ton*." "It doth so," replied Don Quixote; "he is a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me a grudge, because, by his skill and learning, he knows that in process of time, I shall engage in single combat with a knight whom he favours, and shall vanquish him without his being able to prevent it: and, for this cause, he endeavours to do me all the injury he can; but, let him know from me, it will be difficult for him to withstand or avoid what is decreed by heaven." "Who doubts of that?" said the niece; "but, dear uncle, who puts you upon these squabbles? Would it not be better to stay quietly at home, than to ramble about the world seeking for better bread than wheaten, without considering that many go for wool and return shorn themselves." "O, dear niece," answered Don Quixote, "how little do you know of the matter! before they shall shear me, I will pluck and tear off the beards of all those, who dare think of touching the tip of a single hair of mine." Neither of them would make any farther reply, for they saw his choler begin to take fire. He staid, after this, fifteen days at home, very quiet, without discovering any symptom of an inclination to repeat his late frolics; in which time there passed very pleasant discourses between him and his two gossips, the priest and the barber, he affirming, that the world stood in need of nothing so much as knights-errant, and the revival of chivalry. The priest sometimes contradicted him, and at other times acquiesced; for, had he not made use of this artifice, there would have been no means left to bring him to reason.

About this time, Don Quixote tampered with a labourer, a neighbour of his, and an honest man, (if such an epithet may be given to one that is poor,) but very shallow-brained. In short, he said so much, used so many arguments, and promised him such great matters, that the poor fellow resolved to sally out with him and serve him as his squire. Among other things, Don Quixote told him he should dispose himself to go with him willingly, for some time or other, such an adventure might offer, that an island might be won in the turn of a hand, and he be left governor thereof. Intoxicated with these and the like promises, Sancho Panza, (for that was

the labourer's name,) left his wife and children, and hired himself as squire to his neighbour. Don Quixote presently cast about how to raise money; and, by selling one thing, and pawning another, and losing by all, he scraped together a tolerable sum. He fitted himself likewise with a buckler, which he borrowed of a friend, and, patching up his broken helmet in the best manner he could, he acquainted his squire Sancho of the day and hour he intended to set out, that he might provide himself with what he should find to be most needful. Above all, he charged him not to forget a wallet; and Sancho said, he would be sure to carry one, and that he intended also to take with him an ass he had, being a very good one, because he was not used to travel much on foot. As to the ass, Don Quixote paused a little, endeavouring to recollect whether any knight-errant had ever carried a squire mounted ass-wise; but no instance of the kind occurred to his memory. However, he consented that he should take his ass with him, purposing to accommodate him more honourably, the first opportunity, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet. He provided himself also, with shirts, and what other things he could, conformable to the advice given him by the inn-keeper.

All which being done and accomplished, Don Quixote and

Sancho Panza, without taking leave, the one of his wife and children, and the other of his housekeeper and niece, one night sallied out of the village, unperceived by any one; and they travelled so hard, that by break of day they believed themselves secure of not being found, though search were made after them. Sancho Panza went riding on his ass like any patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a vehement desire to find himself governor of the island which his master had promised him. Don Quixote happened to take the same route he had done in his first expedition, through the plain of Montiel, which he passed over with less uneasiness than the time before; for it was early in the morning, and the rays of the sun darting on them aslant, gave them no disturbance. Now, Sancho Panza said to his master,—"I beseech your worship, good sir knight-errant, that you forget not your promise concerning that same island, for I shall know how to govern it be it ever so big." To which Don Quixote answered,—"You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a custom much in use among the knights-errant of old, to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered; and I am determined that so laudable a custom shall not be lost for me; on the contrary, I resolve to outdo them in it; for they sometimes, and perhaps most times, staid till their squires were grown old; and when they were worn out in their service, and had undergone many bad days and worse nights, they gave them some title, as that of count or marquis of some valley or province, be it greater or less; but if you live and I live, before six days are ended, I may probably win such a kingdom as may have others depending on it, as fit as if they were cast in a mould for thee to be crowned king of one of them: and do not think this any extraordinary matter, for things fall out to such knights, by such unforeseen and unexpected ways, that I may easily give thee more than I promise." "So then," answered Sancho Panza, "if I were a king, by some of those miracles you are pleased to mention, Mary Gutierrez, my crooked rib, would at least come to be queen, and my children infantas." "Who doubts it?" answered Don Quixote. "I doubt it," replied Sancho Panza; "for I am verily persuaded, that if God were to

rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would fit well upon the head of Mary Gutierrez; for you must know, sir, she is not worth two farthings for a queen. The title of countess would set better upon her, and that too with the help of God and good friends." "Recommend her to God, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and he will do what is best for her; but do thou have a care not to debase thy mind so low, as to content thyself with being less than a lord-lieutenant." "Sir, I will not," answered Sancho, "especially having so great a man for my master as your worship, who will know how to give me whatever is most fitting for me, and what you find me best able to bear."

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE GOOD SUCCESS WHICH THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE DREADFUL AND NEVER-BEFORE-IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS, WITH OTHER EVENTS WORTHY TO BE RECORDED.

NTERTAINING themselves thus, they perceived some thirty or forty windmills that are in that plain; and as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire, —"Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired: look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where you may discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, with whom I intend to fight and take away all their lives, and with whose spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful war and doing God good service, to take away so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth." "What giants?" said Sancho Panza. "Those you see yonder," answered his master, "with those long arms, for some of them are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues." "Consider, sir," answered Sancho, "that those which appear yonder, are not giants, but, windmills, and what seem to be arms, are the sails, which whirled about by the wind make the mill-stone go." "One may easily see," answered Don Quixote, "that you are not versed in the business of adventures: they are giants, and if you are afraid, get aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in a fierce and unequal combat." So saying, he clapped spurs to Rocinante,

without minding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that those he went to assault were without all doubt windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them; but went on, crying out aloud,—"Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitifs, for it is a single knight who assaults you." Now the wind rose a little and the great sails began to move; which Don Quixote perceiving, he said,—"Well, though you should move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for it."

So saying, and recommending himself devoutly to his lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succour him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler, and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rocinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him; and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence, that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could carry him:

and when he came up to him, he found him not able to stir; so violent was the blow he and Rocinante had received in falling. "God save me," quoth Sancho, "did I not warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills? and nobody could mistake them, but one that had the like in his head." "Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for matters of war are of all others, most subject to continual mutations. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly so, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me; but when he has done his worst, his wicked arts will avail but little against the goodness of my sword." "God grant it as he can," answered Sancho Panza; and helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon Rocinante, who was half shoulder-slipped.

And discoursing of the late adventure, they followed the road that led to the pass of Lapice; for there Don Quixote said, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, it being a great thoroughfare; and yet he went on very melancholy for want of his lance, and speaking of it to his squire, he said: "I remember to have read that a certain Spanish knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in fight, tore off a huge branch or limb from an oak, and performed such wonders with it that day, and dashed out the brains of so many Moors, that he was surnamed Machuca;[51] and, from that day forward, he and his descendants bore the names of Vargas and Machuca. I tell you this, because from the first oak or crab-tree we meet, I mean to tear such another limb, at least as good as that; and I purpose and resolve to do such feats with it, that you shall deem yourself most fortunate in meriting to behold them, and to be an eye-witness of things which can scarcely be believed." "God's will be done," quoth Sancho; "I believe all just as you say, sir! but pray set yourself upright in your saddle; for you seem to me to ride sideling, occasioned doubtless by your

[51] This adventure, of *Diego Perez de Vargas*, surnamed *Machuca*, happened at the taking of Xeres, under Saint Ferdinand. It has formed an incident in many romances.

being so sorely bruised by the fall." "It is certainly so," answered Don Quixote, "and if I do not complain of pain, it is because knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever, though their entrails came out at it."[52] "If it be so I have nothing to reply," answered Sancho; "but God knows I should be glad to hear your worship complain, when any thing ails you. As for myself, I must complain of the least pain I feel, unless this business of not complaining be understood to extend to the squires of knights-errant." Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire, and told him he might complain whenever and as much as he pleased, with or without cause, having never yet read any thing to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.

Sancho put him in mind that it was time to dine. His master answered that at present he had no need; but that he might eat whenever he thought fit. With this license, Sancho adjusted himself the best he could upon his beast; and taking out what he carried in his wallet, he jogged on eating behind his master very leisurely, and now and then lifted the bottle to his mouth with so much relish that the best fed victualler of Malaga might have envied him. And whilst he went on in this manner, repeating his draughts, he thought no more of the promises his master had made him, nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation, to go in quest of adventures, though never so perilous. In fine, they passed that night among some trees, and from one of them Don Quixote tore a withered branch, that might serve him in some sort for a lance, and fixed it to the iron head or spear of that which was broken. All that night Don Quixote slept not a wink, ruminating on his lady Dulcinea, in conformity to what he had read in his books, where the knights are wont to pass many nights together without closing their eyes, in forests and deserts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their mistresses. Not so did Sancho pass the night; whose stomach being full, (and not of dandelion-water,) he made but one sleep of it; and if his master had not roused him, neither the beams of the sun that darted full

[52] Rule IX.—"That no knight shall complain of any wound that he may have received." (MARQUEZ, *Tesoro militar de cavalleria.*)

in his face, nor the melody of the birds, which in great numbers most cheerfully saluted the approach of the new day, could have awakened him. At his uprising he took a swig at his bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before, which grieved his very heart, for he did not think they were in the way to remedy that defect very soon. Don Quixote would not break his fast; for, as it is said, he resolved to subsist upon savory remembrances.

They returned to the way they had entered upon the day before, towards the pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three in the afternoon. "Here" said Don Quixote espying it, "brother Sancho Panza, we may thrust our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures. But take this caution with you, that though you should see me in the greatest peril in the world, you must not lay your hand to your sword to defend me, unless you see that they who assault me are vile mob and mean scoundrels; in that case you may assist me: but if they should be knights, it is in no wise lawful, nor allowed by the laws of chivalry, that you should intermeddle until you are dubbed a knight." "I assure you, sir," answered Sancho, "your worship shall be obeyed most punctually herein, and the rather, because I am naturally very peaceable, and an enemy to thrusting myself into brangles and squabbles; but for all that, as to what regards the defence of my own person, I shall make no great account of those same laws, since both divine and human allow every one to defend himself against whoever would annoy him." "I say no less," answered Don Quixote; "but in the business of assisting me against knights, you must restrain and keep in your natural impetuosity." "I say I will do so," answered Sancho; "and I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord's day."

As they were thus discoursing, there appeared in the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, mounted upon two dromedaries; for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore travelling-masks, and carried umbrellas. Behind them came a coach and four or five men on horseback, who accompanied it, with two muleteers on foot. There was in the coach, as it was afterwards known, a certain Biscayan lady going to Seville to her husband, who was there ready to embark for the Indies in a very honourable

post. The monks came not in her company, though they were travelling the same road. But scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he said to his squire, "Either I am deceived, or this is like to prove the most famous adventure that ever was seen; for those black bulks that appear yonder must be, and without doubt are enchanters, who are carrying away some princess whom they have stolen, in that coach, and I am obliged to redress this wrong to the utmost of my power." "This may prove a worse job than the windmills," said Sancho: "pray sir, take notice, that those are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to some travellers. Pray hearken to my advice, and have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you." "I have already told you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that you know little of the business of adventures; what I say is true, and you will see it presently." So saying, he advanced and planted himself in the midst of the high-way, by which the monks were to pass; and when they were so near that he supposed they could hear what he said, cried out with a loud voice, "Diabolical and monstrous race! either instantly

release the high-born princesses whom you are carrying away in that coach against their wills, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds."—The monks stopped their mules, and stood admiring, as well the figure of Don Quixote, as his expressions; to which they answered, "Signor Cavalier, we are

neither diabolical nor monstrous, but a couple of religious of the Benedictine order, who are travelling on our own business, and are entirely ignorant whether any princesses are carried away by force in that coach or not."—"Soft words do nothing with me, for I know you, treacherous scoundrels," said Don Quixote; and without staying for any other reply, he clapped spurs to Rocinante, and with his lance couched, ran at the foremost monk with such fury and resolution, that if he had not slid down from his mule, he would have brought him to the ground, in spite of his teeth, wounded to boot, if not killed outright.

The second religious, seeing his comrade treated in this manner, clapped spurs to his mule's sides, and began to scour along the plain lighter than the wind itself. Sancho Panza, seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and running to him, began to take off his habit. In the mean while, the monk's two lacqueys coming up, asked him why he was stripping their master of his clothes? Sancho answered, that they were his lawful perquisites as being the spoils of the battle which his lord Don Quixote had just won. The lacqueys, who did not understand raillery, nor what was meant by spoils or battles, seeing Don Quixote at a distance, talking with those in the coach, fell upon Sancho, threw him down, and leaving him not a hair in his beard, gave him a hearty kicking, and left him stretched on the ground, breathless and senseless. Then, without losing a minute, the monk got upon his mule again, trembling and terribly frighted, and as pale as death; and no sooner was he mounted, than he spurred after his companion, who stood waiting at a good distance to see what would be the issue of that strange encounter. But being unwilling to wait the event they went on their way, crossing themselves oftener than if the devil had been close at their heels. Don Quixote, as was said, stood talking to the lady in the coach, saying,—"Your beauty, dear lady, may dispose of your person as pleaseth you best; for your haughty ravishers lie prostrate on the ground, overthrown by my invincible arm: and that you may not be at any pains to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless

and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso; and in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands, all I desire is, that you would return to Toboso, and in my name, present yourselves before that lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty."

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire, who accompanied the coach, a Biscayan; who, finding he would not let the coach go forward, but insisted upon its immediately returning to Toboso, flew at Don Quixote, and taking hold of his lance, addressed him in bad Castilian and worse Biscayan, after this manner: "Begone, cavalier, and the devil go with thee. I swear by that power that made me, if thou dost not quit the coach, thou forfeitest thy life, as I am a Biscayan." Don Quixote understood him very well, and with great calmness, answered, "Wert thou a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave." To which the Biscayan replied, "I no gentleman! I swear by the Heaven above us thou liest, as I am a Christian. If thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see I will make no more of thee than a cat does of a mouse. Biscayan by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou liest: look then, if thou hast any thing else to say." "Thou shalt see that presently, as said Agrages," answered Don Quixote; and, throwing down his lance, he drew his sword and grasping his buckler, set upon the Biscayan with a resolution to kill him. The Biscayan seeing him come on in that manner, though he would fain have alighted from his mule, which, being of the worst kind of hackneys, was not to be depended upon, had yet only time to draw his sword: but it happened well for him that he was close to the coach side, out of which he snatched a cushion, which served him for a shield; and immediately to it they went, as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the company would have made peace between them, but they could not: for the Biscayan swore in his gibberish, that if they would not let him finish the combat, he would kill his mistress and every body that offered to hinder him. The lady of the coach, amazed and affrighted at what she saw, bid the coachman put a little out of the way, and so sat at a distance, beholding the fierce conflict; in the progress of

which, the Biscayan gave Don Quixote such a huge stroke on one of his shoulders and above his buckler, that had it not been for his coat of mail, he had cleft him down to the girdle. Don Quixote feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cried out aloud, saying,—"O lady of my soul! Dulcinea! flower of all beauty, succour this thy knight, who to satisfy thy great goodness, exposes himself to this rigorous extremity." The saying this, the drawing his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler, and falling furiously on the Biscayan, was done in one moment, he resolving to venture all on the fortune of a single blow. The Biscayan who saw him coming thus upon him, and perceived his bravery by his resolution, resolved to do the same thing that Don Quixote had done; and so he waited for him, covering himself well with his cushion, but was not able to turn his mule about to the right or the left, she being already so jaded, and so little used to such sport, that she would not stir a step.

Now Don Quixote, as has been said, advanced against the wary Biscayan, with his lifted sword, fully determined to cleave him

asunder: and the Biscayan expected him, with his sword also lifted up and guarded by his cushion. All the by-standers were trembling and in suspense as to what would be the event of those prodigious blows with which they threatened each other; and the lady of the

coach and her waiting-women, were making a thousand vows and promises of offerings to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, if God would deliver them and their squire from the great peril they were in. But the misfortune is, that the author of this history in this very crisis, leaves the combat unfinished; excusing himself that he could find no more written of these exploits of Don Quixote, than what he has already related. It is true, indeed, that the second undertaker of this work could not believe that so curious a history could be lost in oblivion, or that the wits of La Mancha should have so little curiosity, as not to preserve in their archives, or their cabinets some papers that treated of this famous knight; and upon that presumption he did not despair to find the conclusion of this delectable history; which, heaven favouring him, he has at last done, in the manner to be recounted in the second part.

PART I. BOOK II.[53]

CHAPTER I.

WHEREIN IS CONCLUDED, AND AN END PUT TO, THE STUPENDOUS BATTLE BETWEEN THE VIGOROUS BISCAYAN AND THE VALIANT MANCHEGAN.

NEVER be it forgotten that in the first part of this history, we left the valiant Biscayan and the renowned Don Quixote, with their swords lifted up and naked, ready to discharge two such furious and cleaving strokes, as must, if they had lighted full, at least have divided the combatants from head to heel, and split them asunder like a pomegranate; but in that critical instant this relishing history stopped short, and

[53] Cervantes divided the first part of *Don Quixote* into four very unequal books, for the third is longer than the two first, and the fourth is longer than the three others. He did not employ the division into books in the second part, dividing that into chapters only.

was left imperfect, without the author's giving us any notice where what remained of it might be found. That grieved me extremely and the pleasure of having read so little was turned into disgust, to think what small probability there was of finding the much that, in my opinion, was wanting of so savoury a story. It seemed to me impossible, and quite beside all laudable custom, that so accomplished a knight should want a sage to undertake the penning his unparelleled exploits; a circumstance that never before failed any of those knights-errant who travelled in quest of adventures; every one of whom had one or two sages, made as it were on purpose, who not only recorded their actions, but described likewise their most minute and trifling thoughts, though never so secret.[54] Surely, then, so worthy a knight could not be so unfortunate as to want what Platir and others like him, abounded with. For this reason I could not be induced to believe, that so gallant a history could be left maimed and imperfect; and I laid the blame upon the malignity of time, the devourer and consumer of all things, which either kept it concealed, or had destroyed it.—On the other side, I considered, that since among his books there was found some so modern as the "Cure of jealousy," and the "Nymphs and shepherds of Henares," his history also must be modern; and if it were not as yet written, might at least still remain in the memories of the people of his village and of the neighbouring places. This thought held me in suspense, and made me desirous to learn, really and truly, the whole life and wonderful actions of our renowned Spaniard, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the light and mirror of Manchegan chivalry, and the first who in our age, and in these calamitous times, took upon him the toil and exercise of arms-errant, to redress wrongs, succour widows and relieve that sort of damsels, who with whip and palfrey, and with all their virginity about them, rambled up and down from mountain to mountain and from valley to valley: for unless some miscreant, or some lewd clown, with hatchet and steel cap, or prodigious giant outraged them, damsels there were in days of yore, who at the expiration of fourscore years, and never sleeping in all

[54] Thus it was the sage Alquife who wrote the chronicle of Amadis of Greece; the sage Friston, the history of Don Belianis; the sages Artémidore and Lirgandéo, that of the knight of Phœbus; the sage Galtenor, that of Platir, &c.

that time under a roof, went as spotless virgins to the grave as the mothers that bore them.[55] Now I say, upon these, and many other accounts, our gallant Don Quixote is worthy of immortal memory and praise; nor ought some share to be denied even to me, for the labour and pains I have taken to discover the end of this delectable history; though I am very sensible, that if heaven and fortune had not befriended me, the world would have still been without that pastime and pleasure, which an attentive reader of it may enjoy for near two hours. The manner of finding it was this.

[55] Either this pleasantry, so happily employed by Cervantes in the text, was well known even out of Spain in his own time, or Shakspeare and he simultaneously hit upon the same idea. We find, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (act II. scene II:

FALSTAFF.

"Good-morrow, good wife.

MRS. QUICKLY.

Not so, an't please your worship.

FALSTAFF.

Good maid, then.

MRS. QUICKLY.

I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born."

As I was walking one day on the exchange of Toledo, a boy came to sell some bundles of old papers to a mercer; and as I am fond of reading, though it be torn papers thrown about the streets, carried by this my natural inclination, I took a parcel of those the boy was selling, and perceived therein characters which I knew to be Arabic. And whereas, though I knew the letters, I could not read them, I looked about for some Moorish rabbi, to read them for me, and it was not very difficult to find such an interpreter; for had I sought one for some better and more ancient language,[56] I should have found him there. In fine, my good fortune presented one to me; and acquainting him with my desire, and putting the book into his hands, he opened it towards the middle, and, reading a little in it, began to laugh. I asked him what he smiled at; and he answered me, at something which he found written in the margin, by way of annotation. I desired him to tell me what it was; and he laughing on, said,—"There is written on the margin as follows: 'This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often mentioned in this history, had they say, the best hand at salting pork of any woman in all La Mancha.'" When I heard the name of Dulcinea del Toboso, I stood amazed and confounded; for I presently fancied to myself, that those bundles of paper contained the history of Don Quixote.

With this thought I pressed him to read the beginning; which he did, and rendering extempore the Arabic into Castilian, said that it began thus: "The history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, Arabian historiographer." Much discretion was necessary to dissemble the joy I felt at hearing the title of the book; and snatching it out of the mercer's hands, I bought the whole bundle of papers from the boy for half a real! who, if he had been cunning, and had perceived how eager I was to have them, might very well have promised himself, and have really had more than six for the bargain. I went off immediately with the Morisco, through the cloister of the great church, and desired him

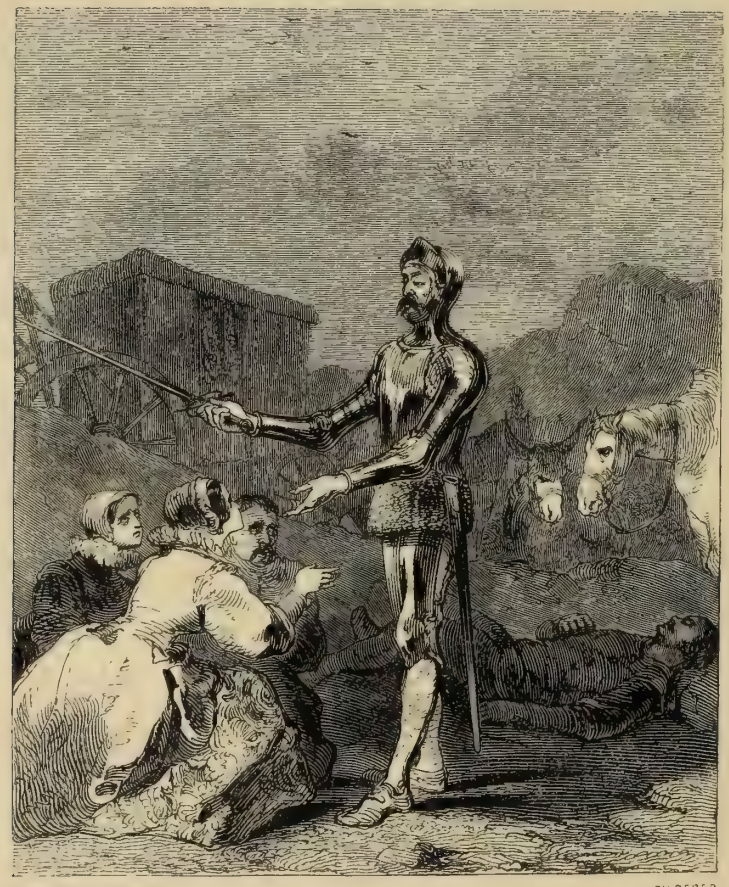
[56] Cervantes alludes to the Hebrew tongue; for there were plenty of Jews in Toledo. The moors here mentioned (Moriscoes), were the decendants of the Arabs and Moors who remained in Spain after the conquest of Grenada, and were forced embrace christianity. See, on this subject, '*Essai sur l'histoire des Arabes et Mores d'Espagne,*' by Louis Viardot, *Appendice, tome II.*

to translate for me those papers (all those that treated of Don Quixote) into the Castilian tongue, without taking away or adding any thing to them, offering to pay him whatever he should demand. He was satisfied with fifty pounds of raisins, and two bushels of wheat; and promised to translate them faithfully and expeditiously. But I, to make the business more sure, and not to let so valuable a prize slip through my fingers, took him home to my own house, where in little more than six weeks time, he translated the whole, in the manner you have it here related.

In the first sheet was drawn, in a most lively manner, Don Quixote's combat with the Biscayan, in the same attitude in which the history sets it forth; the swords lifted up, the one covered with his buckler, the other with his cushion; and the Biscayan's mule so to the life, that you might discover it to be a hackney-jade a bow-shot off. The Biscayan had a label at his feet on which was written Don Sancho de Azpetia, which without doubt must have been his name: and at the feet of Rocinante was another, on which was written Don Quixote. Rocinante was wonderfully well delineated; so long and lank, so lean and feeble, with so sharp a back-bone, and so like one in a galloping consumption, that you might see plainly with what exactness and propriety the name of Rocinante had been given him. Close by him stood Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter, at whose feet was another scroll, whereon was written Sancho Zancas; and not without reason, if he was, as the painting expressed, paunch-bellied, short of stature, and spindle-shanked, which doubtless, gave him the names of Panza and Zancas for the history sometimes calls him by the one, and sometimes by the other of these sirnames.[57] There were some other minuter particulars observable, but they are all of little importance, and contribute nothing to the faithful narration of the history, though none are to be despised, if true. But if any objection lies against the truth of this history, it can only be, that the author was an Arab, the people of that nation being not a little addicted to lying; though they being so much our enemies, one should rather think

[57] On the contrary this is the only time that Sancho is called Zancas. It is almost superfluous to say that *Panza* means belly, and *Zancas*, long and bowed legs.

he fell short of, than exceeded the bounds of truth. And so in truth he seems to have done; for when he might and ought to have launched out in celebrating the praises of so excellent a knight, it looks as if he industriously passed them over in silence: a thing ill done and worse designed, for historians ought to be precise, faithful, and unprejudiced; and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor



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affection, should make them swerve from the way of truth, whose mother is history the rival of time, the depository of great actions, the witness of what is past, the example and instruction to the present, and monitor to the future. In this work you will certainly find whatever you can desire in the most agreeable; and if any perfection is wanting to it, it must without all question be the fault of the infidel its author, and not owing to any defect in the subject.[58] In short its second part, according to the translation, began in this manner:—

The trenchant blades of the two valorous and enraged combatants being brandished aloft, seemed to stand threatening heaven and earth, and the deep abyss, such was the courage and gallantry of their deportment. The first who discharged his blow was the choleric Biscayan, which fell with such force and fury, that if the edge of the sword had not turned aslant by the way, that single blow had been enough to have put an end to this cruel conflict, and to all the adventures of our knight. But good fortune, that preserved him for greater things, so twisted his adversary's sword, that though it alighted on the left shoulder, it did him no other hurt than to disarm that side, carrying off by the way a great part of his helmet, with half an ear; all which, with hideous ruin, fell to the ground, leaving him in a piteous plight.

But who! who is he that can worthily recount the rage that entered into the breast of our Manchegan, at seeing himself so roughly handled? Let it suffice that it was so great, that he raised himself afresh in his stirrups, and grasping his sword faster in both hands, discharged it with such fury upon the Biscayan, taking him full upon the cushion, and upon the head (which he could not defend,) that as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood began to gush out at his nostrils, his mouth, and his ears; and he seemed as if he was just falling down from his mule, which doubtless he must have done if he had not laid fast hold of her neck. But notwithstanding that, he lost his stirrups and let go his hold; and the mule, frightened by the terrible stroke, began to run about the field, and at two or three

[58] Cervantes, doubtless, here alludes to the name of *dog*, by which name the Christians and Moors reciprocally called themselves. The word in the original Spanish is, *perro moro*.

plunges laid her master flat upon the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on with great calmness, and when he saw him fall, leaped from his horse, and with much agility ran up to him, and, clapping the point of his sword to his eyes, bid him yield, or he would cut off his head. The Biscayan was so stunned that he could not answer a word; and it had gone hard with him, (so blinded with rage was Don Quixote), if the ladies of the coach, who hitherto in great dismay beheld the conflict, had not approached him, and earnestly besought him that he would do them the great kindness and favour to spare the life of their squire. Don Quixote answered with much solemnity and gravity, "Assuredly fair ladies, I am very willing to grant your request, but it is upon a certain condition and compact; which is, that this knight shall promise me to repair to the town of Toboso, and present himself as from me, before the peerless Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him as she shall think fit." The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering what Don Quixote required, and without inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised him her squire should perform whatever he enjoined him. "In reliance upon this promise," said Don Quixote, "I will do him no farther hurt, though he has well deserved it at my hands."

CHAPTER II.

OF THE DISCOURSE DON QUIXOTE HAD WITH HIS GOOD SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA.

IMMEDIATELY Sancho Panza had got upon his legs, somewhat roughly handled by the monks' lacqueys, he gazed very attentively on the combat of his master Don Quixote, and implored Heaven to give him the victory and that he might thereby win some island, of which to make his squire governor, as he had promised. Now, seeing the conflict at an end, and that his master was ready to re-mount Rocinante, he came and held his stirrup; and before he got up, he fell upon his knees before him, and taking hold of his hand, kissed it, and said to him,—"Be pleased, my lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island, which you have won in this rigorous combat; for be it never so big, I find in myself ability sufficient to govern it, as well as the best he that ever governed island in the world." To which Don Quixote answered,—"Consider, brother Sancho that this adventure, and others of this nature, are not adven-

tures of islands, but of cross-ways, in which nothing is to be gotten but a broken head or the loss of an ear. Have patience; for adventures will offer, whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but something better." Sancho returned him abundance of thanks, and kissing his hand again, and the skirt of his coat of mail, he helped him to get upon Rocinante, and himself mounting his ass, began to follow his master, who going off at a round rate, without taking his leave or speaking to those of the coach, entered into a wood that was hard by.

Sancho followed him as fast as his beast could trot; but Rocinante made such way, that seeing himself likely to be left far behind, he was forced to call aloud to his master to stay for him. Don Quixote did so, checking Rocinante by the bridle, until his weary squire overtook him, who as soon as he came near, said to him,—"Methinks, sir, it would not be amiss to retire to some church; for considering in what condition you have left your adversaries, it is not improbable they may give notice of the fact to the holy brotherhood,[59] who will apprehend us: and in faith if they do, before we get out of their clutches we may chance to sweat for it." "Peace," quoth Don Quixote; "for where have you seen or read of a knight-errant being brought before a court of justice, let him have committed ever so many homicides?" "I know nothing of your omecils," answered Sancho, "nor in my life have I ever concerned myself about them: only this I know, that the holy brotherhood have something to say to those who fight in the fields; and as to this other matter, I intermeddle not in it." "Set your heart at rest friend," answered Don Quixote; "for I should deliver you out of the hands of the Chaldeans, how much more then out of those of the holy brotherhood? But tell me on your life, have you ever seen a more valorous knight than I upon the whole face of the known earth? have you read in story of any other, who has or ever had more bravery in assailing,

[59] The *Santa Hermandad* or *Holy Fraternity*, was a jurisdiction, the tribunals and martialship of which were specially charged with the pursuit and punishment of malefactors. It was first instituted about the beginning of the thirteenth century by voluntary associations; it afterwards penetrated into Castile and Arragon, and was completely organized under the catholic kings.

more breath in holding out, more dexterity in wounding, or more address in giving a fall?" "The truth is," answered Sancho, "that I never read any history at all, for I can neither read nor write; but what I dare affirm is, that I never served a bolder master than your worship, in all the days of my life; and pray Jove we be not called to account for these darings where I just now said. What I beg of your worship is, that you would let your wound be dressed for there comes a great deal of blood from that ear; and I have some lint and a little white ointment in my wallet." "All this would have been needless," answered Don Quixote, "if I had bethought myself of making a phial of the balsam of Fierabras;[60] for with one single drop of that we might have saved both time and medicines." "What phial and what balsam is that?" said Sancho Panza. "It is a balsam," answered Don Quixote, "of which I have the receipt by heart, and he that has it need not fear death, nor so much as think of dying by any wound. Of course when I shall have made it and given it you, all you will have to do is, when you see me in some battle cleft asunder, (as it frequently happens), to take up fair and softly that part of my body which shall fall to the ground, and with the greatest nicety, before the blood is congealed, place it upon the other half that shall remain in the saddle, taking especial care to make them tally exactly. Then must you immediately give me to drink only two draughts of the balsam aforesaid, and you will see me become sounder than any apple." "If this be so," said Sancho, "I renounce from henceforward the goverment of the promised island, and desire no other thing in payment of my many and good services, but that your worship will give me the receipt of this extraordinary liquor; for I dare say it will any where fetch more than two reals an ounce; and I want no more to pass this life

[60] Or *Fier à Bras*. "He was, according to the history of Charlemagne, an infidel or Saracen giant, son to Admiral Balan, the conqueror of Rome and Jerusalem and King of Alexandria. He was the implacable enemy of Olivier, who wounded him mortally; but he soon recovered by drinking some balsam that he had in two little barrels which came into his possession at the conquest of Jerusalem. This balsam was, it is believed, a part of that with which Joseph of Arimathea embalmed our Saviour. But Olivier, having succeeded in sinking the two barrels in a deep river, vanquished Fier à Bras, who was subsequently baptized and died a convert, as it is related by Nicolas de Piamonte. (*Historia de Carlo magno*, cap. VII. and XII)

creditably and comfortably. But I should be glad to know whether it will cost much the making." "For less than three reals one may make nine pints," answered Don Quixote. "Sinner that I am," replied Sancho, "why then does your worship delay to make it, and to teach me?" "Peace, friend," answered Don Quixote; "for I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and to do thee greater kindnesses; but for the present let us set about the cure, for my ear pains me more than I could wish."

Sancho took some lint and ointment out of his wallet. But when

Don Quixote perceived that his helmet was broken, he was nearly stark mad; and laying his hand on his sword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, "I swear by the Creator of all things, and by all that is contained in the four holy evangelists, to lead the life that the great marquis of Mantua led, when he vowed to revenge the

death of his nephew Valdovinos, (which was, not to eat bread on a table cloth, nor solace himself with his wife, and other things, which though I do not now remember, I allow here for expressed,) until I am fully revenged on him who hath done me this outrage. Sancho hearing this, said to him,—"Pray consider, Signor Don Quixote, that if the knight has performed what was enjoined him, namely, to go and present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will then have done his duty, and deserves no new punishment, unless he commit a new crime." "You have remarked very justly," answered Don Quixote, "and I annul the oath, so far as concerns the taking a fresh revenge; but I make it, and confirm it anew, as to leading the life I have mentioned, until I shall take by force such another helmet, or one as good, from some other knight. And think not, Sancho, I undertake this lightly, or make a smoke of straw; I know what example I follow therein, for the same thing happened exactly with regard to Mambrino's helmet which cost Sacripante so dear."[61] "Good sir," replied Sancho, "give such oaths to the devil; for they are very detrimental to health, and prejudicial to the conscience. Besides, pray tell me, if perchance in many days we should not light upon a man armed with a helmet, what must we do then? must the oath be kept in spite of so many difficulties and inconveniences, such as sleeping in your clothes, and not sleeping in any inhabited place, and a thousand other penances, contained in the oath of that mad old fellow the marquis of Mantua, which you, sir, would now revive? [62] Consider well, that none of these roads are frequented by armed men, and that there are only carriers and carters, who are so far from wearing helmets, that perhaps, they never heard them so much as named in all the days of their lives." "You are mistaken in this," said Don Quixote; "for we shall not be two hours in these cross-ways before we shall see more armed men than came to the siege of Albraca, to carry off

[61] *Orlando Furioso*, cant. 18, 161, &c.

[62] The oath taken by the Marquis of Mantua, as it is related in the ancient *romances* composed on his adventure, runs as follows: "I swear never to comb my white hair nor to shave my beard, never to change my clothes not to put on new shoes and stockings, never to enter an inhabited place or to remove my arms—excepting for an hour while I wash my body,—never to eat off a table-cloth, or seat myself at table, until I shall have killed Charlot, or have been slain in combat——"

Angelica the Fair."[63] "Well, be it so," quoth Sancho; "and Heaven grant us good success, and that we may speedily win this island, which costs me so dear; and then no matter how soon I die. I have already told you, Sancho, to be in no pain upon that account, for, if an island cannot be had, there is the kingdom of Dinamarque or that of Sobradisa,[64] which will fit you like a ring to your finger, and moreover, being upon terra firma, you should rejoice the more. But let us leave this to its own time, and see if you have any thing for us to eat in your wallet; and we will go presently in quest of some castle, where we may lodge this knight, and make the balsam that I told you of; for I vow to God, my ear pains me very much." "I have here an onion, and a piece of cheese, and I know not how many crusts of bread," said Sancho; "but they are not eatables fit for so valiant a knight as your worship." "How ill you understand this matter!" answered Don Quixote: "you must know, Sancho, that it is an honour to knights-errant not to eat in a month; and if they do eat, it must be of what comes next to hand; and if you had read as many histories as I have, you would have known this; for though I have perused a great many, I never yet found any account given in them that ever knights-errant did eat, unless it were by chance, and at certain sumptuous banquets made on purpose for them; and the rest of their days they lived, as it were upon their smelling. Though it is to be presumed, they could not subsist without eating, and without satisfying all other natural wants, it must likewise be supposed, that as they passed most of their lives in wandering through forests and deserts, and without a cook, their usual diet consisted of rustic viands, such as those you now offer me. Therefore friend Sancho, let not that trouble you, which gives me pleasure, nor endeavour to make a new world, or to throw knight-errantry off its hinges." "Pardon me, sir," said Sancho; "for as I can neither read nor write, as I told you before, I am entirely unacquainted with the rules of the knightly profession; and from

[63] In Boyardo's poem, Agrican, King of Tartary beseiges Albraque with an army of two millions of soldiers, extending over the space of four leagues. In Ariosto's poem king Marsilio lays seige to the same fortress with his thirty two tributary kings and all their forces.

[64] Imaginary kingdoms mentioned in *Amadis de Gaul.*

henceforward I will furnish my wallet with all sorts of dried fruits for your worship, who are a knight; and for myself who am none, I will supply it with poultry, and other things of more substance." "I do not say, Sancho" replied Don Quixote, "that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing but dried fruit as you say; but that their most usual sustenance was of that kind, and of certain herbs they found up and down in the fields, which they very well knew, and as do I." "It is a happiness to know these same herbs," answered

Sancho: "for I am inclined to think, we shall one day have occasion to make use of that knowledge."

So saying, he took out what he had provided, and they eat together in a very peaceable and friendly manner. But, being desirous to seek out a place to lodge in that night, they soon finished their poor and dry commons. They presently mounted, and made what haste they could to get to some inhabited village before night; but both the sun and their hopes failed them near the huts of certain goatherds; so they determined to take up their lodging there. If Sancho was grieved, that they could not reach some habitation, his master was as much rejoiced to lie in the open air,

making account that, every time this befel him, he was doing an act possessive, or such an act as gave a fresh evidence of his title to chivalry.

CHAPTER III.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE WITH CERTAIN GOATHERDS.

o one could be more kindly received than he was by the goatherds; and Sancho, having accommodated Rocinante and his ass the best he could, followed the scent of certain pieces of goat's flesh, that were boiling in a kettle on the fire; and though he would willingly at that instant have tried whether they were fit to be translated from the kettle to the stomach, he forbore doing it; for the goatherds themselves took them off the fire, and, spreading some sheep-skins on the ground, very speedily served up their rural mess, and invited both, with shew of much good-will, to take share of what they had. Six of them, that

belonged to the fold, sat down round about the skins, having first, with rustic compliments, desired Don Quixote to seat himself upon a trough with the bottom upwards, placed on purpose for him. Don Quixote sat down, and Sancho remained standing to serve the cup, which was made of horn. His master, seeing him standing, said to him: "That you may see, Sancho, the intrinsic worth of knight-errantry, and how fair a prospect its meanest retainers have of speedily gaining the respect and esteem of the world, I will that you sit here by my side, in company with these good folks, and that you be one and the same thing with me, who am your master and natural lord; that you eat from off my plate, and drink of the same cup in which I drink: for the same may be said of knight-errantry, which is said of love, that it makes all things equal." "I give you a great many thanks, sir," said Sancho, "but let me tell your worship, that provided I have victuals enough, I can eat as well or better standing, and by myself, than if I were seated close by an emperor. And farther, to tell you the truth, what I eat in my corner, without compliments or ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better than turkeys at other folks' tables, where I am forced to chew leisurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often, neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind, nor do other things which follow the being alone and at liberty. So that, good sir, as to these honours your worship is pleased to confer upon me, as a menial servant, and hanger-on of knight-errantry (being squire to your worship), be pleased to convert them into something of more use and profit to me; for, though I place them to account, as received in full, I renounce them from this time forward to the end of the world." "Notwithstanding all this," said Don Quixote, "you shall sit down, for whosoever humbleth himself God doth exalt;" and pulling him by the arm, he forced him to sit down next him. The goatherds did not understand this jargon of squires and knights-errant, and did nothing but eat, and listen, and stare at their guests, who with much cheerfulness and appetite, swallowed down pieces as big as one's fist. The service of flesh being finished, they spread upon the skins a great quantity of acorns, together with half a cheese, harder than if it had been made

of plaster of Paris. The horn stood not idle all this while; for it went round so often, now full, now empty, like the bucket of a well, that they presently emptied one of the two wine-bags that hung in view. After Don Quixote had satisfied his hunger, he took up a handful of acorns, and, looking on them attentively, gave utterance to expressions like these:

"Happy times, and happy ages! those to which the ancients gave the name of golden, not because gold (which in this our iron age is so much esteemed) was to be had in that fortunate period without toil and labour; but because they who then lived, were ignorant of these two words, *meum* and *tuum*. In that age of

innocence all things were in common: no one needed to take any other pains for his ordinary sustenance than to lift up his hand and take it from the sturdy oaks, which stood inviting him liberally to taste of their sweet and relishing fruit. The limpid fountains and running streams offered them, in magnificent abundance, their delicious and transparent waters. In the clefts of rocks and in the hollow of trees, did the industrious and provident bees form their commonwealths, offering to every hand, without usury, the fertile produce of their most delicious toil. The stout cork-trees, without any other inducement than that of their own courtesy, divested themselves of their light and expanded bark, with which men began to cover their houses, supported by rough poles, only for a defence against the inclemency of the seasons. All then was peace, all amity, all concord. As yet the heavy coulter of the crooked plough had not dared to force open, and search into, the tender bowels of our first mother, who, unconstrained, offered, from every part of her fertile and spacious bosom, whatever might feed, sustain, and delight those her children who then had her in possession.[65] Then did the simple and beauteous young shepherdesses trip it from dale to dale, and from hill to hill, their tresses sometimes plaited, sometimes loosely flowing, with no more clothing than was necessary modestly to cover what modesty has always required to be concealed; nor were their ornaments like those now-a-days in fashion, to which the Tyrian purple and the so-many-ways martyred silk gave a value, but composed of green dock-leaves and ivy interwoven; with which perhaps, they went as splendidly and elegantly decked as our court ladies do now, with all those rare and foreign inventions, which idle curiosity hath taught them. Then were the amorous conceptions of the soul clothed in simple and sincere expressions, in the same way and manner they were conceived, without seeking artificial phrases to set them off. Nor as yet were fraud, deceit and malice, intermixed with truth and plain-dealing. Justice kept within her proper bounds; favour and interest, which now so much depreciate,

[65] It is curious to compare this description of the golden age with that by Virgil, in the first book of the Georgics; with Ovid's, in the first book of the *Metamorphoses*; and with that by Tasso, in the chorus of the shepherds, which terminates the first act of the *Aminta*.

confound and persecute her, not daring then to disturb or offend her. As yet the judge did not make his own will the measure of justice, for then there were neither cause nor person to be judged. Maidens and modesty, as I said before, went about, alone and mistress of themselves, without fear of any danger from the unbridled freedom and base designs of others; and if they were undone, it was entirely owing to their own natural inclination and will. But

now, in these detestable ages of our's, no damsel is secure, though she were hidden and locked up in another labyrinth like that of Crete; for even there, through some cranny, or through the air, by the zeal of cursed importunity, the amorous pestilence finds entrance, and they miscarry in spite of their closest retreat. For the security of these, as times grew worse and wickedness increased, the order of knight-errantry was instituted to defend maidens, to

protect widows, and to relieve orphans and persons distressed.[66] Of this order am I, brother goatherds, from whom I take kindly the good cheer and civil reception you have given me and my squire; for though, by the law of nature, every one living is obliged to favour knights-errant, yet knowing that without your being acquainted with this obligation you have entertained and regaled me, it is but reasonable that, with all possible good-will towards you, I should acknowledge your's to me."

Our knight made this tedious discourse (which might very well have been spared) because the acorns they had given him put him in mind of the golden age, and inspired him with an eager desire to make that impertinent harangue to the goatherds, who were quite in amaze, gaping and listening, without answering him a word. Sancho himself was silent, stuffing himself with acorns, and often visiting the second wine-bag, which, that the wine might be cool, was hung upon a cork-tree.

Don Quixote spent more time in talking than in eating: and supper being over, one of the goatherds said: "That your worship, Signor knight-errant, may the more truly say that we entertain you with a ready good-will, we will give you some diversion and amusement, by making one of our comrades who will soon be here, sing a song: he is a very intelligent lad, and deeply enamoured; and above all, can read and write, and play upon the rebeck[67] to hearts content." The goatherd had scarcely said this when the sound of the rebeck reached their ears, and presently after came he that was playing on it, who was a youth of about two and twenty, and of a very good mien. His comrades asked him if he had supped; and he answering yes: "Then Antonio," said he who had made the offer, "you may afford us the pleasure of hearing you sing a little, that this gentleman, our guest, may see we have here among the mountains and woods, some that understand music. We have told him your good qualities, and would have you shew them, and make good

[66] Nearly all the orders of chivalry adopted the same device. In the order of Malta, the candidate was asked: "Do you vow to protect and favour widows, minors, orphans, and all afflicted or unfortunate persons?" The novice had to reply; "I promise to do so, with God's help."

[67] *Rabel*, a sort of violin with three strings. It was known in Spain in the early part of the fourteenth century, for it is mentioned by the arch-priest of Hita in his poetry.

what we have said; and therefore I entreat you to sit down, and sing the ditty of your loves, which your uncle the prebendary composed for you, and which was so well liked in our village." "With all my heart," replied the youth; and, without farther entreaty, he sat down upon the trunk of an old oak, and tuning his rebeck, after a while, with a very good grace, he began to sing as follows:

"Yes, lovely nymph, thou art my prize;
I boast the conquest of thy heart,
Though nor thy tongue, nor speaking eyes,
Have yet reveal'd the latent smart.

Thy wit and sense assure my fate,
In them my love's success I see;
Nor can he be unfortunate,
Who dares avow his flame for thee.

Yet sometimes hast thou frown'd, alas!
And given my hopes a cruel shock;
Then did thy soul seem form'd of brass,
Thy snowy bosom of the rock.

But in the midst of thy disdain,
Thy sharp reproaches, cold delays,
Hope from behind, to ease my pain,
The border of her robe displays.

Ah! lovely maid! in equal scale,
Weigh well thy shepherd's truth and love,
Which ne'er, but with his breath, can fail,
Which neither frowns nor smiles can move.

If love, as shepherds wont to say,
Be gentleness and courtesy,
So courteous is Olalia,
My passion will rewarded be.

And if obsequious duty paid,
The grateful heart can ever move,
Mine sure, my fair, may well persuade
A due return, and claim thy love.

For, to seem pleasing in thy sight,
I dress myself with studious care,
And, in my best apparel dight,
My Sunday clothes on Monday wear.

And shepherds say I'm not to blame;
For cleanly dress and spruce attire
Preserve alive love's wanton flame,
And gently fan the dying fire.

To please my fair, in mazy ring
I join the dance, and sportive play,
And oft beneath thy window sing,
When first the cock proclaims the day.

With rapture on each charm I dwell,
And daily spread thy beauty's fame;
And still my tongue thy praise shall tell,
Though envy swell, or malice blame.

Teresa of the Berrocal,
When once I prais'd you, said in spite,
"Your mistress you an angel call,
But a mere ape is your delight.

Thanks to the bugle's artful glare,
And all the graces counterfeit;
Thanks to the false and curled hair,
Which wary Love himself might cheat."

I swore 'twas false; and said she ly'd:
At that her anger fiercely rose:
I box'd the clown that took her side,
And how I box'd my fairest knows.

I court thee not, Olalia,
To gratify a loose desire;
My love is chaste, without allay
Of wanton wish, or lustful fire.

The church hath silken cords, that tie
Consenting hearts in mutual bands:
If thou, my fair, its yoke will try,
Thy swain its ready captive stands.

If not, by all the saints I swear,
On these bleak mountains still to dwell,
Nor ever quit my toilsome care,
But for the cloister and the cell."

Here ended the goatherd's song, and though Don Quixote desired him to sing something else, Sancho Panza was of another mind, being more disposed to sleep than to hear ballads; and therefore he said to his master: "Sir, you had better consider where you are to rest to-night; for the pains these honest men take all day will not suffer them to pass the night in singing." "I understand you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for I see plainly that the visits to the wine-bag require to be paid rather with sleep than music." "It relished well with us all, thank our good stars," answered Sancho. "I do not deny it," replied Don Quixote; "but lay yourself down where

you will, for it better becomes those of my profession to watch than to sleep. However it would not be amiss, Sancho, if you would dress this ear again; for it pains me more than it should." Sancho did what he was commanded; and one of the goatherds, seeing the hurt, bid him not be uneasy, for he would apply such a remedy as should quickly heal it. Then taking some rosemary-leaves, of which there was plenty thereabouts, he chewed them, and mixed them with a little salt, and, laying them to the ear, bound them on very fast, assuring him he would want no other salve, as it proved in effect.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT A CERTAIN GOATHERD RELATED TO THOSE THAT WERE WITH DON QUIXOTE.

SOON after this, there came another of those young lads, who brought them their provisions from the village, and said: "Comrades, do you know what has happened in the village?" "How should we know?" answered one of them. "Know then," continued the youth, "that this morning died that famous shepherd and scholar, Chrysostom; and it is whispered, that he died for love of that devilish untoward lass Marcella, daughter of William the Rich; she who rambles about these woods and fields in the dress of a shepherdess." "For Marcella say you?" quoth one. "For the same, I say," answered the goatherd, "and the best of it is, he has ordered by his will that they should bury him in the fields as if he had been a Moor, and that it should be at the foot of the rock by the cork-tree fountain; for, according to report, and what they say he himself declared, that was the very place where he first saw her. He ordered also other things

so extravagant, that the clergy say they must not be performed; nor is it fit they should, for they seem to be heathenish. To which that great friend of his, Ambrosio the student, who accompanied him likewise in the dress of a shepherd, answers that the whole must be fulfilled, without omitting any thing, as Chrysostom enjoined; and upon this the village is all in an uproar; but by what I can learn, they will at least do what Ambrosio, and all the shepherds require; and to-morrow they come to inter him, with great solemnity, in the place I have already told you of. I am of opinion that it will be very well worth seeing; at least I will not fail to go, though I knew I should not return to-morrow to the village." "We will do so too," answered the goatherds, and "let us cast lots who shall stay behind to look after our goats." "You say well, Pedro," quoth another; "but it will be needless to make use of this expedient, for I will stay for you all; and do not attribute this to virtue or want of curiosity in me, but to the thorn which stuck into my foot the other day, and hinders me from walking." "We are obliged to you, however," answered Pedro.

Don Quixote desired Pedro to tell him who the deceased was, and who that shepherdess. To which Pedro answered that all he knew was, that the deceased was a wealthy gentleman, of a neighbouring village among the hills thereabout, who had studied many years in Salamanca; at the end of which time he returned home, with the character of a very learned and well-read person; particularly, it was said, he understood the science of the stars, and what the sun and moon are doing in the sky; for he told us punctually the 'clipse of the sun and moon. "Friend," quoth Don Quixote, "the obscuration of those two great luminaries is called an eclipse, and not a 'clipse." But Pedro, not regarding niceties, went on with his story saying, "He also foretold when the year would be plentiful or estril." "Sterile, you would say, friend," quoth Don Quixote. "Sterile or estril," answered Pedro, "comes all to the same thing; and as I was saying, his father and friends, who gave credit to his words, became very rich thereby; for they followed his advice in every thing. 'This year' he would say 'sow barley and not wheat; in this you may sow vetches, and not barley; the next year there will be plenty of oil; the three following there will not be a drop.'" "This

science they call astrology," said Don Quixote. "I know not how it is called," replied Pedro; "but I know that he knew all this, and more too. In short, not many months after he came from Salamanca, on a certain day he appeared dressed like a shepherd, with his crook and sheep-skin jacket, having thrown aside his scholar's gown; and with him another, a great friend of his, called Ambrosio, who had been his fellow student, and now put himself into the same dress of a shepherd. I forgot to tell you, that the deceased Chrysostom was a great man at making verses; insomuch that he made the carols for Christmas eve, and the religious plays for Corpus Christi, which the boys of our village represented; and every body said they were most excellent. When the people of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly habited like shepherds, they were amazed, and could not guess at the cause that induced them to make that strange alteration in their dress. About this time the father of Chrysostom died, and he inherited a large estate in lands and goods, flocks, herds and money of all which the youth remained absolute master; and indeed he deserved it all, for he was a very good companion, a charitable man, and a friend to those that were good, and had a face like any blessing. Afterwards it came to be known that he changed his habit for no other purpose, but that he might wander about these desert places after that shepherdess Marcella, whom our lad told you of before, and with whom the poor deceased Chrysostom was in love. And I will now tell you (for it is fit you should know,) who this young slut is; for perhaps, and even without a perhaps, you may never have heard the like in all the days of your life, though you were 'as old as the itch.'" "Say, as old as Sarah," replied Don Quixote, not being able to endure the goatherd's mistaking words. "The itch is old enough," answered Pedro; "and sir, if you must at every turn be correcting my words we shall not have done this twelvemonth." "Pardon me, friend," said Don Quixote, "I told you of it, because there is a wide difference between the itch and Sarah; [68] and so on with your story, for I will interrupt you no more.

[68] In the original Spanish, the goatherd, instead of saying as old as Sarah, (Abraham's wife,) says as old as *sarna*, (the itch.) It is imposible to preserve such quibbles as this in the translation.

"I say then, dear sir of my soul," quoth the goatherd, "that, in our village, there was a farmer richer than the father of Chrysostom, called William; on whom God bestowed, beside much and great wealth, a daughter, of whom her mother died in childbed, and she was the most respected woman of all our country. I cannot help thinking I see her now, with that presence, looking as if she had the sun on one side of her, and the moon on the other;* and above all, she was a notable housewife, and a friend to the poor; for which I believe her soul is at this very moment enjoying bliss in the other

* This seems to be a burlesque on the extravagant metaphors, used by the Spanish poets in praise of the beauty of their mistresses.

world. Her husband William died through grief for the death of so good a woman, leaving his daughter Marcella young and rich, under the care of an uncle, a priest, and beneficed in our village. The girl grew up with so much beauty, that it put us in mind of her mother, who had a great share; and for all that, it was judged that the charms of the daughter would surpass her's. And so it fell out; for when she came to be fourteen or fifteen years of age, nobody beheld her without blessing Heaven for making her so handsome, and most men were in love with and undone for her. Her uncle kept her very carefully and very close; notwithstanding which, the fame of her extraordinary beauty spread itself in such a manner that, partly for her person, partly for her great riches, her uncle was applied to, solicited, and importuned, not only by those of our own village, but by many others, and those the better sort too, for several leagues round, to dispose of her in marriage. But he, (who to do him justice, is a good christian,) though he was desirous to dispose of her as soon as she was marriageable, yet would not do it without her consent, having no eye to the benefit and advantage he might have made of the girl's estate by deferring her nuptials. In good truth, this has been told in praise of the good priest, in more companies than one in our village. For I would have you to know, sir-errant, that in these little places every thing is talked of, and every thing censured; and my life for your's, that clergyman must be over and above good who obliges his parishioners to speak well of him, especially in country towns."

"It is true," said Don Quixote, "but proceed; for the story is excellent, and honest Pedro, you tell it with a good grace." "Farther" quoth Pedro," though the uncle proposed to his niece, and acquainted her with the qualities of every one in particular of the many who sought her in marriage, advising her to marry, and choose to her liking, she never returned any other answer, but that she was not disposed to marry at present, and that being so young, she did not find herself able to bear the burden of matrimony. Her uncle, satisfied with these seemingly-just excuses, ceased to importune her, and waited till she was grown a little older, and knew how to choose a companion to her taste. For, said he, and he said very well,

parents ought not to settle their children against their will. But, behold! when we least imagined it, on a certain day the coy Marcella appears a shepherdess, and, without the consent of her uncle, and

against the pursuasions of all the neighbours, would needs go into the fields, with the other country lasses, and tend her own flock. And now that she appeared in public, and her beauty was exposed to all beholders, it is impossible to tell you how many wealthy youths, gentlemen and farmers, have taken Chrysostom's dress, and go up and down these plains, making their suit to her; one of whom, as is said already, was the deceased, of whom it is added that he rather adored than loved her. But think not, that because Marcella has given herself up to this free and unconfined way of life, and that with so little, or rather no reserve, she has given the least colour of suspicion to the prejudice of her modesty and discretion;

no, rather so great and strict is the watch she keeps over her honour, that of all those who serve and solicit her, no one has boasted, or can boast with truth, that she has given him the least hope of obtaining her. For though she does not fly nor shun the company and conversation of the shepherds, but treats them with courtesy, and in a friendly manner, yet upon any one's beginning to discover his intention, though it be as just and holy as that of marriage, she casts him from her as out of a stone-bow. By this sort of behaviour she does more mischief in this country, than if she carried the plague about with her; for her affability and beauty attract the hearts of those who converse with her, to serve and love her; but her disdain and frank dealing drive them to terms of despair; and so they know not what to say to her, and can only exclaim against her, calling her cruel and ungrateful, with such other titles as plainly denote her character. Were you to abide here, sir, awhile, you would hear these mountains and vallies resound with the complaints of those undeceived wretches that yet follow her. There is a place not far from hence, where there are about two dozen of tall beeches, and not one of them but has the name of Marcella written and engraved on the smooth bark; and over some of them is a crown carved in the same tree, as if the lover would more clearly express that Marcella bears away the crown, and deserves it above all human beauty. Here sighs one shepherd, there complains another; here are heard amorous sonnets, there despairing ditties. You shall have one pass all the hours of the night seated at the foot of some oak or rock; and there, without closing his weeping eyes, wrapped up and transported in his thoughts, the sun finds him in the morning. You shall have another, without cessation or truce to his sighs, in the midst of the most irksome noon-day heat of the summer, extended on the burning sand, and sending up his complaints to all-pitying heaven. In the mean time, the beautiful Marcella, free and unconcerned, triumphs over them all. We, who know her, wait with impatience to see what her haughtiness will come to, and who is to be the happy man that shall subdue so intractable a disposition, and enjoy so incomparable a beauty. All that I have recounted being so assured a truth, I the more easily believe what our

companion told us concerning the cause of Chrysostom's death. Therefore I advise you, sir, that you do not fail to-morrow to be at his funeral, which will be very well worth seeing; for Chrysostom has a great many friends, and it is not half a league from this place to that where he ordered himself to be buried."

"I will certainly be there," said Don Quixote, "and I thank you for the pleasure you have given me by the recital of so entertaining a story," "O," replied the goatherd, "I do not yet know half the adventures that have happened to Marcella's lovers; but to-morrow perhaps, we shall meet by the way with some shepherd who may tell us more: at present it will not be amiss that you get you to sleep under some roof; for the cold dew of the night may do your wound harm, though the salve I have put to it is such that you need not fear any cross accident." Sancho Panza, who for his part, gave this long-winded tale of the goatherd's to the devil, pressed his master to lay himself down in Pedro's hut. He did so, and passed the rest of the night in remembrances of his lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcella's lovers. Sancho Panza took up his lodging between Rocinante and his ass, and slept it out, not like a discarded lover, but like a person who had been well rib-roasted.

CHAPTER V.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE SHEPHERDESS MARCELLA, WITH OTHER EVENTS.

ORNING had scarcely begun to discover itself through the balconies of the east, when five of the six goatherds got up, and went to awake Don Quixote, and asked him whether he continued in his resolution in going to see the famous funeral of Chrysostom, for they would bear him company. Don Quixote, who desired nothing more, got up, and bid Sancho saddle and pannel immediately; which he did with great expedition: and with the same dispatch they all presently set out on their way.

They had not gone a quarter of a league, when, crossing the pathway, they saw six shepherds making towards them, clad in black sheep-skin jerkins, and their heads crowned with garlands of cypress

and bitter rosemary. Each of them had a thick holly club in his hand. There came also with them two cavaliers on horseback, in very handsome riding-habits, attended by three lacqueys on foot. When they had joined company, they saluted each other courteously; and asking one another whither they were going, they found they were all going to the place of burial; and so they began to travel in company.

One of those on horseback, speaking to his companion, said: "I fancy, Signor Vivaldo, we shall not think the time mis-spent in staying to see this famous funeral: for it cannot fail to be extraordinary, considering the strange things these shepherds have recounted, as well of the deceased shepherd as of the murdering shepherdess." "I think so too," answered Vivaldo; "and I do not only think little of spending one day, but I would even stay four to see it." Don Quixote asked them, what it was they had heard of Marcella and Chrysostom? The traveller said, they had met those shepherds early that morning, and that, seeing them in that mournful dress, they had asked the occasion of their going clad in that manner; and that one of them had related the story, telling them of the beauty, and unacountable humour of a certain shepherdess called Marcella, and the loves of many that wooed her; with the death of Chrysostom, to whose burial they were going. In fine, he related all that Pedro had told to Don Quixote.

This discourse ceased, and another began; he who was called Vivaldo asking Don Quixote what might be the reason that induced him to go armed in that manner through a country so peaceable? To which Don Quixote answered: "The profession I follow will not allow or suffer me to go in any other manner. The dance, the banquet, and the bed of down, were invented for soft and effeminate courtiers; but toil, disquietude, and arms, were designed for those whom the world calls knights-errant of which number I, though unworthy, am one." Scarcely had they heard this, when they all concluded he was a madman. And for the more certainty, and to try what kind of madness his was, Vivaldo asked him, what he meant by knights-errant? "Have you not read, sir," answered Don Quixote, "the annals and histories of England, wherein

are recorded the famous exploits of King Arthur, whom in our Castilian tongue we always call King Artus; of whom there goes an old tradition, and a common one all over that kingdom of Great Britain, that this king did not die, but that, by magic art he was turned into a raven; and that, in process of time, he shall reign again, and recover his kingdom and sceptre; for which reason it cannot be proved, that, from that time to this, any Englishman has killed a raven. [69] Now, in this good king's time, was instituted that famous order of the knights of the Round Table; [70] and the amours therein related, of Sir Lancelot of the Lake with the queen Ginebra, passed exactly as they are recorded; that honourable duenna Quintaniona being their go-between and confidante; which gave birth to that well-known ballad, so cried up here in Spain, of, Never was knight by ladies so well served, as was Sir Lancelot when he came from Britain; [71] with the rest of that sweet and charming recital of his amours and exploits. From that time, the order of chivalry has

[69] It is stated, in the ninetieth chapter of the romance of Esplandian, that the enchantress Morgiana, King Arthur's sister, holds that king enchanted; but that he will infallibly return one day and resume the throne of Great Britain. On his tomb, according to Don Diego de Vera, *(Epitome de los imperios,)* is inscribed the following verse, as epitaph:

"Hic jacet Arturus, rex quondam, rex que futurus".

Here lies Arthur, who was a king, and who will be a king.

Julian del Castillo. has preserved in an important work *(Historia de los reyes godos,)* a popular story which was current in his time in which it is related that Philip II. when he married queen Mary, heiress to the throne of England, swore *that if King Arthur returned in his time, he would restore to him the throne.*

The Reverend John Bowle, in his annotations to Don Quixote, relates that a law passed by Hoel the Good, king of Wales, in 998, forbids the killing of ravens. This prohibition, added to the popular belief that Arthur was changed into a raven, has given rise to the other belief that the English abstain from killing these birds, for fear of hurting their ancient king.

[70] The order of the *Round Table*, instituted by Arthur, was composed of twenty-four knights and the presiding king. Foreigners were admitted; Roland was a member of it, and other *peers of France* also. The romance-writer Don Diego de Vera, who has preserved in his *Epitome de los imperios* all the popular fables of his day, relates that at the marriage of Philip II. with queen Mary, the *round table* constructed by Merlin, was still shown; that the face of it was divided into twenty-five compartments coloured green and white alternately, which emanated from a point in the centre, and increased in size till they reached the circumference; a name of one of the knights and that of the king, being written in each division. One of the compartments, called *Judas's place*, or *the perilous seat*, always remained vacant.

[71] The whole romance is to be found in the *Cancionero*, page 242 of the Antwerp edition. *Lancelot of the Lake* was originally written by Arnault Daniel, a Provençal poet.

been extending and spreading itself through many and divers parts of the world; and in this profession many have been distinguished and renowned for their heroic deeds, as the valiant Amadis de Gaul, with all his sons and nephews, to the fifth generation; the valorous Felixmarte of Hircania; and the never-enough-to-be-praised Tirant the White; and we in our days have in a manner seen, heard, and conversed with, the invincible and valorous knight, Don Belianis, of Greece. This, gentlemen, it is to be a knight-errant, and what I have told you of is the order of chivalry; of which, as I said before, I, though a sinner, have made profession; and the very same thing that the aforesaid knights professed, I profess; and so I travel through these solitudes and deserts, seeking adventures, with a determined resolution to oppose my arm and my person to the most perilous that fortune shall present, in aid of the weak and the needy."

By these discourses the travellers were fully convinced that Don Quixote was out of his wits, and what kind of madness it was that influenced him; which struck them with the same admiration that it did all others at the first hearing. Vivaldo, who was a very discerning person, and withal of a mirthful disposition, that they might pass without irksomeness the little of the way that remained, before they came to the funeral mountain, resolved to give him an opportunity of going on in his extravagancies. Therefore he said to him: "Methinks, sir knight-errant, you have taken upon you one of the strictest professions upon earth; and I verily believe that of the Carthusian monks themselves is not so rigid." "It may be as strict, for aught I know," answered our Don Quixote; "but that it is so necessary to the world, I am within two fingers' breadth of doubting; for, to speak the truth, the soldier, who executes his captain's orders, does no less than the captain himself who gives the orders. I would say that the religious, with all peace and quietness, implore heaven for the good of the world; but we soldiers and knights really execute what they pray for, defending it with the strength of our arms, and the edge of our swords; and that not under covert, but in open field, exposed to the insufferable beams of summer's sun, and winter's horrid ice. We are God's ministers upon earth, and the arms by which he executes his justice. Considering that matters of war, and

those relating thereto, cannot be put in execution without sweat,

toil, and labour, it follows that they who undertake them do unquestionably take more pains than they who in peace and repose are employed in praying to heaven to assist those who can do but little for themselves.* I mean not to say, nor do I so much as imagine, that the state of a knight-errant is as good as that of a religious

* A sly satire on the uselessness of recluse religious societies.

recluse; I would only infer, from what I suffer, that it is doubtless

more laborious, more bastinadoed, more hungry and thirsty, more wretched, more ragged, and more lousy. For there is no doubt, that the knights-errant of old underwent many misfortunes in the course of their lives; and if some of them rose to be emperors [72] by the valour of their arm, in good truth they paid dearly for it in blood and sweat; and if those who arrived to such honour had wanted enchanters and sages to assist them, they would have been mightily deceived in their hopes, and much disappointed in their expectations."

[72] Renaud de Montauban became emperor of Trebizond; Bernard del Carpio, King of Ireland; Palmerin d'Oliva, emperor of Constantinople; Tirant the White, the Cæsar of the Grecian empire; &c.

"I am of the same opinion," replied the traveller, "but there is one thing in particular, among many others, which I dislike in knights-errant, and it is this: when they are prepared to engage in some great and perilous adventure, in which they are in manifest danger of losing their lives, in the very instant of the encounter they never once remember to commend themselves to God, as every christian is bound to do in the like perils; but rather commend themselves to their mistresses, and that with as much fervour and devotion, as if they were their God; [73] a thing which to me savours strongly of paganism." "Signor," answered Don Quixote, "this can by no means be otherwise; and the knight-errant who should act in any other manner would digress much from his duty; for it is a received maxim and custom in chivalry, that the knight who, being about to attempt some great feat of arms, has his lady before him, must turn his eyes fondly and amorously towards her, as if by them he implored her favour and protection in the doubtful moment of distress he is just entering upon. Though nobody hears him, he is obliged to mutter some words between his teeth, by which he commends himself to her with his whole heart; and of this we have innumerable examples in the histories. You must not suppose by this, that they are to neglect commending themselves to God; for there is time and leisure enough to do it in the progress of the work." [74] "But, for all that," replied the traveller, "I have one scruple still remaining, which is, that I have often read that words arising between two knights-errant, and choler beginning to kindle in them both, they turn their horses round, and fetching a large compass about the field, immediately without more ado, encounter at full speed, and in the midst of their career they commend themselves to their mistresses; and what commonly happens in the encounter is, that one of them tumbles back over his horse's crupper, pierced through and through by his adversary's lance; and if

[73] "Tirant the White did not invoke any saint, but only the name of Carmesina; and when he was asked why he also did not invoke some saint, he answered: 'He who serves many serves no one.'" (Book III, chap. 28.)

[74] Thus when Tristan de Leonais precipitated himself from a tower into the sea *he commended himself to his mistress Iseult, and to his gentle Saviour.*

the other had not laid hold of his horse's mane, he could not have avoided coming to the ground. Now I cannot imagine what leisure the deceased had to commend himself to Heaven, in the course of this hasty work. Better it had been, if the words he spent in commending himself to his lady, in the midst of the career, had been employed about that to which, as a christian, he was obliged. Besides, it is certain all knights-errant have not ladies to commend themselves to, because they are not all in love." "That cannot be," answered Don Quixote; "I say, there cannot be a knight-errant without a mistress; for it is as proper and as natural to them to be in love, as to the sky to be full of stars. And I affirm that you cannot shew me a history, in which a knight-errant is to be found without an amour; and for the very reason of his being without one, he would not be reckoned a legitimate knight, but a bastard, and one that got into the fortress of chivalry, not by the door, but over the pales, like a thief and a robber." [75] "Yet, for all that," said the traveller, "I think (if I am not much mistaken) I have read, that Don Galaor, brother to the valorous Amadis de Gaul, never had a particular mistress, to whom he might commend himself; notwithstanding which he was not the less esteemed, and was a very valiant and famous knight." To which our Don Quixote answered: "Signor, one swallow makes no summer. Besides, I very well know that this knight was in secret very deeply enamoured; he was a general lover, and could not resist his natural inclination towards all ladies whom he thought handsome. But, in short, it is very well attested that he had one whom he had made mistress of his will, and to whom he often commended himself, but very secretly; for it was upon this quality of secrecy that he especially valued himself." [76]

[75] The 31st Article in the statutes of the order of the Scarf (*La Banda*) was conceived in the following terms: "That no knight of the Scarf can belong any longer to that order without serving some lady, not to disgrace her, but to pay his court to her, and to espouse her. And when she goes out, he must accompany her either on foot or on horseback, holding his cap in his hand, and with bended knee."—

[76] Don Quixote doubtless alludes to the princess Briolange, chosen by Amadis for his brother Galaor, "He was so enamoured with her, and she appeared to such advantage to him, that, though he saw and entertained many other women, as is related in this history, his heart never felt a real passion for any one but that beautiful queen." (Amadis, Book IV. chap. 121.)—

"If it be essential that every knight-errant must be a lover," said the traveller, "it is to be presumed that your worship is one, as you are of the profession;—and if you do not pique yourself upon the same secrecy as Don Galaor, I earnestly entreat you, in the name of all this good company, and in my own, to tell us the name, country, quality, and beauty, of your mistress, who cannot but account herself happy, if all the world knew that she is loved and served by so worthy a knight as your worship appears to be." Here Don Quixote fetched a deep sigh, and said: "I cannot positively affirm whether this sweet enemy of mine is pleased or not that the world should know I am her servant. I can only say, in answer to what you so very courteously inquire of me, that her name is Dulcinea; her country Toboso, a town of La Mancha; her quality, at least that of a princess, since she is my queen and sovereign lady; her beauty, more than human, since in her all the impossible and chimerical attributes of beauty, which the poets ascribe to their mistresses, are realized: for her hair is of gold, her forehead the Elysian fields, her eyebrows rainbows, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, her teeth pearls, her neck alabaster, her bosom marble, her hands ivory, her whiteness snow, and in fine she is in everything all that the most exalted imagination can only conceive, but not find a comparison for." "We would know," replied Vivaldo, "her lineage, race, and family." To which Don Quixote answered: "She is not of the ancient Roman Curtii, Caii, and Scipios; nor of the modern Colonas and Ursinis; nor of the Moncadas and Requesenes of Catalonia; neither is she of the Rebellas and Villanovas, of Valentia; the Palafoxes, Nuzas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Fozes, and Gurreas, of Arragon; the Cerdas, Manriques, Mendozas, and Guzmans, of Castile; the Alencastros, Palhas, and Meneses, of Portugal; but she is of those of Toboso de la Mancha, a lineage, though modern, yet such as may give a noble beginning to the most illustrious families of the age to come: and in this let no one contradict me, unless it be on the conditions that Zerbino fixed under Orlando's arms, where it was said, 'Let no one remove these, who cannot stand a trial with Orlando.'" [77]

[77] "Nessun la muova
Que star non possa con Orlando à prova."
(*Ariosto*, canto XXIV, oct. 57.

"Although mine be of the Cachopins of Laredo," [78] replied the traveller "I dare not compare it with that of Toboso de la Mancha; though, to say the truth, no such appellation hath ever reached my ears until now." "Is it possible you should never have heard of it?" replied Don Quixote.

All the rest went on listening with great attention to the dialogue between these two; and even the goatherds and shepherds perceived the notorious distraction of Don Quixote. Sancho Panza alone believed all that his master said to be true, knowing who he was, and having been acquainted with him from his birth. But what he somewhat doubted of was, what concerned the fair Dulcinea del Toboso; for no such name or princess had ever come to his hearing though he lived so near Toboso.

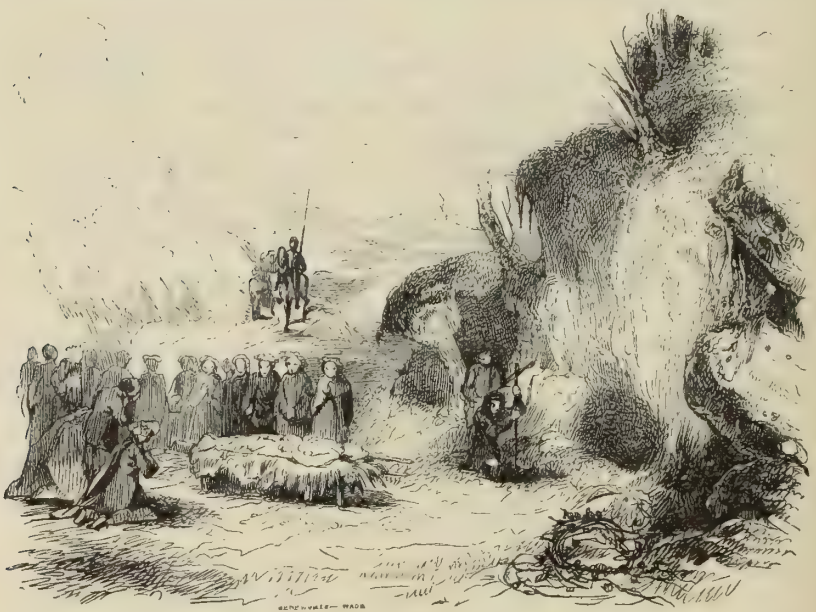
In these discourses they went on, when they discovered, through an opening made by two high mountains, about twenty shepherds coming down, all in jerkins of black wool, and crowned with garlands which (as appeared afterwards) were some of yew, and some of cypress. Six of them carried a bier, covered with great variety of flowers and boughs; which one of the goatherds espying, he said, They who come yonder are those who bring the corpse of Chrysostom; and the foot of yonder mountain is the place where he ordered them to bury him. They made haste, therefore, to arrive, which they did just as the bier was set down on the ground; and four of them, with sharp pickaxes, were making the grave by the side of a hard rock. They saluted one another courteously; and presently Don Quixote and his company went to take a view of the bier, upon which they saw a dead body, strewed with flowers, * in the dress of a shepherd, seemingly about thirty years of age; [79] and though dead, you might perceive that he had been, when alive, of a beautiful countenance and hale constitution. Several books, and

[78] At that time the name of *cachopin* or *gachupin* was that by which the Spaniards were generally designated, who, through poverty or vagrancy, emigrated to Mexico.

* It is the custom in Spain and Italy to strew flowers on the dead bodies when laid upon their biers.

[79] Chrysostom having died *in despair*, as the Spaniards say, or in other words having committed suicide, his interment was to take place unattended with any religious ceremony. Accordingly, he is still dressed as a shepherd, and not enveloped with the *mortaja*, a religious garment universally used as a winding sheet for the dead.

a great number of papers, some open and others folded up, lay round about him on the bier. All that were present, as well those who looked on as those who where opening the grave, kept a marvellous silence; until one of those who brought the deceased said to another: "Observe carefully, Ambrosio whether this be the place, which Chrysostom mentioned, since you are so punctual in performing what he commanded in his will." "This is it," answered Ambrosio; "for in this very place he often recounted to me the



story of his misfortune. Here it was, he told me, that he first saw that mortal enemy of human race; here it was that he declared to her his no less honourable than ardent passion; here it was that Marcella finally undeceived and treated him with such disdain that she put an end to the tragedy of his miserable life; and here, in memory of so many misfortunes, he desired to be deposited in the bowels of eternal oblivion."

Then, turning to Don Quixote and the travellers, he went on, saying: "This body, sirs, which you are beholding with compassionate eyes, was the receptacle of a soul in which heaven had placed

a great part of its treasure: this is the body of Chrysostom, who was singular for wit, matchless in courtesy, perfect in politeness, a phœnix in friendship, magnificent without ostentation, grave without arrogance, cheerful without meanness; in fine, the first in every thing that was good, and second to none in every thing that was unfortunate. He loved, he was abhorred: he adored, he was scorned: he courted a savage; he solicited marble; he pursued the wind; he called aloud to solitude; he served ingratitude; and the recompense he obtained was, to become a prey to death, in the midst of the career of his life, to which an end was put by a certain shepherdess, whom he endeavoured to render immortal in the memories of men, as these papers you are looking at would sufficiently demonstrate, had he not ordered me to commit them to the flames, at the same time that his body was deposited in the earth." "You would then be more rigorous and cruel to them," said Vivaldo, "than their master himself; for it is neither just nor right to fulfil the will of him who commands something utterly unreasonable. Augustus Cæsar would not consent to the execution of what the divine Mantuan had commanded in his will. So that, Signor Ambrosio, though you commit your friend's body to the earth, do not therefore commit his writings to oblivion; and if he ordered it as a person injured, do not you fulfil it as one indiscreet: rather act so, that by giving life to these papers, the cruelty of Marcella may never be forgotten, but may serve for an example to those who shall live in times to come, that they may avoid falling down the like precipices. I and all here present, already know the story of this your enamoured and despairing friend: we know also your friendship and the occasion of his death, and what he ordered on his death-bed: from which lamentable history may be gathered, how great has been the cruelty of Marcella, the love of Chrysostom, and the sincerity of your friendship; as also the end of those who run headlong in the path that inconsiderate and ungoverned love sets before them. Last night we heard of Chrysostom's death, and that he was to be interred in this place: and so, from curiosity and compassion, we turned out of our way, and agreed to come and behold with our eyes what had moved us so much in the recital:

and in return for our pity, and our desire to rémedy this misfortune if it were in our power, we beseech you, O discreet Ambrosio, at least I request it on my own behalf, that you will not burn the papers, but let me carry away some of them." Without staying for the shepherd's reply, he stretched out his hand and took some of those that were nearest, which Ambrosio perceiving, he said: "Out of civility, Signor, I will consent to your keeping those you have taken; but to imagine that I shall forbear burning those that remain is a vain thought." Vivaldo, who desired to see what the papers contained, presently opened one of them which had for its title, 'The Song of Despair.' Ambrosio hearing, said: "That is the last paper this unhappy man wrote; and that you may see, Signor, to what state he was reduced by his misfortunes, read it so as to be heard; for you will have leisure enough while they are digging the grave." "That I will with all my heart," said Vivaldo: and as all the by-standers had the same desire, they drew round about him, and he read in an audible voice as follows:

CHAPTER VI.

WHEREIN ARE REHEARSED THE DESPAIRING VERSES OF THE DECEASED SHEPHERD, WITH OTHER UNEXPECTED MATTERS.

CHRYSOSTOM'S SONG.[80]

I.

" Since, cruel maid, you force me to proclaim
From clime to clime the triumphs of your scorn,
Let hell itself inspire my tortur'd breast
With mournful numbers, and untune my voice:
Whilst the sad pieces of my broken heart
Mix with the doleful accents of my tongue,
At once to tell my griefs and thy exploits.
Hear, then, and listen with attentive ear,
Not to harmonious sounds, but echoing groans,
Fetch'd from the bottom of my lab'ring breast,
To ease, in spite of thee, my raging smart.

[80] The stanzas of this song (*cancion*) are each composed of sixteen lines of eleven syllables, in which the rhymes are placed in a singular manner, unknown till used by Cervantes, and which has not been attempted since. In this arrangement the penultimate line is not in consonance with either of the others, but rhymes with the first hemistich of the last line.

. . . . . .
Mas gran simpleza es avisarte desto,
Pues se que esta tu glorica cono *cida*
En que mi *vida* llegue al fin tan presto.

These singularities, and even the principal beauties of the piece, (though they are not very numerous), are lost in the translation.

II.

The lion's roar, the howl of midnight wolves,
The scaly serpent's hiss, the raven's croak,
The burst of fighting winds that vex the main,
The widow'd owl and turtle's plaintive moan,
With all the din of hell's infernal crew,
From my griev'd soul forth issue in one sound,
Leaving my senses all confus'd and lost.
For ah! no common language can express
The cruel pains that torture my sad heart.

III.

Yet let not echo bear the mournful sounds
To where old Tagus rolls his yellow sands,
Or Betis, crown'd with olives, pours his flood.
But here, 'midst rocks and precipices deep,
Or to obscure and silent vales remov'd,
On shores by human footsteps never trod,
Where the gay sun ne'er lifts his radiant orb,
Or with th'envenom'd race of savage beasts
That range the howling wilderness for food,
Will I proclaim the story of my woes;
Poor privilege of grief! whilst echoes hoarse
Catch the sad tale, and spread it round the world.

IV.

Disdain gives death; suspicions, true or false,
O'erturn th'impatient mind; with surer stroke
Fell jealousy destroys; the pangs of absence
No lover can support; nor firmest hope
Can dissipate the dread of cold neglect:
Yet I, strange fate! though jealous, though disdain'd,
Absent, and sure of cold neglect, still live.
And 'midst the various torments I endure,
No ray of hope e'er darted on my soul:
Nor would I hope; rather in deep despair
Will I sit down, and brooding o'er my griefs,
Vow everlasting absence from her sight.

V.

Can hope and fear at once the soul possess,
Or hope subsist with surer cause of fear?
Shall I, to shut out frightful jealousy,
Close my sad eyes, when ev'ry pang I feel,

Presents the hideous phantom to my view?
What wretch so credulous, but must embrace
Distrust with open arms, when he beholds
Disdain avow'd, suspicions realiz'd,
And truth itself converted to a lie?
O cruel tyrant of the realm of love,
Fierce jealousy, arm with a sword this hand,
Or thou, disdain, a twisted cord bestow.

VI.

Let me not blame my fate, but dying think
The man most blest who loves, the soul most free
That love has most enthrall'd: still to my thoughts
Let fancy paint the tyrant of my heart
Beauteous in mind as face, and in myself
Still let me find the source of her disdain;
Content to suffer, since imperial love
By lovers' woes maintains his sovereign state.
With this persuasion, and the fatal noose,
I hasten to the doom her scorn demands,
And dying, offer up my breathless corse,
Uncrown'd with garlands, to the whistling winds.

VII.

O thou, whose unrelenting rigour's force
First drove me to despair, and now to death,
When the sad tale of my untimely fall
Shall reach thy ear, though it deserve a sigh,
Veil not the heav'n of those bright eyes in grief,
Nor drop one pitying tear, to tell the world,
At length my death has triumph'd o'er thy scorn;
But dress thy face in smiles, and celebrate,
With laughter and each circumstance of joy,
The festival of my disastrous end.
Ah! need I bid thee smile? too well I know
My death's thy utmost glory and thy pride.

VIII.

Come, all ye phantoms of the dark abyss;
Bring Tantalus, thy unextinguish'd thirst;
And Sisyphus, thy still returning stone;
Prometheus, with the vulture at thy heart;
And thou, Ixion, bring thy giddy wheel;
Nor let the toiling sisters stay behind.

Pour your united griefs into this breast,
And in low murmurs sing sad obsequies
(If a despairing wretch such rites may claim)
O'er my cold limbs, deny'd a winding-sheet.
And let the triple porter of the shades,
The sister furies, and chimeras dire,
With notes of woe, the mournful chorus join.
Such funeral pomp alone befits the wretch,
By beauty sent untimely to the grave.

IX.

And thou, my song, sad child of my despair,
Complain no more; but since my wretched fate
Improves her happier lot, who gave thee birth,
Be all thy sorrows buried in my tomb!"

Chrysostom's song was very much approved by those who heard it; but he who read it, said it did not seem to agree with the account he had heard of the reserve and goodness of Marcella; for Chrysostom complains in it of jealousies, suspicions, and absence, all to the prejudice of the credit and good name of Marcella. To which Ambrosio answered, as one well acquainted with the most hidden thoughts of his friend: "To satisfy you, Signor, as to this doubt, you must know, that when this unhappy person wrote this song he was absent from Marcella, from whom he had voluntarily banished himself to try whether absence would have its ordinary effect upon him. And as an absent lover is disturbed by every thing, and seized by every fear, so was Chrysostom tormented with imaginary jealousies and suspicious apprehensions, as much as if they had been real. Thus the truth, which fame proclaims of Marcella's goodness, remains unimpeached; and excepting that she is cruel, somewhat arrogant, and very disdainful, envy itself neither ought nor can lay any defect to her charge." "It is true," answered Vivaldo; and as he was about to commence reading another paper of those he had saved from the fire, he was interrupted by a wonderful vision, (for such it seemed to be,) which on a sudden presented itself to their sight: on the top of the rock, under which they were digging the grave, appeared the shepherdess Marcella, so beautiful, that her beauty surpassed the very fame of it. Those who had never seen

her until that time, beheld her with silence and admiration; and those who had been used to the sight of her, were no less surprised than those who had never seen her before. But Ambrosio had

scarcely espied her, when with signs of indignation, he said to her: "Comest thou, O fierce basilisk of these mountains,* to see whether the wounds of this wretch, whom thy cruelty has deprived of life, will bleed afresh at thy appearance? or comest thou to triumph in the cruel exploits of thy inhuman disposition? or to behold from that eminence, like another pitiless Nero, the flames of burning Rome? or insolently to trample on this unhappy corse, as did the impious daughter on that of her father Tarquin? [81] Tell us quickly what you come for, or what it is you would have? for since I know that Chrysostom while living never disobeyed you, so much as in thought, I will take care that all those who called themselves his friends, shall obey you, though he be dead."

"I come not, O Ambrosio, for any of the purposes you have mentioned," answered Marcella, "but to vindicate myself, and to let the world know how unreasonable those are who blame me for their own sufferings, or for the death of Chrysostom; and therefore I beg of all here present, that they will hear me with attention, for I need not spend much time, nor use many words, to convince persons of sense of the truth. Heaven, as you say, made me handsome, and to such a degree, that my beauty influences you to love me whether you will or not; and in return for the love you bear me, you pretend and insist that I am bound to love you. I know, by the natural sense God has given me, that whatever is beautiful is amiable; but I do not comprehend, that merely for being loved, the person that is loved for being handsome is obliged to return love for love. Besides, it may chance that the lover of the beautiful person may be ugly; and what is ugly deserving to be loathed, it would sound oddly to say, 'I love you for being handsome—you must love me, though I am ugly.' But supposing the beauty on both sides to be equal, it does not therefore follow that the inclinations should be so too; for all beauty does not inspire love; and there is a kind of it which only pleases the sight, but does not

* The little Fortunia's beauty was so surpassing, that she was called, 'The basilisk of human kind.' Amad. de Gaul. b 13. ch 43.

[81] Ambrosio's erudition is here at fault. Tarquin was the husband of Tullia, and it was upon the corpse of his father Servius Tullius that she trampled. It is not improbable that Cervantes wrote this chapter in prison, debarred from the assistance of his books; *inde error.*

captivate the affections. If all beauties were to enamour and captivate, the wills of men would be eternally confounded and perplexed, without knowing where to fix; for the beautiful objects being infinite, the desires must be infinite too: and true love as I have heard say, cannot be divided; it must be voluntary and unforced. This being so, as I believe it is, why would you have me subject my will by force, being no otherwise obliged thereto, than only because you say you love me? For pray tell me, as Heaven has made me handsome, if it had made me ugly, would it have been just that I should have complained of you because you did not love me? Besides, you must consider that my beauty is not my own choice; but such as it is, Heaven bestowed it on me freely, without my asking or desiring it. And as the viper does not deserve blame for her sting, though she kills with it, seeing that it is given her by nature, equally as little do I deserve reprehension for being handsome. Beauty in a modest woman is like fire at a distance, or like a sharp sword; neither does the one burn, nor the other wound those that come not too near them. Honour and virtue are ornaments of the soul, without which the body, though it be really beautiful, ought not to be thought so. Now if modesty be one of the virtues which most adorns and beautifies both body and mind, why should she who is loved for being beautiful, part with it to gratify the desires of him who, merely for his own pleasure, uses his utmost endeavours to destroy it? I was born free; and that I might live free, I chose the solitude of these fields: the trees on these mountains are my companions: the transparent waters of these brooks my looking-glass: to the trees and the waters I communicate my thoughts and my beauty. I am fire at a distance, and a sword afar off. Those whom the sight of me has enamoured, my words have undeceived. If desires are kept alive by hopes, as I gave none to Chrysostom nor to any one else, all hope being at an end, sure it may well be said that his own obstinacy, rather than my cruelty, killed him. If it be objected to me that his intentions were honourable, and that therefore I ought to have complied with them, I answer, that when in this very place where they are now digging his grave, he discovered to me the goodness of his intention, I told him that mine

was to live in perpetual solitude, and that the earth alone should enjoy the fruit of my reservedness, and the spoils of my beauty: and if he, notwithstanding all this plain-dealing, would obstinately persevere against hope and sail against the wind, what wonder if he drowned himself in the midst of the gulf of his own indiscretion? If I had left him in suspense, I had been false; if I had complied with his wish, I had acted contrary to my better intention and resolution. He persisted, though undeceived; he despaired, without being hated. Consider now whether it be reasonable to lay the blame of his sufferings upon me. Let him who is deceived, complain; let him to whom I have broken my promise, despair; let him whom I shall encourage, presume; and let him pride himself whom I shall admit: but let not him call me cruel, or murderess, whom I neither promise, deceive, encourage nor admit. Heaven has not yet ordained that I should love by destiny; and from loving by choice I desire to be excused. Let every one of those who solicit me, make his own particular use of this declaration; and be it understood from henceforward, that if any one dies for me, he does not die through jealousy or disdain; for she who loves nobody, can make nobody jealous; and plain-dealing cannot pass for disdain, Let him who calls me a savage and a basilisk, shun me as a mischievous and evil thing; let him who calls me ungrateful, not serve me; him who thinks me reserved, not know me; who cruel, not follow me: for this savage, this basilisk, this ungrateful, this cruel, this reserved thing, will in no wise either seek, serve, know, or follow them. If Chrysostom's impatience and precipitate desires killed him, why should he blame my modest procedure and reserve? If I preserve my purity unspotted among these trees, why should he desire me to lose it among men? You all know that I have riches enough of my own, and do not covet other people's. My condition is free, and I have no mind to subject myself. I neither love nor hate any body; I neither deceive this man, nor lay snares for that; I neither toy with one, nor divert myself with another. The modest conversation of the shepherdesses of these villages, and the care of my goats, are my entertainment. My desires are bounded within these mountains, and, if they venture out hence, it is to contemplate the beauty of heaven, those steps by

which the soul advances to its original dwelling." Saying this, without staying for an answer, she turned her back, and entered the most inaccessible part of the neighbouring mountain, leaving all those present in admiration, as well of her sense as her beauty.

Some of those who had been wounded by the powerful darts of her bright eyes, manifested an inclination to follow her, without profiting by so express a declaration as they had heard her make; which Don Quixote perceiving, and thinking this a proper occasion to employ his chivalry in the relief of distressed damsels, he laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, and with a loud and intelligible voice said: "Let no person, of what state or condition soever he be, presume to follow the beautiful Marcella, on pain of incurring my furious

indignation. She has demonstrated, by clear and sufficient reasons, the little or no fault she ought to be charged with on account of Chrysostom's death, and how far she is from countenancing the desires of any of her lovers; for which reason, instead of being followed

and persecuted, she ought to be honoured and esteemed by all good men in the world, for being the only woman in it whose intentions are so virtuous." Now, whether it was through Don Quixote's menaces, or because Ambrosio desired them to finish that last office to his friend, none of the shepherds stirred from thence, until the grave being made, and Chrysostom's papers burnt, they laid his body in it, not without many tears of the by-standers. They closed

the sepulchre with a large fragment of a rock until a tomb-stone could be finished, which Ambrosio said he intended to have made, with an epitaph after this manner:—

"Here lies a gentle shepherd swain,
Through cold neglect untimely slain.
By rigour's cruel hand he died, [82]
A victim to the scorn and pride
Of a coy, beautiful ingrate,
Whose eyes enlarge love's tyrant state."

[82] "Que fué pastor de ganado
Perdido por desamor"

There is in this strophe an insipid *jeu de mots* between the two contiguous words *ganado* and *perdido*; the one means *lost;* the other, which signifies *flock*, imports also *gained* or *won*.

Then they strewed abundance of flowers and boughs on the grave, and condoling with his friend Ambrosio, took leave and departed. Vivaldo and his companion did the same; and Don Quixote bid adieu to his hosts and the travellers, who entreated him to accompany them to Seville, that being a place the most likely to furnish him with adventures, since in every street, and at every turning, more were to be met with there, than in any other place whatever. Don Quixote thanked them for the notice they gave him, and the disposition they shewed to do him a courtesy, and said, that for the present he could not and ought not to go to Seville, until he had cleared all those mountains of robbers and assassins, of which it was reported, they were full. The travellers, seeing his good intention, would not importune him farther; but taking leave again, left him, and pursued their journey, in which they wanted not a subject for discourse, as well of the story of Marcella and Chrysostom, as of the madness of Don Quixote, who resolved to go in quest of the shepherdess Marcella, and offer her all that was in his power for her service. But it fell not out as he intended, as is related in the progress of this true history, the second part ending here.

PART I. BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE WHICH BEFEL DON QUIXOTE, IN MEETING WITH CERTAIN BLOODY-MINDED YANGUESES.[83]

LEAVE taken, as the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, by Don Quixote of his hosts, and of all those who were present at Chrysostom's funeral, he and his squire entered the same wood, into which they had seen the shepherdess Marcella enter before. Having ranged through it for above two hours, looking for her every where, without being able to find her, they stopped in a meadow full of fresh grass, near which ran a pleasant and refreshing brook; insomuch that it invited and

[83] Inhabitants of the district of Yanguas in the Rioja.

compelled them to pass there the sultry hours of the noon-day heat, which already began to come on with great violence. Don Quixote and Sancho alighted, and leaving the ass and Rocinante at large, to feed upon the abundance of grass that sprung in the place, they ransacked the wallet; and without any ceremony, very friendly and socially, master and man eat what they found in it. Sancho had taken no care to fetter Rocinante, being well assured he was so tame and so little gamesome, that all the mares of the pastures of Cordova would not provoke him to any unlucky pranks. But fortune or the devil, who is not always asleep, so ordered it that there were grazing in that valley a parcel of Galician mares, belonging to certain Yanguesian carriers, whose custom it is to pass the mid-day with their drove, in places where there is grass and water: and that where Don Quixote chanced to be, was very fit for the purpose of the Yangueses. It happened that Rocinante had a mind to solace himself with their fillies, and having them in the wind, broke out of his natural and accustomed pace, and without asking his master's leave,

started off at a smart trot to communicate his need to them. But they, as it seemed, having more inclination to feed than any thing else, received him with their heels and their teeth, in such a manner,

that in a little time his girths broke, and he lost his saddle. But what must have more sensibly affected him, was, that the carriers, seeing the violence offered to their mares, ran to him with their pack-staves, and so belaboured him, that they laid him along on the ground in wretched plight.

By this time Don Quixote and Sancho, who had seen the drubbing

of Rocinante, came up out of breath; and Don Quixote said to Sancho: "From what I see, friend Sancho, these are no knights, but rascally people, of a scoundrel race. I tell you this, because you may very well help me to take ample revenge for the outrage they have done to Rocinante before our eyes," "What the devil in the way of revenge can we take," answered Sancho, "they being above twenty, and we no more than two, and perhaps but one and a half?" "I am as good as a hundred," replied Don Quixote: and without saying more, he laid his hand on his sword and flew at the Yangueses; and Sancho did the same, incited and moved thereto by the example of his master. At the first blow, Don Quixote gave one of them a terrible wound on the shoulder, through a leathern doublet which he wore. The Yangueses, seeing themselves assaulted in this manner by two men only, they being so many, betook themselves to their clubs, and hemming them in, began to belabour them with great vehemence and animosity. It is true that at the second attack they brought Sancho to the ground; and the same befel

Don Quixote, neither his dexterity nor courage standing him in any stead: and as fate would have it, he fell just at Rocinante's feet, who had not yet got up: whence we may learn how unmercifully pack-staves will bruise, when put into rustic and wrathful hands. The Yangueses, perceiving the mischief they had done, loaded their beasts with all speed, and pursued their journey, leaving the two adventurers in evil plight.

The first who came to himself was Sancho Panza, who finding himself close to his master, with a feeble and plaintive voice cried: "Signor Don Quixote! ah, Signor Don Quixote!" "What would you have, brother Sancho?" answered Don Quixote, in the same feeble, and lamentable tone. "I could wish, if it were possible,"

answered Sancho Panza, "your worship would give me two draughts of that drink of Fiery Blas, if you have it here at hand; perhaps it may

do as well for broken bones as it does for wounds." "Unhappy I, that we have it not!" answered Don Quixote. "But I swear to you, Sancho Panza, on the faith of a knight-errant, that before two days pass, (if fortune does not order it otherwise,) I will have it in my power, or my hand shall be very much out." "But in how many days, do you think, sir, we shall recover the use of our feet," replied Sancho Panza? "For my part," said the battered knight Don Quixote, "I cannot limit the number: but it is all my own fault; for I ought not to have laid hand on my sword against men who were not dubbed knights like myself. I believe, the god of battles has permitted this chastisement to fall upon me, as a punishment for having so transgressed the laws of chivalry. Wherefore, brother Sancho, it is requisite you be forewarned of what I shall now tell you, for it highly concerns the good of us both: and it is this, when you see we are insulted by such rascally rabble, do not stay till I lay hand on my sword against them, for I will in no wise do it; but do you draw your sword and chastise them to your own heart's content: but if any knights shall come up to their assistance, I shall then know how to defend you, and offend them with all my might: for you have already seen, by a thousand tokens and experiments, how far the valour of this strong arm of mine extends." Thus arrogant had the poor gentleman become, by his victory over the valiant Biscayan.

But Sancho Panza did not so thoroughly like his master's instructions, as to forbear answering: "Sir, I am a peaceable, tame, quiet man, and can dissemble any injury whatsoever; for I have a wife and children to maintain and bring up: so that give me leave, sir, to tell you by way of hint, since it is not my part to command, that I will upon no account draw my sword, neither against peasant nor against knight; and that, from this time forward, in the presence of God, I forgive all injuries any one has done, or shall do me, or that any person is now doing, or may hereafter do me, whether he be high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without excepting any state or condition whatever." When his master heard that, he answered: "I wish I had breath to talk a little at my ease, and that the pain I feel in this rib would cease, ever so short a while, that I

might convince you Panza, of the error you are in. Harkye, sinner, should the gale of fortune, hitherto so contrary, come about in our favour, filling the sails of our desires, so that we may, safely and without any hinderance, make the port of some one of those islands I have promised you, what would become of you, if when I had gained it, and made you lord thereof, you should render all ineffectual by not being a knight, nor desiring to be one, and by having neither valour nor intention to revenge the injuries done you, or to defend your dominions? For you must know, that in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the minds of the natives are never so quiet nor so much in the interest of their new master, but there is still ground to fear that they will endeavour to bring about a change of things, and once more, as they call it, try their fortune: and therefore the new possessor ought to have understanding to know how to conduct himself, and courage to act offensively and defensively, whatever shall happen." "In this that hath now befallen us," answered Sancho, "I wish I had been furnished with that understanding and valour your worship speaks of; but I swear, on the faith of a poor man, I am at this time fitter for plasters than discourses. Try, sir, whether you are able to rise, and we will help up Rocinante, though he does not deserve it, for he was the principal cause of all this mauling. I never believed the like of Rocinante, whom I took to be discreet, and as peaceable as myself. But it is a true saying, that 'much time is necessary to come to a thorough knowledge of persons;' and that 'we are sure of nothing in this life.'" Who could have thought, that after such swinging slashes as you gave that unfortunate adventurer, there should come post, as it were, in pursuit of you, this vast tempest of pack-staves which has discharged itself upon our shoulders?" "Thine, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "should, one would think, be used to such storms; but mine, that were brought up between muslins and cambrics, must needs be more sensible of the grief of this mishap. Were it not that I imagine, do I say imagine? did I not know for certain, that all these inconveniences are inseparably annexed to the profession of arms, I would suffer myself to die here out of pure vexation." To this the squire replied: "Sir, since these mishaps are the genuine

fruits and harvests of chivalry, pray tell me whether they fall out often, or whether they have their set times in which they happen; for to my thinking two more such harvests will disable us from ever reaping a third, if God of his infinite mercy does not succour us."

"Learn, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that the life of knights-errant is subject to a thousand perils and mishaps: but then they are every whit as near becoming kings and emperors; and this experience hath shewn us in many and divers knights, with whose histories I am perfectly acquainted. I could tell you now, if the pain would give me leave, of some who, by the strength of their arm alone, have mounted to the high degrees I have mentioned; and these very men were, before and after, involved in sundry calamities and misfortunes. The valorous Amadis de Gaul saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy, Archalaus the enchanter, of whom it is positively affirmed, that when he had him prisoner, he gave him above two hundred lashes with his horse's bridle, after he had tied him to a pillar in his court-yard.[84] Moreover there is a private author, of no small credit, who tells us that the 'knight of the sun being caught by a trap-door which sunk under his feet in a certain castle, found himself at the bottom in a deep dungeon under ground, bound hand and foot, where they administered to him in the most unseemly way, a preparation of snow-water and sand, that almost did his business; and if he had not been succoured in that great distress by a certain sage, his special friend, it had gone very hard with the poor knight.' I may very well suffer among so many worthy persons who underwent much greater affronts than those we now undergo: for I would have you know, Sancho, that wounds, which are given with instruments that are accidentally in one's hand, are no affront. And thus it is expressly written in the law of combat, that if a shoe-maker strike a person with the last he has in his hand, though it be really of wood, it will not therefore be said that the

[84] Amadis was twice in Archalaüs's power. The first time, Archalaüs held him enchanted; on the second occasion, he was thrown into a kind of cavern by means of a trap-door. The romance does not affirm that he was flogged, but that he was made to suffer hunger and thirst. Amadis was succoured in this extremity by Archalaüs's niece, the dumb damsel, who lowered to him in a basket a pork pie and two barrels of wine and water. (chap. XIX and XLIX.)

person thus beaten with it was cudgelled. I say this that you may not think, though we are mauled in this scuffle, we are disgraced; for the arms those men carried, wherewith they pounded us, were no other than their pack-staves; and none of them, as I remember, had either tuck, sword, or dagger." "They gave me no leisure," answered Sancho, "to observe so narrowly; for scarcely had I laid hand on my Tizona, [85] when they crossed my shoulders with their saplins, in such a manner that they deprived my eyes of sight and my feet of strength, laying me where I now lie, and where I am not so much concerned to think whether the business of the threshing be an affront or not, as I am troubled at the pain of the blows, which will leave as deep an impression in my memory as on my shoulders." "Notwithstanding all this, I tell you, brother Panza," replied Don Quixote, "there is no remembrance which time does not obliterate, nor pain which death does not put an end to." "What greater misfortune can there be," replied Panza, "than that which remains till time effaces it, and till death puts an end to it? If this mischance of our's were of that sort which people cure with a couple of plasters, it would not be altogether so bad: but, for aught I see, all the plasters of an hospital will not be sufficient to set us to rights again."

"Have done with this, and gather strength out of weakness, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for so I purpose to do: and let us see how Rocinante does; for it appears to me, that not the least part of this misfortune has fallen to the poor beast's share." "That is not at all strange," answered Sancho, "since he also appertains to a knight-errant. But what I wonder at is, that my ass should come off scot-free, where we have paid so dear." "Fortune always leaves some door open in disasters, whereby to come at a remedy," said Don Quixote: "I say this, because this poor beast may now supply the want of Rocinante, by carrying me hence to some castle where I may be cured of my wounds. Nor do I take the being mounted in this fashion to be dishonourable; for I remember to have read, that the good old Silenus, governor and tutor of the merry god of laughter, when he made his entry into the city of the hun-

[85] *Tizona*, the name of one of the swords of the Cid. The other was called *Colada*.

dred gates, went riding, much to his satisfaction, on a most beautiful ass." "It may be very true that he rode as your worship says," answered Sancho: "but there is a main difference between riding and lying athwart, like a sack of rubbish." To which Don Quixote answered: "The wounds received in battle rather give honour than take it away; so, friend Panza, answer me no more, but as I have already directed, raise me up as well as you can, and place me in whatever manner you please upon your ass, that we may get hence before night comes on, and overtake us in this uninhabited place." "Yet I have heard your worship say," quoth Panza, "that it is usual for knights-errant to sleep on heaths and deserts the greater part of the year, and that they look upon it to be very fortunate." "That is," said Don Quixote, "when they cannot help it, or are in love: and this is so true, that there have been knights, who, unknown to their mistresses, have exposed themselves for two years together, upon rocks, to the sun and the shade, and to the inclemencies of heaven. One of these was Amadis, who, when calling himself Beltenebros, [86] took up his lodging on the naked rock, whether for eight years or eight months I know not, for I am not perfect in his history. It is sufficient, that there he was, doing penance for I know not what distaste shewn him by the lady Oriana. But let us have done with this, Sancho, and dispatch, before such another misfortune happens to the ass as hath befallen Rocinante."

"That would be the devil indeed," quoth Sancho; and sending forth thirty alas's, and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty curses on whosoever had brought him thither, he raised himself up, but staid bent by the way like a Turkish bow, entirely unable to stand upright: and with all this fatigue he made a shift to saddle his ass, who had also taken advantage of that day's excessive liberty, to go a little astray. He then heaved up Rocinante, who, had he possessed a tongue to complain with, most certainly would not have been outdone either by Sancho or his master. In fine Sancho settled Don Quixote upon the ass, and tying Rocinante by the head to his tail, led them both by the halter, proceeding now faster, now slower towards the place where he thought the road might lie. He had

[86] *Beltenebros*, the lovely obscure.

scarce gone a short league, when fortune (which was conducting his affairs from good to better) discovered to him the road, in which he espied an inn, which to his sorrow and Don Quixote's joy, must needs be a castle. Sancho positively maintained it was an inn, and his master that it was a castle; and the obstinate dispute lasted so long, that they had time to arrive there before it ended; and without more ado, Sancho entered into it with his string of cattle.

CHAPTER II.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN IN THE INN WHICH HE IMAGINED TO BE A CASTLE.

LAID across his squire's ass, Don Quixote was borne into the yard; the innkeeper seeing him, enquired of Sancho, what ailed him? Sancho answered, that it was nothing but a fall from a rock, whereby his ribs were somewhat bruised. The innkeeper had a wife of a different disposition from those of the like occupation; for she was naturally charitable, and touched with the misfortune of her neighbours: so that she presently set herself to cure Don Quixote, and made her daughter, a very comely young maiden, assist her in the cure of her guest. * There was also a servant in the inn, an Asturian wench, broad-faced, flat-headed, and saddle-nosed, with one eye squinting, and the other not much better. † It is true, the activity of her

* So, in Amadis de Gaul, (b 13. ch 13.) the constable of the castle's daughter knows so much of surgery, and applies such ointments and balsams to the wounds of Don Rogel of Greece, and Brianges of Bœotia, that she heals the former in twelve days, and the latter in thirty.

† The very description of the damsel who conducts prince Lindemart to the cavern where the savages had conveyed the princess Rosalva.—Amadis de Gaul, vol. 19, ch. 28.

body made amends for her other defects. She was not seven hands high from her feet to her head; and her shoulders, which burthened her a little too much, made her look down to the ground more than she cared to do. This agreeable lass helped the damsel; and they two made Don Quixote a very sorry bed in a garret, which gave evident tokens of having formerly served many years as a horse-loft. In this room lodged also a carrier, whose bed lay a little beyond that of Don Quixote. And though it was composed of pannels, and other trappings of his mules, it had much the advantage of our Don Quixote's, which consisted of four not very smooth boards, upon two not very equal tressels, and a flock-bed no thicker than a quilt,

and full of knobs, which, if one had not seen through the breaches that they were wool, by their hardness might have been taken for pebble-stones; with two sheets like the leather of an old target, and a rug, the threads of which, if you had a mind, you might number without losing a single one of the account.

In this wretched bed was Don Quixote laid; and immediately the hostess and her daughter plastered him from head to foot, Maritornes (for so the Asturian was called) holding the light. And as the hostess laid on the plasters, perceiving Don Quixote to be so full of bruises in all parts, she said that they seemed to be rather marks of blows than of a fall. "They were not blows," said Sancho; "but the rock had many sharp points and knobs, and every one has left its mark:" he said also: "Pray, forsooth, order it so, that some tow may be left; somebody else may have occasion for it, for my sides also ache a little." "So then," said the hostess, "you have had a fall too." "No fall," said Sancho Panza; "but the

fright I took at seeing my master fall has made my body so sore, that methinks I have received a thousand drubs." "That may very well be," said the girl, "for I have often dreamed that I was falling down from some high tower, and could never come to the ground; and when I have awaked, I have found myself as bruised and battered, as if I had really fallen." "But here is the point, mistress," answered Sancho Panza, "that I, without dreaming at all, and more awake than I am now, find myself with almost as many bruises as my master Don Quixote." "How is this cavalier called," quoth the Asturian Maritornes? "Don Quixote de la Mancha," answered Sancho Panza: he is a knight-errant, and one of the best and most valiant that has been seen this long time in the world." "What is a knight-errant," replied the wench? "Are you such a novice, that you do not know," answered Sancho Panza? "Then learn, sister of mine, that a knight-errant is a thing that, in two words, is cudgelled and an emperor; to-day is the most unfortunate creature in the world, and the most necessitous; and to-morrow will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire." "How comes it then to pass, that you, being squire to this so worthy a gentleman," said the hostess, "have not yet, as it seems, got so much as an earldom?" "It is early days yet," answered Sancho; "for it is but a month since we set out in quest of adventures, and hitherto we have met with none that deserve the name. Moreover sometimes one looks for one thing and finds another. True it is, if my master Don Quixote recovers of this wound or fall, and I am not disabled thereby, I would not truck my hopes for the best title in Spain."

All this discourse Don Quixote listened to very attentively; and, setting himself up in his bed as well as he could, and taking the hostess by the hand, he said to her: "Believe me, beauteous lady, you may reckon yourself happy in having lodged my person in this your castle, and such a person, that, if I do not praise myself, it is because, as is commonly said, self-praise depreciates; but my squire will inform you who I am. I only say that I shall retain the service you have done me, eternally engraved on my memory, and be grateful to you whilst my life shall last. And had it pleased the high heavens, that love had not held me so enthralled, and subjected to his laws,

and to the eyes of that beautiful ingrate, whose name I mutter between my teeth, the eyes of this lovely virgin had been mistresses of my liberty."

The hostess, her daughter, and the good Maritornes, stood confounded at hearing our knight-errant's discourse, which they understood just as much as if he had spoken Greek: though they guessed that it all tended to compliments and offers of service. And, not being accustomed to such kind of language, they stared at him with admiration, and thought him another sort of man than those now in fashion; and so, thanking him with inn-like phrase for his offers, they left him. The Asturian Maritornes doctored Sancho, who stood in no less need of it than his master. The carrier and she had agreed to solace themselves together that night; and she had given him her word, that, when the guests were a-bed, and her master and mistress asleep, she would repair to him. It is said of this honest wench, that she never made the like promise, but

she performed it, though she had made it on a mountain, without any witness: for she stood much upon her gentility, and yet thought it no disgrace to be employed in the calling of servant in an inn; often saying that misfortunes and unhappy accidents had brought her to that state.

Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggarly, feeble bed, stood first in the middle of that illustrious cock-loft; and close by it stood Sancho's, which consisted only of a flag-mat, and a rug that seemed to be rather of beaten hemp than of wool. Next these two stood the carrier's, made up, as has been said, of pannels, and the whole furniture of two of the best mules he had; which were twelve in number, fat and stately: for he was one of the richest carriers of Arevalo, as the author of this history relates, who makes particular mention of the carrier, whom he knew very well; nay, some go so far as to say, he was somewhat of kin to him. [87] Besides, Cid Hamet Ben Engeli was a very curious and very punctual historian in all things, as appears plainly from the circumstances already related; which, however seemingly minute and trivial, he would not pass over in silence; and this may serve as an example to the grave historians, who relate facts so very briefly, that we have scarcely a taste of them, as they leave at the bottom of their inkstands through neglect, malice, or ignorance, the most substantial matter. The blessing of heaven a thousand times on the author of *Tablante of Ricamonte*, and on him who wrote the exploits of the *Count Tomillas!* with what punctuality do they describe every thing!

I say then, that after the carrier had visited his mules, and given them their second course, he laid himself down upon his pannels, in expectation of his most punctual Maritornes. Sancho was already plastered, and laid down; but though he endeavoured to sleep, the pain of his ribs would not consent; and Don Quixote, through anguish, kept his eyes as wide open as a hare. The whole inn was in profound silence, and no other light in it than what proceeded from a lamp, which hung burning in the middle of the entry. This marvellous stillness, and the thoughts which our knight always had

[87] Previous to their expulsion from Spain, the Moriscoes practised agriculture, the mechanical arts, and particularly the management of beasts of burthen. The unsettled lives of the muleteers prevented their attending the churches, and placed them beyond the vigilance of the inquisition.

in his mind, from the accidents recounted in every page of the books, the authors of his misfortune, brought to his imagination one of the strangest whimsies that can well be conceived: which was, that he fancied he was arrived at a certain famous castle, for all the inns where he lodged, were in his opinion castles, and that the inn-keeper's girl was daughter to the lord of the castle; who, captivated by his fine appearance, was fallen in love with him, and had promised him, unknown to her parents, to steal privately to him that night, and pass a good part of it with him. Taking his chimera (which he had formed to himself) for reality, he began to be uneasy, and reflect on the dangerous crisis to which his fidelity was going to be exposed; and he resolved in his heart not to commit disloyalty against his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, though queen Ginebra herself, with the lady Quintagiona, should present themselves before him.

Whilst his thoughts were taken up with these extravagancies, the time and the hour (which to him proved unlucky) of the Asturian's coming, drew near; who, undressed and barefooted, her hair tucked up under a fustian coif, came with silent and cautious steps into the room, where the three were lodged, to find her carrier. But scarce was she come to the door, when Don Quixote perceived her, and sitting up in his bed in spite of his plasters and the pain of his ribs, stretched out his arms to receive his beauteous damsel the Asturian, who, crouching, and holding her breath, went with hands extended, feeling for her lover. Thus she encountered Don Quixote's arms, who caught fast hold of her by the wrist, and pulling her towards him, she not daring to speak a word, made her sit down on the bed by him. Presently he touched her only garment, which though it was of canvas, seemed to him to be of the finest and softest lawn. She had on her wrist a string of glass beads; but to his fancy they were precious oriental pearls. Her hair, not unlike that of a horse's mane, he took for threads of the brightest gold of Arabia, whose splendour obscures that of the sun itself. Though her breath, doubtless, smelt of stale salt fish, he fancied it a delicious and aromatic odour. In short, he painted her in his imagination in the very form and manner he had read described in his books, of some princess, who comes, adorned in the manner here mentioned, to visit the dangerously wounded knight, with whom

she is in love. So great was the poor gentleman's infatuation, that neither the touch, nor the breath, nor other things the good wench had about her, could undeceive him, though enough to make any one but a carrier sick. He imagined that he held the goddess of beauty between his arms; and clasping her fast, with an amorous and low voice, he began to say to her: "O! that I were in a condition, beautiful and high lady, to be able to return so vast a favour, as this you have done me by the presence of your great beauty; but fortune, who is never weary of persecuting the good, is pleased to lay me on this bed, where I lie so bruised and disabled, that, though I were ever so much inclined to pay my addresses, it would be impossible. And to this is added another still greater impossibility, which is the plighted faith I have given to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my most hidden thoughts. Had it not been for these obstacles, I should not have been so dull a knight as to let slip the happy opportunity your great goodness has put into my hands."

Maritornes was in the utmost pain, and in a violent sweat, to find herself held so fast by Don Quixote; and not hearing or minding what he said to her, she struggled without speaking a word, to get away from him. The honest carrier, whose loose desires kept him awake, heard his sweetheart from the first moment she entered the door, and listened attentively to all that Don Quixote said; and, jealous that the Asturian had broken her word with him for another, he drew nearer and nearer to Don Quixote's bed, and stood still to see what would come of those speeches which he did not understand.

But, seeing that the wench strove to get from him, and that Don Quixote laboured to hold her, not liking the jest, he lifted up his arm, and discharged so terrible a blow on the lanthorn jaws of the enamoured knight, that he bathed his mouth in blood; and not content with this, he mounted upon his ribs, and paced them over, somewhat above a trot, from end to end. The bed, which was a little crazy, and its foundation none of the strongest, being unable to bear the additional weight of the carrier, came down with them to the ground; at which great noise the host awaked, and presently imagined it must be some prank of Maritornes, for having called to her aloud, she made no answer. With this suspicion he got up: and having lighted a candle, went towards the place where he had heard the bustle. The wench, perceiving her master coming, and knowing him to be terribly passionate, all trembling and confounded, betook herself to Sancho Panza's bed, who was now asleep; and creeping in, she lay close to him, and as round as an egg. The inn-keeper entering, said: "Where are you, jade? these are most certainly some of your doings." Now Sancho awakened, and perceiving that bulk laying as it were on him, fancied he had got the night-mare, and began to lay about him on every side; and not a few of his fisty-cuffs reached Maritornes, who, provoked by the smart, and laying all modesty aside, made Sancho such a return in kind, that she quite roused him from sleep, in spite of his drowsiness; finding himself handled in that manner, without knowing by whom, he raised himself up as well as he could, and grappled with Maritornes; and there began between these two the toughest and pleasantest skirmish in the world. The carrier perceiving, by the light of the host's candle, how it fared with his mistress, quitted Don Quixote, and ran to give her the necessary assistance. The landlord did the same, but with a different intention; for his was to chastise the wench, concluding without doubt, that she was the sole occasion of all this harmony. Thus as the proverb goes, the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, and the rope to the stick; the carrier belaboured Sancho, Sancho the wench, the wench him, the inn-keeper the wench; and all laid about them so thick, that they gave themselves not a minute's rest; and the best of it was, that the landlord's candle went out; and they, being left in the dark, threshed one another so unmercifully, that, let the hand light where it would, it left nothing sound.

There lodged by chance that night in the inn an officer of those they call the holy brotherhood of Toledo;[88] who likewise hearing the strange noise of the scuffle, caught up his wand, and the tin box which held his commission, and entered the room in the dark, crying out: "Forbear, in the name of justice! forbear, in the name of the holy brotherhood!" The first he lighted on was the battered Don Quixote, who lay on his demolished bed, stretched upon his back, and quite senseless; and laying hold of his beard as he was groping about, he cried out incessantly: "I charge you to aid and assist me," but finding that the person he had laid hold of neither stirred nor moved, he concluded that he must be dead, and that the people within the room were his murderers;—and with this suspicion he raised his voice still louder, crying: "Shut the inn-door, see that nobody gets out, for they have killed a man here." This voice astonished them all, and each of them left the conflict the very moment the voice reached them. The landlord withdrew to his chamber, the carrier to his pannels, and the wench to her straw; only the unfortunate Don Quixote and Sancho could not stir from the place they were in. Now the officer let go Don Quixote's beard, and went out to get a light, to search after and apprehend the delinquents; but he found none; for the innkeeper had purposely extinguished the lamp when he retired to his chamber; and the officer was forced to have recourse to the chimney, where, after much pains and time, he lighted another lamp.

[88] Vide note 59, Book II. chap 2. anté, page 94.

CHAPTER III.

WHEREIN ARE CONTINUED THE NUMBERLESS HARDSHIPS WHICH THE BRAVE DON QUIXOTE AND HIS GOOD SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA UNDERWENT IN THE INN, WHICH HE UNHAPPILY TOOK FOR A CASTLE.

DON Quixote by this time came to himself; and with the very same tone of voice, with which the day before he had called to his squire, when he lay stretched along in the valley of packstaves, he began to call him, saying: "Sancho, friend, sleepest thou? sleepest thou, friend Sancho?"—"How should I sleep? woe is me" answered Sancho, full of trouble and vexation: "I cannot but think that all the devils in hell have been in my company to-night."—"You may very well believe so," answered Don Quixote; "and either I know little, or this castle is enchanted. For you must understand—but what I am now going to tell you, you must swear to keep secret until after my death."—"Yes, I swear," answered Sancho. "I say it," replied Don Quixote, "because I am an enemy to the taking away any body's reputation."—"I do swear," said Sancho again, "I will keep it secret until after your decease, and

God grant I may discover it to-morrow."—"Have I done you so many ill turns, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that you would willingly see me dead so very soon?" "It is not for that," answered Sancho; "but I am an enemy to keeping things long, and I would not have them rot with keeping."—"Be it for what it will," said Don Quixote, "I trust for greater matters than that to your love and kindness: know therefore that this night there has befallen me one of the strangest adventures imaginable; and to tell it you in few words, know, that a little while ago there came to me the daughter of the lord of this castle, who is the most accomplished and beautiful damsel that is to be found in a great part of the habitable earth. What could I not tell you of the gracefulness of her person? what of the sprightliness of her wit? what of other hidden charms, which, to preserve the fidelity I owe to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I will pass over untouched and in silence? Only I must tell you that Heaven, envying so great happiness as fortune had put into my hands, or perhaps (which is more probable) this castle, as I said before, being enchanted, at the time that she and I were engaged in the sweetest and most amorous conversation, without my seeing it, or knowing whence it came, comes a hand, fastened to the arm of some monstrous giant, and gave me such a blow on the jaws that they were all bathed in blood? and it afterwards pounded me in such sort, that I am in a worse case than yesterday, when the carriers, for Rocinante's frolic, did us the mischief you know.—Hence I conjecture, that the treasure of this damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and is not reserved for me."—"Nor for me neither," answered Sancho; "for more than four hundred Moors have cudgelled me in such a manner, that the basting of the packstaves was tarts and cheesecakes to it. But tell me, pray, sir, call you this an excellent and rare adventure, which has left us in such a pickle? though it was not quite so bad with your worship, who had between your arms that incomparable beauty aforesaid. But I! what had I, besides the heaviest blows that, I hope, I shall ever feel as long as I live? Woe is me, and the mother that bore me! for I am no knight-errant, nor ever mean to be one: and yet of all the misadventures, the greater part still falls

to my share."—"What! have you been pounded too?" answered Don Quixote. "Have I not told you, yes? Evil befal my lineage!" quoth Sancho. "Be in no pain, friend," said Don Quixote; "for I will now make the precious balsam, with which we will cure ourselves in the twinkling of an eye." By this time the officer had lighted his lamp, and entered to see the person he thought was killed: and Sancho, seeing him come in, and perceiving him to be in his shirt, with a night-cap on his head, a lamp in his hand, and a very ill-favoured countenance, he demanded of his master: "Pray, sir, is this the enchanted Moor, coming to finish the correction he has bestowed upon us?"—"It cannot be the Moor," answered Don Quixote; "for the enchanted suffer not themselves to be seen by any body."—"If they will not be seen, they will be felt," said Sancho; "witness my shoulders." "Mine might speak too," answered Don Quixote; "but this is not sufficient evidence to convince us that what we see is the enchanted Moor."

The officer entered, and finding them communing in so calm a manner, stood in suspense. It is true, indeed, Don Quixote still lay flat on his back, without being able to stir, through mere pounding and plastering. The officer approached him and said: "How fares it, honest friend?" "I would speak more respectfully," answered Don Quixote, "were I in your place. Is it the fashion of this country to talk in this manner to knights-errant, blockhead?" The officer, seeing himself so ill-treated by one of so scurvy an appearance, could not bear it; and, lifting up the brass lamp, with all its oil, gave it Don Quixote over the pate in such sort, that he broke his head: and all being in the dark, he ran instantly out of the room. "Doubtless, sir," quoth Sancho Panza, "this is the enchanted Moor; and he reserves the treasure for others, and for us only blows and lamp-knocks." * "It is even so," answered Don Quixote; "and it is to no purpose to regard this business of enchantments, or be out of humour or angry with them; for, as they are invisible and fantastical only, we shall find nothing to be revenged on, though we endeavour it ever so much. Get you up, Sancho, if

* Candilazos. A new coined word in the original.

you can, and call the governor of this fortress; and take care to get me some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, to make the healing balsam. In truth, I believe I want it very much at this time; for the wound this phantom has given me, bleeds very fast."

Sancho got up, with pain enough in his bones, and went in the dark towards the landlord's chamber; and meeting with the officer, who was listening to discover what his enemy would be at, said to him: "Sir, whoever you are, do us the favour and kindness to help us to a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine; for they are wanted to cure one of the best knights-errant in the world, who lies in yon bed, sorely wounded by the hands of the enchanted Moor that is in this inn." The officer hearing him talk at this rate, took him for one out of his senses; and the day beginning to dawn, he opened

the inn-door, and calling the host, told him what the honest man wanted. The inn-keeper furnished him with the ingredients, and Sancho carried them to Don Quixote, who lay with his hands on his head, complaining of the pain of the lamp-knock, which had done him no other hurt than the raising a couple of bumps pretty much swelled; and what he took for blood was nothing but sweat, occasioned by the anguish of the past storm. In fine, he took his simples, and made a compound of them, mixing them together, and boiling them a good while, until he thought they were enough. Then he asked for a phial to put it in; and there being no such thing in the inn, he resolved to put it in a cruise, or oil-flask of tin, which the host made him a present of. Next he said over the cruise about four score pater-nosters, with as many ave-marias and salves, and every word was accompanied with a cross by way of benediction, at all which were present, Sancho, the inn-keeper, and the officer: as for the carrier, he was gone soberly about the business of tending his mules.

This done, he resolved immediately to make trial of the virtue of that precious balsam, as he imagined it to be; and so he drank about a pint and a half of what the cruise could not contain, and which remained in the pot it was infused and boiled in; and scarcely had he done drinking, when he began to vomit so violently, that nothing was left in his stomach; and, through the convulsive retchings and agitation of the vomit, he fell into a most copious sweat; wherefore he ordered them to cover him up warm, and to leave him alone. They did so, and he continued fast asleep above three hours; when he awoke, and found himself greatly relieved in his body, and so much recovered from his bruising, that he thought himself as good as cured;—and was thoroughly persuaded that he had hit on the true balsam of Fier-à-bras, and that, with this remedy, he might thenceforward encounter without fear, any dangers, battles, and conflicts however perilous.

Sancho Panza, who likewise took his master's amendment for a miracle, desired he would give him what remained in the pipkin, which was no small quantity. Don Quixote granting his request, he took it in both hands, and with a good faith and better will,

tossed it down into his stomach, swilling very little less than his master had done. Now the case was, that poor Sancho's stomach was not so nice and squeamish as his master's; and therefore, before he could throw it up, it gave him such pangs and loathings with such cold sweats and faintings, that he verily thought his last hour was come; and finding himself so afflicted and tormented, he, cursed the balsam, and the thief that had given it him. Don Quixote, seeing him in that condition, said to him: "I believe, Sancho, that all this mischief has befallen you becanse you are not dubbed a knight; for I am of opinion this liquor can do no good to those who are not." "If your worship knew that," replied Sancho, "evil betide me and all my generation! why did you suffer me to drink it?" By this time the drench operated effectually, and the poor squire began to find relief in all ways? with so much precipitation,

that the flag mat upon which he lay, and the blanket in which he wrapped himself, were perfectly saturated. He sweated and sweated again, with such faintings and fits, that not only himself, but every

body else, thought he was expiring. This hurricane and exudation lasted two hours; at the end of which he did not remain as his master did, but so shattered and broken that he was unable to stand. Don Quixote, who found himself at ease and whole, would needs depart immediately in quest of adventures, believing that all the time he loitered away there, was depriving the world, and the distressed in it, of his aid and protection; and the rather, through the security and confidence he placed in the balsam. Thus hurried away by this strong desire, he saddled Rocinante with his own hands, and pannelled his squire's beast, whom he also helped to dress, and to mount him upon the ass. He presently got on horseback, and coming to a corner of the inn, he laid hold of a pike that stood there, to serve him for a lance. All the folks in the inn stood gazing at him, being somewhat above twenty persons; among the rest the host's daughter stared at him, and he on his part removed not his eyes from her, and now and then sent forth a sigh, which he seemed to tear up from the bottom of his bowels; all imagining it to proceed from the pain he felt in his ribs, at least those who the night before had seen how he was plastered.

They being now both mounted, and standing at the door of the inn, he called to the host, and with a very solemn and grave voice said to him: "Many and great are the favours, Signor governor, which in this your castle I have received, and I remain under infinite obligations to acknowledge them all the days of my life. If I could make you a return by revenging you on any insolent foe, who has done you outrage, know that the duty of my profession is no other than to strengthen the weak, to revenge the injured, and to chastise the perfidious. Run over your memory, and if you find any thing of this nature to recommend to me, you need only declare it; for I promise you, by the order of knighthood I have received, to procure you satisfaction and amends to your heart's desire." The host answered with the same gravity: "Sir knight, I have no need of your worship's avenging any wrong for me; I know how to take the proper revenge, when I sustain any injury: I only desire your worship to pay me for what you have had in the inn, as well for the straw and barley for your two beasts, as for your supper and lodging."

"What then, is this an inn?" replied Don Quixote. "And a very creditable one," answered the host. "Hitherto then I have been in an error," answered Don Quixote, "for in truth I took it for a castle, and no bad one neither: but since it is so, that it is no castle, but an inn, all that can now be done is, that you excuse the payment; for I cannot act contrary to the law of knights-errant, of whom I certainly know, having hitherto read nothing to the contrary, that they never paid for lodging, or any thing else, in any inn where they have lain; and that because of right and good reason, all possible accommodation is due to them, in recompense for the insufferable hardships they endure in quest of adventures, by night and by day, in winter and in summer, on foot and on horseback, with thirst and with hunger, with heat and with cold, subject to all the inclemencies of heaven, and to all the inconveniences upon earth." "I see little to my purpose in all this," answered the host; "pay me what is my due, and let us have none of your stories and knight-errantries; for I make no account of any thing, but how to come by my own." "Thou art a blockhead, and a pitiful inn-keeper," answered Don Quixote; so clapping spurs to Rocinante, and brandishing his lance, he sallied out of the inn, without any body's opposing him; and, without looking to see whether his squire followed him or not, got a good way off.

The host, seeing him go off without paying him, ran to seize on Sancho Panza who said that since his master would not pay, he would not pay either; for being squire to a knight-errant as he was, the same rule and reason held as good for him as for his master, not to pay any thing in public-houses and inns. The inn-keeper grew very testy on hearing this, and threatened him, if he did not pay him, he would indemnify himself in a way he should be sorry for. Sancho swore by the order of chivalry, which his master had received, that he would not pay a single farthing, though it should cost him his life; for the laudable and ancient usage of knights-errant should not be lost for him, nor should the squires of future knights have reason to complain of, or reproach him for the breach of so just a right.

Poor Sancho's ill luck so ordered it, that among those who were

p. 170.

in the inn, there were four cloth-workers of Segovia, three needle-makers of the horse-fountain of Cordova, and two butchers of Seville, all arch, merry, unlucky, and frolicksome fellows. These nine jolly dogs, instigated as it were and moved by the self-same spirit, came up to Sancho, and dismounting him from the ass, one of them went in for the blanket from the landlord's bed; and putting him therein, they looked up, and saw that the ceiling was somewhat too low for their work, and determined to go out into the yard, which had no other ceiling than the sky. There, Sancho being placed in the midst of the blanket, they began to toss him aloft, and to divert themselves with him, as with a dog during carnival. [89] The cries

[89] The punishment to which Sancho was subjected was then of very ancient standing. Suetonius relates that when the emperor Otho, during his nightly rounds though the streets of Rome, fell in with any drunken persons, he had them tossed in blankets——"*distento sagulo in sublime jactare.*" And Martial, addressing his book, tells it not to put too much trust in praise, "for, from behind," he adds:

"Ibis ab excusso missus in astra sago."

The students in the Spanish universites amused themselves, during the time of carnival, by serving the dogs they met with in the streets in the same manner that the emperor Otho served the drunkards.

which the poor blanket-tossed squire sent forth, were so many, and so loud, that they reached his master's ears: who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that some new adventure was at hand, until he found plainly that he who cried was his squire; and turning the reins, with a constrained gallop, he came up to the inn; when finding it shut, he rode round it to discover, if he could, an entrance. But he was scarce got to the wall of the yard, which was not very high, when he perceived the wicked sport they were making with his squire. He saw him ascend and descend through the air with so much grace and agility, that if his choler would have suffered him, I am of opinion he would have laughed. He tried to get from his horse upon the fence; but he was so bruised and battered, that he could not alight; and so from on horseback be began to utter so many reproaches and revilings against those who were tossing Sancho, that it is impossible to put them down in writing; but they did not therefore desist from their laughter, nor their labour; nor did the flying Sancho forbear his complaints, mixed sometimes with menaces, sometimes with entreaties; yet all availed little, nor would have availed, but at last they left off from sheer weariness. They then brought him his ass; and wrapping him in his loose coat, mounted him thereon. The compassionate Maritornes, seeing him so harassed, thought good to help him to a jug of water, which she fetched from the well, that it might be the cooler. Sancho took it, and as he was lifting it to his mouth, stopped at his master's calling to him aloud, saying: "Son Sancho, drink not water, child, do not drink it; it will kill thee. Look here, I hold the most holy balsam," shewing him the cruise of the potion, "by drinking but two drops of which, you will doubtless be whole and sound again". At these words, Sancho turned his eyes as it were askew, and said with a louder voice: "Perhaps, you have forgot, sir, that I am no knight; or you would have me bring up what remains of my bowels, after last night's work. Keep your liquor, in the devil's name, and let me alone." His ceasing to speak, and beginning to drink, was all in a moment, but at the first sip finding it was water, he would proceed no further, and prayed Maritornes to bring him some wine; which she did with a very good will, and paid for it with her own money; for

they say of her, that though she was in that station, she had some shadows and faint outlines of a christian. As soon as Sancho had done drinking, he began kicking his beast; and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, out he went, mightily satisfied that he had paid nothing, and had carried his point, though at the expense of his accustomed surety—his carcase. The landlord indeed, was in possession of his wallets for payment of what was due to him; but Sancho never missed them, so confused was he at going off. The inn-keeper would have fastened the door well after him, as soon as he saw him out; but the blanketeers would not consent, being persons of that sort, that though Don Quixote had really been one of the knights of the Round Table, they would not have cared two farthings for him.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH IS REHEARSED THE DISCOURSE WHICH SANCHO PANZA HELD WITH HIS MASTER DON QUIXOTE; WITH OTHER ADVENTURES WORTH RELATING.

SANCHO came up to his master, pale and dispirited to that degree, that he was not able to spur on his ass. Don Quixote perceiving his condition, said: "Now am I convinced, honest Sancho, that that castle, or inn, is doubtless enchanted; for they who so cruelly sported themselves with you, what could they be but hobgoblins, and people of the other world? and I am confirmed in this by having found, that when I stood at the paling of the yard, beholding the acts of your sad tragedy, I could not possibly get over them, nor so much as alight from Rocinante; so that they must certainly have held me enchanted. I swear to you, by the faith of what I am, that if I could have got over, or alighted, I would have

avenged you in such a manner as would have made those poltroons and assassins remember the jest as long as they lived, though I know I had transgressed the laws of chivalry thereby, for as I have often told you, they do not allow a knight to lay hand on his sword against any one who is not so, unless it be in defence of his own life and person, and in case of urgent and extreme neccessity." "And I too," quoth Sancho, "would have revenged myself if able, dubbed or not dubbed; but I could not: though I am of opinion, that they who diverted themselves at my expence, were no hobgoblins, but men of flesh and bones as we are; and each of them, as I heard while they were tossing me, had his proper name: one was called Pedro Martinez, another Tenorio Hernandez; and the landlord's name is John Palomèque the left-handed: so that, sir, as to your not being able to leap over the fence nor to alight from your horse, the fault lay in something else, and not in enchantment. What I gather clearly from all this is, that these adventures we are in quest of, will at the long run bring us into so many scrapes, that we shall not know which is our right foot. In my poor opinion, the better and surer way would be, to return to our village, now that it is reaping-time and look after our business, and not run rambling from Ceca to Mecca,* leaping out of the frying-pan ino the fire."

"How little do you know, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "what belongs to chivalry! peace, and have patience; the day will come, when you will see with your eyes how honourable a thing it is to follow this profession. What greater satisfaction can there be in the world, or what pleasure can be compared with that of winning a battle, and triumphing over one's enemy? None, without doubt." "It may be so," answered Sancho, "though I do not know it. I only know, that since we have been knights-errant, or since you have been one sir, for there is no reason I should reckon myself in that honourable number, we have never won any battle except that of the Biscayan; and even there you came off with the

* Ceca was a place of devotion among the Moors in the city of Cordova, to which they used to go in pilgrimage from other places; as Mecca is among the Turks: whence the proverb comes to signify: "sauntering about to no purpose."—A banter upon popish pilgrimages.

loss of half an ear, and half a helmet; and from that day to this, we have had nothing but drubbings upon drubbings, cuffs upon cuffs, beside my blanket-tossing into the bargain, and that by persons enchanted, on whom I cannot revenge myself, to know how far the joy reaches of overcoming an enemy, as your worship is pleased to say."—"That is what troubles me, and ought to trouble you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "but henceforward I will endeavour to have ready at hand a sword made by such art, that no kind of enchantment can touch him that wears it. Perhaps fortune may procure me that of Amadis, when he called himself '*Knight of the burning sword*,' [90] which was one of the best weapons that ever knight had in the world; for, beside the virtue aforesaid, it cut like a razor, and no armour though ever so strong, or ever so much enchanted, could stand against it."—"I am so unfortunate," quoth Sancho, "that though this were so, and you should find such a sword, it would be of service and use only to those who are dubbed knights, like the balsam; as for the poor squires, they may sing sorrow."—"Fear not that, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "heaven will deal more kindly by thee."

Don Quixote and his squire went on thus conferring together, when the former perceived on the road they were in, a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them; and seeing it, he turned to Sancho, and said: "This is the day, O Sancho, wherein will be seen the good that fortune has in store for me. This is the day, I say, wherein will appear, as much as in any, the strength of my arm; and in which I shall perform such exploits, as shall remain written in the book of fame, to all succeeding ages. Seest thou yon cloud of dust, Sancho? It is raised by a prodigious army of divers and innumerable nations, who are on the march this way.—" "By

[90] It was Amadis of Greece who was styled the *Knight of the Flaming Sword*, because he had one marked on his body, from his birth, *from the left knee upwards to abreast his heart, as red as fire.* (Part I. chap 46.) As Don Quixote only says Amadis, by which Amadis *of Gaul* is always understood, and as he speaks of a real sword, he doubtless means, *the knight of the Green Sword.* Amadis received this name, under which he was known in Germany, because, at the trial of two faithful lovers, and before the face of his mistress Oriane, he drew the marvellous sword from its scabbard which was made from the back-bone of a fish, of a green colour, and so transparent that the blade was visible when sheathed in it. (Chap. LVI, LXX and LXXIII.)

this account there must be two armies," said Sancho, "for on this opposite side there arises such another cloud of dust." Don Quixote

turned to view it, and, seeing it was so, he rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted there were two armies coming to engage in the midst of that spacious plain: for at all hours and moments his imagination was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures extravagancies, amours and challenges, which he found in the books of chivalry; and whatever he said, thought or did, had a tendency that way. Now the clouds of dust he saw were raised by two great flocks of sheep, going the same road from different parts, and the dust hindered them from being seen, until they came near. But Don Quixote affirmed with so much positiveness that they were armies, that Sancho began to believe it, and said: "Sir, what then must we do?"—"What," replied Don Quixote, "but favour and assist the weaker side? Now you must know, Sancho, that the army which

marches towards us in front, is led and commanded by the great emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Taprobana;[91] this other which marches behind us, is that of his enemy, the king of the Garamantes,[92] Pentapolin of the naked arm; for he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare."—"But why do these two princes hate one another," demanded Sancho? "They hate one another," answered Don Quixote, "because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, and is in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a most beautiful and superlatively graceful lady, and a christian; and her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan king, unless he will first renounce the religion of his false prophet Mahomet, and turn christian,"—"By my beard," said Sancho, "Pentapolin is in the right; and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power."—"In so doing, you will do your duty, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for, in order to engage in such fights, it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight."—"I easily comprehend that," answered Sancho; "but where shall we dispose of this ass, that we may be sure to find him when the fray is over? for I believe it was never yet the fashion to go to battle upon such a kind of beast."—"You are in the right," said Don Quixote; "and what you may do with him is, to let him take his chance, whether he be lost or not; for we shall have such a choice of horses after the victory, that Rocinante himself will run a risk of being trucked for another. But listen with attention, whilst I give you an account of the principal knights of both the armies. That you may see and observe them the better, let us retire to yon rising ground, from whence all may be distinctly seen." They did so, and got upon a hillock whence the flocks, which Don Quixote took for two armies, might easily have been discerned, had not the clouds of dust they raised, obstructed and blinded the sight; but, for all that, seeing in his imagination what he neither did nor could see, he began with a loud voice to say:—

"The knight you see yonder with the gilded armour, who bears in his shield a lion crowned couchant at a damsel's feet, is the valorous Laurcalco, lord of the Silver Bridge; the other, with the armour

[91] The ancient name of the island of Ceylon.

[92] Inhabitants of the interior of Africa.

flowered with gold, who bears three crowns argent, in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolembo, grand duke of Quirocia; the third with gigantic limbs, who marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, lord of the three Arabias; he is armed with a serpent's skin, and bears instead of a shield, a gate, which fame says, is one of those belonging to the temple which Sampson pulled down, when with his death he avenged himself upon his enemies.[93] But turn your eyes to this other side, and you will see in the front of this second army, the ever-victorious and never-vanquished Timonel de Carcaxona, prince of the New Biscay, who comes with armour quartered azure, vert, argent and or, bearing in his shield a cat or, in a field gules, with a scroll inscribed *Miou*, being the beginning of his mistress's name, who it is reported, is the peerless Mioulina, daughter to Alfenniquen duke of Algarve. That other, who burdens and oppresses the back of yon sprightly steed, whose armour is as white as snow, and his shield white without any device, is a new knight, by birth a Frenchman, called Peter Papin, lord of the baronies of Utrique. The other, whom you see with his armed heels, pricking the flanks of that pied fleet courser, and whose armour is of pure azure, is the powerful duke of Nerbia, Espartafilardo of the Wood, whose device is an asparagus-bed, with this motto in Castilian, '*Rastrea mi suerte.*'" [94]

In this manner he continued to name sundry knights of each squadron, as his fancy dictated, and giving to each their arms, colours, devices and mottoes, extempore, carried on by the strength of his imagination, and by his unaccountable madness; and so without hesitation he proceeded:—"That body fronting us, is formed and composed of people of different nations; here stand those who drink the sweet waters of the famous Xanthus; the mountaineers, who tread the Massilian fields; those who sift the pure and fine gold-dust of Arabia Felix; those who dwell along the famous and refreshing banks of the clear Thermodon; those who drain by sundry and

[93] The Don here makes a notable mistake. It was not the gates of the temple under which he was buried that Sampson carried off, but those of the town of Gaza. (*Judges*, chap. 16.)

[94] Literally *trace my fate by my footsteps, or track my fate.*

divers ways, the golden veins of Pactolus; the Numidians, unfaithful in their promises; the Persians, famous for bows and arrows; the Parthians and Medes, who fight flying; the Arabians, perpetually shifting their habitations; the Scythians as cruel as fair; the broad-lipped Ethiopians; and an infinity of other nations, whose countenances I see and know, though I cannot recollect their names. In that other squadron come those who drink the crystal streams of olive-bearing Betis; those who brighten and polish their faces with the liquor of the ever-rich and golden Tagus; those who enjoy the fertilizing waters of the divine Genil; [95] those who tread the Tartesian fields, [96] abounding in pasture; those who recreate themselves in the Elysian meads of Xereza; the rich Manchegans, crowned with yellow ears of corn; those clad in iron, the antique remains of the Gothic race; [97] those who bathe themselves in Pisuerga, famous for the gentleness of its current; those who feed their flocks on the spacious pastures of the winding Guadiana, celebrated for its hidden source; those who shiver on the cold brow of the shady Pyreneus and the snowy tops of lofty Apeninus; in a word, all that Europe contains and includes."

How many provinces did he name! how many nations did he enumerate! giving to each, with wonderful readiness, its peculiar attributes, wholly absorbed and wrapped up in what he had read in his fabulous histories. Sancho Panza stood confounded at his discourse, without speaking a word; and now and then he turned his head about, to see whether he could discover the knights and giants his master named. But seeing none, he said: "Sir, the devil a man, or giant, or knight, of all you have named, appears any where; at least I do not see them; perhaps all may be enchanted, like last night's goblins." "How say you, Sancho?" answered Don Quixote. "Do you not hear the neighing of the steeds, the sound of the trumpets, and rattling of the drums?" "I hear nothing," answered Sancho, "but the bleating of sheep and lambs;" and so it was, for

[95] It is believed that this name, given by the Arabs to the river of Grenada, signifies *like the Nile.*

[96] Of Tarifa.

[97] The Biscayans.

now the two flocks were come very near them. "The fear you are in Sancho," said Don Quixote, "makes you so that you can neither see nor hear aright; for one effect of fear is to disturb the senses, and make things not to appear what they are; and if you are so much afraid, get you aside, and leave me alone, for I am able, with my single arm, to give the victory to that side I shall favour with my assistance." Then he clapped spurs to Rocinante, and, setting his lance in its rest, darted down the hillock like lightning. Sancho cried out to him: "Hold, Signor Don Quixote, come back; as God shall save me, they are lambs and sheep you are going to encounter; pray come back, woe to the father that begot me! what madness

is this? Look, there is neither giant, nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered nor entire, nor true azures nor bedevilled; sinner that I am! what is it you do?" For all this, Don Quixote turned not again, but still went on, crying aloud: "Ho! knights, you that follow and fight under the banner of the valiant emperor Pentapolin of the naked arm, follow me all, and you shall see with how much ease I revenge him on his enemy Alifanfaron of Taprobana." Saying this, he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, and began to attack them with his lance, as courageously, and intrepidly, as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen who came with the flocks, called out to him to desist; but seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings, and began to let drive about his ears with stones as big as one's fist. Don Quixote did not mind the stones, but, running about on all sides, cried out: "Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron; present thyself before me; I am a single knight, desirous to prove thy valour hand to hand, and to punish thee with the loss of life, for the wrong thou doest to the valiant Garamanta Pentapolin." At that instant came a large pebble-stone, and struck him such a blow on the side, that it buried a couple of his ribs in his body. Finding himself thus ill-treated, he believed for certain he was slain, or sorely wounded; and remembering his liquor, he pulled out his cruise, set it to his mouth, and began to let some go down; but before he could swallow what he thought sufficient, comes another of those almonds, and hit him so full on the hand and on the cruise, that it dashed it to pieces, carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way, and grievously bruising two of his fingers. Such was the first blow, and such the second, that the poor knight tumbled from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believed that they had killed him; whereupon in all haste they got their flock together, took up their dead, which were about seven, and marched off without farther enquiry.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hillock, beholding his master's extravagancies, tearing his beard, and cursing the unfortunate hour and moment that ever he knew him. But, seeing him fallen on the ground, and the shepherds already gone off, he descended

from the hillock, and running to him, found him in a very ill plight, though he had not quite lost the use of his senses. "Did I not desire you," he said "Signor Don Quixote, to come back, for those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men?" "How easily," replied Don Quixote, "can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, make things appear or disappear! You must know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for such to make us seem what they please: and this malignant who persecutes me, envious of the glory he saw I was likely to acquire in this battle, has transformed the hostile squadrons into flocks of sheep. However, do one thing, Sancho, for my sake, to undeceive yourself and see the truth of what I tell you; get upon your ass, and follow them fairly and softly, and you will find that when they are got a little farther off they will return to their first form, and, ceasing to be sheep, will become men, proper and tall, as I described them at first. But do not go now, for I want your help and assistance; come hither to me, and see how many teeth I want, for it seems to me that I have not one left in my head." Sancho came so close to him, that he almost thrust his eyes into his mouth: and it being precisely at the time the balsam began to work in Don Quixote's stomach, at the instant Sancho was looking into his mouth, he discharged the contents with as much violence as if it had been shot out of a demi-culverin, directly in the face and beard of the compassionate squire. "Blessed Virgin!" quoth Sancho, "what is this has befallen me? without doubt this poor sinner is mortally wounded, since he vomits blood at the mouth." But reflecting a little, he found by the colour, savour and smell, that it was not blood, but the balsam of the cruise he saw him drink; and so great was the loathing he felt thereat, that his stomach turned, and he made an effort similar to that of the knight, so that both remained in the same pickle. Sancho ran to his ass to take something out of his wallets, to cleanse himself and cure his master; but, not finding them, he was very near running distracted. He cursed himself afresh, and purposed in his mind to leave his master and return home, though he should lose his wages for the time past, and his hopes of the government of the promised island.

Hereupon Don Quixote got up, and laying his left hand on his mouth, to prevent the remainder of his teeth from falling out, with the other he laid hold on Rocinante's bridle, who had not stirred from his master's side (so trusty was he and good-conditioned,) and went where his squire stood leaning his breast on his ass, and his cheek on his hand, in the posture of a man overwhelmed with thought. Don Quixote, seeing him in that guise, with the appearance of so much sadness, said: "Know, Sancho, that one man is no more than another, unless he does more than another. All these storms that fall upon us are signs that the weather will clear up, and things will go smoothly: for it is impossible that either evil or good should be durable; and hence it follows, that the evil having lasted long, the good cannot be far off. You ought not to afflict yourself for the mischances that befal me, since you have no share in them." "How! no share in them!" answered Sancho, "peradventure then, he they tossed in a blanket yesterday was not my father's son; and the wallets I miss to-day, with all my moveables, belong to somebody else?" "What! are the wallets missing, Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote. "Yes, they are," answered Sancho. "Then we have nothing to eat to-day," replied Don Quixote. "It would be so," answered Sancho, "if these fields did not produce those herbs, with which you say such unlucky knights-errant as your worship are wont to supply the like necessities." "For all that," answered Don Quixote, "at this time I would rather have a slice of bread and a couple of heads of salt pilchards, than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, though commented upon by Dr. Laguna himself. [98] But, good Sancho, get upon your ass and follow me; for He, who is the provider of all things, will not fail us, and the rather seeing we are so employed in his service as we are, since he does not fail the gnats of the air, the wormlings of the earth, nor the fishes of the water; and so merciful is he, that he makes his sun to shine upon the good and the bad, and causes rain to fall upon the just and unjust." "Your worship," said Sancho, "would make a better preacher than a knight-errant." "Sancho," said Don Quixote,

[98] Andrès de Laguna, born at Segovia, was physician to Charles V. and pope Julius III, and the translator and commentator of Dioscorides.

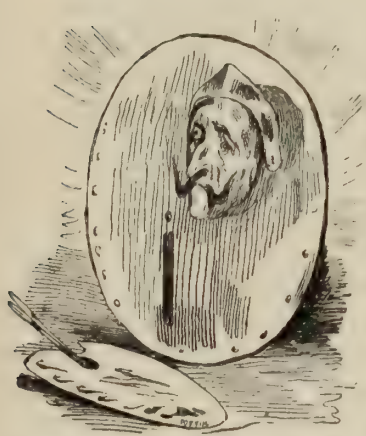
"the knights-errant ever did and must know something of every thing; and there have been knights-errant in times past, who would make sermons or harangues on the king's highway, with as good a grace as if they had taken their degrees in the university of Paris! whence we may infer, that the lance never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance." "Well! let it be as your worship says," answered Sancho, "but let us begone hence, and endeavour to get a lodging to-night; and pray God it be where there are neither blankets nor

blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins, nor enchanted Moors: for if there be, the devil take both the flock and the fold."

"Child," said Don Quixote, "do thou pray: and conduct me whither thou wilt; for this time I leave it to your choice where to lodge us: but reach hither your hand, and feel with your finger how many grinders I want on the right side of my upper jaw, for there I feel the pain." Sancho put in his fingers, and feeling about, said: How many did your worship use to have on this side?" "Four," answered Don Quixote, "beside the eye-tooth, all whole and very sound." "Take care what you say, sir," answered Sancho. "I say four, if not five," replied Don Quixote, "for in my whole life I never drew tooth nor grinder, nor have I lost one by rheum or decay." "Well then," said Sancho, "on this lower side your worship has but two grinders and a half, and in the upper, neither half nor whole: all is as smooth and even as the palm of my hand." "Unfortunate that I am!" said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news his squire told him: "I had rather they had torn off an arm, provided it were not the sword-arm: for, Sancho, you must know, that a mouth without grinders is like a mill without a stone; and a diamond is not so precious as a tooth. But to all this we are subject, who profess the strict order of chivalry. Mount, friend Sancho, and lead on; for I will follow thee what pace thou wilt." Sancho did so, and went toward the place where he thought to find a lodging, without going out of the high road, which was thereabouts very much frequented. As they thus went on, fair and softly, (for the pain of Don Quixote's jaws gave him no ease, nor inclination to make haste,) Sancho had a mind to amuse and divert him by talking to him, and said, among other things, what will be found in the following chapter.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE SAGE DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN SANCHO AND HIS MASTER, AND THE SUCCEEDING ADVENTURE OF THE DEAD BODY; WITH OTHER FAMOUS OCCURRENCES,



"It is my opinion, master of mine, that all the mischances which have befallen us of late, are doubtless in punishment of the sin committed by your worship against your own order of knighthood, in not performing the oath you took, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, nor solace yourself with the queen, with all the rest that you swore to accomplish, until your taking away the helmet of Malandrino, or how do you call the Moor? for I do not well remember." "Sancho, you are in the right," said Don Quixote; "but, to tell you the truth, it quite slipped out of my memory; and, you may depend upon it, the affair of the blanket happened to you for your fault in not putting me in mind of it in time: but I will make amends; for in the order of chivalry there are ways of compounding for every thing". "Why, did I swear any thing?" answered Sancho. "It matters

not that you have not sworn," said Don Quixote: "it is enough that I know you are not free from the guilt of an accessary; and, at all events, it will not be amiss to provide ourselves a remedy." "If it be so," said Sancho, "see, sir, you do not forget this too, as you did the oath: perhaps the goblins may again take a fancy to divert themselves with me, and even with your worship, if they find you so obstinate."

While they were thus discoursing, night overtook them in the middle of the highway, without their lighting on, or discovering, any place of reception; and the worst of it was, they were perishing with hunger, for, with the loss of their wallets they had lost their whole larder of provisions. As an additional misfortune, there befel them an adventure, which, without any forced construction, had really the face of one. It happened thus. The night came on pretty dark; notwithstanding which they proceeded, Sancho believing, that since it was the king's highway, they might very probably find an inn within a league or two.

Thus travelling, the night dark, the squire hungry, and the master with a good appetite, they saw, advancing towards them, on the same road, a great number of lights, resembling so many moving stars. Sancho stood aghast at the sight of them, and Don Quixote could not well tell what to make of them. The one checked his ass by the halter, and the other his horse by the bridle, and stood still, viewing attentively what it might be. They perceived the lights drawing towards them, and the nearer they came the larger they appeared. Sancho trembled at the sight, as if he had been quicksilver; and Don Quixote's hair bristled upon his head: but, recovering a little courage, he cried out: "Sancho, this must be a prodigious and most perilous adventure wherein it will be necessary for me to exert my whole might and valour." "Woe is me!" answered Sancho? "should this prove to be an adventure of goblins, as to me it seems to be, where shall I find ribs to endure?" "Let them be never such goblins," said Don Quixote, "I will not suffer them to touch a thread of your garment: for, if they sported with you last time, it was because I could not get over the pales: but we are now upon even ground, where I can brandish my sword at

pleasure." "But, if they should enchant and benumb you, as they did the other time," quoth Sancho, "what matters it whether we are in the open field or not?" "For all that," replied Don Quixote, "I beseech you Sancho, be of good courage; for experience will shew you how much of it I am master of." "I will, an't please God," answered Sancho; and, leaving the highway a little on one side, they looked again attentively to discover what those walking lights might be: and soon after they perceived a great many persons in

white. * This dreadful apparition entirely sunk Sancho Panza's courage, and his teeth began to chatter, as if he had been in a tertian ague; his trembling and chattering increased, when he saw distinctly what it was: for now they discovered about twenty persons in white robes, all on horseback, with lighted torches in their hands, behind whom came a litter covered with black, which was followed by six persons in deep mourning; the mules they rode on were covered likewise with black down to their heels; and it was easily seen they were not horses by the slowness of their pace. Those in white came along muttering to themselves in a low and plaintive tone.

The strange vision, at such an hour, and in so desert a place, might very well strike terror into Sancho's heart, and even into that of his master; and so it would have done, had he been any other than Don Quixote. As for Sancho, his whole stock of courage was already exhausted; it was quite otherwise with his master, whose lively imagination at that instant represented to him, that this must be one of the adventures of his books. He figured to himself that the litter was a bier, whereon was carried some knight sorely wounded or slain, whose revenge was reserved for him: and without more ado, he couched his spear, settled himself firm in his saddle, and with a sprightly vigour and mien, posted himself in the middle of the road, by which the men in white must of necessity pass; and when he saw them come near, he raised his voice, and said: "Hold, knights, whoever you are, give me an account, to whom you belong, from whence you come, whither you are going, and what it is you carry upon that bier? for, in all appearance, either you have done some injury to others, or others to you; and it is expedient and necessary that I be informed of it, either to chastise you for the evil you have done, or to revenge you of the wrong done you." "We are going in haste," answered one of those in white; "the inn is a great way off; and we cannot stay to give so long an account as you require." So saying he spurred his mule and passed forward. Don Quixote, highly resenting this answer, laid hold of

* The original is *encamisados*, which signifies persons who have put on a shirt over their clothes. It was usual for soldiers, when they attacked an enemy by night to wear shirts over their armour or clothes, to distinguish their own party: whence such nightly attacks were called Encamisados.

his bridle, and said: "Stand, and be more civil. Give me an account of what I have asked you; otherwise I challenge you all to battle." The mule was skittish, and started at his laying his hand on the bridle; so that, rising upright on her hind-legs, she fell backward to the ground, with her rider under her. A lacquey that came on foot, seeing him in white fall, began to abuse Don Quixote; whose choler being already stirred, he couched his spear, assaulted one of the mourners, and laid him on the ground grievously wounded; then turning about to the rest, it was wonderful to see with what agility he attacked and defeated them, insomuch that you would have thought Rocinante had wings grown on him in that instant, so nimbly and proudly did he bestir himself.

All those in white were timorous and unarmed people, and of course presently quitted the skirmish, and ran away over the field, with

the lighted torches in their hands, looking like so many masqueraders on a carnival or a festival night. The mourners, likewise, were so wrapped up and muffled in their long robes, that they could not stir: so that Don Quixote, with entire safety to himself, drove them all before him, and obliged them to quit the field sorely against their will: for they thought him no man, but the devil from hell broke loose upon them, to carry away the dead body they bore in the litter.

All this Sancho beheld, with admiration at the knight's intrepidity, and said to himself: "Without doubt this master of mine is as valiant and magnanimous as he pretends to be."

There lay a burning torch on the ground, just by the first whom the mule had overthrown; by the light of which Don Quixote espied him, and coming to him, set the point of his spear to his throat, commanding him to surrender, or he would kill him. To which the fallen man answered: "I am more than enough surrendered already; for I cannot stir, having one of my legs broken. I beseech you, sir, if you are a christian gentleman, do not kill me: you would commit a great sacrilege, for I am a licentiate, and have taken the lesser orders." "What the devil, then," said Don Quixote, "brought you hither, being an ecclesiastic?" "What, sir?" replied he that was overthrown, "my misfortune." "A greater yet threatens you," said Don Quixote, "if you do not satisfy me in all I first asked of you." "Your worship shall soon be satisfied," answered the licentiate; "and, therefore, you must know, sir, that though I told you before I was a licentiate, I am indeed only a bachelor of arts, and my name is Alonzo Lopez. I am a native of Alcovendas: I came from the city of Baeza, with eleven more priests, the same who fled with the torches; we are accompanying a corpse in that litter to the city of Segovia: it is that of a gentleman, who died in Baeza, where he was deposited; and now, as I say, we are carrying his bones to his burying-place in Segovia, where he was born." "And who killed him?" demanded Don Quixote. "God," replied the bachelor, "by means of a pestilential fever." "Then," said Don Quixote, "our Lord has saved me the labour of revenging his death, in case any body else had slain him: but, since he fell by the

hand of Heaven, there is no more to be done, but to be silent, and shrug up our shoulders; for just the same must I have done, had it been pleased to have slain me. And I would have your reverence know, that I am a knight of La Mancha, Don Quixote by name, and that it is my office and exercise to go through the world, redressing wrongs, and repairing grievances." "I do not understand your way of redressing wrongs," said the bachelor: "for from right you have set me wrong; having broken my leg, which will never be right again whilst I live; and the grievance you have repaired in me is, to leave me so aggrieved that I shall never be otherwise; and it was a very unlucky adventure to me to meet you who are seeking adventures." "All things," answered Don Quixote, "do not fall out the same way: the mischief, master bachelor Alonzo Lopez, was occasioned by your coming, as you did, by night, arrayed in those surplices, with lighted torches, chanting, and clad in doleful weeds, so that you really resembled something wicked and of the other world: which laid me under a necessity of complying with my duty, and of attacking you; and I would have attacked you, though I had certainly known you to be so many devils of hell; for until now I took you to be no less." "Since my fate would have it so," said the bachelor, "I beseech you, Signor knight-errant, who have done me such arrant mischief, help me to get from under this mule; for my leg is held fast between the stirrup and the saddle." "I might have talked on until to-morrow morning," said Don Quixote: "why did you delay acquainting me with your uneasiness?" Then he called out to Sancho Panza to come to him: but he did not care to stir, being employed in ransacking a sumpter-mule, which those good men had brought with them, well stored with eatables. Sancho made a bag of his cloak, and cramming into it as much as it would hold, he loaded his beast; then, running to his master's call, he helped to disengage the bachelor from the oppression of his mule, and setting him thereon, gave him the torch. Don Quixote bid him follow the track of his comrades, and beg their pardon in his name for the injury which he could not avoid doing them. Sancho likewise said: "If perchance those gentlemen would know, who the champion is that routed them, tell them it is the famous Don

Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called '*the Knight of the sorrowful Figure.*' "

The bachelor being gone, Don Quixote asked Sancho, what induced him to call him *the Knight of the sorrowful Figure*, at that time more than at any other. "I will tell you," answered Sancho; "it is because I have been viewing you by the light of the torch, which that unfortunate man carried, and in truth your worship makes at present very near the most woful figure I have ever seen; which must be occasioned either by the fatigue of this combat, or by the want of your teeth." "It is owing to neither," replied Don Quixote; "but the sage, who has the charge of writing the history of my achievements, has thought fit I should assume a surname, as all the knights of old were wont to do: one called himself *the Knight of the burning Sword;* another, *of the Unicorn;* this, *of the Damsels;* that, *of the Phœnix;* another, *the Knight of the Griffin;* and another, *of Death;* and they were known by these names and ensigns all over the world. Therefore, I say, the aforesaid sage has now put it into your head, and into your mouth, to call me *the Knight of the sorrowful Figure*, [99] as I purpose to call myself from this day forward: and that this name may fit me the better, I determine, when there is an opportunity, to have a most sorrowful figure painted on my shield." "You need not spend time and money in getting this figure made," said Sancho; "your worship need only shew your own, and present yourself to be looked at; and, without other image or shield, they will immediately call you *the Knight of the sorrowful Figure.* And be assured I tell you the truth; for I promise you, sir, (and let this not be said in jest,) that hunger and the loss of your grinders, make you look so ruefully, that, as I have said, the sorrowful picture might very well be spared."

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's conceit, yet resolved to call himself by that name, and to paint his shield or buckler as he had imagined; "I conceive, Sancho," he said, "that I am liable to excommunication for having laid violent hands on holy things, *Juxta*

[99] Don Belianis of Greece was styled the *Knight of the Noble Figure.* (Book I., Chap. XIII.)

illud, si quis suadente diabolo, &c. [100] though I know I did not lay my hands, but my spear upon them: besides, I did not think I had to do with priests, or things belonging to the church, (which I respect and reverence like a good catholic and faithful christian as I am,) but with ghosts and goblins of the other world. And though it were so, I perfectly remember what befel the Cid Ruy-Diaz, when he broke the chair of that king's ambassador in the presence of his holiness the pope, for which he was excommunicated; yet honest Rodrigo de Vivar passed, that day, for an honourable and courageous knight." [101]

The bachelor being gone off, as has been said, without replying a word, Don Quixote had a mind to see whether the corpse in the hearse were only bones, or not; but Sancho would not consent, saying: "Sir, your worship has finished this perilous adventure at the least expense of any I have seen; and, though these folks are conquered and defeated, they may chance to reflect, that they were beaten by one man, and, being confounded and ashamed thereat, may recover themselves and return in quest of us, and then we may have enough to do. The ass is properly furnished; the mountain is near; hunger presses; and we have no more to do but decently to march off; and, as the saying is, 'To the grave with the dead, and the living to the bread;'" and driving on his ass before him, he desired his master to follow; who, thinking Sancho in the right, followed without replying. They had not gone far between two little hills, when they found themselves in a spacious and retired valley, where they alighted. Sancho disburdened the ass; and lying along on the green grass, with hunger for sauce, they dispatched their breakfast, dinner, afternoon's luncheon and supper, all at once, regaling their palates with more than one cold mess which the ecclesiastics that attended the deceased, (such gentlemen seldom failing to take care of themselves), had brought with them on the sumpter-mule. But another mishap befel them, which Sancho took for the worst of all; which was, that they had no wine, nor so much

[100] Council of Trent (chap. 56).

[101] This pretended achievement of the Cid is related with charming simplicity in the twenty first ballad of his *Romancero*.

as water, to drink; and they being very thirsty, Sancho, who perceived the meadow they were in covered with green and fine grass, said what will be related in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE UNHEARD-OF ADVENTURE ACHIEVED BY THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, WITH LESS HAZARD THAN EVER ANY WAS ACHIEVED BY THE MOST FAMOUS KNIGHT IN THE WORLD.

"It is impossible, sir, but there must be some fountain or brook hereabouts, to water these herbs; and therefore we should go a little farther on: for we shall meet with something to quench this terrible thirst that afflicts us, and is doubtless more painful than hunger itself." Don Quixote approved the advice; and he taking Rocinante by the bridle, and Sancho his ass by the halter, after he had placed upon him the relics of the supper, they began to march forward through the meadow, feeling their way; for the night was so dark they could see nothing. But they had not gone two hundred paces, when a great noise of water reached their ears, like that of some mighty cascade pouring down from a vast and steep rock. The sound rejoiced them exceedingly, and stopping to listen whence it came, they heard on a sudden another

dreadful noise, which abated the pleasure occasioned by that of the water, especially in Sancho, who was naturally pusillanimous. They heard a dreadful din of irons and chains rattling across one another, and giving mighty strokes in time and measure: which, together with the furious noise of the water, would have struck terror into any heart but that of Don Quixote. The night, as is said, was dark; and they chanced to enter among certain tall trees, whose leaves, agitated by a gentle breeze, caused a kind of fearful and still noise: so that the solitude, the situation, the darkness and the noise of the water, with the whispering of the leaves, all occasioned horror and astonishment; especially when they found, that neither the blows ceased, nor the wind slept, nor the morning approached; and as in addition to all this they were in total ignorance as to where they were. But Don Quixote, accompanied by his intrepid heart, leaped upon Rocinante; and bracing on his buckler, brandished his spear, and said: "Friend Sancho, you must know, that, by the will of Heaven, I was born in this age of iron, to revive in it 'the golden age,' I am he for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits and valorous achievements. I am he, I say again, who am destined to revive the order of the Round Table, that of the twelve peers of France, and the nine Worthies; and to obliterate the memory of the Platirs, the Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, the "Knights of the Sun," and the Belianises, with the whole tribe of the famous knights-errant of times past, performing in this age in which I live, such stupendous deeds and feats of arms, as are sufficient to obscure the brightest they ever achieved. Trusty and loyal squire, you observe the darkness of this night, its strange silence, the dull and confused sound of these trees, the fearful noise of that water we come to seek, which, one would think, precipitated itself headlong from the high mountains of the Moon; [102] that incessant striking and clashing that wounds our ears: all which together, and each by itself, are sufficient to infuse terror, fear and

[102] This is doubtless an illusion to the Nile, the ancients placing the source of that river in the heights of the mountains of the Moon, in Ethiopia, from the summit of which it was said to precipitate itself in two immense cataracts, (*Ptolomy, Geog.*, lib. IV.)

amazement, into the breast of Mars himself; how much more into that, which is not accustomed to the like adventures and accidents. Now all I have described to you serves to rouse and awaken my courage, and my heart already beats in my breast with an eager desire to encounter this adventure, however difficult it may appear. Wherefore tighten Rocinante's girths a little, and God be with you; and stay for me here three days, and no more: if I do not return in that time, you may go back to our town; and thence, to do me a favour and good service, you shall go to Toboso, where you shall say to my incomparable lady Dulcinea, that her enthralled knight died attempting things that might have made him worthy to be styled her's."

When Sancho heard these words of his master, he began to weep with the greatest tenderness in the world, and said: "Sir, I do not understand why your worship should encounter so fearful an adventure. It is now night, and nobody sees us; we may easily turn aside, and get out of harm's way, though we should not drink these three days; and, as nobody sees us, much less will there be any body to tax us with cowardice. Besides, I have heard the priest of our village, whom your worship knows very well, preach, 'that he who seeketh danger, perisheth therein;' so that it is not good to tempt God, by undertaking so extravagant an exploit, whence there is no escaping but by a miracle. Let it suffice that Heaven has delivered you from being tossed in a blanket, as I was, and brought you off victorious, safe and sound, from among so many enemies as accompanied the dead man. Though all this be not sufficient to move you, nor soften your stony heart, let the thought and belief prevail, that scarcely shall your worship be departed hence, when I, for very fear, shall give up my soul to whosoever shall be pleased to take it. I left my country and forsook my wife and children, to follow and serve your worship, believing I should be the better, and not the worse for it; but as covetousness bursts the bag, so hath it rent from me my hopes: when they were most lively, and I just expecting to obtain that cursed and unlucky island which you have so often promised me, I find myself in exchange, ready to be abandoned by your worship

in a place remote from all human society. For God's sake, dear sir, do me not such unkindness; and, since your worship will not wholly desist from this enterprise, at least adjourn it until day-break, to which, according to the little skill I gained when a shepherd, it cannot be above three hours; for the muzzle of the little bear is at the top of the head, and makes midnight in the line of the left arm."[103] "How can you, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "see where this line is made or where this muzzle, or top of the head, you talk of, is, since the night is so dark, that not a star appears in the whole sky?" "True," said Sancho; "but fear has many eyes, and sees things beneath the earth, how much more above in the sky; besides, it is reasonable to think it does not want much of day-break." "Want what it will," answered Don Quixote, "it shall never be said of me, neither now nor at any other time, that tears or entreaties could dissuade me from doing

[103] The Spanish shepherds call the constellation of *the lesser Bear, the hunter's horn* (*la bocina*). This constellation is formed by the polar star, which is stationary, and seven other stars revolving round it, composing a rude image of a hunter's horn. To ascertain the time, the shepherds imagine the figure of a cross, or a man extended, having a head, feet, and the right and left arms. In the centre of this cross is the polar star, whose passage forms the mouth piece of the horn (*la boca de la bocina*) as it crosses there four principal points, which determine the hours of the night. In the month of August, the period of this adventure, the line of midnight is in fact, at the left arm of the cross, so that at the moment the *boca de la bocina* reaches the top of the head, it only wants two or three hours of being day. Sancho's calculation is nearly correct.

the duty of a knight: therefore pray thee, Sancho, hold thy tongue; God, who has put it in my heart to attempt this unparallelled and fearful adventure, will take care to watch over my safety, and to comfort thee in thy sadness. What you have to do is to girth Rocinante well, and to stay here; for I will quickly return alive or dead."

Sancho, then, seeing his master's final resolution, and how little his tears, prayers and counsels prevailed with him, determined to have recourse to a stratagem, and oblige him to wait until day, if he could; and so, while he was streightening the horse's girths, softly, and without being perceived, he tied Rocinante's two hinder feet together with his ass's halter; so that when Don Quixote would have departed, he was not able, for the horse could not move but by jumps. Sancho, seeing the good success of his contrivance, said: "Ah, sir! behold how Heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has ordained that Rocinante cannot go: and if you will obstinately persist to spur him, you will but provoke fortune, and, as they say, 'kick against the pricks.'" This made Don Quixote quite desperate, and the more he spurred his horse, the less he could move him: without suspecting the ligature, he thought it best to be quiet, and either stay until day appeared, or until Rocinante could stir, believing certainly that it proceeded from some other cause, and not from Sancho's cunning; to whom he thus spoke: "Since it is so, Sancho, that Rocinante cannot stir, I am contented to stay until the dawn smiles, though I weep all the time she delays her coming." "You need not weep," answered Sancho, "for I will entertain you until day with telling you stories, if you had not rather alight and compose yourself to sleep a little upon the green grass, as knights-errant are wont to do, and so be the less weary when the day and hour comes for attempting that unparallelled adventure you wait for." "What call you alighting, or sleeping?" said Don Quixote; "am I one of those knights who take repose in time of danger? Sleep thou, who wert born to sleep, or do what thou wilt; I will do what I see best befits my profession." "Pray, good sir, be not angry," answered Sancho; "I do not say it with that design;"—and, coming close to him, he put one hand on the pummel of the saddle before, and the

other on the pique behind, and there he stood embracing his master's left thigh, without daring to stir from him a finger's breath, so much was he afraid of the blows which still sounded alternately in his ears. Don Quixote bade him tell some story to entertain him, as he had promised; to which Sancho replied he would, if the dread of what he heard would permit him: "Notwithstanding," said he, "I will force myself to tell a story, which, if I can hit upon it, and it slips not through my fingers, is the best of all stories; and pray be attentive, for now I begin.

"What hath been, hath been; the good that shall befall be for us all, and evil to him that evil seeks. [104] And pray, sir, take notice, that the beginning which the ancients gave to their tales was not just what they pleased, but rather some sentence of Cato Zonzorinus, * the Roman, who says: "And evil to him that evil seeks," which is as apt to the present purpose as a ring to your finger; signifying that your worship should be quiet, and not go about searching after evil, but rather that we turn aside into some other road; for we are under no obligation to continue in this, wherein so many fears overwhelm us." "Go on with your story, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and leave me to take care of the road we are to follow." "I say, then," continued Sancho, "that in a place of Estremadura there was a shepherd, I mean a goatherd; which shepherd or goatherd, as my story says, was called Lope Ruiz; and this Lope Ruiz was in love with a shepherdess called Torralva; which shepherdess called Torralva was daughter to a rich herdsman; and this rich herdsman——" "If you tell your story after this fashion, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "repeating every thing you say twice, you will not have done these two days;—tell it concisely, and like a man of sense, or else say no more." "In the very same manner that I tell it," answered Sancho, "they tell all stories in my country; and I can tell it no otherwise, nor is it fit your worship should require me to make new customs." "Tell it as you will then," answered

[104] Sometimes the good woman's stories began thus—"Good betide all the world, and evil befall the curate's mistress."

* 'Cato the Censor.'

Don Quixote, "since fate will have it that I must hear thee; go on."

"And so, honoured sir," continued Sancho, "as I said before, this shepherd was in love with the shepherdess Torralva, who was a jolly strapping wench, a little scornful, and somewhat masculine; for she had certain small whiskers, and methinks I see her just now." "What, did you know her?" said Don Quixote "I did not know her," answered Sancho; "but he who told me this story, said it was so certain and true, that I might, when I told it to another, affirm and swear I had seen it all. And so, in process of time, the devil, who sleeps not, and troubles all things, brought it about that the love which the shepherd bore to the shepherdess was converted into mortal hatred; and the cause, according to evil tongues, was a certain quantity of little jealousies she gave him beyond measure; and so much did he hate her thenceforward, that to avoid the sight of her, he chose to absent himself from that country, and go where his eyes should never behold her more. Torralva, who found herself disdained by Lope, presently began to love him better than ever she had loved him before."

"It is a natural quality of women," said Don Quixote, "to slight those who love them, and love those who slight them. Go on, Sancho,"

"It fell out," proceeded Sancho, "that the shepherd put his design in execution; and, collecting together his goats, went on towards the plains of Estremadura, in order to pass over into the kingdom of Portugal. Torralva knowing it, went after him, following him on foot and bare-legged, at a distance, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a wallet about her neck, in which she carried, as is reported, a piece of a looking-glass, a piece of a comb, and a sort of a small

gallipot of pomatum for the face. But whatever she carried, for I shall not now set myself to vouch for what it was, I only tell you that, as they say, the shepherd came with his flock to pass the river Guadiana, which at that time was swollen, and had almost overflown its banks; and on the side he came to, there was neither boat, nor

any body to ferry him or his flock over to the other side, which grieved him mightily; for he saw that Torralva was at his heels,

and would give him much disturbance by her entreaties and tears. He therefore looked about until he espied a fisherman with a boat near him, but so small, that it could only hold one person and one goat; however he spoke to him, and agreed with him to carry over him and his three hundred goats. The fisherman got into the boat, and carried over a goat; he returned, and carried over another; he came back again, and again carried over another. Pray, sir, keep an account of the goats that the fisherman is carrying over, for if one slips out of your memory, the story will be at an end, and it will be impossible to tell a word more of it. I go on then, and say, that the landing-place on the opposite side was covered with mud, and slippery, and the fisherman was a great while in coming and going. However, he returned for another goat, and for others, and for another."

"Make account he carried them all over," said Don Quixote; "and do not be going and coming in this manner; for at this rate you will not have done carrying them over in a twelvemonth." "How many are passed already?" said Sancho. "How the devil should I know?" answered Don Quixote; "See there now! did I not tell you to keep an exact account? Before Heaven there is an end of the story—I can go no farther." "How can this be?" answered Don Quixote. "Is it so essential to the story to know the exact number of goats that passed over, that if one be mistaken, the story can proceed no farther?" "By no means, sir," answered Sancho, "for when I desired your worship to tell me how many goats had passed, and you answered you did not know, in that very instant all that I had left to say, fled out of my memory, and in faith it was very edifying and satisfactory." "So then," said Don Quixote, "the story is at an end." "As sure as my mother is," quoth Sancho. "Verily," answered Don Quixote, "you have told one of the rarest tales, fables, or histories, imaginable; [105] and your way of telling and concluding it, is such as never was, nor will be seen in one's whole life, though I expected nothing less from your good sense; but I do not wonder at it; for, perhaps, this incessant din may have disturbed your understanding." "All that may be," answered Sancho, "but as to my story, I know there's no more to be said; for it ends just where the error in the account of carrying over the goats begins." "Let it end where it will, in the name of fate," said Don Quixote, "and let us see whether Rocinante can stir himself." Again he clapt spurs to him, and again he jumped, and then stood stock still, so effectually was he fettered.

Weary of his present situation, Sancho could fain have withdrawn for a while to attend to other matters, but so great was the fear that had possessed his heart, that he durst not stir the breadth of a finger from his master. The dialogue to which this led, more ludicrous

[105] The history of La Torralva and the passage of the goats was not new. The substance of it at least, is to be found in the XXXIst of the *Cento Novelle antiche* by Francesco Sausovino, printed in 1575. But the Italian author, himself, had borrowed it from an old Provençal tale in verse, of the thirteenth century, (*Le Fableor*, Barbazan's collection, 1756), which itself was only a metrical translation of a latin tale by Pedro Alfonzo, a converted jew, and physician to Alphonso the brave, king of Arragon (about 1100).

than elegant, may perhaps as well be dispensed with. Suffice it to say, that Sancho perceiving at length the morning was coming on, with much caution, untied Rocinante, who finding himself at liberty, though naturally he was not over mettlesome, seemed to feel himself alive, and began to paw the ground; but as for curvetting, begging his pardon, he knew not what it was. Don Quixote, perceiving that Rocinante began to bestir himself, took it for a good omen, and believed it signified he should forthwith attempt that fearful adventure.

By this time the dawn appeared, and every thing being distinctly seen, Don Quixote found he was got among some tall chesnut trees, which afforded a gloomy shade; he perceived also that the striking did not cease, but he could not discover what caused it. So, without farther delay, he made Rocinante feel the spur, and turning again to take leave of Sancho, commanded him to wait there for him three days at the farthest, as he had said before, and that, if he did not return by that time, he might conclude for certain it was God's will he should end his days in that perilous adventure. He again repeated the embassy and message he was to carry to his lady Dulcinea; and as to what concerned the reward of his service, he need be in no pain, for he had made his will before he left his village, wherein he would find himself gratified as to his wages, in proportion to the time he had served; but, if God should bring him off safe and sound from that danger, he might reckon himself infallibly secure of the promised island. Sancho wept afresh at hearing again the moving expressions of his good master, and resolved not to leave him to the last moment and end of this business. The author of this history gathers from the tears, and this so honourable a resolution of Sancho Panza's, that he must have been well-born, and at least an old Christian, [106] whose tender concern softened his master, but not so much as to make him discover any weakness; on the contrary, dissembling the best he could, he began to put on toward the place from whence the noise of the water and of the strokes seemed to proceed.

[106] In Spain, they are termed *old Christians*, who do not reckon among their ancestors either converted Jews or Moors.

Sancho followed him on foot, leading as usual his ass, that constant companion of his prosperous and adverse fortunes, by the halter. Having gone a good way among those shady chesnut trees, they came to a little green spot, at the foot of some steep rocks, from which a mighty gush of water precipitated itself. At the foot

of the rocks were certain miserable huts, which seemed rather the ruins of buildings than houses, from amidst which proceeded, as they perceived, the sound and din of the strokes, which did not yet cease. Rocinante started, and was in disorder at the noise of the water and of the strokes; and Don Quixote, quieting him, went on fairly and softly toward the huts, recommending himself devoutly to his lady, and beseeching her to favour him in that fearful expedition and enterprise, and besought Heaven also not to forget him. Sancho stirred not from his side, stretching out his neck, and looking

between Rocinante's legs, to see if he could perceive what held him in such dread and suspense. They had gone about a hundred yards farther, when, at doubling a point, the very cause, for it could be no other, of that horrible and dreadful noise, which had held them all night in such suspense and fear, appeared plain and exposed to view.

It was, kind reader take it not in dudgeon, six fulling-hammers, whose alternate strokes formed that hideous sound. Don Quixote, seeing what it was, was struck dumb, and in the utmost confusion. Sancho looked at him, and saw he hung down his head upon his breast, with manifest indications of being quite abashed. Don Quixote looked also at Sancho, and saw his cheeks swollen, and his mouth full of laughter, and evident signs of being ready to burst with it: and notwithstanding his vexation, he could not forbear laughing himself at sight of Sancho; who, seeing his master had led the way, burst out in so violent a manner, that he was forced to hold his sides with his hands, to save himself from splitting. Four times he ceased, and four times he returned to his laughter, with the same impetuosity as at first. Whereat Don Quixote gave

himself to the devil, especially when he heard him say by way of irony: "You must know, friend Sancho, that I was born by the will of Heaven, in this our age of iron, to revive in it the golden, or that of gold. I am he for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, and valorous achievements!" And so he went on repeating most or all of the expressions which Don Quixote had used at the first hearing those dreadful strokes. Don Quixote perceiving that Sancho played upon him, grew ashamed, and enraged to that degree, that he lifted up his lance and discharged two such blows, that, had he received them on his head, as he did on his shoulders, the knight had acquitted himself of the payment of his wages, unless it were to his heirs. Sancho, finding he paid so dearly for his jokes, and fearing lest his master should proceed further, cried out with much humility: "Pray, Sir, be pacified; by the living jingo I did but jest." "Though you jest, I do not," answered Don Quixote.

"Come hither, merry sir, what think you? suppose these mill-hammers had been some perilous adventure, have I not shewed you the courage requisite to undertake and achieve it? Am I, think you,

obliged, being a knight as I am, to distinguish sounds, and know which are or are not those of a fulling-mill? Besides, it may be, as it really is, that I never saw any fulling-mills in my life, as thou hast, like a pitiful rustic as thou art, having been born and bred amongst them. But let these six fulling-hammers be transformed into six giants, and let them beard me one by one, or altogether, and if I do not set them all on their heads, then make what jest you will of me." "It is enough, good sir," replied Sancho, "I confess I have been a little too jocose; but pray tell me, now that it is peace between us, as God shall bring you out of all the adventures that shall happen to you, safe and sound, as he has brought you out of this, was it not a thing to be laughed at, and worth telling, what great fear we were in, at least what I was in; for, as to your worship, I know you are unacquainted with it, nor do you know what fear or terror is." "I do not deny," answered Don Quixote, "but that what has befallen us is fit to be laughed at, but not fit to be told, for all persons are not discreet enough to know how to take things by the right handle." "But," answered Sancho, "your worship knew how to handle your lance aright, when you pointed it at my head, and hit me on the shoulders; thanks be to fortune and to my own agility in slipping aside. But let that pass, it will out in the bucking, for I have heard say: 'he loves thee well who makes thee weep.' Besides, your people of condition, when they have given a servant a hard word, presently give him some old hose and breeches; though what is usually given after a beating, I cannot tell, unless it be that your knights-errant, after bastinadoes, bestow islands, or kingdoms on the continent." "The die may run so," quoth Don Quixote, "that all you have said may come to pass; forgive what is past, since you are considerate; and know, that the first motions are not in a man's power: and henceforward be apprised of one thing, that you may abstain and forbear talking too much with me, that, in all the books of chivalry I ever read, infinite as they are, I never found that any squire conversed so much with his master as you do with your's. Really I account it a great fault both in you and in me: in you, because you respect me so little; in me, that I do not make myself respected more. Was not Gandalin,

squire to Amadis de Gaul, earl of the firm island? and we read of him, that he always spoke to his master cap in hand, his head inclined, and his body bent after the Turkish fashion. What shall we say of Gasabal, squire to Don Galaor, who was so silent, that, to illustrate the excellency of his marvellous taciturnity, his name is mentioned but once in all that great and faithful history? From what I have said, you may infer, Sancho, that there ought to be a difference between master and man, between lord and lacquey, and between knight and squire. So that from this day forward I must be treated with more respect, for which way soever I am angry with you, it will go ill with the pitcher. [107] The favours and benefits I promised you, will come in due time; and, if they do not come, the wages, at least, as I have told you, will not be lost." "Your worship says very well," quoth Sancho; "but I would fain know, if perchance the time of the favours should not come, and it should be expedient to have recourse to the article of the wages, how much might the squire of a knight-errant get in those times? and whether they agreed by the month, or by the day, like labourers?" "I do not believe," answered Don Quixote, "that those squires were at stated wages, but relied on courtesy. And if I have appointed you any, in the will I left sealed at home, it was for fear of what might happen; for I cannot yet tell you how chivalry may succeed in these calamitous times of our's, and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for a trifle: for I would have you to know, Sancho, that there is no state more perilous than that of adventures." "It is so in truth," said Sancho, "since the noise of the hammers of a fulling-mill were sufficient to disturb and discompose the heart of so valorous a knight as your worship. But you may depend upon it, that from henceforward I shall not open my lips to make merry with your worship's matters, but shall honour you as my master and natural lord." "By so doing," replied Don Quixote, "your days

[107] An allusion to the Spanish proverb: "If the stone goes against the pitcher, so much the worse for the pitcher; if the pitcher goes against the stone, so much the worse for the pitcher."

shall be long in the land, for next to our parents we are bound to respect our masters, as if they were our fathers."

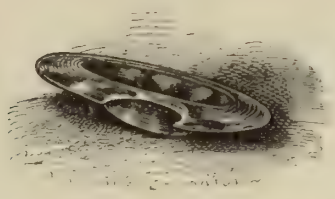
CHAPTER VII.

WHICH TREATS OF THE HIGH ADVENTURE AND RICH PRIZE OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET *, WITH OTHER THINGS WHICH BEFELL OUR INVINCIBLE KNIGHT.

ENDURING rain not being to his taste, as at this time it began to descend a little, Sancho had a mind they should betake themselves to the fulling-mills. But Don Quixote had conceived such an abhorrence of them for the late jest, that he would by no means go in: and so turning to the right hand, they struck into another road like that they had lighted upon the day before. Soon after, Don Quixote discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered, as if it had been of gold; and scarce had he seen it, but turning to Sancho, he said: "I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences; especially that which says, 'Where one door is shut, another is opened.' I say this, because if fortune last night shut the door against what we looked for, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now sets another wide open for a better and more certain

* The enchanted helmet, belonging to the Moorish king Mambrino, which rendered its wearer invulnerable. (*Boyardo and Ariosto.*)

adventure, which if I fail to enter right into, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my little knowledge of fulling-mills, or to the darkness of the night. This I say, because, if I mistake not, there comes one toward us, who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet,*



about which I swore the oath, you know." "Take care, Sir, what you say, and more what you do," said Sancho, "for I would not wish for other fulling-mills to finish the milling and mashing our senses." "The devil take you!" replied Don Quixote: "what has a helmet to do with fulling-mills?" "I know not," answered Sancho, "but in faith, if I dared talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I might give such reasons that your worship would see you are mistaken in what you say." "How can I be mistaken in what I say, scrupulous traitor?" said Don Quixote. "Tell me, seest thou not yon knight coming toward us on a dapple grey steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?" "What I see and perceive," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a grey ass, like mine, with something on his head that glitters." "Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote: "get aside, and leave me alone to deal with him; you shall see me conclude this adventure, to save time, without speaking a word: and the helmet I have so much longed for shall be my own." "I

* Almonte and Mambrino, two Saracens of great valour, had each a golden helmet. Orlando Furioso took away Almonte's, and his friend Rinaldo that of Mambrino. Ariosto, Canto I.

will take care to get out of the way," replied Sancho: "but, I pray

Heaven, I say again, it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure." "I have already told you, brother, not to mention those fulling-mills, nor so much as to think of them any more," said Don Quixote; "if you do, I say no more, but I vow to mill your soul for you." Sancho held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow, which had struck him all of a heap.

Now the truth of the matter concerning the helmet, the steed and the knight which Don Quixote saw, was this: there were two villages in that neighbourhood, one of them so small that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both, and the barber of the bigger served also the lesser, in which a person indisposed wanted to be let blood, and another to be trimmed; and for this purpose was the barber on the road, carrying with him his brass basin. Fortune so ordered it, that as he was upon the road, it began to rain, and that his hat might not be spoiled, for it was a new one, he clapped the basin on his head, which being well scoured, glittered half a league off. He rode on a grey ass, as Sancho said, and this was the reason why Don Quixote took

the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-grey steed, and his basin for a golden helmet: for he very readily adapted whatever he saw to his knightly extravagancies and wild conceits.

When he saw the poor cavalier approach, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at Rocinante's best speed, and couched his lance low, designing to run him through and through. But when he came up to him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out: "Defend yourself, caitiff, or surrender willingly what is so justly my due." The barber, not suspecting or apprehending any such thing, seeing this phantom coming upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance, but to let himself fall down from the ass: and no sooner had he touched the ground, than leaping up nimbler than a roe-buck, he began to scour over the plain with such speed, that the wind could not overtake him. He left the basin on the ground, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, and said, the miscreant had acted discreetly in imitating the beaver, who, finding itself closely

pursued by the hunters, tears off with its teeth that for which it

knows by natural instinct it is hunted. He ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, who, holding it in his hand, said: "By jove the basin is a special one, and is as well worth a piece of eight as a farthing." Then he gave it to his master, who immediately clapped it on his head, twirling it about to find the visor, and not finding it, he said: "Doubtless the pagan, for whom this famous helmet was first forged, must have had a prodigiously large head; the worst of it is, that one half is wanting." When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing; but recollecting his master's late choler, he checked himself. "What dost thou laugh at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. He answered, "I laugh to think what a huge head the pagan had, who owned this helmet, which is, for all the world, just like a barber's basin." "Knowest thou, Sancho, what I take to be the case? This famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by a strange accident, must have fallen into the hands of some one, who being ignorant of its true value, and not considering what he did, seeing it to be of the purest gold, has melted down the one half for lucre's sake, and of the other half

made this, which, as you say, does look like a barber's basin. But, be it what it will, to me who know it its transformation signifies nothing: I will get it put to rights in the first town where there is a smith, and in such sort, that even that which the god of smiths made and forged for the god of battles, shall not surpass nor equal it. Meanwhile I will wear it as I can, for something is better than nothing, and the rather, since it will be more than sufficient to defend me from stones." "It will so," said Sancho, "if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chops, and broke the cruise in which was contained that most blessed drench, which made me bring up my liver and lights." "I am in no great pain for having lost it; for you know, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "I have the recipe by heart." "So have I too," answered Sancho; "but if I ever make or try it again while I live, may I never stir from this place. Besides, I do not intend to expose myself to the hazard of standing in need of it; for I mean to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding any body. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing; for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps: and if they do come, there is nothing to be done, but to shrug up one's shoulders, hold one's breath, shut one's eyes, and let one's self go whither fortune and the blanket pleases to toss one." "You are no good Christian, Sancho," said Don Quixote, at hearing this; "for you never forget an injury once done you: but know, it is inherent in generous and noble breasts to lay no stress upon trifles. What leg have you lamed, what rib, or what head have you broken, that you cannot yet forget that jest, for to take the thing right it was mere jest and pastime; and had I not understood it so, I had long ago returned thither, and done more mischief in revenging your quarrel, than the Greeks did for the carrying off of Helen, who, if she had lived in these times, or my Dulcinea in those, would never, you may be sure, have been so famous for beauty as she is." Here he uttered a sigh, and sent it to the clouds. "Let it then pass for a jest," said Sancho, "since it is not likely to be revenged in earnest; but I know of what kinds the jests and the earnest were, and I know also they

will no more slip out of my memory than off my shoulders. But setting this aside, tell me, Sir, what we shall do with this dapple-grey steed, which looks so like a grey ass, and which that caitiff whom your worship overthrew has left behind here. To judge by his scouring off so hastily, and flying for it, he does not think of ever returning for him; and by my beard, dapple is a special one." "It is not my custom," said Don Quixote, "to plunder those I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from them their horses and leave them on foot, unless the victor hath lost his own in the conflict; for in such a case, it is lawful to take that of the vanquished, as fairly won in battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse, or ass, or what you will have it to be; for when his owner sees us gone a pretty way off, he will come again for him." "God knows whether it were better for me to take him," replied Sancho; "or at least to truck mine for him, which methinks is not so good: verily the laws of chivalry are strict, since they do not extend to the swapping one ass for another; and I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture if I had a mind." "I am not very clear as to that point," answered Don Quixote; "and in case of doubt, until better information can be had, I say you may truck, if you are in extreme want of them." "So extreme," replied Sancho, "that I could not want them more, if they were for my own proper person." So saying, he proceeded with that license, to a *mutatio capparum*, as the students say, and made his own beast three parts in four the better * for his new furniture.

This done, they breakfasted on the remains of the plunder of the sumpter-mule, and drank of the water of the fulling-mills, without turning their faces to look at them, such was their abhorrence of them for the fright they had caused them. Their choler and hunger being allayed, they mounted, and without resolving to follow any particular road, as is the custom of knights-errant, they put on whithersoever Rocinante's will led him, the ass following, in love and good fellowship, wherever the horse led the

* Literally, "leaving him better by a tierce and a quint." A figurative expression borrowed from the game of piquet, in which a tierce or a quint may be gained by putting out bad cards, and taking in better.

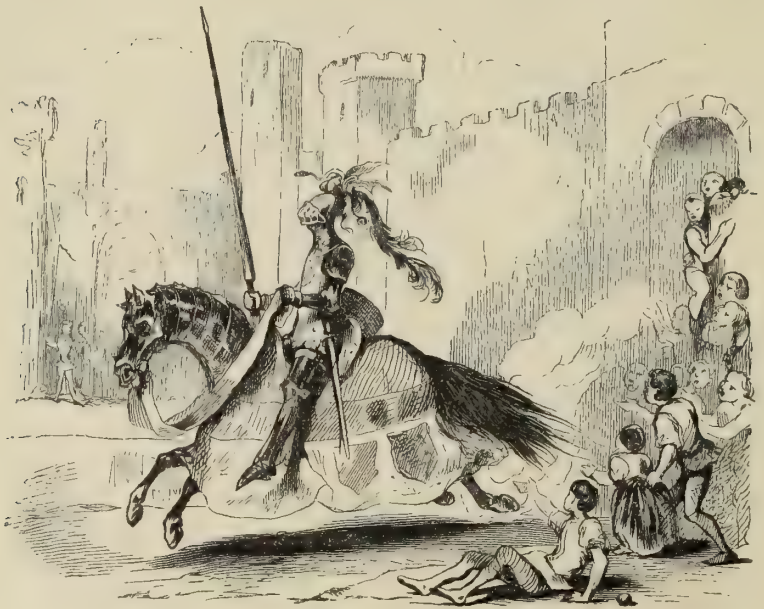
way. Notwithstanding this, they soon turned again into the high road, which they followed at a venture, without any other design.

As they thus sauntered on, Sancho said to his master: "Sir, will your worship be pleased to indulge me the liberty of a word or two; for since you imposed on me that harsh command of silence, sundry things have rotted in my breast, and I have one just now at my tongue's end, that I would not for any thing should miscarry." "Out with it," said Don Quixote, "and be brief in thy discourse, for none that is long can be pleasing." "I say then, Sir," answered Sancho, "that for some days past, I have been considering how little is gained by wandering up and down in quest of those adventures your worship is seeking through these deserts and crossways, where, though you overcome and achieve the most perilous, there is nobody to see or know any thing of them; so that they must remain in perpetual oblivion, to the prejudice of your worship's intention, and their deserts. Therefore I think it would be more advisable, with submission to your better judgment, that we went to serve some emperor, or other great prince, who is engaged in war; in whose service your worship may display the strength of your arm, your great courage, and greater understanding. This being perceived by the lord we serve, he must of necessity reward each of us according to his merits. There you will also meet with somebody to put your worship's exploits in writing, for a perpetual remembrance of them. I say nothing of my own, because they must not exceed the squirely limits; though I dare say, if it be the custom in chivalry to pen the deeds of squires, mine will not be forgotten."

"You are not much out, Sancho *," answered Don Quixote; "but before it comes to that, it is necessary for a knight-errant to wander about the world, seeking adventures, by way of probation; that by achieving some, he may acquire such fame and renown, that when he comes to the court of a great monarch, he shall be known by his works beforehand; and no sooner shall the boys see

* In this speech of Don Quixote we have a perfect system of chivalry, which was designed by the author as a ridicule upon romances in general; notwithstanding which the *beaux esprits* of France, who have written romances since, have copied this very plan.

him enter the gates of the city, than they shall all follow and surround him, crying aloud: "This is the 'Knight of the Sun,'[108] or of 'the Serpent,'[109] or of any other device under which he may



have achieved great exploits. 'This is he,' will they say, 'who overthrew the huge giant Brocabruno of the mighty force, in single combat; he who disenchanted the great Mameluke of Persia from the long enchantment which held him confined almost nine hundred years.' Thus from hand to hand, they shall go on blazoning his deeds; and presently, at the bustle of the boys and the rest of the

[108] *Palmerin d' Oliva*, chap. 43.
[109] *Esplandian*, chap. 147 and 148.

people, the king of that country shall appear at the windows of his royal palace; and as soon as he espies the knight, knowing him by his armour, or by the device on his shield, he must necessarily say: "Ho there, go forth my knights, all that are at court, to receive the flower of chivalry who is coming yonder." At which command they all shall go forth, and the king himself, decending half way down the stairs, shall receive him with a close embrace, saluting and kissing him; [110] and then, taking him by the hand, shall conduct him to the apartment of the queen, where the knight shall

find her accompanied by her daughter the infanta, who is so beautiful and accomplished a damsel, that her equal cannot easily be found in any part of the known world. After this it must

[110] *Amadis de Gaule*, chap. 117.

immediately fall out, that she fixes her eyes on the knight, and he his eyes upon her, and each shall appear to the other something rather divine than human; and without knowing how, or which way, they shall be taken and entangled in the inextricable net of love, and be in great perplexity of mind through not knowing how to converse, and discover their amorous anguish to each other. Hence, without doubt, they will conduct him to some quarter of the palace richly furnished, where having taken off his armour, they will bring him a rich scarlet mantle to put on; and if he looked well in armour, he must needs make a much more graceful

figure in ermines. Night being come, he shall sup with the king,

queen and infanta, where he shall never take his eyes off the princess, viewing her by stealth, and she doing the same by him with the same wariness; for, as I have said, she is a very discreet damsel. The tables being removed, there shall enter unexpectedly at the hall door a little ill-favoured dwarf, followed by a beautiful matron between two giants, with the offer of a certain adventure, so contrived by a most ancient sage, that he who shall accomplish it, shall be esteemed the best knight in the world.[111] The king shall immediately command all who are present to try it, and none shall be able to accomplish it but the stranger knight, to the great advantage of his fame; at which the infanta will be highly delighted, and reckon herself overpaid for having placed her thoughts on so exalted an object. And the best of it is, that this king, or prince, or whatever he be, is carrying on a bloody war with another monarch as powerful as himself; and the stranger knight, after having been a few days at his court, asks leave to serve his majesty in the aforesaid war. The king shall readily grant his request, and the knight will most courteously kiss his

[111] *Amadis de Gaule*, chap. 67, part. 2, etc.

royal hands for the favour he does him. And that night he shall take his leave of his lady the infanta at the iron rails of a garden, adjoining to her apartment, through which he had already conversed with her several times, by the mediation of a certain female confidante, in whom the infanta greatly trusts.[112] He sighs, she swoons; the damsel runs for cold water; he is very uneasy at the approach of the morning light, and would by no means they should be discovered, for the sake of his lady's honour. The infanta at length comes to herself, and gives her snowy hands to the knight to kiss through the rails, who kisses them a thousand and a thousand times over, and bedews them with his tears. They agree how to let one another know their good or ill fortune: and the princess desires him to be absent as short a time as possible, which he promises with many oaths; he kisses her hands again, and takes leave with so much concern that it almost puts an end to his life. Thence he repairs to his chamber, throws himself on his bed and cannot sleep for grief at the parting: he rises early in the morning, and goes to bid adieu to the king, the queen and the infanta; having taken his leave of the two former, he is told that the princess is indisposed, and cannot admit of a visit. The knight thinks it is for grief at his departure; his heart is pierced, and is very near giving manifest indications of his passion. The damsel confidante is all this while present, and observes what passes; she goes and tells it her lady, who receives the account with tears, and tells her that her chief concern is that she does not know who her knight is, and whether he be of royal descent or not. The damsel assures her he is, since so much courtesy, politeness and valour, as her knight is endowed with, cannot exist but in a royal and grave subject. The afflicted princess is comforted hereby; she

[112] *Amadis de Gaule*, chap. 14.—*The knight of the Cross*, chap. 144, etc.

endeavours to compose herself, that she may not give her parents cause to suspect any thing amiss; and two days after she appears in public. The knight is now gone to the war; he fights, and overcomes the king's enemy; takes many towns; wins several battles. He returns to court, sees his lady at the usual place of interview; it is agreed he shall demand her in marriage of her father, in recompense for his services; the king does not consent to give her to him, not knowing who he is, notwithstanding which, either by carrying her off, or by some other means, the infanta becomes his spouse,* and her father comes to take it for a piece of the greatest good fortune, being assured that the knight is son to a valorous king of I know not what kingdom, for I believe it is not in the map. The father dies; the infanta inherits; and in two words, the knight becomes a king.[113] Here presently comes in the rewarding his squire, and all those who assisted him in mounting to so exalted a state. He marries his squire to one of the infanta's maids of honour, who is doubtless the very confidante of this amour, and daughter to one of the chief dukes."

"This is what I would be at, and a clear stage," cried Sancho. "This I stick to; for every tittle of this must happen precisely to your worship, being called '*the Knight of the sorrowful Figure.*'" "Doubt it not, Sancho," replied Don Quixote: "for by those very means, and those very steps I have recounted, the knights-errant do rise, and have risen, to be kings and emperors.[114] All that remains, to be done is, to look out, and find what king of the christians, or of the pagans, is at war, and has a beautiful daughter.† But there is time enough to think of this; for as I have told you, we must procure renown elsewhere, before we repair to court. Besides,

* In the former circumstances of this extract most romances agree, and the author exhausts the whole subject; which in this he cannot do, because in those stories there are several ways of obtaining the lady; and therefore he leaves that point at large.

[113] *Bernard del Carpio*, canto 38.—*Primaleon*, chap. 157.

[114] *Tirant the White*, part I., chap. 40, etc.—*The Knight of the Cross*, book I., chap. 65 and following, etc.

† The ridicule is admirably heightened by the incapacity both knight and squire are under, of putting this scheme in practice; the former by his loyalty to Dulcinea, and Sancho by having a wife and children already: nevertheless, the idea is so pleasing, that it quite carries them away, and they resolve upon it.

there is still another thing wanting: supposing a king were found who is at war and has a handsome daughter, and that I have gotten incredible fame throughout the whole universe; I do not see how it can be made appear that I am of the lineage of kings, or even second cousin to an emperor. For after all, the king will not give me his daughter to wife, until he is very well assured that I am such, though my renowned actions should deserve it ever so well: so that, through this defect, I am afraid I shall lose that which my arm has richly deserved. It is true indeed, I am a good gentleman of an ancient family, possessed of a good estate, and that I exact a recompense of five hundred pence.[115] Perhaps even the sage who writes my history may so brighten up my kindred and genealogy, that I may be found the fifth or sixth in descent from a king. For you must know, Sancho, that there are two kinds of lineages in the world. Some there are who derive their pedigree from princes and monarchs, whom time has reduced, by little and little, until they have ended in a point, like a pyramid reversed; others have had poor and low beginnings, and have risen by degrees, until at last they have become great lords. So that the difference lies in this, that some have been what now they are not, and others are now what they were not before; and who knows but I may be one of the former, and that, upon examination, my origin may be found to have been great and glorious; with which the king my father-in-law, that is to be, ought to be satisfied; and though he should not be satisfied, the infanta is to be so in love with me, that in spite of her father, she is to receive me for her lord and husband, though she certainly knew I was the son of a water-carrier. In case she should not, it would be necessary to take her away by force, and convey her whither I please, until time or death shall put a period to the displeasure of her parents."

"Here," said Sancho, "comes in properly what some naughty people say, 'Never stand begging for that which you may take by force,' though this other is nearer to the purpose, 'A leap from a

[115] According to the ancient laws of the *Fuero-Juzgo* and the *Fuéros* of Castile, the noble who received an injury in his person or his goods could claim a recompense of 500 *sueldos*. The vassal could only claim 300. (*Garibay*, lib. 12, cap. 20.)

hedge is better than the prayer of a good man.*' I say this, because, if my lord the king, your worship's father-in-law, should not vouchsafe to yield unto you my lady the infanta, there is no more to be done, as your worship says, but to steal and carry her off. But the mischief is, that while peace is making, and before you can enjoy the kingdom quietly, the poor squire may go whistle for his reward; unless the damsel go-between, who is to be his wife, goes off with the infanta, and he shares his misfortune with her, until it shall please Heaven to ordain otherwise; for I believe his master may immediately give her to him for his lawful spouse."—"That you may depend upon," said Don Quixote. "Since it is so," answered Sancho, "there is no more to be done but to commend ourselves to God, and let things take their course."—"God grant it," answered Don Quixote, "as I desire, and as you need, and let him be wretched who thinks himself so."—"Let him, in God's name," said Sancho, "for I am an old Christian, and that is enough to qualify me to be an earl."—"Ay, and more than enough;" said Don Quixote; "but it matters not whether you are, or not. I being a king, can easily bestow nobility on you, without your buying it or doing me the least service; for in creating you an earl, I make you a gentleman of course; and say what they will, in good faith they must style you 'your lordship,' though it grieve them ever so much."—"Do you think," quoth Sancho, "I should know how to give authority to the indignity?"—"Dignity, you should say, and not indignity," said his master.—"So let it be," answered Sancho Panza; "I say I should do well enough with it, for I assure you I was once beadle of a company, and the beadle's gown became me so well, that every body said I had a presence fit to be warden of the said company. Then what will it be when I am arrayed in a duke's robe, all shining with gold and pearls like a foreign count? I am of opinion folks will come a hundred leagues to see me." "You will make a goodly appearance, indeed," said Don Quixote; "but it will be necessary to trim your beard a little oftener, for it is so rough, tangled and dirty, that if you do not shave with a razor every other

* That is, it is better to rob than to ask charity.

day at least, they will discover what you are a musket-shot off." "Why," said Sancho, "it is but taking a barber into the house, and giving him wages; and if there be occasion I will make him follow me like a gentleman of the horse to a grandee." "How came you to know," demanded Don Quixote, "that grandees have their gentlemen of the horse to follow them?" "I will tell you," said Sancho; "some years ago I was about the court for a month, and there I saw a very little gentleman riding backward and forward, who, they said was a very great lord;[116] a man followed him on horseback, turning about as he turned, that one would have thought he had been his tail. I asked why that man did not ride by the other's side, but kept always behind him? They answered me, that it was his gentleman of the horse, and that noblemen commonly have such to follow them;[117] and from that day to this I have never forgotten it." "You are in the right," said Don Quixote; "and in the same manner you may carry about your barber. All customs do not arise together, nor were they invented at once; and you may be the first earl who carried about his barber after him. Besides indeed it is a greater trust to shave the beard than to saddle a horse." "Leave the business of the barber to my care," said Sancho; "and let it be your worship's to procure yourself to be a king, and to make me an earl." "So it shall be," answered Don Quixote; and, lifting up his eyes, he saw what will be told in the following chapter.

[116] It is thought that Cervantes here alludes to Don Pedro Giron, Duke d'Osuna, viceroy of Naples and Sicily. In his *History of the government of the Viceroys of Naples* Domenicho Antonio Parrino says that he was one of the great men of the age, and that he was small in stature only: *di picciolo non avea altro que la statura.*

[117] "When the lord quits the house to take a walk or pay a visit, it is the squire's duty to follow him on horseback." (Miguel Yelgo, *Estilo de servir á principes*, 1614.)

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE SET AT LIBERTY SEVERAL UNFORTUNATE PERSONS, WHO WERE BEING CARRIED, MUCH AGAINST THEIR WILLS, TO A PLACE THEY DID NOT LIKE.

ID HAMET BENENGELI, the Arabian and Manchegan author, relates, in this most grave, lofty, accurate, delightful and ingenious history, that presently after those discourses which passed between the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha and Sancho Panza, his squire, as they are related at the end of the foregoing chapter, Don Quixote lifted up his eyes, and saw coming on, in the same road, about a dozen men on foot, strung like beads in a row by the necks, in a great iron chain, and all handcuffed. There came also with them two men on horseback, and two on foot; those on horseback armed with firelocks, and those on foot with pikes and swords. Sancho Panza espying them, said: "This is a chain of galley-slaves, persons forced by the king to the galleys." "How! persons forced!" quoth Don Quixote; "is it possible the king should force any body?" "I say not so," answered Sancho: "but that they are persons condemned by the law for their crimes to serve the king in the galleys perforce." "In short," replied Don Quixote, "however it be, still

they are going by force, and not with their own liking." "It is so," said Sancho. "Then," said his master, "here the execution of my office takes place, to defeat violence, and to succour and relieve the miserable." "Consider, Sir," quoth Sancho, "that justice, that is the king himself, does no violence nor injury to such persons, but only punishes them for their crimes."

By this the chain of galley-slaves was come up; and Don Quixote,

in most courteous terms, desired of the guard, that they would be pleased to inform and tell him the cause or causes why they conducted those persons in that manner. One of the guards on horseback answered, thay they were slaves belonging to his majesty, and going to the galleys, which was all he could say, or the other need know of the matter. "For all that" replied Don Quioxte, "I should be glad to know from each of them in particular the cause of his misfortune." To these he added such other courteous expressions to induce them to tell him what he desired, that the other horseman said: "Though we have here the record and certificate of the sentence of each of these wretches, this is no time to produce and read them; draw near, Sir, and ask it of themselves; they may inform you, if they please; and inform you they will, for they are

such as take a pleasure both in acting and relating rogueries." With this leave, which Don Quixote would have taken if they had not given it, he drew near to the chain, and demanded of the first for what offence he marched in such evil plight. He answered, that he went in that manner for being in love. "For that alone" replied Don Quixote; "if they send folks to the galleys for being in love, I might long since have been rowing in them." "It was not such love as your worship imagines," said the galley-slave; "mine was the being so deeply enamoured of a clothes-basket of fine linen, and embracing it so close, that if justice had not taken it from me by force, I should not have parted with it by my good will to this very day. I was taken in the fact, so there was no occasion for the torture: the process was short, they tickled my shoulders with a hundred lashes, and have sent me, by way of supplement, for three years to the Gurapas,* and there is an end of it."—"What are the Gurapas?" quoth Don Quixote. "The Gurapas are the galleys," answered the slave, who was a young man about twenty-four years of age, and said he was born at Piedraita.

Don Quixote put the same question to the second, who returned no answer, he was so melancholy and dejected. But the first answered for him, and said: "This gentleman goes for being a canary bird, I mean, for being a musician and a singer." "How so?" replied Don Quixote; "are men sent to the galleys for being musicians and singers?" "Yes, sir," replied the slave, "for there is nothing worse than to sing in an agony." "Nay," said Don Quixote, "I have heard say, 'Who sings in grief, procures relief.'" "This is the very reverse," said the slave; "for here, he who sings once, weeps all his life after." "I do not understand that," said Don Quixote. One of the guards said to him: "Signor cavalier, to sing in an agony, means in the cant of these rogues, to confess upon the rack. This offender was put to the torture, and confessed his crime, which was that of being a Quatrero, that is, a stealer of cattle; and because he confessed, he was sentenced for six years to the galleys, besides two hundred lashes he has already received on the shoulders. He is

* A cant word.

always pensive and sad, because the rest of the rogues, both those behind and those before, abuse, vilify, flout and despise him for confessing, and not having the courage to say no; for say they, *no* contains the same number of letters as *ay*, and that it is lucky for a delinquent when his life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon proofs and witnesses: for my part, I think they are right." "And I think so too," answered Don Quixote; who passing on to the third, interrogated him as he had done the others. He answered very readily, and with very little concern: "I am going to Mesdames the Gurapas for five years for wanting ten ducats." "I will give twenty with all my heart," said Don Quixote, "to redeem you from this misery." "That," said the slave, "is like having money at sea, and dying for hunger, where there is nothing to be bought with it. I say this, because, if I had been possessed in time of those twenty ducats you now offer me, I would have so

greased the clerk's pen, and sharpened my advocate's wit, that I should have been this day upon the market-place of Zocodover, in Toledo, and not on this road, coupled and dragged like a hound. But God is great: patience. I say no more."

Don Quixote passed on to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable aspect, with a white beard reaching below his breast; who, hearing himself asked the cause of his coming hither, began to weep, and answered not a word; but the fifth lent him a tongue, and said: "This honest gentleman goes for four years to the galleys, after having gone in the public streets pompously apparelled and mounted. *" "That is, I suppose," said Sancho, "put to the public shame." "Right," replied the slave; "and the offence for which he underwent this punishment was, his having been a broker of the ear, yea, and of the whole body: in effect, I would say that this cavalier goes for pimping, and exercising the trade of a conjuror." "Had it been merely for pimping," said Don Quixote, "he had not deserved to row in, but to command, and be general of the galleys. The office of a pimp is not a slight business, but an employment fit only for discreet persons, and a most necessary one in a well-regulated commonwealth and none but persons well born ought to exercise it. In truth there should be inspectors and controllers of it, as there are of other offices, with a certain number of them deputed, like exchange-brokers. By this means many mischiefs would be prevented which now happen, because this office and profession is in the hands of foolish and ignorant persons; such as silly waiting-women, pages, and buffoons, of a few years standing, and of small experience, who, in the greatest exigency, and when there is occasion for the most dexterous management and address, suffer the morsel to freeze between the fingers and the mouth, and scarce know which is their right hand. I could go on, and assign the reasons why it would be expedient to make choice of proper persons to exercise an office so necessary in the commonwealth: but this is no proper place or time for it. I may one day or other lay this matter before those

* Such malefactors as in England were set in the pillory, in Spain were carried about in a particular habit, mounted on an ass, with their face to the tail; the crier going before, and proclaiming their crime.

who can provide a remedy. At present I only say, that the concern I felt at seeing those grey hairs, and that venerable countenance, in so much distress for pimping, is entirely removed by the additional character of his being a wizard; though I very well know there are no sorceries in the world which can effect and force the will, as some foolish people imagine. Our will is free, and no herb nor charm can compel it. What some silly women and crafty knaves are wont to do is, with certain mixtures and poisons, to turn people's brains, under pretence that they have power to make one fall in love; it being as I say a thing impossible to force the will."[118] "It is so," said the honest old fellow; "and truly, Sir, as to being a wizard, I am not guilty; but as for being a pimp, I cannot deny;—but I never thought there was any harm in it. The whole of my intention was, that all the world should divert themselves, and live in peace and quiet, without quarrels or troubles. But this good design could not save me from going whence I shall have no hope of returning, considering I am so laden with years, and troubled besides with sickness, which leaves me not a moment's repose." And here he began to weep, as at first; and Sancho was so moved with compassion, that he drew out from his bosom a real, and gave it him as an alms.

Don Quixote went on, and demanded of another what his offence was; who answered, not with less, but much more alacrity than the former: "I am going for making a little too free with two she-cousin-germans of mine, and with two other cousin-germans not mine. In short, I carried the jest so far with them all, that the result of it was the increasing of kindred so intricately, that no casuist can make it out. The whole was brought home to me: I had neither friends nor money; my windpipe was in the utmost danger. I was sentenced to the galleys for six years—I submit; it is the punishment of my fault. I am young; life may last, and time brings

[118] We find in the old code of the thirteenth century, designated *Fuero-Juzgo*, the penalties inflicted on those *who cause hail to fall on the vines and on the harvest*, on those *who hold intercourse with devils, and who change the minds of men and women*. (Lib. VI, tit. 2, ley. 4). The *Partidas* punish in like manner those *who make images, or practise craft, and give herbs to provoke the love of men and women*. (Part VII, tit. 23, ley. 2 y 3.)

every thing about. If your worship, Signor cavalier, has any thing about you to relieve us poor wretches, God will repay you in Heaven; and we will make it the business of our prayers to beseech him that your worship's life and health may be as long and prosperous as your goodly presence deserves." This slave was in the habit of a student; and one of the guards said he was a great talker, and a very pretty Latinist.

Behind all these came a man some thirty years of age, of a goodly aspect, only he seemed to thrust one eye into the other. He was

bound somewhat differently from the rest, for he had a chain to his leg, so long that it was fastened round his middle, and two collars about his neck, one of which was fastened to the chain, and the

other, called a keep-friend, or friend's foot, had two straight irons, which came down from it to his waist, at the end of which were fixed two manacles,* wherein his hands were secured with a huge padlock; insomuch that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend his head to his hands. Don Quixote asked why this man went fettered and shackled so much more than the rest. The guard answered, because he alone had committed more villanies than all the rest put together; and that he was so bold and so desperate a villain, that though they carried him in that manner, they were not secure of him, but were still afraid he would make his escape. "What kind of villanies has he committed," said Don Quixote, "that they have deserved no greater punishment than being sent to the galleys?" "He goes for ten years," said the guard, "which is a kind of civil death. You need only be told, that this honest gentleman is the famous Ginès de Passamonte, alias Ginèsillo de Parapilla." "Fairly and softly, Signor commissary," said the slave; "let us not be now lengthening out names and sirnames. Ginès is my name, and not Ginèsillo; and Passamonte is the name of my family, and not Parapilla, as you say, let every one turn himself round, and look at home, and he will find enough to do." "Speak with more respect, sir thief-above-measure," replied the commissary, "unless you will oblige me to silence you to your sorrow." "You may see," answered the slave, "that man goeth as God pleaseth; but somebody may learn one day, whether my name is Ginèsillo de Parapilla or no." "Are you not called so, lying rascal?" said the guard. "They do call me so," answered Ginès; "but I will oblige them not to call me so, or I will flay them where I care not at present to say. Signor cavalier," continued he, "if you have any thing to give us, give it us now, and God be with you; for you tire us with enquiring so much after other men's lives. If you would know mine, know that I am Ginès de Passamonte, whose life is written by these very fingers." "He says true," said the commissary; "for he himself has written his own history, as well as heart could wish, and has left the book in prison, in pawn for two hundred reals." "Ay and I

* The original is *esposas*, (spouses); so called because they joined the hands together like man and wife.

intend to redeem it," said Ginès, "if it lay for two hundred ducats." "What! is it so good?" said Don Quixote. "So good" answered Ginès, "that woe be to Lazarillo de Tormes, and to all that have written, or shall write, in that way! What I can affirm is, that it relates truths, and truths so ingenious and entertaining that no fictions can come up to them." "How is the book intituled?" demanded Don Quixote. "'*The life of Ginès de Passamonte*,'" replied Ginès himself. "And is it finished?" quoth Don Quixote. "How can it be finished," answered he, "since my life is not yet finished? What is written, is from my cradle to the moment of my being sent this last time to the galleys." "Then you have been there before?" said Don Quixote. "Four years the other time," replied Ginès, "to serve God and the king; and I know already the relish of the biscuit and the lash: nor does it grieve me much to go there again, since I shall there have the opportunity of finishing my book; for I have a great many things to say, and in the galleys of Spain there is leisure more than enough, though I shall not want much for what I have to write, because I have it by heart.[119]" "You seem to be a witty fellow," said Don Quixote. "And an unfortunate one," answered Ginès; "but misfortunes always pursue the ingenious." "Pursue the villanous," said the commissary. "I have already desired you Signor commissary," answered Passamonte, "to go on fair and softly. Your superiors did not give you that staff to misuse us poor wretches here, but to conduct and carry us whither his majesty commands. Now, by the life of——I say no more; but the spots which were contracted in the inn may perhaps one day come out in the bucking; and let every one hold his tongue, and live well, and speak better; and let us march on, for this has held us long enough."

The commissary lifted up his staff to strike Passamonte, in return for his threats: but Don Quixote interposed, and desired he would not abuse him, since it was but fair, that he who had his hands so tied up should have his tongue a little at liberty. Then, turning about to the whole string, he said: "From all you have

[119] The author of *Guzman d' Alfarache*, Mateo Aleman says of his hero:—"He, himself, wrote his history in the galleys, where he was forced to tug at the oar for the crimes he committed."—

told me, dearest brethren, I clearly gather, that though it be only to punish you for your crimes, you do not much relish the punishment you are going to suffer, and that you go to it much against the grain and against your good liking. Perhaps the pusillanimity of him who was put to the torture, this man's want of money, and the other's want of friends, and in short the judge's wresting of the law, may have been the cause of your ruin, and that you did not come off as in justice you ought to have done. And I have so strong a persuasion, that this is the truth of the case, that my mind prompts, and even forces me, to shew in you why Heaven sent me into the world, and ordained me to profess the order of chivalry, which I profess, and the vow I made in it to succour the needy and those oppressed by the mighty. But, knowing that it is one part of prudence not to do that by foul means which may be done by fair, I will entreat these gentlemen your guard, and the commissary, that they will be pleased to loose you, and allow you to go in peace, there being people enough to serve the king for better reasons; for it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and Nature made free. Besides, gentlemen guards," added Don Quixote, "these poor men have committed no offence against you: let every one answer for his sins in the other world; there is a God in Heaven, who does not neglect to chastise the wicked, nor to reward the good; neither is it fitting that honest men should be the executioners of others, when they have no interest in the matter. I request this of you in this calm and gentle manner, that I may have some ground to thank you for your compliance. But if you do it not willingly, this lance and this sword, with the vigour of my arm, shall compel you to do it."

"This is pleasant fooling," answered the commissary; "an admirable conceit he has hit upon at last. He would have us let the king's prisoners go, as if we had authority to set them free, or he to command us to do it. Go on your way, Signor, and adjust that basin on your noddle, and do not go feeling for five legs in a cat." "You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal to boot," answered Don Quixote. So, with a word and a blow, he attacked him so suddenly that before he could stand upon his defence he threw him to the ground, much wounded with the thrust of his lance. It happened luckily

for Don Quixote, that this was one of the two who carried a firelock. The rest of the guards were astonished and confounded at the unexpected encounter: but recovering themselves, those on horseback drew their swords, and those on foot laid hold on their javelins and fell upon Don Quixote, who waited for them with much calmness. Doubtless it had gone ill with him if the galley-slaves, perceiving the opportunity which offered itself to them of recovering their liberty, had not procured it by breaking the chain with which they were linked together. The confusion was so great that the guards, now endeavouring to prevent the slaves from getting loose, and now engaging with Don Quixote, who attacked them, did nothing to any purpose. Sancho, for his part, assisted in loosing of Ginès de Passamonte, who was the first that leaped free and disembarrassed upon the plain: and setting upon the fallen commissary, he took away his sword and his gun, with which, levelling it first at one and then at another, without discharging it, he cleared the field of all the guard, who fled no less from Passamonte's gun than from the shower of stones, which the slaves, now at liberty, poured upon them.

Sancho was much grieved at this notable exploit; for he imagined, that the fugitives would give notice of the fact to the holy brotherhood, which upon ringing a bell, would sally out in quest of the delinquents. He communicated his fear to his master, and begged of him to begone from thence immediately, and take shelter among the trees and rocks of the neighbouring mountain. "It is well," said Don Quixote; "but I know what is now expedient to be done." Then having called all the slaves together, who were in a fright, and had stripped the commissary to his buff, they gathered in a ring about him to know his pleasure, when he thus addressed them: "To be thankful for the benefits received, is the property of persons well born; and one of the sins at which God is most offended, is ingratitude. This I say, gentlemen, because you have already found, by manifest experience, the benefit you have received at my hands; in recompense whereof, my will and pleasure is that, laden with this chain which I have taken off from your necks, you immediately set out and go to the city of Toboso, and there present

yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her that her knight, he of the Sorrowful Figure sends you to present his service to her; and recount to her every tittle and circumstance of this memorable adventure, to the point of setting you at your wished-for liberty. This done, you may go, in God's name, whither you list [120]."

Ginès de Passamonte answered for them all, and said: "What your worship commands us, noble Sir our deliverer, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to be complied with; for we dare not be seen together on the road, but must go separate and alone, each man by himself, and endeavour to hide ourselves in the very bowels of the earth from the holy brotherhood, who doubtless will be out in quest of us. What your worship may and ought to do is, to change this service and duty to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso into a certain number of *Ave Marias* and *Credos*, which we will say, for the success of your design. This is what we may do by day or by night, flying or reposing, in peace or in war. But to think that we will now return to the brick-kilns of Egypt, I say to take our chains and put ourselves on the way to Toboso, is to think it is now night already, whereas it is not yet ten o'clock in the morning; and to expect this from us is to expect pears from an elm-tree."—"I vow then," quoth Don Quixote, already enraged, "Don son of a trull, Don Ginèsillo de Parapilla, or however you call yourself, you alone shall go, with your tail between your legs and the whole chain upon your back." Passamonte, who was not over passive, and had already perceived that Don Quixote was not wiser than he should be, since he committed such an extravagance as the setting them at liberty, seeing himself treated in this manner, winked upon his comrades; and they all, stepping aside, began to rain such a shower of stones upon Don Quixote, that he could not

[120] Amadis of Gaul, having conquered the giant Madraque, grants him his life, on condition that he turns Christian, he and all his vassals, that he founds certain churches and monasteries, and finally, that he sets at liberty all the prisoners that he has in confinement in his dungeons, who were upwards of a hundred in number, of whom thirty were knights and forty young ladies or duennas. Amadis said to them when they came to kiss his hands, in token of gratitude: "Go, and find queen Brisena, tell her in what manner you have been sent to her by her Knight of the Firm Island, and kiss her hand for me."—(*Amadis de Gaule*, liv, iii. chap. 65.)

contrive to cover himself with his buckler; and poor Rocinante made no more of the spur than if he had been made of brass.—

Sancho got behind the ass, and thereby sheltered himself from the storm and hail that poured upon them both. Don Quixote could not screen himself so well but that he received I know not how many thumps of the body, with such force, that they brought him to the ground; and scarce was he fallen, when the student set upon him, and, taking the basin from off his head, gave him three or four blows with it on the shoulders, and then struck it as often against the ground, whereby he almost broke it to pieces. They stripped him of a jacket he wore over his armour, and would have stripped him of his trowsers too, if the greaves had not hindered them. They took from Sancho his cloak, leaving him in his doublet; *

* En pelota. The phrase signifies "to be stark naked." Pelota is likewise a garment formerly used in Spain, but now unknown. The reader will easily see that it ought not to be understood here in the first of these senses.

and sharing among themselves the spoils of the battle, they made the best of their way off, each by a separate road, with more care how to escape the holy brotherhood they were in fear of, than to load themselves with the chain and to go and present themselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

The ass and Rocinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, remained by themselves; the ass hanging his head and pensive, and now and then shaking his ears, thinking that the storm of stones was not yet over, but still whizzing about his head; Rocinante stretched along close by his master, he also being knocked down with another stone; Sancho in his doublet, and afraid of the holy brotherhood; and Don Quixote very much out of humour to find himself so ill treated by those very persons to whom he had done so much good.

CHAPTER IX.

OF WHAT BEFELL THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE IN THE SIERRA MORENA,[121] BEING ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS AND UNCOMMON ADVENTURES RELATED IN THIS VERACIOUS HISTORY.

DON QUIXOTE, finding himself so ill treated, said to his squire: "Sancho, I have always heard it said, that to do good to low fellows is to throw water into the sea. Had I believed what you said to me, I might have prevented this trouble; but it is done, I must have patience, and take warning henceforward." "Your worship will as much take warning," answered Sancho, "as I am a Turk. But, since you say that if you had believed me you had avoided this mischief, believe me now, and you will avoid a greater; for, let me tell you, there is no putting off the holy brotherhood with chivalries: they do not care two farthings for all the knights-errant in the world; and know, that I fancy already I hear

[121] In Spain, they give the term sierra (saw) to a chain of mountains. The *Sierra-Morena* (brown mountains), which extend nearly from the mouth of the Ebro to Cape St. Vincent, in Portugal, separates La Mancha from Andalusia. The Romans called it Mons Marianus.

their arrows whizzing about my ears[122]." "Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "but that you may not say I am obstinate, and that I never do what you advise, I will for once take your counsel, and get out of the reach of that fury you fear so much. But upon this one condition, that, neither living nor dying, you shall ever tell any body that I retired, and withdrew myself from this peril out of fear, but that I did it out of mere compliance with your entreaties. Should you say otherwise, you will lie in so doing; and from this time to that, and from that time to this, I tell you you lie, and will lie, every time you say or think it. Make no reply; for the bare thought of withdrawing and retreating from any danger, and especially from this, which seems to carry some or no appearance of fear with it, makes me now stand prepared to abide here, and expect alone, not only that holy brotherhood you talk of and fear, but the brothers of the twelve tribes of Israel, and the seven Maccabees, and Castor and Pollux, and even all the brothers and brotherhoods that are in the world." "Sir," answered Sancho, "retreating is not running away, nor is staying wisdom when the danger overbalances the hope: and it is the part of wise men to secure themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all upon one throw. Though I am but a clown and a peasant, I have yet some smattering of what is called good conduct; therefore, repent not of having taken my advice, but get upon Rocinante if you can, and if not, I will assist you; and follow me, for my heart tells me, that for the present we have more need of heels than hands."

Don Quixote mounted without replying a word more; and Sancho leading the way upon his ass, they entered a pass in the Sierra-Morena, which was hard by, it being Sancho's intention to pass quite across that chain of mountains, and to get out at Viso or Almodovar del Campo, and to hide for some days among those craggy rocks, that they might not be found if the holy brotherhood should come in quest of them.—He was encouraged to this by seeing that the provisions carried by his ass had escaped safe from

[122] The Sainte-Hermandad had criminals condemned to death, shot with bow and arrow and left the corpses exposed on a gibbet.

the skirmish with the galley-slaves, which he looked upon as a miracle, considering what the slaves took away, and how narrowly they searched.

That night they got into the heart of the Sierra-Morena, where Sancho thought it convenient to halt and remain some days, at least while the provisions he had with him lasted. Accordingly they took up their lodging between two great rocks, and amidst abundance of cork-trees. But destiny, which according to the opinion of those who have not the light of the true faith, guides fashions, and disposes all things its own way, so ordered it that Ginès de Passamonte, the famous cheat and robber whom the valour and madness of Don Quixote had delivered from the chain, being justly afraid of the holy brotherhood, took it into his head to hide himself in those very mountains. His fortune and his fear carried him to the same place where Don Quixote's fortune and Sancho Panza's prudence had carried them, just at the time he could distinguish who they were, and at the instant they had fallen asleep. As the wicked are always ungrateful, and necessity puts people upon applying to shifts, and the present conveniency overcomes the consideration of the future, Ginès, who had neither gratitude nor good-nature, resolved to steal Sancho Panza's ass, taking no notice of Rocinante, as a thing neither pawnable nor saleable. Sancho Panza slept; the varlet stole his ass, and before it was day, he was too far off to be found.

Aurora issued forth, rejoicing the earth, and saddening Sancho Panza, who missed his ass, and finding himself deprived of him, he began the dolefullest lamentation in the world; and so loud it was, that Don Quixote awakened by his cries, heard him say: "O child of my bowels, born in my own house, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the relief of my burdens, and lastly, the half of my maintenance! for, with six-and-twenty maravedis I earned every day by thy means, I half supported my family." Don Quixote, hearing the lamentation and learning the cause, comforted Sancho with the best reasons he could, and desired him to have patience, promising to give him a bill of exchange for three young asses out of five he had left at home.

Sancho was comforted herewith, wiped away his tears, moderated his sighs, and thanked his master for the kindness he shewed him.

Don Quixote's heart leaped for joy at entering into the mountains, such kind of places seeming to him the most likely to furnish him with those adventures he was in quest of. They recalled to his memory the marvellous events which had befallen knights-errant in such solitudes and deserts. He went on meditating on these things, and so wrapped and transported in them that he remembered nothing else. Nor had Sancho any other concern, now that he thought he was out of danger, than to appease his hunger with what remained of the clerical spoils. So, sitting sideling as women do, upon his beast, [123] he jogged after his master, emptying the bag, and filling his belly: and while he was thus employed, he would not have given a farthing to meet with any new adventure whatever.

[123] It appears that Cervantes added subsequently in this chapter, and after he had already written the two following ones, the theft of Sancho's ass by Ginès de Passamonte. In the first edition of *Don Quixote*, he continued, after the relation of the theft, to speak of the ass as though it had not ceased to be in Sancho's possession, and said in this place: "Sancho followed his master, sitting sideways on his ass—." In the second edition, he corrected this in advertance, but incompletely, and allowed it to remain in several places. The Spaniards have religiously preserved his text, even to the contradictions made by this partial correction. We have, after M. Viardot, made them disappear, with the exception of once mentioning the ass, in chapter XI of this book (*post*). It will be seen, in the second part of *Don Quixote*, that Cervantes ridicules himself very pleasantly for his heedlessness, and for the contradictions that it causes in the narrative.

Being thus busied, he lifted up his eyes, and saw his master had stopped, and was endeavouring, with the point of his lance, to raise up some heavy bundle that lay upon the ground. Whereupon he made haste to assist him, if need were, and came up to him just as he had turned over with his lance a saddle-cushion, and a portmanteau fastened to it, half or rather quite rotten and torn. But it

was so heavy that Sancho was forced to alight and help to take it up, and his master ordered him to see what was in it. Sancho very readily obeyed; and though the portmanteau was secured with a chain and padlock, you might see through the breaches what it contained. There were in it four fine holland shirts, and other linen, no less curious than clean; and in a handkerchief he found a good heap of gold crowns. Espying them, he cried: "Blessed be Heaven, which has presented us with one profitable adventure." Searching farther, he found a little pocket-book, richly bound. Don Quixote desired to have it, and bade him take the money and keep it for himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the favour; and emptying the portmanteau of the linen, he put it in the provender-bag. Observing

all this, Don Quixote said: "I am of opinion, Sancho, nor can it

possibly be otherwise, that some traveller must have lost his way in these mountains, and have fallen into the hands of robbers, who have killed him and brought his body to this remote and secret part to bury." "It cannot be so," answered Sancho; "for had they been robbers, they would not have left this money." "You say right," said Don Quixote, "and I cannot guess nor think, what it should be: but stay, let us see whether this pocket-book has any thing written in it, whereby we may trace and discover what we want to know." He opened it, and the first thing he found was a kind of rough draught of a sonnet, very legible, which he read aloud that Sancho might hear it. It ran as follows:

Or Love doth nothing know, or cruel is,
Or my affliction equals not the cause
That doth condemn me to severest pains.
But if Love be a god, we must suppose
His knowledge boundless, nor can cruelty
With reason be imputed to a god.
Whence then the grief, the cruel pains, I feel?
Chloë, art thou the cause? impossible!
Such ill can ne'er subsist with so much good;
Nor does high Heaven's behest ordain my fall.
I soon shall die; my fate's inevitable:
For where we know not the disease's cause,
A miracle alone can hit the cure.

"From this parcel of verses," quoth Sancho, "nothing can be collected, unless by the clue here given you can come at the whole bottom."—"What clue is here?" said Don Quixote. "I thought," said Sancho, "your worship named a clue."—"No, I said Chloe," answered Don Quixote; "and doubtless that is the name of the lady, whom the author of this sonnet complains of; and in faith, either he is a tolerable poet, or I know but little of the art."—"So then," said Sancho, "your worship understands making verses too!" "Yes, and better than you think," answered Don Quixote; "and you shall see I do, when you carry a letter to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, written in verse from top to bottom. Know, Sancho, that all or most of the knights-errant of times past were great poets, and great musicians; these two accomplishments, or rather graces, being annexed to lovers-errant. True it is, that the couplets of former knights have more of passion than elegance in them. [124]" "Pray, Sir, read on farther," said Sancho: "perhaps you may find something to satisfy us." Don Quixote turned over the leaf, and said: "This is in prose, and seems to be a letter." "A letter of business, [125] Sir?" demanded Sancho. "By the beginning, it seems rather one of love," answered Don Quixote. "Then pray, Sir, read it aloud," said Sancho; "for I mightily relish these love-matters." "With all my heart," said Don Quixote; and reading aloud, as Sancho desired, he found it to this effect:—

"Your promise, and my certain hard fate, hurry me to a place whence you will sooner hear the news of my death than the cause of my complaint. You have undone me, ungrateful maid, for the sake of one who has larger possessions, but not more merit than I. But if virtue were a treasure now in esteem, I should have had no reason to envy any man's good fortune, nor to bewail my own wretchedness. What your beauty built up, your behaviour has

[124] That of *Amadis de Gaule* to wit,

Leonoreta sin roseta
Blanca sobre toda flor,
Sin roseta no me meta
En tal culpa vuestro amor, etc.
(Lib. II, cap. 54.)

[125] *Carta* means both *letter* and *charter*; hence Sancho's question.

thrown down: by that I took you for an angel, and by this I find you are a woman. Farewell, O cause of my disquiet; and Heaven grant, that your husband's perfidy may never come to your knowledge, to make you repent of what you have done, and afford me that revenge which I do not desire."

The letter being read, Don Quixote said: "We can gather little more from this than from the verses; only that he who wrote it, is some slighted lover." Turning over most of the book, he found other verses and letters, some of which were legible, and some not: but the purport of them all was complaints, lamentations, suspicions, desires, dislikings, favours and slights, some extolled with rapture, and others as mournfully deplored.

While Don Quixote was examining the book, Sancho examined the portmanteau, without leaving a corner in it, or in the saddle-cushion, which he did not search, scrutinize, and look into; nor seam which he did not rip; nor lock of wool, which he did not carefully pick; that nothing might be lost for want of diligence, or through carelessness; such a greediness the finding the gold crowns, which were more than a hundred, had excited in him. Though he found no more of them, he thought himself abundantly rewarded, by the leave given him to keep what he had found, for the tossings in the blanket, the vomitings of the balsam of Fierabras, the benedictions of the pack-staves, the cuffs of the carrier, the loss of the wallet and the theft of his cloak; together with all the hunger, thirst and weariness he had undergone in his good master's service.

The Knight of the Sorrowful Figure was extremely desirous to know who was the owner of the portmanteau, conjecturing by the sonnet and the letter, by the money in gold* and by the fineness of the shirts, that it must certainly belong to some lover of condition, whom the slights and ill treatment of his mistress had reduced to terms of despair. But, there being no one in that uninhabitable and craggy place to give him any information, he thought of nothing but going forward which way soever Rocinante pleased,

* Gold was not current in those days among the common people of Spain.

and that was wherever the poor brute found the way easiest, still possessed with the imagination that he could not fail of meeting with some strange adventure among those briars and rocks.

As he went on musing, he espied on the top of a hillock just before him, a man skipping from crag to crag, and from bush to

bush, with extraordinary agility. He seemed to be naked, his beard black and bushy, his hair long and tangled, his legs and feet bare: on his thighs he wore a pair of breeches of sad-coloured velvet, but so ragged, that his skin appeared through several parts.

His head was bare; he passed with the swiftness already mentioned, but the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure saw and observed all these particulars. Though he endeavoured to follow him he could not; for it was not given to Rocinante's feebleness to make way through those craggy places; and besides he was naturally slow-footed and phlegmatic. Don Quixote immediately fancied this must be the owner of the saddle-cushion and portmanteau, and so resolved to go in search of him even if he were sure to wander a whole year among those mountains before he should find him. He therefore commanded Sancho to cut short over one side of the mountain, while he coasted on the other, in hopes, that by this diligence they might light on the man who had so suddenly vanished. "I cannot do it," answered Sancho; "for the moment I offer to stir from your worship, fear is upon me, assaulting me with a thousand kinds of terrors and apparitions. Let this serve to advertise you, that from henceforward I have not the power to stir a finger's breadth from your presence." "Be it so," said he of the Sorrowful Figure, "and I am very well pleased that you rely upon my courage, which shall never be wanting to you, though your very soul in your body should fail you. Follow me step by step, or as you can, and make spying-glasses of your eyes. We will go round this craggy hill, and perhaps we may meet with the man we saw, who doubtless is the owner of what we have found." To this Sancho replied: "It would be much more prudent not to look after him; for if we should find him, and he perchance proves to be the owner of the money, it is plain I must restore it. Therefore it would be better, without this unnecessary diligence, to keep possession of it, 'bona fide,' until by some way less curious and officious, its true owner shall be found. Perhaps that may be at a time when I shall have spent it all, and then I am free by law." "You deceive yourself in this, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for since we have a suspicion who is the right owner, we are obliged to seek him, and return it; and if we should not look for him, the vehement suspicion we have that this may be he, makes us already as guilty as if he really were. So that, friend Sancho, you should be in no pain at searching after him, considering the uneasiness I shall be freed

from in finding him." Then he pricked Rocinante on, and Sancho followed on foot, carrying the ass's burden, thanks to Ginès de Passamonte.

Having gone round part of the mountain, they found a dead mule lying near a brook, saddled and bridled, and half devoured by

dogs and crows; which confirmed them the more in the suspicion that he who fled from them was owner of the mule and of the bundle. While they stood looking at the mule they heard a whistle, like that of a shepherd tending his flock; and presently, on their left hand, appeared a good number of goats, and behind them on the top of the mountain, the goatherd that kept them, who was an old man. Don Quixote called aloud to him, and desired him to come down. He answered as loudly, and demanded, who had brought them to that desolate place, seldom or never trodden, unless by the feet of goats, wolves, or other wild beasts, which frequented those mountains. Sancho answered him, that if he would come down, they would satisfy his curiosity in every thing. The goatherd descended,

and, coming to the place where Don Quixote was, he said: "I will

lay a wager you are viewing the hackney-mule, which lies dead in this bottom: in good faith, it has lain there these six months already. Pray tell me, have you lighted on his master hereabouts?" "We have lighted on nothing," answered Don Quixote, "but a saddle-cushion and a small portmanteau, which we found not far from here." "I found it too," answered the goatherd, "but would by no means take it up, nor come near it, for fear of some mischief, and lest I should be charged with having stolen it; for the devil is subtle, and lays stumbling-blocks and occasions of falling in our way, without our knowing how or how not." "I say so too," answered Sancho: "for I also found it, and would not go within a stone's throw of it: there I left it, and there it lies as it was for me; for I will not have a dog with a bell." "Tell me, honest man," said Don Quixote, "do you know who is the owner of these goods?" "What I know," said the goatherd, "is, that six months ago, more or less, there arrived at the huts of certain shepherds, about three leagues from this place, a genteel and comely youth, mounted on this very mule which lies dead here, and with the same saddle-cushion and portmanteau, which you say you found and touched not. He enquired of us, which part of this hill was the most craggy and

least accessible. We told him it was this where we now are: and so it is, truly; for if you were to go on about half a league farther, perhaps you would not easily find the way out, and I admire how you could get even hither, since there is no road nor path that leads to this place. The youth then, I say, hearing our answer, turned about his mule and made toward the place we shewed him, leaving us all pleased with his goodly appearance, and in admiration at his question and the haste he made to reach the mountain. From that time, we saw him not again, until, some days after, he issued out upon one of our shepherds, and, without saying a word, came up to him, and gave him several cuffs and kicks, and immediately went to our sumpter-ass, which he plundered of all the bread and cheese she carried; and, this done, he fled again to the rocks with wonderful swiftness. Some of us goatherds, knowing this, spent almost two days in quest of him, in the most intricate part of this craggy hill; and at last we found him lying in the hollow of a large cork-

tree. He came out to us with much gentleness, his garment torn, and his face so disfigured and scorched by the sun, that we should scarcely have known him, but that his clothes, ragged as they were, with the description given us of them, assured us he was the person we sought. He saluted us courteously, and in few, but complaisant

terms, bid us not wonder to see him in that condition, to which he was necessitated in order to perform a certain penance enjoined him for his manifold sins. We entreated him to tell us who he was, but we could get no more out of him. We desired him likewise, that when he stood in need of food, without which he could not subsist, he would let us know where we might find him, and we would very freely and willingly bring him some; and if this was not to his liking, that at least he would come out and ask for it, and not take it away from the shepherds by force. He thanked us for our offers, begged pardon for the violences passed, and promised from thenceforth to ask it for God's sake, without giving disturbance to any body. As to the place of his abode, he said he had no other than what chance presented him, wherever the night overtook him; and he ended his discourse with such melting tears, that we who heard him must have been very stones not to have borne him company in them, considering what he was the first time we saw him, and what we saw him now to be: for, as I before said, he was a very comely and graceful youth, and by his courteous behaviour and civil discourse, shewed himself to be well-born, and a court-like person. If we who heard him were country-people, his genteel carriage was sufficient to discover itself even to rusticity. In the height of his discourse he stopped short, and stood silent, nailing his eyes to the ground for a considerable time, whilst we all stood still in suspense, waiting to see what that fit of distraction would end in, with no small compassion at the sight; for by his demeanour, his staring and fixing his eyes unmoved for a long while on the ground and then shutting them again, by his biting his lips and arching his brows, we easily judged that some fit of madness was come upon him. He quickly confirmed us in our suspicions, for he started up with great fury from the ground, on which he had just before thrown himself, and fell upon the one that stood next him with such resolution and rage, that if we had not taken him off, he would have bitten and cuffed him to death. All this while he cried out: 'Ah traitor Fernando! here, here you shall pay for the wrong you have done me; these hands shall tear out that heart, in which all kinds of wickedness, and especially deceit and treachery,

do lurk and are harboured!' To these he added other expressions, all tending to revile the said Fernando, and charging him with falsehood and treachery. We disengaged him from our companion at last, with no small difficulty; and he, without saying a word, left us and plunged amidst the thickest of the bushes and briars; so that we could not possibly follow him. By this we guessed that his madness returned by fits, and that some person, whose name is Fernando, must have done him an injury of most grievous nature, as the condition to which it has reduced him sufficiently declares. This has been often confirmed to us, since that time, by his issuing out one while to beg of the shepherds part of what they had to eat, and at other times to take it from them by force; for when the mad fit is upon him, though the shepherds freely offer it him, he will not take it without coming to blows for it; but when he is in his senses he asks it for God's sake, with courtesy and civility, and is very thankful for it, even to shedding tears. And truly, gentlemen, I must tell you," pursued the goatherd, "that yesterday I and four young swains, two of them my servants and two my friends, resolved to go in search of him, and having found him, either by force or by fair means to carry him to the town of Almodover, which is eight leagues off, and there to get him cured, if his distemper be curable; or at least inform ourselves who he is when he is in his senses, and whether he has any relations to whom we may give notice of his misfortune. This, gentlemen, is all I can tell you in answer to your enquiry, by which you may understand that the owner of the goods you found is the same whom you saw pass by you so swiftly and so nakedly."

Don Quixote who had already told him, that he had seen that man pass skipping over the craggy rocks, was in admiration at what he heard from the goatherd; and having now a greater desire to learn who the unfortunate madman was, he resolved to prosecute his original intention of seeking him all over the mountain, without leaving a corner or cave in it unexplored, until he should find him. But fortune managed better for him than he thought or expected; for in that very instant the youth they sought appeared from between some clefts of a rock, coming toward the place where they stood,

and muttering to himself something which could not be understood though one were near him, much less at a distance. His dress was such as has been described: only as he drew near, Don Quixote perceived, that a buff doublet he had on, though torn to pieces, still retained the perfume of amber [126]; whence he positively concluded that the person who wore such apparel could not be of the lowest quality. As the youth came up to them, he saluted them with an harsh unmusical accent, but with much civility. Don Quixote returned him the salute with no less complaisance, and alighting from Rocinante, with a genteel air and address advanced to embrace him, and held him for some moments very close between his arms, as if he had been acquainted with him a long time. The other, whom we may call '*the Ragged Knight of the Sorry Figure,*' as Don Quixote of the sorrowful, after he had suffered himself to be embraced, drew back a little, and laying both his hands on Don Quixote's shoulders, stood beholding him, as if to see whether he knew him; in no less admiration, perhaps, at the figure, mien and armour of Don Quixote, than Don Quixote was at the sight of him. In short, the first that spoke after the embracing was the Ragged Knight, and he said what shall be told in the next chapter.

[126] *Coleto de ambar.* This perfumed doublet was called in France, in the seventeenth century, *collet de sentur* or *coellet de fleurs.* (See Montaigne, Book I, chap. XXII, and the notes.)

CHAPTER X.

A CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURE IN THE SIERRA-MORENA.

LISTENING, as the history relates Don Quixote did with great attention to the Ragged Knight of the mountain, the latter began his discourse thus: "Assuredly, Signor, whoever you are, for I do not know you, I am obliged to you for your expressions of civility to me; and I wish it were in my power to serve you with more than my bare good-will for the kind reception you have given me: but my fortune allows me nothing but good wishes to return you for your kind intentions towards me." "Mine," answered Don Quixote, "are to serve you, insomuch that I determined not to quit these mountains until I had found you and learned from your own mouth whether the affliction which, by your leading this strange life, seems to possess you, may admit of any remedy, and if need were, to use all possible diligence to compass it. And though your misfortune were of that sort which keeps the door locked against all kind of comfort, I intended to assist you in bewailing and bemoaning it the best I could; for it is some relief in misfortunes

to find those who pity them. If then you think my intention deserves to be taken kindly, and with any degree of acknowledgement, I beseech you, Sir, by the abundance of civility I see you are possessed of, I conjure you also by whatever in this life you have loved or do love most, to tell me, who you are, and what has brought you hither, to live and die like a brute beast amidst these solitudes; as you seem to intend, by frequenting them in a manner so unbecoming of yourself, if I may judge by your person and what remains of your attire. I swear," added Don Quixote, "by the order of knighthood I have received, though unworthy and a sinner, and by the profession of a knight-errant, if you gratify me in this, to serve you to the utmost of what my profession obliges me to, either in remedying your misfortune, if a remedy may be found, or in assisting you to bewail it, as I have already promised."

The Knight of the Wood, hearing him of the Sorrowful Figure talk in this manner, did nothing but view him and review him, and gaze on him again from head to foot; and when he had surveyed him thoroughly, he said to him: "If you have any thing to give me to eat, give it me for God's sake; and when I have eaten, I will do all you command me, in requital for the good wishes you have expressed toward me." Sancho immediately drew out of his wallet, and the goatherd out of his scrip, some meat, wherewith the Ragged Knight satisfied his hunger, eating what they gave him like a distracted person, so fast, that he took no time between one mouthful and another; for he rather devoured than ate: and while he was eating, neither he nor the by-standers spoke a word. When he had done he made signs to them to follow him, which they did; and he led them to a little green meadow, not far off, at the turning of a rock a little out of the way. Arrived there, he stretched himself along upon the grass, and the rest did the same: and all this without a word spoken, until the Ragged Knight, having settled himself in his place, said: "If you desire, gentlemen, that I should tell you in few words the immensity of my misfortunes, you must promise me not to interrupt, by asking questions or otherwise, the thread of my doleful history; for in the instant you do so, I shall break off, and tell no more." These words brought to Don

Quixote's memory the tale his squire had told him, which by his mistaking the number of the goats that had passed the river, remained still unfinished. But to return to the Ragged Knight; he went on, saying: "I give this caution, because I would pass briefly over the account of my misfortunes; for the bringing them back to my remembrance serves only to add new ones; the fewer questions I am asked, the sooner I shall have finished my story: yet will I not omit any material circumstance, designing entirely to satisfy your desire." Don Quixote promised, in the name of all the rest, it should be so, and upon this assurance he began in the following manner:

"My name is Cardenio; the place of my birth, one of the best cities of all Andalusia; my family noble, my parents rich, my wretchedness so great, that my parents must have lamented it and my relations felt it, without being able to remedy it by all their wealth; for the gifts of fortune seldom avail any thing towards the relief of misfortunes sent from Heaven. In this country there lived an angel of Heaven, on whom love had placed all the glory I could wish for. Such was the beauty of Lucinda, a damsel of as good a family and as rich as myself, but of more good fortune, and less constancy than was due to my honourable intentions. This Lucinda I loved, courted and adored from my childhood and tender years; and she, on her part, loved me with that innocent affection proper to her age. Our parents were not unacquainted with our inclinations and were not displeased at them, foreseeing that if they went on, they could end in nothing but our marriage: a thing pointed out, as it were, by the equality of our birth and circumstances. Our love increased with our years, insomuch that Lucinda's father thought proper, for reasons of decency, to deny me access to his house, imitating, as it were, the parents of that Thisbe so celebrated by the poets. This restraint was only adding flame to flame, and desire to desire; for, though it was in their power to impose silence on our tongues, they could not on our pens, which discover to the person beloved the most hidden secrets of the soul, and that with more freedom than the tongue, for oftentimes the presence of the beloved object disturbs and strikes

mute the most determined intention, and the most resolute tongue. O Heavens! how many billets-doux did I write to her! what charming, what modest answers did I receive! how many sonnets did I pen! how many love-verses indite! in which my soul unfolded all its passion, described its inflamed desires, cherished its remembrances and gave a loose to its wishes. In short, finding myself at my wit's end and my soul languishing with desire of seeing her, I resolved at once to put in execution what seemed to me the most likely means to obtain my desired and deserved reward, namely, to demand her of her father for my lawful wife; which I accordingly did. He answered me: that he thanked me for the inclination I shewed to do him honour in my proposed alliance with his family; but that, my father being alive, it belonged more properly to him to make this demand: for without his full consent and approbation, Lucinda was not a woman to be taken or given by stealth. I returned him thanks for his kind intention, thinking there was reason in what he said, and hoping that my father would come into it as soon as I should break it to him.

"In that hope I went instantly to acquaint my father with my

desires. Upon entering the room where he was, I found him with a letter open in his hand, which he gave me before I spoke a word, saying to me: "By this letter you will see, Cardenio, the inclination Duke Ricardo has to do you service." This Duke Ricardo, gentlemen, as you cannot but know, is a grandee of Spain, whose estate lies in the best part of Andalusia. I took and read the letter, which was so extremely kind, that I judged myself it would be wrong in my father not to comply with what he requested in it. The duke begged that he would send me presently to him, being desirous to place me not as a servant, but as a companion to his eldest son; and he engaged to secure for me a post answerable to the opinion he had of me. I was confounded at reading the letter, and especially when I heard my father say: "Two days hence, Cardenio, you shall

depart, to fulfil the duke's pleasure; and give thanks to God, who is opening you a way to that preferment I know you deserve." To these he added several other expressions, by way of fatherly admonition.

"The time fixed for my departure came: I saw Lucinda the night before and told her all that had passed. I did the same to her father, begging of him to wait a few days, and not to dispose of her until I knew what Duke Ricardo's pleasure was with me. He promised me all I desired; and she, on her part, confirmed it with a thousand vows, with a thousand swoons. I

arrived at length where Duke Ricardo resided; who received and treated me with so much kindness, that envy presently began to do her office, by possessing his old servants with an opinion that every favour the duke conferred upon me was prejudicial to their interests. But the person the most pleased with my being there was a second son of the duke's, called Fernando, a sprightly young gentleman, of a genteel, generous and amorous disposition, who in a short time contracted so intimate a friendship with me, that it became the subject of every body's discourse. Though I had also a great share in the favour and affection of the elder brother, yet they did not come up to that distinguishing manner in which Don Fernando loved and treated me. Now, as there is no secret which is not communicated between friends, and as the intimacy I held with Don Fernando ceased to be barely such by being converted into friendship, he revealed to me all his thoughts, and especially one relating to his being in love, which gave him no small disquiet. He loved a country girl, a vassal of his father's; her parents were

very rich, and she herself was so beautiful, reserved, discreet and modest, that no one who knew her could determine in which of these qualifications she most excelled, or was most accomplished. These perfections of the country-maid raised Don Fernando's desires to such a pitch that he resolved, in order to carry his point and subdue the virtue of the maiden, to give her his promise to marry her: for otherwise it would have been to attempt an impossibility. The obligation I was under to his friendship, put me upon using the best reasons and the most lively examples I could think of, to divert and dissuade him from such a purpose. But finding it was all in vain, I resolved to acquaint his father, Duke Ricardo, with the affair. Don Fernando, being sharp-sighted and artful, suspected and feared no less, knowing that I was obliged, as a faithful servant, not to conceal from my lord and master the duke, a matter so prejudicial to his honour; and therefore, to amuse and deceive me, he said that he knew no better remedy for effacing the remembrance of the beauty that had so captivated him than to absent himself for some months; and this absence, he said, should be effected by our going together to my father's house, under pretence, as he would tell the duke, of seeing and cheapening some very fine horses in our town, which produces the best in the world. Scarcely had I heard him say this, when, prompted by my own love, I approved of his proposal, as one of the best concerted imaginable, and should have done so, had it been less plausible, since it afforded me so good an opportunity of returning to see my dear Lucinda. Upon this motive I came into his opinion, and seconded his design, desiring him to put it in execution as soon as possible; since, probably, absence might have its effect in spite of the strongest inclinations. At the very time he made this proposal to me, he had already, as appeared afterward, enjoyed the maiden under the title of a husband, and only waited for a convenient season to divulge it with safety to himself, being afraid of what the duke his father might do when he should hear of his folly. Now, as love in young men is for the most part nothing but appetite, and as pleasure is its ultimate end, it is terminated by enjoyment; and what seemed to be love vanishes, because it cannot pass the bounds

assigned by nature; whereas true love admits of no limits. I would say, that, when Don Fernando had possessed the country girl, his desires grew faint and his fondness abated: so that in reality, that absence, which he proposed as a remedy for his passion, he only chose in order to avoid what was now no longer agreeable to him. The duke gave him his leave, and ordered me to bear him company.

"We came to my native town, where my father received him according to his quality; I immediately visited Lucinda, and my passion revived, though in truth, it had been neither dead nor asleep. Unfortunately for me, I revealed it to Don Fernando, thinking that, by the laws of friendship, I ought to conceal nothing from him. I expatiated to him, in so lively a manner, on the beauty, good humour and discretion of Lucinda, that my praises excited in him a desire of seeing a damsel endowed with such fine accomplishments. I complied with it to my misfortune, and shewed her to him one night by the light of a taper at a window, where we two used to converse together. She appeared to him, though in an undress, so charming as to blot out of his memory all the beauties he had ever seen before. He was struck dumb, he lost all sense, he was transported; in short, he fell in love to such a degree as will appear by the sequel of the story of my misfortunes. And the more to inflame his desire, which he concealed from me and disclosed to Heaven alone, fortune so ordered it that he one day found a letter of her's to me, desiring me to demand her of her father in marriage, so ingenious, so modest and so full of tenderness, that when he had read it, he declared to me that he thought in Lucinda alone were united all the graces of beauty and good sense which are dispersed and divided among the rest of her sex. True it is, I confess it now, that though I knew what just grounds Don Fernando had to commend Lucinda, I was grieved to hear those commendations from his mouth and I began justly to fear and suspect him. In effect he was every moment talking about this Lucinda, and would begin the discourse himself, though he brought it in ever so abruptly: this awakened in me I know not what jealousy; and though I did not fear any change in the goodness and fidelity of Lucinda, yet I could not but dread the very thing they secured

me against. Don Fernando constantly procured a sight of the letters I wrote to Lucinda, and her answers, under pretence that he was mightily pleased with the wit of both. One day it happened that Lucinda, who was very fond of books of chivalry, having desired me to lend her that of *Amadis de Gaule*.—"

No sooner did Don Quixote hear him mention books of chivalry, than he said: "Had you told me, Sir, in the beginning of your story, that the lady Lucinda was fond of reading books of chivalry, there would have needed no other exaggeration to convince me of the sublimity of her understanding, which could never have been so excellent as you have described it had she wanted a relish for such savoury reading. So that with respect to me, it is needless to waste more words in vaunting her beauty, worth and understanding; since from only knowing her taste, I pronounce her to be the most beautiful and the most ingenious woman in the world. I wish, Sir, that, together with *Amadis de Gaule*, you had sent her the good *Don Rugel of Greece;* for I know that the lady Lucinda will be highly delighted with Daraïda and Garaya, [127] and the witty conceits of the shepherd Darinel; also with those admirable verses of his Bucolics, which he sung and repeated with so much good humour, wit and freedom; but the time may come when this fault may be amended; and the reparation may be made, as soon as ever you will be pleased, Sir, to come with me to our town; where I can furnish you with more than three hundred books, that are the delight of my soul and the entertainment of my life; though, upon second thoughts, I have not one of them left, thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanters. Pardon me, Sir, the having given you this interruption, contrary to what I promised; but when I hear of matters of chivalry and knights-errant, I can as well forbear talking of them as the beams of the sun can cease to give heat, or those of the moon to moisten. So excuse me, and go on; for that is of most importance to us at present."

While Don Quixote was saying all this, Cardenio hung down his head upon his breast, with all the signs of being profoundly thoughtful. Though Don Quixote twice desired him to continue

[127] Personages in the *Chronicle of Don Florisel de Niquea*, by Feliciano de Silva.

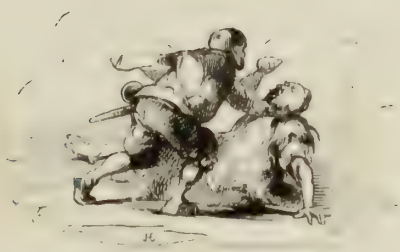
his story, he neither lifted up his head, nor answered a word. But after some time, he raised it and said: "I cannot get it out of my mind, nor can any one persuade me to the contrary, and he must be a blockhead who understands or believes otherwise, than that that great villain, master Elisabat [128]; lay with queen Madasima."

"It is false, I swear," answered Don Quixote, in great wrath; "it is extreme malice, or rather villany to say so. Queen Madasima was a very noble lady, and it is not to be presumed, that so high a princess should lie with a quack. Whoever pretends she did, lies like a very great rascal; and I will make him know it on foot or on horseback, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or how he pleases." Cardenio sat looking at him very attentively, and the mad fit being already come upon him, he was in no condition to prosecute his story; neither would Don Quixote have heard him, so disgusted was he at what he had heard of Madasima. How strange it was to see him take her part with as much earnestness, as if she had really been his true and natural princess, so far had his misleading books turned his head.

Cardenio then, being now mad, and hearing himself called liar and villain, with other such opprobrious words, did not like the jest; and catching up a stone that lay close by him, he gave Don Quixote such a thump with it on the breast, that it tumbled him down backward. Sancho Panza, seeing his master handled in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fist; and the Ragged Knight received him in such sort, that with one blow he laid him along at his feet; and presently getting upon him, he pounded his ribs, much to his own heart's content. The goatherd, who endeavoured to defend him, fared little better, and when he had beaten and threshed them all, he left them, and very quietly marched off to his haunts amidst the rocks. Sancho got up in a rage to find himself so roughly handled, and so undeservedly withal; and was for taking his revenge on the goatherd, telling him, he was in fault for not having given them warning that this man had his mad fits; for had they known as much they should have been aware, and upon their guard. The goatherd

[128] Amadis of Gaul's surgeon.

answered that he had already given them notice of it, and that if he had not heard it the fault was none of his. Sancho Panza replied, the goatherd rejoined; and the replies and rejoinders ended in their taking one another by the beard, and cuffing one another so that if Don Quixote had not made peace between them they would have beaten one another to pieces. Sancho, still keeping fast hold of the goatherd, said: "Let me alone, sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure; for, this fellow being a bumpkin like myself, and not dubbed a knight, I may very safely revenge myself on him for the injury he has done me, by fighting with him hand to hand, like a man of honour." "True," said Don Quixote; "but I know that he is not to blame for what has happened." Herewith he pacified them; and Don Quixote enquired again of the goatherd, whether it were possible to find out Cardenio; for he had a mighty desire to learn the end of his story. The goatherd told him, as at first, that he did not certainly know his haunts; but that if he walked thereabouts pretty much, he would not fail to meet him, either in or out of his senses.



CHAPTER XI.

WHICH TREATS OF THE STRANGE THINGS THAT BEFEL THE VALIANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA IN THE SIERRA-MORENA; AND HOW HE IMITATED THE PENANCE OF BELTENEBROS.

DON Quixote took his leave of the goatherd, and mounting again on Rocinante, commanded Sancho to follow him, which he did with a very ill will. They jogged on softly, entering into the most craggy part of the mountain; and Sancho was ready to burst, for want of some talk with his master, but would fain have had him begin the discourse, that he might not break through what he had enjoined him; but not being able to endure so long a silence, he said to him: "Signor Don Quixote, be pleased to give me your worship's blessing, and my dismissal. I will get me home to my wife and children, with whom I shall at least have the privilege of talking, and speaking my mind; for to desire me to bear your worship company through these solitudes, night and day, without suffering me to talk when I list, is to bury me alive. If fatehad

ordered it that beasts should talk now, as they did in the days of Issop it had not been quite so bad; since I might then have communed with my ass[129] as I pleased, and thus have forgotten my ill-fortune. But it is very hard, and not to be borne with patience, for a man to ramble about all his life in quest of adventures, and to meet with nothing but kicks and cuffs, tossings in a blanket and brick-bat bangs, and with all this, to sew up his mouth, and not dare to utter what he has in his heart, as if he were dumb."—"I understand you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "you are impatient until I take off the embargo I have laid on your tongue; suppose it taken off, and say what you will, upon condition that this revocation is to last no longer than whilst we are strolling among these craggy rocks."—"Be it so," said Sancho; "let me talk now, for God knows what will be hereafter. And so, beginning to enjoy the benefit of this licence I ask what your worship had to do to stand up so warmly for that same queen Magimasa, or what's her name? or what was it to the purpose whether that abbot was her gallant or no. If you had let that pass, seeing you were not his judge, I verily believe the madman would have gone on with his story, and you would have escaped the thump with the stone, I the kicks and above half a dozen buffets."

"In faith, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "if you did but know, as I do, how honourable and how excellent a lady queen Madasima was, I am certain you would own I had a great deal of patience that I did not dash to pieces the mouth out of which such blasphemies issued. For it is very great blasphemy to say, or even to think, that a queen should be mistress to a barber-surgeon. The truth of the story is, that that same master Elisabat whom the madman spoke of, was a very prudent man, of very sound judgment, and he served as tutor and physician to the queen: but to think she was his paramour, is an impertinence that deserves to be severely chastised. To shew you that Cardenio did not know what he said, you may remember, that when he said it he was out of his wits." "So say I," quoth Sancho; "and therefore no account should have been

[129] Vide note 123, *antè* page 250.

made of his words; for, if good fortune had not been your friend, and the flint-stone had been directed at your head, as it was at your breast, we had been in a fine condition for standing up in defence of that dear lady, whom God confound. Besides, do you think Cardenio, if he had killed you, would not have come off as being a madman?"—"A knight-errant," answered Don Quixote, "is obliged to defend the honour of women, be they what they will, both against men in their senses, and those out of them; how much more then should he stand up in defence of queens of such high degree and worth, as was queen Madasima, for whom I have a particular affection, on account of her good parts; as, besides being extremely beautiful, she was very prudent, and very patient in her afflictions, of which she had many. The counsels and company of master Elisabat were of great use and comfort to her, in helping her to bear her sufferings with prudence and patience. Hence the ignorant and evil-minded vulgar took occasion to say and think that she was his paramour. I say again they lie, and will lie two hundred times more, all who shall dare to say or think her so."—"I neither say nor think so," answered Sancho; "let those who say it eat the lie; and swallow it with their bread. Whether they were guilty or not they have given an account to God before now. I come from my vineyard, I know nothing; I am no friend to enquiring into other men's lives; for he that buys and lies, shall find the lie left in his purse behind. Besides, naked was I born, and naked I remain; I neither win nor lose. If they were guilty what is that to me? Many think to find bacon, where there is not so much as a pin to hang it on; but who can hedge in the cuckoo; especially, do they spare even God himself." "God be my aid!" quoth Don Quixote, "what parcel of impertinences are you stringing! what has the subject we are upon, to do with the proverbs you are threading like beads! Pr'ythee, Sancho, hold your tongue, and henceforth mind spurring your ass, and forbear meddling with what does not concern you; understand, with all your five senses, that whatever I have done, do or shall do, is highly reasonable, and exactly comformable to the rules of chivalry, which I am better acquainted with than all the knights who have professed it in the world."—"Sir," replied Sancho,

"is it a good rule of chivalry that we go wandering through these mountains, without path or road, in quest of a madman, who, when he is found, may have a mind to finish what he begun, not his story, but the breaking of your head, and my ribs?" "Peace, Sancho, I say once again," said Don Quixote; "for know, that it is not barely the desire of finding the madman that brings me to these parts, but the intention I have to perform an exploit in them whereby I shall acquire a perpetual fame and renown over the face of the whole earth: in a word, one that shall set the seal to all that can render a knight-errant complete and famous." "And is the same exploit a very dangerous one?" quoth Sancho Panza. "No," answered he of the Sorrowful Figure; "though the die may chance to run so that we may have an unlucky throw; but the whole will depend upon your diligence." "Upon my diligence!" quoth Sancho. "Yes," said Don Quixote, "for if you return speedily from the place whither I intend to send you, my pain will be soon over, and my glory will presently commence. But as it is not expedient to keep you any longer in suspense, waiting to know what my discourse drives on, understand, Sancho, that the famous Amadis of Gaul was one of the most complete knights-errant: I should not have said one of them, he was the sole, the principal, the only one, in short the prince of all that were in his time in the world. A fig for Don Belianis, and for all those who say he equalled him in any thing! for I swear they are mistaken. I say also, that if a painter would be famous in his art, he must endeavour to copy after the originals of the most excellent masters he knows. The same rule holds good for all other arts and sciences, that serve as ornaments of the commonwealth. In like manner, whoever aspires to the character of prudent and patient, must imitate Ulysses, in whose persons and toils Homer draws a lively picture of prudence and patience; as Virgil also does of a pious son and a valiant and expert captain, in the person of Æneas; not delineating or describing them as they really were, but as they ought to be, in order to serve as patterns of virtue to succeeding generations. In this very manner was Amadis, the polar, the morning star and the sun of all valiant and enamoured knights, and he whom all we who are united under the banners of love and chivalry,

ought to follow. This being so, friend Sancho, the knight-errant who imitates him the most nearly, will, I take it, stand the fairest chance to arrive at the perfection of chivalry. One circumstance, in which this knight most eminently discovered his prudence, worth, courage, patience, constancy and love, was his retiring, when disdained by the lady Oriana, to do penance in the Poor Rock, changing his name to that of Beltenebros; a name most certainly significant, and proper for the life he had voluntarily chosen. [130] Now, it is easier for me to copy after him in this, than in cleaving giants, beheading andriaques, [131] slaying dragons, routing armies, shattering fleets and dissolving enchantments. And since this place is so well adapted for the purpose, there is no reason why I should let slip the opportunity which now so commodiously offers me its forelock." "In effect," quoth Sancho, "what is it your worship intends to do in so remote a place as this?" "Have I not told you," answered Don Quixote, "that I design to imitate Amadis, acting here the desperado, the senseless and the madman; at the same time copying the valiant Don Orlando, when he found by the side of a fountain some indications that Angelica the Fair had dishonoured herself with Medoro: at grief whereof he ran mad, tore up trees by the roots, disturbed the waters of the crystal springs, slew shepherds,

[130] *Amadis de Gaul* chap. 21, 40 and following.

[131] In Amadis de Gaul (chap. 75) is the description of an Andriaque born of the incestuous amours of the giant Bandagnido with his own daughter.

destroyed flocks, fired cottages, demolished houses, dragged mares on the ground, and did an hundred thousand other extravagances worthy to be recorded, and had in eternal remembrance. [132] And, supposing that I do not intend to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotolando, for he had all these three names, in every point, and in all the mad things he acted, said, or thought, I will make a sketch of them the best I can, in what I judge the most essential. Perhaps, I may satisfy myself with only copying Amadis, who, without playing any mischievous pranks, by weepings and tendernesses arrived to as great fame as the best of them all." "It seems to me," quoth Sancho, "that the knights, who acted in such manner, were provoked to it, and had a reason for doing these follies and penances. But pray what cause has your worship to run mad? What lady has disdained you? or what tokens have you discovered to convince you, that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso has committed folly either with Moor or Christian?" "There lies the point," answered Don Quixote, "and in this consists the finesse of my affair. A knight-errant, who runs mad upon a just occasion, deserves no thanks; but to do so without reason is the business, giving my lady to understand what I should perform in the warm, if I do this in the cold. How much rather, since I have cause enough given me by being so long absent from my ever-honoured lady Dulcinea del Toboso? for, as you have heard from that whilome shepherd Ambrosio, 'The absent feel and fear every ill.' So that, friend Sancho, do not waste time in counselling me to quit so rare, so happy, and so unheard-of an imitation. Mad I am, and mad I must be, until you return with an answer to a letter I intend to send by you to my lady Dulcinea: and if it prove such as my fidelity deserves, my madness and my penance will be at an end: but if it prove the contrary, I shall be mad in earnest; and being so, shall feel nothing. Thus, what answer soever she returns, I must get out of the conflict and pain wherein you leave me, either enjoying the good you shall bring, if in my senses; or not feeling the ill you bring, if out of them. But tell me, Sancho, have you taken care of Mambrino's helmet. I saw you take it off the ground, when that graceless fellow would have

[132] *Orlando furioso*, cantos 23 and following.

broken it to pieces, but could not; whence you may perceive the excellence of its temper." To this Sancho answered: "As God liveth, sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, I cannot endure nor bear with patience some things your worship says; they are enough to make me think, that all you tell me of chivalry, and of winning kingdoms and empires, of bestowing islands, and doing other favours and mighty things according to the custom of knights-errant, must be mere vapour and a lie, and all friction or fiction, or how do you call it? For to hear you say that a barber's basin is Mambrino's helmet, and that you cannot be beaten out of this error in several days, what can one think, but that he who says and affirms such a thing must be addle-brained? I have the basin in my wallet, all battered, and I carry it to get it mended at home, for the use of my beard, if Heaven be so gracious to me, as to restore me one time or other to my wife and children." "Behold, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I swear likewise, that thou hast the shallowest brain that any squire ever had in the world. Is it possible that, in all the time you have gone about with me, you do not perceive that all matters relating to knights-errant appear chimeras, follies and extravagancies, and seem all done by the rule of contraries? Not that they are in reality so, but because there is a crew of enchanters always about us, who alter and disguise all our matters, and turn them according to their own pleasure, and as they are inclined to favour or distress us. Hence it is that this, which appears to you but a barber's basin, appears to me Mambrino's helmet, and to another will perhaps appear something else. It was a singular foresight of the sage my friend, to make that appear to every body to be a basin, which really and truly is Mambrino's helmet; because, being of so great value, all the world would prosecute me, in order to take it from me; but seeing that they take it for nothing but a barber's basin, they do not trouble themselves to get it. This was evident in him who endeavoured to break it, and left it on the ground without carrying it off: for in faith, had he known what it was he would never have left it. Take care of it, friend; for I have no need of it at present: I rather think of putting off all my armour, and being naked as I was

born, in case I should have more mind to imitate Orlando in my penance, than Amadis."

While they were thus discoursing, they arrived at the foot of a steep rock, which stood prominently among several others that surrounded it, as if it had been hewn out from the rest. By its

skirts ran a gentle stream, and it was encircled by a meadow so verdant and fertile, that it delighted the eyes of all who beheld it. There grew about it several forest-trees, and some plants and flowers, which added greatly to the pleasantness of the place. This was the scene in which the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure chose to perform his penance. Upon viewing it, he thus broke out in a loud voice as if he had been beside himself: "This is the place, O ye Heavens, which I select and appoint for bewailing the misfortune in which you have involved me. This is the spot where my flowing tears shall increase the waters of the crystal rivulet, and my continual and profound sighs shall incessantly move the leaves of these lofty trees, in testimony and token of the pain my persecuted heart endures. O ye rural deities, whoever ye be that inhabit these

remote deserts, give ear to the complaints of an unhappy lover, whom long absence and some pangs of jealousy, have driven to bewail himself among these craggy rocks, and to complain of the cruelty of that ungrateful fair, the utmost extent and ultimate perfection of all human beauty. O ye Wood-Nymphs and Dryads, who are accustomed to inhabit the closest recesses of the mountains, may the nimble and lascivious satyrs by whom you are beloved in vain never disturb your sweet repose, assist me to lament my hard fate, or at least be not weary of hearing my moan! O Dulcinea del Toboso! light of my darkness, glory of my pain, the north-star of my travels, the overruling planet of my fortune, may Heaven prosper you in whatever you pray for! consider, I beseech you, the place and state to which your absence has reduced me, and how well you return what is due to my fidelity. O ye solitary trees, who from henceforth, are to be the companions of my retirement, wave gently your branches, in token of your kind acceptance of my person. [133] And, O thou, my squire, agreeable companion in my most prosperous and adverse fortune, carefully imprint in thy memory what thou shalt see me here perform, that thou mayest recount and recite it to her, who is the sole cause of it all!" Saying this, he alighted from Rocinante, and in an instant, took off his bridle and saddle; then giving him a slap on the haunch, he said to him: "O steed! as excellent for thy performances as unfortunate by thy fate, he gives thee liberty who wants it himself. Go whither thou wilt; for thou hast it written in thy forehead that neither Astolpho's hippogriff, nor the famous Frontino which cost Bradamante [134] so dear, could match thee in speed!"

Sancho, observing all this, said: "God's peace be with him who saved us the trouble of unpannelling my donkey, for in faith, he should not have wanted a slap nor a speech in his praise. But if he were here, I would not consent to his being unpannelled, there being no occasion for it. He had nothing to do with love or despair, any more than I, who was once his master, when it so pleased God.

[133] A burlesque imitation of the invocation of Albanio in the second eclogue of Garcilaso de la Vega.

[134] *Orlando furioso.* Canto 4, etc.

And truly, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, if it be so, that my departure and your madness go on in earnest, it will be needful to saddle Rocinante again, that he may supply the loss of my ass, and save me time in going and coming; for if I go on foot, I know not when I shall get thither, nor when return, being in truth a sorry footman."—"Be it as you will," answered Don Quixote; "for I do not disapprove your project; and I say you shall depart within three days, for I intend in that time to shew you what I do and say for her, that you may tell it her."—"What have I more to see," quoth Sancho, "than what I have already seen?"—"You are very far from being perfect in the story," answered Don Quixote; "for I have not yet torn my garments, scattered my arms about, and dashed my head against these rocks, with other things of the like sort, that will strike you with admiration."—"For the love of God," said Sancho, "have a care how you give yourself those knocks; for you may chance to light upon such an unlucky point of a rock, that at the first dash you may dissolve the whole machine of this penance. I should think, since your worship is of opinion that knocks of the head are necessary, and that this work cannot be done without them, you might content yourself, being all a fiction, a counterfeit and a sham, I say you might content yourself with running your head against water, or some soft thing, such as cotton; and leave it to me to tell my lady that you dashed your head against the point of a rock harder than that of a diamond."—"I thank you for your good will, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "but I would have you to know that all these things that I do are not in jest, but very good earnest; for otherwise it would be to transgress the rules of chivalry, which enjoin us to tell no lie at all on pain of being punished as apostates; and the doing one thing for another is the same as lying. Therefore my knocks on the head must be real, substantial and sound ones, without equivocation or mental reservation. However, it will be necessary to leave me some lint to heal me, since fortune will have it that we have lost the balsam." "It was worse to lose the ass," answered Sancho; "for in losing him we lost lint and every thing else. I beseech your worship not to put me in mind of that cursed drench;

for at barely hearing it mentioned my very soul is turned upside-down, to say nothing of my stomach. As for the three days allowed me for seeing the mad pranks you are to perform, make account, I beseech you, that they are already passed. I take them all for granted, and will tell wonders to my lady; but do you write the letter, and dispatch me quickly, for I long to come back, and release your worship from this purgatory wherein I leave you." "Purgatory, do you call it?" said Don Quixote. "Call it rather hell, or worse, if any thing can be worse."—"I have heard say," quoth Sancho, "that of hell *nulla est retentio.*[135] "—"I know not," said Don Quixote, "what *retentio* means." "*Retentio*," answered Sancho, "means, that he, who is once in hell, never does nor ever can get out. But it will be quite the reverse with your worship, or it shall go hard with my heels, if I have but spurs to awaken Rocinante. Let me but once get to Toboso, and into the presence of my lady Dulcinea, and I warrant you I will tell her such a story of the foolish and mad things, for they are all no better, which your worship has done, and is doing, that I shall bring her to be as supple as a glove, though I find her harder than a cork-tree; with whose sweet and honeyed answer I will return through the air like a witch, and fetch your worship out of this purgatory, which seems a hell, but is not, because there is hope to get out of it; which, as I have said, none can have that are really in, nor do I believe you will say otherwise."

"That is true," answered he of the Sorrowful Figure. "But how shall we contrive to write the letter?" "And the ass-colt bill," added Sancho. "Nothing shall be omitted," said Don Quixote. "And since we have no paper, we shall do well to write it, as the ancients did, on the leaves of trees, or on tablets of wax; though it will be as difficult to meet with these at present, as with paper. But now I recollect, it may be as well, or rather better, to write it in Cardenio's pocket-book. You must take care to get it fairly transcribed upon paper in the first town you come to, where there is a schoolmaster; or if there be none, any parish-clerk will do it

[135] In inferno nulla est redemptio.

for you: but be sure you give it to no hackney writer of the law, for the devil himself will never be able to read their confounded court-hand." "What must we do about the signing it with your own hand;" said Sancho. "Billet-doux are never subscribed," answered Don Quixote. "Very well," replied Sancho; "but the warrant for the colts must of necessity be signed by yourself; for, if that be copied, people will say the signing is counterfeited, and I shall be forced to go without the colts." "The warrant shall be signed in the same pocket-book; and at sight of it, my niece will make no difficulty to comply with it. As to what concerns the love-letter, let it be subscribed thus: '*Yours, until death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.*' And it is no great matter if it be in another hand; for, by what I remember, Dulcinea can neither write nor read, nor has she ever seen a letter or writing of mine in her whole life; for our loves have always been of the platonic kind, extending no farther than to modest looks at one another; and even those so very rarely, that I dare truly swear, in twelve years during which I have loved her more than the sight of these eyes, which the earth must one day devour, I have not seen her four times; and perhaps of these four times, she may not have once perceived that I looked at her. Such is the reserve and strictness with which her father, Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother, Aldonza Nogalès, have brought her up."

"Hey-day!" quoth Sancho, "what, the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo!—Is she the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, alias Aldonza Lorenzo?"—"It is even she," said Don Quixote? "and she who deserves to be mistress of the universe."—"I know her well," quoth Sancho, "and I can assure you she will pitch the bar with the stoutest swain in the parish. Long live the giver! Why she is a mettled lass, tall, straight and vigorous, and can make her part good with any knight-errant that shall have her for a mistress. O the jade! what a pair of lungs and a voice she has! I remember she got one day upon the church-steeple, to call some young ploughmen who were in the field of her father's, and though they were half a league off, they heard her as plainly as if they had stood at the foot of the tower. And the best of her is, that she is not at

all coy; for she has much of the courtier in her, and makes a jest and a may-game of every body. I say then, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, that you not only may and ought to run mad for her, but also you may justly despair and hang yourself, and nobody that hears it, but will say you did extremely well, though the devil should carry you away. I would fain be gone, if it were only to see her; for I have not seen her this many a day, and by this time she must needs be altered; for it mightily spoils women's faces to be always abroad in the field, exposed to the sun and weather. And I confess to your worship, Signor Don Quixote, that hitherto I have been in a great error; for I thought for certain that the lady Dulcinea was some great princess with whom you were in love, or at least some person of such great quality as to deserve the rich presents you have sent her, as well that of the Biscayan, as that of the galley-slaves; and many others there must have been,

considering the many victories you had gained before I came to be your squire. But, all things considered, what good can it do the lady Aldonza Lorenzo, I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, to have the vanquished, whom your worship sends or may send, fall upon their knees before her?—For who knows but, at the time they arrive, she may be carding flax, or threshing in the barn, and they may be ashamed to see her, and she may laugh, or be disgusted at the present." "I have often told thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that thou art an eternal babbler, and though void of wit, your bluntness often occasions smarting; but to convince you at once of your folly and my discretion, I will tell you a short story.

"Know then that a certain widow, handsome, young, gay and rich, and withal no prude, fell in love with a young, strapping, well set lay-brother. His superior heard of it, and one day took occasion to say to the good widow, by way of brotherly reprehension: "I wonder, madam, and not without great reason, that a woman of such quality, so beautiful and so rich, should fall in love with such a despicable, mean, silly fellow, when there are in this house, so many graduates, dignitaries and divines, among whom you might pick and choose, as you would among pears, and say: 'this I like, that I do not like'." But she answered him, with great frankness and good-humour: "You are much mistaken, worthy Sir, and think altogether in the old fashioned way, if you imagine that I have made an ill choice in that fellow, how silly soever he may appear; as for the purpose I intend him, he knows as much or more philosophy than Aristotle himself." In like manner, Sancho, Dulcinea del Toboso, for the purpose I intend her, deserves as highly as the greatest princess on earth. The poets, who have celebrated the praises of ladies under fictitious names imposed at pleasure, had not all of them real mistresses. Thinkest thou that the Amaryllises, the Phyllises, the Silvias, the Dianas, the Galateas, the Alices and the like, of whom books, ballads, barbers' shops and stage plays are full, were really mistresses of flesh and blood to those who have celebrated them? No, certainly; they are for the most part feigned, on purpose to be the subjects of their verse, and to make the authors pass for men of gallant and amorous

dispositions.[136] Therefore it is sufficient that I think and believe that the good Aldonza Lorenzo is beautiful and chaste. As to her lineage, it matters not, for there needs no enquiry about it, as if she were to receive some order of knighthood;* and for my part, I make account that she is the greatest princess in the world. You must know, Sancho, if you do not know it already, that two things above all others, incite to love: namely, beauty and reputation. Now both these are to be found in perfection in Dulcinea; for in beauty, none can be compared to her, and for a good name, few can come near her. To conclude, I imagine that every thing is exactly as I say, without addition or diminution; and I represent her to my thoughts just as I wish her to be, both in beauty and quality. Helen is not comparable to her, nor is she excelled by Lucretia, or any other of the famous women of antiquity, whether Grecian, Latin, or barbarian. Let every one say what he pleases; for if upon this account I am blamed by the ignorant, I shall not be censured by the most severe judges."—"Your worship," replied, Sancho "is always in the right and I am an ass. But why do I mention an ass, for one ought not to talk of an halter in his house who was hanged. But give me the letter, and God be with you; for I am upon the wing."

Don Quixote pulled out Cardenio's pocket-book, and stepping aside, began very gravely to write the letter. When he had done, he called Sancho, and said he would read it to him, that he might have it by heart if he should chance to lose it by the way; for every thing was to be feared from his ill-fortune. "Write it Sir," answered Sancho, "two or three times in the book, and give it me, and I will carry it carefully; but to think that I can carry it in my memory is a folly. My memory is so bad that I often forget my own name. Nevertheless, read it to me; I shall be glad to hear it, for it must needs be a clever one." "Listen then," said Don Quixote, "for it runs thus:—

[136] The poets, however, did not always celebrate imaginary beauties, and without recurring to the Beatrice of Dante or to the Laura of Petrarch, we may instance, in Spain, the Diana of Montemayor and the Galatea of Cervantes himself.

* Knights of Malta must be noble by father and mother for five generations, &c. For other honours, it is required that they be old Catholics, without any mixture of Moorish or Jewish blood.

"DON QUIXOTE TO DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

"High and Sovereign Lady,

"The stabbed by the point of absence, and the pierced to the heart, O sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, wishes you that health which he does not enjoy himself. If your beauty despises me, if your worth profits me nothing, and if your disdain still pursues me, though I am inured to suffering, I shall ill support an affliction, which is not only violent, but the more durable for being so. My good squire Sancho will give you a full account, O ungrateful fair! O beloved enemy! of the condition I am in for your sake. If it please you to relieve me, I am yours; if not, do what seems good to you, for by my death, I shall at once satisfy your cruelty and my own passion.

"Yours until death,

"THE KNIGHT OF THE SORROWFUL FIGURE."

"By the soul of my father," cried Sancho, when he had heard the letter read, "it is the toppingest thing I ever heard. Odds my life! how curiously your worship expresses in it whatever you please! and how excellently do you close all with *the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure!* Verily, your worship is the devil himself; and there is nothing but what you know." "My profession," answered Don Quixote, "requires me to understand every thing." "Well then," said Sancho, "pray clap on the other side the leaf, the bill for the three ass-colts, and sign it very plain, that people may know your hand at first sight."—"With all my heart," said Don Quixote. And having written it, he read as follows:

"Dear niece, at sight of this my first bill of ass-colts [137], give order that three of the five I left at home in your custody be delivered to Sancho Panza, my squire; which three colts I order to be delivered and paid for the like number received of him here in tale; and this, with his acquittance, shall be your discharge. Done* in the heart of the Sierra-Morena, the 27th of August, this present year."

[137] It is doubtless unnecessary to remark that, to augment the absurdity of this draft, Don Quixote employs the commercial form.

* The king of Spain writes, "Done at our court," &c. as the king of England does, "Given," &c.

"It is mighty well," said Sancho; "pray sign it." "It wants no signature," said Don Quixote; "I need only put my cipher to it, which is the same thing, and is sufficient, not only for three asses, but for three hundred." "I rely upon your worship," answered Sancho: "let me go and saddle Rocinante, and prepare to give me your blessing; for I intend to depart immediately, without staying to see the follies you are about to commit; and I will relate that I saw you act so many that she can desire no more." "At least, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I would have you see, nay, it is necessary, that you should see me naked, and do a dozen or two of mad pranks. I will dispatch them in less than half an hour; and having seen these with your own eyes, you may safely swear to those you intend to add; for assure yourself, you will not relate so many as I intend to perform." "For the love of God, dear Sir," quoth Sancho, "let me not see your worship naked; for it will move my compassion too much, and I shall not be able to forbear weeping; and my head aches so much from last night's grief for the loss of my poor donkey, that I am in no condition to begin new lamentations. If your worship has a mind I should be an eye-witness of some mad pranks, pray do them clothed, and with brevity, and let them be such as will stand you in most stead; and the rather, because for me there needed nothing of all this, and as I said before, it is but delaying my return with the news your worship so much desires and deserves. If otherwise, let the lady Dulcinea prepare herself; for if she does not answer as she should do, I protest solemnly that I will fetch it out of her stomach by dint of kicks and buffets; for it is not to be endured that so famous a knight-errant as your worship should run mad, without why or wherefore, for a——Let not madam provoke me to speak out; by Heaven I will split and out with all to her face. I am pretty good at this sport. She does not know me: if she did, in faith she would fast me like the vigil of a saint [138]." "In troth, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "to all appearance you are as mad as myself." "Not quite so mad," answered Sancho, "but a little more choleric.

[138] A Spanish expression, signifying, She would respect me.

But setting aside all this, what is it your worship is to eat until my return? Are you to go upon the highway to rob the shepherds, like Cardenio?" "Trouble not yourself about that," answered Don Quixote: "though I were provided, I would eat nothing but herbs and fruits, which this meadow and these trees will afford me. The object of my affair consists in not eating, and other austerities." Then Sancho said: "Do you know, Sir, what I fear? that I shall not be able to find the way again to this place, where I leave you, it is so concealed." "Observe well the marks, for I will endeavour to be hereabouts," said Don Quixote: "and I will moreover take care to get to the top of some of the highest cliffs, to see if I can discover you when you return. But the surest way not to miss me, nor lose yourself, will be to cut down some boughs off the many broom-shrubs that are here and there, and strew them as you go on,

until you get down into the plain. These branches will serve as land-marks and tokens to find me by at your return, in imitation of Perseus's [139] clue to the labyrinth."

"I will do so," answered Sancho Panza. And having cut down several, he begged his master's blessing, and not without many tears on both sides, took his leave of him. Mounting upon Rocinante, of whom Don Quixote gave him an especial charge, desiring him to be as careful of him as of his own proper person, he rode towards the plain, strewing broom-boughs here and there as his master had directed him; and so away he went, though Don Quixote still importuned him to stay and see him perform though it were but a couple of mad pranks. But he had not gone above a hundred paces, when he turned back, and said: "Your worship, Sir, said

[139] Don Quixote should have said Theseus.

very well that in order to my being able to swear with a safe conscience that I have seen you do mad tricks, it would be proper I should at least see you do one; though in truth I have seen a very great one already, in your staying here." "Did I not tell you so?" quoth Don Quixote: "stay but a moment, Sancho, I will dispatch them in less than a *credo*.*" Then stripping off his breeches in all haste, he remained naked from the waist downwards, and covered only with the tail of his shirt; and presently, without more ado, he cut a couple of capers in the air, and a brace of tumbles, head down and heels up, which made Sancho turn Rocinante about, not to see the extravagance a second time; and fully satisfied him, that he might safely swear his master was stark mad. We will now leave him going on his way until his return, which was speedy.

*The credo is so soon run over in the Catholic countries, that the repeating it is the usual proverb for brevity.

CHAPTER XII.

A CONTINUATION OF THE REFINEMENT PRACTISED BY DON QUIXOTE AS A LOVER IN THE SIERRA-MORENA.

NTERTAINING as well as instructive, the history, turning to recount what the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure did when he found himself alone, informs us that Don Quixote, having finished his tumbles and gambols, naked from the middle downward and clothed from the middle upward, and perceiving that Sancho was gone without caring to see any more of his foolish pranks, got upon the top of a high rock, and there began to think again of what he had often thought before, without ever coming to any resolution. This was to resolve which of the two was best and would stand him in most stead, to imitate Orlando in his extravagant madness, or Amadis in his melancholic moods. Talking to himself, he said. "If Orlando was so good and valiant a knight as every body allows he was, what wonder is it, since in short he was enchanted, and nobody could kill him but by thrusting a needle into the sole of his foot; and therefore he always wore shoes with six soles of iron[140]. These contrivances, however, stood him in no stead against Bernardo del Carpio, who

[140] It was Ferragus who wore seven sheets of iron over his stomach. (*Orlando furioso*, Canto 12.)

knew the secret, and pressed him to death between his arms, in Roncevalles. But setting aside his valour, let us come to his losing his wits, which it is certain he did, in consequence of finding certain tokens in the forest, and of the news brought him by the shepherd, that Angelica had slept more than two afternoons with Medoro, a little Moor with curled locks, and page to Agramant [141]. If he knew this to be true, and that his lady had played him false, he did no great matter in running mad. But how can I imitate him in his madness, if I do not imitate him in the occasion of them? for I dare swear, my Dulcinea del Toboso never saw the shadow of a Moor in all her life, and that she is this day as her mother that bore her. I should do her a manifest wrong, if, suspecting her, I should run mad of the same kind of madness with that of Orlando Furioso. On the other side, I see that Amadis de Gaul, without losing his wits, and without acting the madman, acquired the reputation of a lover, as much as the best of them. For as the history has it, finding himself disdained by his lady Oriana, who commanded him not to appear in her presence until it was her pleasure, he only retired to the Poor Rock, accompanied by a hermit, and there wept his belly-full until Heaven came to his relief, in the midst of his trouble and his excessive anguish. If this be true, as it really is, why should I take the pains to strip myself stark naked, or grieve these trees that never did me any harm? Neither have I any reason to disturb the water of these crystal streams, which are to furnish me with drink when I want it. Live the memory of Amadis, and let him be imitated, as far as may be, by Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom shall be said what was said of another, that, if he did not achieve great things, he died in attempting them [142]. If I am not rejected nor disdained by my Dulcinea, it is sufficient, as I have already said that I am absent from her. Well then; hands to your work; come to my memory, ye deeds of Amadis, and teach me where I am to begin to imitate you. But I know that the most he did was

[141] *Orlando furioso*, Canto 23.

[142] Phæton

Currus auriga paterni,
Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.
(Ovid., Met., lib. II.)

to pray; and so will I do." Whereupon Don Quixote strung some large galls of a cork tree to serve him for a rosary. But what troubled him very much, was his not having a hermit to hear his confession, and to comfort him; and so he passed the time in walking up and down the meadow, writing and graving on the barks of trees and in the fine sand a great many verses, all accommodated to his melancholy, and some in praise of Dulcinea. But those that were found entire and legible, after he was discovered in that place, were only the following. [143]

[143] These strophes are remarkable, in the original, for a singular arrangement and for the oddity of the expressions necessarily used to rhyme with Don Quixote's name: singularities entirely lost in the translation.

"Ye trees, ye plants, ye herbs that grow,
So tall, so green, around this place,
If ye rejoice not at my woe,
Hear me lament my piteous case.
Nor let my loud-resounding grief
Your tender trembling leaves dismay,
Whilst from my tears I seek relief,
In absence from Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

"Here the sad lover shuns the light,
By sorrow to this desert led;
Here, exiled from his lady's sight,
He seeks to hide his wretched head.
Here, bandied betwixt hopes and fears
By cruel love in wanton play,
He weeps a pipkin full of tears,
In absence from Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

"O'er craggy rocks he roves forlorn,
And seeks mishaps from place to place,
Cursing the proud relentless scorn
That banish'd him from human race.
To wound his tender bleeding heart,
Love's hands the cruel lash display;
He weeps, and feels the raging smart,
In absence from Dulcinea
Del Toboso."

The addition of *Del Toboso* to the name of Dulcinea, occasioned no small laughter in those who found the foregoing verses; for they concluded that Don Quixote imagined that if, in naming Dulcinea, he did not add *Del Toboso*, the couplet could not be understood: and it was really so, as he afterwards confessed. He wrote many others; but as has been said, they could transcribe no more than those three stanzas fair and entire. In this amusement, in sighing, and in invoking the fauns and sylvan deities of these woods, the nymphs of the brooks and the mournful and humid echo to answer, to condole and listen to his moan, he passed the time, and in gathering herbs to sustain himself until Sancho's return. If the latter had tarried three weeks, instead of three days, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure would have been so disfigured that the very mother who bore him could not have known him. But here it will be proper to leave him, wrapped up in his sighs and verses, to relate what befel Sancho in his embassy.

When he got into the high road, he steered towards Toboso; and the next day he came within sight of the inn where the mishap of the blanket had befallen him. He had no sooner discovered it at a distance than he fancied himself again flying in the air, and therefore would not go in, though it was the hour that he might and ought to have stopped, that is about noon; and though he had a mind to eat something warm, all having been cold treat with him for many days past. This necessity forced him to draw nigh to the inn, still doubting whether he should go in or not. While he was in suspense, there came out of the inn two persons who presently knew him; and one said to the other: "Pray, Signor licentiate, is not that Sancho Panza yonder on horseback, who, as our adventurer's housekeeper told us, went with her master as his squire?" "Yes it is," said the licentiate; "and that is our Don Quixote's horse." And no wonder they knew him so well, they being the priest and the barber of his village, and the persons who had made the scrutiny and the *auto-da-fé* of the books of chivalry. Having assured themselves that it was Sancho Panza and Rocinante, and being desirous withal to learn some tidings of Don Quixote, they went up to him and the priest, calling him by his name, said: "Friend Sancho

Panza, where have you left your master?" Sancho Panza immediately knew them, and resolved to conceal the place and circumstances in which he had left his master; so he answered, that he was very busy in a certain place and about a certain affair of the greatest importance to him, which he durst not discover for the eyes he had in his head. "No, no, Sancho Panza," quoth the barber; "if you do not tell us where he is, we shall conclude, as we do already, that you have murdered and robbed him, since you come thus upon his horse; and you shall produce the horse's owner, or woe be to you."—"I can see no reason why you should threaten me," quoth Sancho; "for I am not a man to rob or murder any body; let every man's fate kill him, or God that made him. My master is doing a certain penance, much to his liking, in the midst of yon mountains." And thereupon, very glibly and without hesitation, he related to them in what manner he had left him, the adventures that had befallen him, and how he was carrying a letter to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who who was the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, with whom his master was up to the ears in love.

They both stood in admiration at what Sancho told them; and though they already knew Don Quixote's madness, and of what kind it was, they were always struck with fresh wonder at hearing it. They desired Sancho Panza to shew them the letter he was carrying to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. He told them that it was written in a pocket-book, and that it was his master's order he should get it copied out upon paper at the first town he came to. The priest said if he would shew it him he would transcribe it in a very fair character. Sancho Panza put his hand into his bosom to take out the book, but found it not; nor could he have found it had he searched for it until now, for it remained with Don Quixote, who had forgotten to give it him, and he to ask for it. When Sancho perceived he had not the book, he turned as pale as death; and feeling again all over his body in a great hurry, and seeing it was not to be found, without more ado he laid hold of his beard with both hands and tore away half of it; and presently after, he gave himself half a dozen cuffs on the nose and mouth, and bathed them all in blood. Which the priest and barber seeing, they

asked him what had happened to him that he handled himself so roughly. "What should happen to me," answered Sancho, "but that I have lost, and let slip through my fingers three ass-colts, each of them as stately as a castle?" "How so?" replied the barber. "I have lost a pocket-book," answered Sancho, "in which was the letter to Dulcinea and a bill signed by my master, by which he ordered his niece to deliver to me three colts out of four or five he had at home." And with that he recounted to them the loss of his ass. The priest bid him be of good cheer, telling him that when he saw his master he would engage him to renew the order, and draw the bill over again upon paper, according to usage and custom, since those that were written in pocket-books were never accepted, nor complied with. Sancho was comforted by this, and said that since it was so, he was in no great pain for the loss of the letter to Dulcinea, for he could almost say it by heart; so that they might write it down from his mouth where and when they pleased. "Repeat it then, Sancho," quoth the barber, "and we will write it down after you." Then Sancho began to scratch his head to bring the letter to his remembrance; now he stood upon one foot, and then upon the other: one while he looked down upon the ground, another up to the sky; and when he had bitten off half a nail from one of his fingers, keeping them in suspense and expectation of hearing him repeat it, he said after a very long pause: "Before God, master licentiate, let the devil take all I remember of the letter; though at the beginning it said: '*High and subterrane lady*'." "No," said the barber, "not subterrane, but super-humane, or sovereign lady." "It was so," said Sancho. "Then, if I do not mistake, it went on, '*the wounded and the waking—and the smitten kisses your grace's hands, ungrateful and regardless fair;*' and then it said I know not what of '*health and sickness that he sent;*' and so he went on, until at last he ended with '*thine till death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.*'"

They were both not a little pleased to see how good a memory Sancho had, and commended it much, desiring him to repeat the letter twice more, that they also might get it by heart, in order to write it down in due time. Thrice Sancho repeated it, and

thrice he added three thousand other extravagances. After this, he recounted many other things concerning his master, but said not a word of the tossing in the blankets, which had happened to himself in that inn, into which he had refused to enter. He informed them likewise that his lord, upon his carrying him back a kind of despatch from his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, was to set forward to endeavour to become an emperor, or at least a king; for so it was concerted between them; and it would be a very easy matter to bring it about, considering the worth of his person and the strength of his arm: and when this was accomplished, his master was to marry him, for by that time he should without doubt be a widower, and to give him to wife one of the empress's maids of honour, heiress to a large and rich territory on the main land, for as to islands he was quite out of conceit with them.

Sancho said all this with so much gravity, ever and anon blowing his nose, and so much in his senses, that they were struck with fresh wonder at the powerful influence of Don Quixote's madness, which had carried away with it this poor fellow's understanding also. They would not give themselves the trouble to convince him of his error, thinking it better, since it did not at all hurt his conscience, to let him continue in it, besides that it would afford them the more pleasure in hearing his follies; and therefore they told him, he should pray to God for his lord's health, since it was very possible and very feasible for him, in process of time, to become an emperor, as he said, or at least an archbishop, or something else of equal dignity. "Gentlemen," replied Sancho, "if fortune should so order it that my master should take it into his head not to be made an emperor, but an archbishop, I would fain know what archbishops-errant[144] usually give to their squires?" "They usually give them," answered the priest, "some benefice, or cure, or vergership, which brings them in a good penny-rent, besides the perquisites of the altar, usually valued at as much more." "For this, it will be necessary," replied Sancho, "that the squire be not married, and that he knows at least the responses to the mass; and if so, woe is me; for I am married, and do not know the

[144] Like archbishop Turpin, in the *Morgante Maggiore* of Luigi Pulci.

first letter of A, B, C. What will become of me if my master should have a mind to be an archbishop, and not an emperor, as is the fashion and custom of knights-errant?"—"Be not uneasy, friend Sancho," said the barber; "for we will entreat your master, and advise him, and even make it a case of conscience, that he be an emperor and not an archbishop; for it will be better for him also, by reason he is more a soldier than a scholar." "I have thought the same," answered Sancho, "though I can affirm he has ability for every thing. What I intend to do, on my part, is to pray to the Lord, that he will direct him to that which is best for him, and will enable him to bestow most favours upon me." "You talk like a wise man," said the priest, "and will act therein like a good christian. But the next thing now to be done, is to contrive how we may bring your master off from the performance of that unprofitable penance; and that we may concert the proper measures, and get something to eat likewise, for it is high time, let us go into the inn." Sancho desired them to go in, and said he would stay there without, and afterwards he would tell them the reason why he did not, nor was it convenient for him to go in; but he prayed them to bring him out something to eat that was warm, and also some barley for Rocinante. They went in and left him, and soon after the barber brought him out some victuals.

They two having laid their heads together how to bring about

their design, the priest bethought himself of a device exactly fitted to Don Quixote's humour, and likely to effect what they desired. This was, as he told the barber, that he designed to put himself in the dress of a damsel-errant, and would have him to equip himself the best he could, so as to pass for his squire. In this disguise they were to go to the place where Don Quixote was; and the curate, pretending to be an afflicted damsel, and in distress, was to beg a boon of him, which he, as a valorous knight-errant, could not choose but vouchsafe. The boon he intended to beg was, that he would go with her whither she should carry him, to redress an injury done her by a discourteous knight, entreating him, at the same time, that he would not desire her to take off her mask, nor enquire any thing farther concerning her, until he had done her justice on that wicked knight. They did not doubt that Don Quixote would by this means be brought to do whatever they desired of him, and that they might thus bring him away from that place and carry him to his village, where they intended to try to find some remedy for his unaccountable madness.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER PUT THEIR DESIGN IN EXECUTION, WITH OTHER MATTERS WORTHY TO BE RECITED IN THIS HISTORY.

LIKING the priest's contrivance well, as the barber did, it was immediately put in execution. They borrowed of the landlady a petticoat and head-dress, leaving a new cassock of the priest's in pawn for them. The barber made himself a huge beard of the sorrel tail of a pied ox, in which the inn-keeper used to hang his comb. The hostess asked them why they desired those things. The priest gave them a brief account of Don Quixote's madness, and how necessary that disguise was in order to get him from the mountain where he then was. The host and hostess presently conjectured that this madman was he who had been their guest, the maker of the balsam and master of the blanketed squire; and they related to the priest what had passed between him and them, without sparing what Sancho so industriously concealed. In fine, the landlady equipped the priest so nicely that nothing could be better.

She put him on a cloth petticoat, laid thick with stripes of black

velvet, each the breadth of a span, all pinked and slashed, and a tight waistcoat of green velvet, trimmed with a border of white satin, which together with the petticoat must have been made in the days of king Wamba. [145] The priest would not consent to wear a woman's head-dress, but put on a little white quilted cap, which he wore of nights, and bound one of his garters of black taffeta about his forehead, and with the other made a kind of vizard which covered his face and beard very neatly. Then he sunk his head into his beaver, which was so broad-brimmed that it might serve him for an umbrella, and lapping himself up in his cloak, he got upon his mule sideways, like a woman; the barber got also upon his, with his beard that reached to his girdle, between sorrel and white, being, as has been said, made of the tail of a pied ox. They took leave of all, even of good Maritornes, who promised, though a sinner, to pray over an entire rosary that God might give them good success in so arduous and christian a business as that they had undertaken.

But scarcely had they got out of the inn, when the priest began

[154] A Gothic king, dethroned in 680, whose name remains popular in Spain.

to think he had done amiss in equipping himself after that manner, it being an indecent thing for a priest to be so accoutred, though much depended upon it; and acquainting the barber with his scruples he desired they might change dresses, it being fitter that the barber should personate the distressed damsel, and himself act the squire, as being a less profanation of his dignity; and if he would not consent to do so he was determined to proceed no farther, though the devil should run away with Don Quixote. Upon this Sancho came up to them, and seeing them both tricked up in that manner, could not forbear laughing. The barber consented to what the priest desired; and the scheme being thus altered, the priest began to instruct the barber how to act his part, and what expressions to use to Don Quixote to prevail upon him to go with them, and to make him out of conceit with the place he had chosen for his fruitless penance. The barber answered that without his instructions he would undertake to manage that point to a tittle. He would not put on the dress until they came near to the place where Don Quixote was; and so he folded up his habit, and the priest adjusted his beard, and on they went, Sancho Panza being their guide. On the way, the latter recounted to them what had taken place in relation to the madman they met in the mountain; taking care not to say a word of finding the portmanteau, and what was in it; for, with all his folly and simplicity, the spark was somewhat covetous.

The next day, they arrived at the place where Sancho had strewed the broom-boughs as tokens to ascertain the place where he had left his master. Directly Sancho saw them he told the curate and the barber that they were at the entrance into the mountain, and therefore they would do well to put on their disguise, if that was of any use toward delivering his master. They had previously told him that their going dressed in that manner was of the utmost importance towards disengaging the knight from that evil life he had chosen, and that he must by no means let his master know who they were, nor that he knew them: and if he should ask him, as no doubt he would, whether he had delivered the letter to Dulcinea,

he should say he had, and that she, not being able to read or write, had answered by word of mouth that she commanded him, on pain of her displeasure, to repair to her immediately, it being a matter of great consequence to him. For, they had added, with this, and what they intended to say to him themselves, they made sure of reducing him to a better life, and managing him so, that he should presently set out in order to become an emperor, or a king; for as to his being an archbishop, there was no need to fear that.

Sancho listened attentively to all this, imprinted it well in his memory, and thanked them mightily for their design of advising his lord to be an emperor and not an archbishop; for he was of opinion that, as to rewarding their squires, emperors could do more than archbishops-errant. He told them also, it would be proper he should go before to find him, and deliver him his lady's answer, as perhaps that alone would be sufficient to bring him out of that place, without their putting themselves to so much trouble. They approved of what Sancho said, and so they resolved to wait for his return with the news of finding his master. Sancho entered the openings of the mountain, leaving them in a place, through which there ran a little smooth stream, cool and pleasantly shaded by some rocks and neighbouring trees.

It was in the month of August, when the heats in those parts are very violent, and the hour was three in the afternoon. All this made the situation the more agreeable, and invited them to wait there for Sancho's return, which they accordingly did. While they reposed themselves in the shade, a voice reached their ears, which though unaccompanied by any instrument sounded sweetly and delightfully. They were not a little surprised, that being no place where they might expect to find a person who could sing so well, for though it is usually said, there are in the woods and fields shepherds with excellent voices, it is rather an exaggeration of the poets than what is really true. Their surprise redoubled when they observed that the verses they heard, were not like the compositions of rustic shepherds, but like those of witty and court-like

persons. And the words, which confirmed them in their opinion, were as follows. [146]

" What causes all my grief and pain?
Cruel disdain.
What aggravates my misery?
Accursed jealousy.
How has my soul its patience lost?
By tedious absence crost.
Alas! no balsam can be found
To heal the grief of such a wound,
When absence, jealousy and scorn,
Have left me hopeless and forlorn.

" What in my breast this grief could move?
Neglected love.
What doth my fond desires withstand?
Fate's cruel hand.
And what confirms my misery?
Heav'n's fixed decree.
Ah me! my boding fears portend
This strange disease my life will end;
For die I must, when three such foes,
Heav'n, Fate and Love, my bliss oppose.

[146] As the greatest charm of the three following stanzas consists in the construction of the verse and the ingenious arrangement of the words, we have, to make them understood, transcribed one of them from the original.

¿ Quien menoscaba mis bienes?
Desdenes.
¿ Y quien aumenta mis duelos?
Los zelos.
¿ Y quien prueba mi paciencia?
Ausencia.
De ese modo en mi dolencia
Ningun remedio se alcanza,
Pues me matan la esperanza
Desdenes, zelos y ausencia.

"My peace of mind what can restore?
Death's welcome hour.
What gains love's joys most readily?
Fickle inconstancy.
Its pains what medicine can assuage?
Wild frenzy's rage.
'Tis therefore little wisdom, sure,
For such a grief to seek a cure,
As knows no better remedy,
Than frenzy, death, inconstancy."

The hour, the season, the solitude, the voice and the skill of the person who sung, raised both wonder and delight in the two hearers. They lay still hoping perchance to hear something more: but perceiving the silence continue a good while, they resolved to issue forth in search of the musician who had sung so agreeably. Just as they were about to do so, the same voice hindered them from stirring, and again reached their ears. It sang the following

SONNET.

"Friendship, that hast with nimble flight
Exulting gain'd th' empyreal height,
In Heav'n to dwell, whilst here below
Thy semblance reigns in mimic show.
From thence to earth, at thy behest,
Descends fair Peace, celestial guest.
Beneath whose veil of shining hue
Deceit oft lurks, conceal'd from view.
Leave, Friendship, leave thy heav'nly seat,
Or strip thy livery off the cheat.
If still he wears thy borrowed smiles,
And still unwary truth beguiles,
Soon must this dark terrestrial ball
Into its first confusion fall."

The song ended with a deep sigh, and they again listened very

attentively in hopes of more; but finding that the music was changed into sobs and groans, they agreed to go and find out the unhappy person whose voice was as excellent as his complaints were mournful. They had not gone far when, on doubling the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the same stature and figure that Sancho had described to them when he told them the story of Cardenio. The man expressed no surprise at the sight of them, but stood still, inclining his head upon his breast, in a pensive posture, without lifting up his eyes to look at them, until just at the instant when they came unexpectedly upon him. The priest, who was a well-spoken man, being already acquainted with his misfortune, and knowing him by the description, went up to him, and in a few but very significant words entreated and pressed him to forsake that miserable kind of life, lest he should die in that place, which of all misfortunes would be the greatest.—Cardenio was then in his perfect senses, free from the outrageous fits that so often drove him beside himself. Seeing them both in a dress not worn by any that frequented those solitudes, he could not forbear wondering at them for some time, and especially when he heard them speak of his affair as a thing known to them; for the priest's words gave him no reason to doubt that they were acquainted with his history. He therefore answered in this manner: "I am sensible, gentlemen, whoever you be, that Heaven, which takes care to relieve the good, and very often even the bad, sometimes, without any desert of mine, sends into these places, so remote and distant from the commerce of human kind, persons who setting before my eyes, with variety of lively arguments, how far the life I lead is from being reasonable, have endeavoured to draw me from hence to some better place. But not knowing as I do, that I shall no sooner get out of this mischief than I shall fall into a greater, they doubtless take me for a very weak man, and perhaps what is worse for a fool or madman. And no wonder; for I have some apprehension that the sense of my misfortunes is so forcible and intense, and so prevalent to my destruction, that without my being able to prevent it I sometimes become like a stone, void of all knowledge and sensation. I find this to be the case by people's telling and shewing me the

marks of what I have done while the terrible fit has had the mastery of me. All I can then do is to bewail myself in vain, to load my fortune with unavailing curses, and to excuse my follies by telling the occasion of them to as many as will hear me. Men of sense, seeing the cause, will not wonder at the effects; and if they administer no remedy, at least they will not throw the blame upon me, but convert their displeasure at my behaviour into compassion for my misfortune. If gentlemen, you come with the same intention that others have done, before you proceed any farther in your prudent persuasions, I beseech you to hear the account of my numberless misfortunes. Perhaps when you have heard it, you may save yourselves the trouble of endeavouring to cure a malady which is shut out from all consolation."

The two friends, who desired nothing more than to learn from his own mouth the cause of his misery, entreated him to relate it, assuring him they would do nothing but what he desired, either by way of remedy or advice. Upon this the poor gentleman began his melancholy story, almost in the same words and method he had used in relating it to Don Quixote and the goatherd some few days before, when on the mentioning of master Elisabat, and Don Quixote's punctuality in observing the decorum of knight-errantry, the tale was cut short, as the history left it above. But now, as good fortune would have it, Cardenio's mad fit was suspended, and afforded him leisure to rehearse it to the end.

When he came to the passage of the love-letter which Don Fernando found between the leaves of the book of Amadis de Gaul, he said: "I remember it perfectly well, and it is as follows;

"'LUCINDA TO CARDENIO.

"'I every day discover such worth in you, as forces me to esteem you more and more. If therefore, you would put it in my power to discharge my obligations to you, without prejudice to my honour, you may easily do so. I have a father who knows

you and has an affection for me; who will never force my inclinations, and will comply with whatever you can justly desire, if you really have that value for me which you profess, and I believe you have.'

"This letter made me resolve to demand Lucinda in marriage, as I have already related, and was one of those which gave Don Fernando such an opinion of Lucinda, that he looked upon her as one of the most sensible and prudent women of her time. It was this letter which put him upon the design of undoing me, before mine could be effected. I told Don Fernando what Lucinda's father expected, which was, that my father should propose the match; and that I durst not mention it to him lest he should not come into it; not because he was unacquainted with the circumstances, goodness, virtue and beauty of Lucinda, and that she had qualities sufficient to adorn any other family of Spain whatever, but because I understood by him that he was desirous I should not marry soon, but wait until we should see what duke Ricardo would do for me. In a word, I told him that I durst not venture to speak to my father about it, as well for that reason, as for many others which disheartened me, I knew not why; only I presaged that my desires were never to take effect. To all this Don Fernando answered that he took it upon himself to speak to my father, and to prevail upon him to speak to Lucinda's. [147] Oh treacherous friend! O ungrateful, perfidious and cruel man!—what disservice had the poor wretch done you, who so frankly discovered to you the secrets and the joys of his heart? Wherein had I offended you? what words did I ever utter, or advice did I ever give, that were not all directed to the increase of your honour and your interest? But alas! why do I complain? miserable wretch that I am! Is it not certain that when the strong influences of the stars pour down misfortunes upon us, they fall from on high with such violence and fury that no human force can stop them, no

[147] Notwithstanding our respect to the text of Cervantes, we have, after M. Viardot, here suppressed a long and useless series of imprecations, in which Cardenio gives to Fernando the names of Marius, of Sylla, Cataline, Julian &c., accompanying them with their classic epithets. This college erudition would be a stain in a narration habitually simple and always touching.

human address prevent them? Who could have thought that Don Fernando, an illustrious cavalier, of good sense, obliged by my services and secure of success wherever his amorous inclinations led him, should take such cruel pains to deprive me of my single ewe-lamb,[148] which yet was not in my possession! But let me set aside these vain and unprofitable reflections, and resume the broken thread of my unhappy story.

"Don Fernando, thinking my presence an obstacle to the putting his treacherous and wicked design in execution, resolved to send me to his elder brother for money to pay for six horses, which, merely for the purpose of getting me out of the way, that he might the better succeed in his hellish intent, he had bought that very day on which he offered to speak to my father, and on which he dispatched me for the money. Could I prevent this treachery? could I, alas! so much as suspect it? No, certainly: on the contrary, with great pleasure I offered to depart instantly, well satisfied with the good bargain he had made. That night I spoke with Lucinda, and told her what had been agreed upon between Don Fernando and me, bidding her not doubt the success of our just and honourable desires. She, as little suspecting Don Fernando's treachery as I did, desired me to make haste back, believing that the completion of our wishes would be no longer deferred than until my father had spoken to her's. I know not whence it was, but she had no sooner said this than her eyes stood full of tears, and some sudden obstruction in her throat would not suffer her to utter one word of the many she seemed endeavouring to say to me. I was astonished at this strange accident, having never seen the like in her before; for whenever good fortune or my assiduity gave us an opportunity, we always conversed with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, nor ever intermixed with our discourse tears, sighs, jealousies, suspicions or fears. I did nothing but applaud my good fortune in having her given me by Heaven for a mistress; I magnified her beauty, and admired her merit and understanding. She returned the compliment by

[148] The prophet Nathan's parable to David, to reproach him for carrying off Uriah's wife. (II Samuel, chap. 12.)

commending in me what, as a lover, she thought worthy of commendation. We told one another a hundred little childish stories, concerning our neighbours and acquaintance; and the greatest length my presumption ever ran was to seize, as it were by force, one of her fair and snowy hands, and press it to my lips as well as the narrowness of the iron grate which was between us would permit. But the night that preceded the doleful day of my departure she wept and sighed, and withdrew abruptly, leaving me full of confusion and trepidation, and astonished at seeing such new and sad tokens of grief and tender concern in Lucinda. Not however to destroy my hopes, I ascribed it all to the violence of the love she bore me, and to the sorrow which parting occasions in those who love one another tenderly. In short, I went away sad and pensive, my soul filled with imaginations and suspicions, without knowing what I imagined or suspected: all manifest presages of the dismal event reserved in store for me.

"I arrived at the place whither I was sent; I gave the letters to Don Fernando's brother; I was well received, but my business was not soon dispatched, for he ordered me to wait, much to my sorrow, eight days, and to keep out of his father's sight; for his brother, he said, had written to him to send him a certain sum of money, without the duke's knowledge. All this was a contrivance of the false Don Fernando; for his brother did not want money to have dispatched me immediately. This injunction put me into such a condition, that I could not presently think of obeying it, it seeming to me impossible to support life under an absence of so many days from Lucinda, especially considering I had left her in great sorrow, as I have already told you. Nevertheless I did obey, like a good servant, though I found it was likely to be at the expense of my health. Four days after my arrival, there came a man in quest of me with a letter, which he gave me, and which by the address, I knew to be from Lucinda. I opened it with fear and trembling, believing it must be some very extraordinary matter that induced her to write to me at a distance, a thing she very seldom did when I was near her. Before I read it, I enquired of the messenger who gave it him, and how long he had been coming. He told me that

as he was passing accidentally through a street of the town about noon, a very beautiful lady, with tears in her eyes, called to him from a window, and said to him in a great hurry: "Friend, if you are a christian, as you seem to be, I beg of you for the love of God to carry this letter with all expedition to the place and person it is directed to, for both are well known; and in so doing, you will do a charity acceptable to our Lord. And that you may not want wherewithal to do it, take what is tied up in this handkerchief." "And so saying," added the messenger, "she threw the handkerchief out of the window, in which were tied up a hundred

reals and this gold ring with the letter I have given you; then without staying for my answer, she immediately quitted the window, not however, without observing that I picked up the letter and the

handkerchief, and assured her by signs that I would do what she commanded. Seeing myself so well paid for the pains I was to take in bringing the letter, and knowing by the superscription it was for you, Sir, for I know you very well, and obliged besides by the tears of that beautiful lady, I resolved not to trust any other person, but to deliver it to you with my own hands; and in sixteen hours, for so long it is since it was given me, I have performed the journey, which you know is eighteen leagues." While the kind messenger was speaking thus to me, I hung upon his words, my legs trembling so that I could scarce stand. At length I opened the letter, and saw it contained these few words:

"'The promise Don Fernando gave you, that he would desire your father to speak to mine, he has fulfilled, more for his own gratification than your interest. Know, Sir, he has demanded me to wife; and my father, allured by the advantage he thinks Don Fernando has over you, has accepted this proposal with so much earnestness that the marriage is to be solemnized two days hence, and that with so much secresy and privacy that Heaven, and a few of our family, are to be the only witnesses of it. Imagine what a condition I am in, and consider whether it be convenient for you to return home. Whether I love you or not, the event of this business will shew you. God grant this may come to your hand before mine be reduced to the extremity of being joined with his, who keeps his promised faith so ill.'

"These, in fine, were the contents of the letter. No sooner had I finished reading it than I set out immediately, without waiting for either answer or money, for I plainly perceived it was not the buying of the horses, but the indulging his own pleasures, that had moved Don Fernando to send me to his brother. The rage I conceived against Don Fernando, joined with the fear of losing the prize I had acquired by the services and cares of so many years, added wings to my speed. The next day I reached our town, at the hour and moment most convenient for me to go

and talk with Lucinda. I went privately, having left the mule I rode on at the house of the honest man who brought me the letter. Fortune, which I then found propitious, so ordered it that Lucinda was standing at the grate,* the witness of our loves. We immediately recognized each other, but not as she ought to have known me, and I her.—Who, alas! is there in the world that can boast of having fathomed and thoroughly seen into the intricate and variable nature of a woman? Nobody, certainly. As soon as Lucinda saw me, she said: "Cardenio, I am in my bridal habit; there are now staying for me in the hall the treacherous Don Fernando and my covetous father, with some others, who shall sooner be witnesses of my death than of my nuptials. Be not troubled, my friend, but procure the means to be present at this sacrifice: if my arguments cannot prevent it, I carry a dagger about me which can prevent a more determined force, by putting an end to my life and giving you a convincing proof of the affection I have borne, and still do bear you." I replied to her with confusion and precipitation, fearing I should want time to answer her: "Let your actions O Lucinda, make good your words; if you carry a dagger to secure your honour, I carry a sword to defend you, or kill myself if fortune proves adverse." I do not believe she heard all these words, as she was called away hastily, for the bridegroom waited for her. Herewith the night of my sorrow was fallen, the sun of my joy was set; I remained without light in my eyes, without judgment in my intellects. I was irresolute as to going into her house, nor did I know which way to turn me; but when I reflected on the consequence of my being present at what might happen in that case, I animated myself the best I could, and at last got into her house. As I was perfectly acquainted with all the avenues, and the whole family was busied about the secret affair then transacting, I escaped being perceived by any body; and so, without being seen, I had leisure to place myself in the hollow of a bow-window of the hall, behind the hangings where two pieces of tapestry met. Thence, without being

* In Spain, lovers carry on their courtship at a low window, with a grate before it, being seldom admitted into the house until the parents on both sides are agreed.

seen myself, I could see all that was done in the hall. Who can describe the emotions and beatings of heart I felt while I stood there? the thoughts that occurred to me? the reflections I made? Such and so many were they, that they neither can nor ought to be told. Let it suffice to tell you, that the bridegroom came into the hall, without other ornament than the clothes he usually wore. He had with him for brideman a cousin-german of Lucinda's, and there was no other person in the room but the servants of the house. Soon after, from a withdrawing room, came out Lucinda, accompanied by her mother and two of her own maids, as richly dressed and adorned as her quality and beauty deserved, and as befitted the height and perfection of all that was gallant and court-like. The agony and distraction I was in gave me no leisure to view and observe the particulars of her dress; I could only take notice of the colours, which were carnation and white, and of the splendour of the precious stones and jewels of her head-dress, and of the rest of her habit. Nothing could exceed the singular beauty of her fair and golden tresses, which, vying with the precious stones and the light of four flambeaux that were in the hall, struck the eyes with superior brightness. O memory! thou mortal enemy of my repose! why dost thou represent to me now the incomparable beauty of that my adored enemy? Were it not better, cruel memory, to recall to my imagination what she then did, that moved by so flagrant an injury, I may strive, since I do not revenge it, at least to put an end to my life. Be not weary, gentlemen, of hearing these sorrowful digressions; for my misfortune is not of that kind that can or ought to be related succinctly and methodically: each circumstance seems to me to deserve a long discourse."

The priest replied that, not only were they not tired with hearing it, but they took great pleasure in the minutest particulars he recounted, being such as did not deserve to be passed over in silence, and merited the same attention as the principal parts of the story.

"I say then," continued Cardenio, "that they being all assembled in the hall, the parish-priest entered, and took them both by the hand, in order to perform what is necessary on such occasions.

When he came to these words: 'Will you, Madam, take Signor Don Fernando who is here present, for your lawful husband, as our holy mother the church commands?' I thrust out my head and neck through the partings of the tapestry, and with the utmost attention and distraction of soul, set myself to listen to what Lucinda answered, expecting from her answer the sentence of my death or the confirmation of my life. Oh! that I had dared to venture out then, and to have cried aloud: "Ah Lucinda, Lucinda! take heed what you do; consider what you owe me: behold you are mine, and cannot be another's. Take notice that your saying *yes*, and the putting an end to my life, will both happen in the same moment. —Ah, traitor Don Fernando! ravisher of my glory, death of my life! what is it you would have? what is it you pretend to? Consider that you cannot as a christian arrive at the end of your desires; for Lucinda is my wife, and I am her husband." Ah! fool that I am! now that I am absent, and at a distance from the danger, I am saying I ought to have done what I did not do. Now that I have

suffered myself to be robbed of my soul's treasure, I am cursing the thief, on whom I might have revenged myself if I had had as much heart to do it as I have now to complain. In short, since I was then a coward and a fool, no wonder if I die now ashamed, repentant and mad. The priest stood expecting Lucinda's answer, who gave it not for a long time; and when I thought she was pulling out the dagger in defence of her honour, or letting loose her tongue to avow some truth which might undeceive them and redound to my advantage, I heard her say with a low and faint voice, *I will.* The same said Don Fernando; and the ring being put on, they remained tied in an indissoluble band. The bridegroom came to embrace his bride; and she, laying her hand on her heart, swooned away in her mother's arms.

"It remains now to tell you what condition I was in, when I saw in the fatal affirmative I had heard, my hopes frustrated, Lucinda's vows and promises broken, and no possibility left of ever recovering the happiness I in that moment lost. I was totally confounded, thinking myself abandoned of Heaven, and become an enemy to the earth that sustained me, the air denying me breath for my sighs, and the water moisture for my tears; the fire alone was so increased in me, that I was all inflamed with rage and jealousy. They were all affrighted at Lucinda's swooning; and her mother unlacing her bosom to give her air, she discovered in it a paper folded up, which Don Fernando presently seized, and read it by the light of the flambeaux. Having done reading it, he sat himself down in a chair, leaning his cheek on his hand, with all the signs of a man full of thought, and without attending to the means that were using to recover his bride from her fainting fit.

"Perceiving the whole house in a consternation, I ventured out, not caring whether I was seen or not; and with a determined resolution, if seen, to act so desperate a part, that all the world should know the just indignation of my breast, by the chastisement of the false Don Fernando, and of the fickle, though swooning traitress. But my fate, which has doubtless reserved me for greater evils, if greater can possibly be, ordained that at that juncture I had the use of my understanding, which has since failed

me. Accordingly, without thinking to take revenge on my greatest enemies, which might very easily have been done when they thought so little of me, I resolved to take it on myself, and to execute on my own person that punishment which they deserved; and perhaps with greater rigour than I should have done on them, even in taking away their lives, for a sudden death soon puts one out of pain, but that which is prolonged by tortures is always killing, without putting an end to life. In a word, I got out of the house, and went to the place where I had left the mule. I got it saddled; and without taking any leave, I mounted and rode out of the town, not daring, like another Lot, to look behind me. When I found myself in the fields alone, and covered by the darkness of the night, and the silence thereof inviting me to complain without regard or fear of being heard or known, I gave a loose to my voice, and untied my tongue in a thousand exclamations on Lucinda and Don Fernando, as if that had been satisfaction for the wrong they had done me. I called her cruel, false and ungrateful; but above all covetous, since the wealth of my enemy had shut the eyes of her affection and withdrawn it from me, to engage it to another to whom fortune had shewn herself more bountiful and liberal. But in the height of these curses and reproaches I excused her, saying: "It was no wonder that a maiden, kept up close in her father's house, and always accustomed to obey her parents, should comply with their inclination, especially since they gave her for a husband, so considerable, so rich and so accomplished a cavalier; and that to have refused him, would have made people think she had no judgment, or that her affections were engaged elsewhere; either of which would have redounded to the prejudice of her honour and good name. But on the other hand, supposing she had owned her engagement to me, it would have appeared that she had not made so ill a choice, but she might have been excused, since, before Don Fernando offered himself, they themselves could not consistently with reason have desired a better match for their daughter. How easily might she, before she came to the last extremity of giving her hand, have said that I had already given her mine; for I would have appeared, and confirmed whatever she had invented on this occasion." In fine, I concluded that little

love, little judgment, much ambition and desire of greatness, had made her forget those words by which she had deluded, kept up and nourished my firm hopes, my honest desires.

"With such soliloquies and agitation I journeyed on the rest of the night, and at day-break arrived at an opening into these mountainous parts. I entered it, and went on three days more without any road or path, until at last I came to a certain meadow that lies somewhere hereabouts, and I enquired of some shepherds which was the most solitary part of these craggy rocks. They directed me towards this place. I presently came hither with design to end my life here; and at the entering among these brakes, my mule fell down dead through weariness and hunger, or as I rather

believe, to be rid of so useless a burden. Thus was I left on foot, quite spent and famished, without having or desiring any relief. In this manner I continued, I know not how long, extended on the ground; at length I got up, somewhat refreshed, and found near me some goatherds, who must needs be the persons that relieved my necessity; for they told me in what condition they found me, and that I said so many senseless and extravagant things that they wanted no further proof of my having lost my understanding. Alas! I am sensible I have not been perfectly right ever since; on the

contrary, so shattered and crazy, that I commit a thousand extravagances, tearing my garments, howling aloud through these solitudes, cursing my fortune, and in vain repeating the beloved name of my enemy, without any other design or intent than to end my life with outcries and exclamations. When I come to myself, I find I am so weary and so sore, that I can hardly stir. My usual abode is in the hollow of a cork-tree, large enough to be an habitation for this miserable carcase. The goatherds, who feed their cattle hereabouts, provide me sustenance out of charity, laying victuals on the rocks, and in places where they think I may chance to pass and find it: and though at such times I happen to be out of my senses, natural necessity makes me know my nourishment, and awakes in me an appetite to desire it and will to take it. At other times, as they tell me when they meet me in my senses, I come into the road, and though the shepherds who are bringing food

from the village to their huts, willingly offer me a part of it, I rather choose to take it from them by force. Thus I pass my sad and miserable life, waiting until it shall please Heaven to bring it to a final period, or by fixing the thoughts of that day in my mind, to erase out of it all memory of the beauty and treachery of Lucinda, and the wrongs done me by Don Fernando. If it vouchsafes me this mercy before I die, my thoughts will take a more rational turn; if not, it remains only to beseech God to have mercy on my soul; for I feel no ability nor strength in myself to raise my body out of this strait into which I have voluntarily brought it.

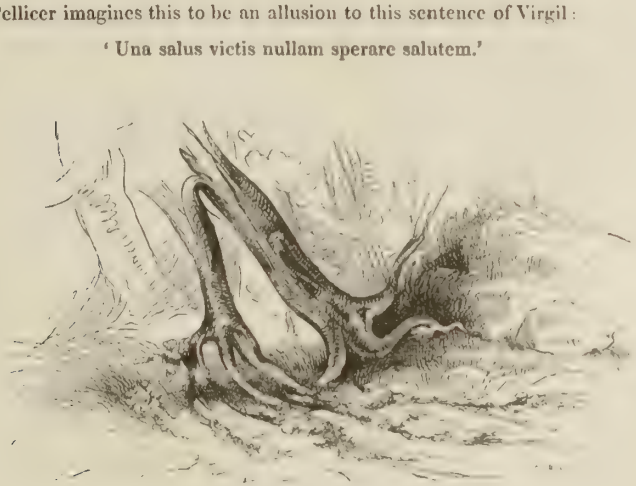
"This, gentlemen, is the bitter story of my misfortune. Tell me now, could it be borne with less concern than you have perceived in

me? Pray give yourselves no trouble to persuade or advise me to follow what you may think reasonable and proper for my cure; for it will do me just as much good, as a medicine prescribed by a skilful physician will do a sick man who refuses to take it. I will have no health without Lucinda; and since she was pleased to give herself to another when she was or ought to have been mine, let me have the pleasure of indulging myself in unhappiness, since I might have been happy if I had pleased. She, by her mutability, would have me irretrievably undone: I, by endeavouring to destroy myself, would satisfy her will; and I shall stand an example to posterity of having been the only unfortunate person whom the impossibility of receiving consolation [149] could not comfort, but plunged in still greater afflictions and misfortunes; for I verily believe they will not have an end even in death itself."

Here Cardenio terminated the long recital of his story, no less full of misfortunes than of love; and just as the priest was preparing to say something to him by way of consolation, he was prevented by a voice, which in mournful accents said what will be related in the fourth book of this history; for at this point the wise and judicious historian, Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, puts an end to the third.

[149] Pellicer imagines this to be an allusion to this sentence of Virgil:

'Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.'



PART I. BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH TREATS OF THE NEW AND AGREEABLE ADVENTURE THAT BEFEL THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER IN THE SIERRA-MORENA.

HAPPY, thrice happy were the times in which the most daring knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, was ushered into the world. Since through the so honourable resolution he took of reviving and restoring to the world the long since lost, and as it were buried, order of knight-errantry, we, in these our times, barren and unfruitful of amusing entertainments, enjoy not only the sweets of his true history, but also the stories and episodes of it, which are, in some sort, no less pleasing,

artificial and true, than the history itself.[150] The latter, resuming the broken thread of the narrative, relates that as the priest was preparing himself to comfort Cardenio, he was hindered by a voice, which, with mournful accents, spoke in this manner:

"O Heavens! is it possible I have at last found a place that can afford a secret grave for the irksome burden of this body, which I bear about so much against my will? Yes, it is, if the solitude which these rocks promise, do not deceive me. Ah, woe is me! how much more agreeable society shall I find in these crags and brakes, which will at least afford me leisure to communicate my miseries to Heaven by complaints, than in the conversation of men, since there is no one living from whom I can expect counsel in doubts, ease in complaints, or remedy in misfortunes."

The priest and they that were with him heard all this very distinctly; and perceiving that the voice was near them they rose up in quest of the speaker. They had not gone twenty paces, when on turning the corner of a rock, they espied a youth, dressed like a peasant, sitting at the foot of an ash-tree, whose face they could not then discern, because he hung down his head, on account that he was washing his feet in a rivulet which ran by. They drew near so silently that he did not hear them; nor was he intent upon any thing but washing his feet, which were such, that they seemed to be two pieces of pure crystal growing among the other pebbles of the brook. They stood in admiration at the whiteness and beauty of the feet, which did not seem to them to be made for breaking of clods, or following the plough, as their owner's dress might have persuaded them they were. Finding they were not perceived, the priest, who went foremost, made signs to the other two to crouch low, or hide themselves behind some of the rocks thereabouts. They accordingly did so, and stood observing attentively what the youth was doing. He had on a grey double-skirted jerkin, girt tight about his body with a linen towel. He wore also a pair of breeches

[150] Notwithstanding this panegyric on the episodes introduced into the first part of *Don Quixote*, Cervantes himself criticises them, by the mouth of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, in the second part, which is much less charged with strange incidents.

and gamashes of grey cloth, and a grey *montera* [151] on his head. His gamashes were now pulled up to the middle of his leg, which really seemed to be of snowy alabaster. Having made an end of washing his beauteous feet, he immediately wiped them with a handkerchief, which he pulled out from under his *montera*; and in taking it from thence, he lifted up his face, and the lookers-on had an opportunity of beholding so incomparable a beauty, that Cardenio said to the priest in a low voice: "Since this is not Lucinda, it can certainly be no human creature." The youth took off his *montera*, and shaking his head, there began to flow down

[151] A sort of head-piece without a visor, worn by the peasants of La Mancha and Andalusia.

and spread over his shoulders a quantity of lovely hair, that Apollo himself might envy. By this they found that the person who seemed to be a peasant was in reality a woman, and a delicate one, nay, the handsomest that two of the three had ever beheld with their eyes, or even Cardenio himself, if he had never seen and known Lucinda; for as he afterwards affirmed, the beauty of Lucinda alone could come in competition with her's. Her long and golden tresses not only fell on her shoulders, but covered her whole body, excepting her feet. Her fingers served instead of a comb; and if her feet in the water seemed to be of crystal, her hands in her hair were like driven snow. All this excited a still greater admiration and desire in the three spectators to learn who she was. They resolved to shew themselves; and at the rustling they made in getting upon their feet, the beautiful maiden raised her head, and, parting her hair from before her eyes with both her hands, saw those who had made the noise. No sooner had she set her eyes on them than she rose up, and without staying to put on her shoes or re-arrange her hair, hastily snatched up something like a bundle of

clothes, which lay close by her, and betook herself to flight, in great confusion and surprise. But she had not gone six steps when, her tender feet not being able to endure the sharpness of the stones, she fell down. On seeing this the three went up to her; the priest was there first, and said: "Stay, madam, whoever you are; for those you see here have no other intention but that of serving you. There is no reason why you should endeavour to make so needless an escape, which neither your feet can bear, nor we permit." To all this she answered not a word, being astonished and confounded. Then the priest, taking hold of her hand, went on saying; "What your dress, madam, would conceal from us, your hair discovers; a manifest indication, that no slight cause has disguised your beauty in so unworthy a habit, and brought you to such a solitude as this, in which it has been our good luck to find you, if not to administer a remedy to your misfortunes, at least to assist you with our advice. No evil, which does not destroy life itself, can afflict so much, or arrive to such extremity, as to make the sufferer refuse to hearken to advice, when given with a sincere intention. Therefore, dear madam, or dear Sir, or whatever you please to be, shake off the surprise which the sight of us has occasioned, and relate to us your good or ill fortune; for you will find us jointly or severally disposed to sympathize with you in your misfortunes."

While the priest was saying this, the disguised maiden stood like one stupified, her eyes fixed on them all, without moving her lips, or speaking a word: just like a country clown, when he is shewn of a sudden something curious, or which he has never seen before. But the priest adding more to the same purpose, she fetched a deep sigh, and thus spoke: "Since neither the solitude of these rocks has been sufficient to conceal me, and the discomposure of my hair has suffered my tongue to belie my sex, it would be in vain for me now to dress up a fiction, which, if you seemed to give credit to, it would be rather out of complaisance than for any other reason. This being the case, I say, gentlemen, that I take kindly the offers you have made me, which have laid me under an obligation to satisfy you in whatever you have desired of me; though I fear the relation I shall make of my misfortunes will raise in you a concern equal to your compassion;

since it will not be in your power, either to remedy or alleviate them. Nevertheless, that my honour may not suffer in your opinions, from your having already discovered me to be a woman, and your seeing me young and alone in this garb, any one of which circumstances is sufficient to bring discredit on the best reputation, I must tell you what I would gladly have concealed had it been in my power." All this she, who appeared so beautiful a woman, spoke without hesitating, so readily, and with so much ease and sweetness both of tongue and voice, that her good sense surprised them no less than her beauty. And they again repeating their kind offers, and entreaties to her that she would perform her promise, she, without more asking, having first modestly put on her shoes and stockings and gathered up her hair, seated herself upon a flat stone; and the three being placed round her, after she had done some violence to herself in restraining the tears that came into her eyes, she began the history of her life, with a clear and sedate voice, in this manner:

"There is a place in this country of Andalusia, from which a duke takes a title, which makes him one of those they call Grandees of Spain.[152] This duke has two sons: the elder, heir to his estate, and in appearance to his virtues; and the younger, heir to I know not what, unless it be to the treachery of Vellido and the deceitfulness of Galalon.[153] My parents are vassals to this nobleman: it is true they are of low extraction, but they are so rich that, if the advantages of their birth had equalled those of their fortune, neither would they have had any thing more to wish for, nor should I have had any reason to fear being exposed to the misfortunes I am now involved in; for it is probable my misfortunes arise from their not being nobly born. It is true, indeed, they are not so low that they need to be ashamed of their condition, nor so high as to hinder me from thinking that their meanness is the cause of my unhappiness.

[152] Cervantes probably meant the Duke of Osuna, there being, perhaps, some foundation to Dorothea's history.

[153] For Galalon, vide note 6 (*antè* page 14 of this volume.)—Vellido was a Castilian knight who assassinated King Sancho II. at the siege of Zamora, in 1075.

In a word they are farmers, plain people, without mixture of bad blood, and, as they usually say, old rusty Christians; but so rusty, that their wealth and handsome way of living, are by degrees acquiring them the name of hidalgos and gentlemen. However the riches and nobility they valued themselves most upon, was their having me for their daughter. As they had no other child to inherit what they possessed, and were besides very affectionate parents, I was one of the most indulged girls that ever father or mother fondled. I was the mirror in which they beheld themselves, the staff of their old age, and she whose happiness was the sole object of all their wishes, under the guidance of Heaven, to which, being so good, mine were always entirely comformable. As I was mistress of their affections, so was I likewise of all they possessed. As I pleased, servants were hired and discharged; through my hands passed the account and management of what was sowed and reaped. The oil-mills, the wine-presses,

the number of herds, flocks and bee-hives; in a word, all that so rich a farmer as my father has, or can be supposed to have, was intrusted to my care. I was both steward and mistress, with so much diligence on my part, and satisfaction on their's, that I cannot easily express it to you. The hours of the day that remained after

giving directions and assigning proper tasks to the head servants, overseers and day-labourers, I employed in such exercises as are not only allowable, but necessary to young maidens, to wit, in handling the needle, making lace, and very often spinning. If occasionally,

to recreate my mind, I quitted these exercises, I entertained myself with reading some book of devotion, or touching the harp; for experience shewed me that music composes the mind when it is disordered, and relieves the spirits after labour. Such was the life I led in my father's house; and if I have been so particular in recounting it, it is not out of ostentation, nor to give you to understand that I am rich, but that you may be apprized how little I deserved to fall from that state into the unhappy one I am now in. In vain I passed my time in so many occupations, and in a retirement that might be compared to that of a nunnery, being seen, as I imagined, by no one besides our own servants, for when I went to mass, it was very early in the morning, and always in company with my mother, and some of the maid-servants, and I was so closely veiled and reserved, that my eyes scarce saw more ground than the space I set my foot upon. Notwithstanding all this, it came to pass that the eyes of love, or rather of idleness, to which those of a lynx are not to be compared, discovered me, through the

industrious curiosity of Don Fernando. That is the name of the duke's younger son, of whom I spoke."

She had no sooner named Don Fernando, than Cardenio's colour changed, and he began to indicate such violent perturbation that the priest and the barber, who perceived it, were afraid he was falling into one of the mad fits to which they heard he was now and then subject. But Cardenio sat still, fixing his eyes most attentively on the fair peasant, imagining who she could be. The latter, taking no notice of the emotions of Cardenio, continued her story as follows.

"Scarcely had he seen me, when, as he afterwards declared, he fell desperately in love with me, as the proofs he then gave of it sufficiently evinced. But, to shorten the account of my misfortunes, which are endless, I pass over in silence the diligence Don Fernando used in getting an opportunity to declare his passion to me. He bribed our whole family; he gave and offered presents, and did favours to several of my relations. Every day was a festival and a day of rejoicing in our street, and nobody could sleep in the night for serenades. Infinite were the billets-doux that came, I knew not how, to my hands, filled with amorous expressions, and offers of kindness, with more promises and oaths in them than letters. All which was so far from softening me, that I grew more obdurate, as if he had been my mortal enemy, and as if all the measures he took to bring me to his lure had been designed for a quite contrary purpose. Not that I disliked the gallantry of Don Fernando, or thought him too importunate; for it gave me I know not what secret satisfaction to see myself thus courted and respected by so considerable a cavalier, and it was not disagreeable to me to find my own praises in his letters: for let us women be ever so ill-favoured, I take it, we are always pleased to hear ourselves called handsome. But all this was opposed by my own virtue, together with the repeated good advice of my parents, who plainly saw through Don Fernando's design. Indeed, he took no pains to hide it from the world. My parents told me, that they reposed their credit and reputation in my virtue and integrity alone: they bade me consider the disproportion between me and Don Fernando, whence I ought

to conclude that his thoughts, whatever he might say to the contrary, were more intent upon his own pleasure than my good. They added, that if I had a mind to throw an obstacle in the way of his designs, in order to make him desist from his unjust pretensions, they would marry me out of hand to whomsoever I pleased, either of the chief of our town, or of the whole neighbourhood around us; since their considerable wealth and my good character put it in their power easily to provide a suitable match for me. With this promise, and the truth of what they said, I fortified my virtue, and would never answer Don Fernando the least word that might afford him even the remotest hope of succeeding in his design. All this reserve, which he ought to have taken for disdain, served rather to quicken his appetite; for I can give no better name to the passion he shewed for me, which, had it been such as it ought, you would not now have known it, since there would have been no occasion for my giving you this explanation. At length Don Fernando discovered that my parents were looking out for a match for me, in order to deprive him of all hope of gaining me, or at least were resolved to have me more narrowly watched. This news, or suspicion, put him upon doing what I am about to relate to you.

"One night I was in my chamber, attended only by a maid that waited upon me, the doors being fast locked, lest by any neglect my virtue might be endangered. Suddenly, without my knowing or imagining how, in the midst of all this care and precaution, and in this my silent and solitary retreat, he stood before me. When I saw him I was struck blind and dumb, and had no power to cry out; nor do I believe he would have suffered me to have done it, for he instantly ran to me, and taking me in his arms, I had no power to struggle being in such confusion, he began to say such things, that one would think it impossible falsehood should be able to frame them with an appearance of truth. The traitor made his tears gain credit to his words, and his sighs to his designs. I, an innocent girl, bred always at home, and not at all versed in affairs of this nature, began I know not how, to deem true so many and so great falsehoods: not that his tears or sighs could move me to any criminal compassion. My first surprise being over, I began a little to recover my lost

spirits; and, with more courage than I thought I could have had, said: "If, Sir, as I am between your arms I were between the paws of a fierce lion, and my deliverance depended upon my doing or saying any thing to the prejudice of my virtue, it would be as impossible for me to do or say it, as it is impossible for that which has been not to have been, so that, though you hold my body

confined between your arms, I hold my mind restrained within the bounds of virtuous inclinations, very different from your's, as you will see, if you proceed to use violence. I am your vassal, but not your slave: the nobility of your blood neither has, nor ought to have the privilege to dishonour and insult the meanness of mine; and though a country-girl, and a farmer's daughter, my reputation is as dear to me as your's can be to you, who are a noble cavalier. Your employing force will do little with me; I set no value upon your riches; your words cannot deceive me, nor can your sighs and tears subdue me. If I saw any of these things in a person whom my parents should assign me for a husband, my will should conform itself to their's, and not transgress the bounds which they prescribed. Therefore, Sir, with the safety of my honour, though I sacrificed my private satisfaction, I might freely bestow on you what you are now endeavouring to obtain by force. I have said all this, because I would not have you think that any one who is not my lawful husband shall ever prevail on me.

" 'Most beautiful Dorothea,' (for that is the name of this unhappy woman who is addressing you) said the treacherous cavalier, 'here I offer you my hand and heart, and let the Heavens, from which nothing is hid, and this image of our lady you have here, be witness to the truth of my words.' "

When Cardenio heard her call herself Dorothea, he fell again into his disorder, and was thoroughly confirmed in his first opinion: but he would not interrupt the story, being desirous to hear the event of what he partly knew already; he only said: "What! madam, is your name Dorothea? I have heard of one of the same name, whose misfortunes very much resemble your's. But proceed; for some time or other I may tell you things, that will equally move your wonder and compassion." Dorothea took notice of Cardenio's words, and of his strange and tattered dress; and desired him, if he knew any thing of her affairs, to tell it presently; for if fortune had left her any thing that was good, it was the courage she had to bear any disaster that might befall her, secure in this, that none could happen that would in the least add to those she already endured. "Madam," replied Cardenio, "I would not be the means of

destroying that courage in you, by telling you what I think, if what I imagine should be true; and hitherto there is no opportunity lost, nor is it of any importance that you should know it as yet." "Be that as it will," answered Dorothea, "I go on with my story.

"Don Fernando, taking the image that stood in the room, and placing it for a witness of our espousals, with all the solemnity of vows and oaths, gave me his word to be my husband. I warned him, however, to consider well what he was about to do, and the uneasiness it must needs give his father to see him married to a farmer's daughter, and his own vassal; and that he therefore ought to beware lest my beauty, such as it was, should blind him, as that would not be sufficient excuse for his fault. If he intended me any good, I conjured him, by the love he bore me, that he would suffer my lot to fall equal to what my rank could pretend to; for such disproportionate matches are seldom happy, or continue long in that state of pleasure with which they set out.

"All these reasons here recited, and many more which I do not remember, I then urged to him; but they availed nothing towards making him desist from prosecuting his design; just as he, who never intends to pay, sticks at nothing in making a bargain. In this strait I briefly reasoned thus with myself: 'Well, I shall not be the first who, by the way of marriage, has risen from a low to a high condition; nor will Don Fernando be the first whom beauty, or rather blind affection, has induced to take a wife beneath his quality. Since, then, I do not make a new custom, surely I may be allowed to accept this honour which fortune throws in my way, even though the inclination he shews for me should last no longer than the accomplishment of his will; for in short, in the sight of God, I shall be his wife. Besides, should I reject him with disdain, I see him prepared to set aside all sense of duty, and to have recourse to violence; and so I shall remain dishonoured and without excuse, when I am censured by those who do not know how innocently I came into this strait. For what reasons can be sufficient to persuade my parents and the world, that this cavalier got into my apartment without my consent?' All these questions and answers I revolved in my imagination in an instant. But what

principally inclined and drew me, thoughtless as I was, to my ruin, were Don Fernando's oaths, the witnesses by which he swore, the tears he shed, and in fine his genteel carriage and address, which, together with the many tokens he gave me of unfeigned love, might have captivated any heart, though before as much disengaged, and as reserved as mine. I called in my waiting-maid, to be a joint witness on earth with those in Heaven. Don Fernando repeated and confirmed his oaths. He attested new saints, and imprecated a thousand curses on himself if he failed in the performance of his promise. The tears came again into his eyes; he redoubled his sighs, and pressed me closer between his arms, from which he had never once loosed me. With this, and on my maid's going again out of the room, he completed my dishonour and became a perjured traitor.

"The day that succeeded the night of my misfortune, came on, but not so fast as, I believe, Don Fernando wished; for, after

the accomplishment of our desires, the greatest pleasure is to get away from the place of enjoyment. I say this, because Don Fernando made haste to leave me; and by the intervention of the same maid who had betrayed me, he got in the street before break of day. At parting, he said, though not with the same warmth and vehemency as at his coming, I might entirely depend upon his honour, and on the truth and sincerity of his oaths. As a confirmation of his promise, he drew a ring of great value from his finger and put it on mine. In short, he went away, and I remained, I know not whether sad or joyful. I can truly say that I remained confused and thoughtful, and almost distracted at what had passed; and either I had no heart, or I forgot to chide my maid for the treachery she had been guilty of in conveying Don Fernando into my chamber. Indeed, I had not yet determined with myself whether what had befallen me was to my good or harm. I told Don Fernando, at parting, he might, if he pleased, since I was now his own, see me on other nights by the same method he had now taken, until he should be pleased to publish what was done to the world. But he came no more after the following night, nor could I get a sight of him in the street or at church, for above a month, though I tired myself with looking after him in vain; and though I knew he was in the town, and that he went almost every day to the chase, an exercise of which he was very fond. Those days, and those hours, I too well remember, were sad and dismal ones to me; for in them I began to doubt, and at last to disbelieve, the fidelity of Don Fernando. I remember too, that I then made my damsel hear those reproofs for her presumption which she had escaped before. I was forced to set a watch over my tears, and the air of my countenance, that I might avoid giving my parents occasion to enquire into the cause of my discontent, and laying myself under the necessity of inventing fictions to deceive them. But this was soon put an end to by an accident which bore down all respect and regard to my reputation, which deprived me of all patience, and exposed my most secret thoughts on the public stage of the world. Some few days after, a report was spread in the town that Don Fernando had been married, in a neighbouring city, to a young lady

of extreme beauty, whose parents were of considerable quality, but not so rich that her dowry might make her aspire to so noble an alliance. Her name, it was said, was Lucinda, and many strange things were reported to have happened at their wedding."

When Cardenio heard the name of Lucinda, he only shrugged up his shoulders, bit his lips, arched his brows, and soon after let fall two streams of tears from his eyes. Dorothea did not, however, discontinue her story, but went on to say: "This sad news soon reached my ears; and my heart, instead of being chilled at hearing it, was so incensed and inflamed with rage and anger, that I could scarcely forbear running out into the streets, and making known how basely and treacherously I had been used. But this fury was moderated for the present by a resolution I took and executed that very night; which was, to put myself into this garb, which was given me by a domestic of my father's, one of those, who in farmers' houses are called *Zagals* to whom I discovered my whole misfortune and begged of him to accompany me to the city, where I was informed my enemy then was. He, finding me bent upon my design, after he had condemned the rashness of my undertaking and blamed my resolution, offered himself to bear me company, as he expressed it, to the end of the world. I immediately put in a pillow-case a woman's dress, with some jewels and money, to provide against whatever might happen: and in the dead of that very night, without letting my treacherous maid into the secret, I left our house,

accompanied only by the zagal, and a thousand anxious thoughts, and took the way that led to the town on foot. The desire of getting thither added wings to my flight, that if I could not prevent what I concluded was already done, I might at least demand of Don Fernando with what conscience he had done it. In two days and a half I arrived at the place, and, going into the town, I enquired where Lucinda's father lived: and the first person I addressed myself to answered me more than I desired to hear. He told me where I might find the house, and related to me the whole story of what happened at the young lady's wedding: all which was so public in the town, that the people assembled in every street to talk of it. He told me that on the night Don Fernando was married to Lucinda, after she had pronounced the *yes*, by which she became his wedded wife, she fell into a swoon; and the bridegroom, in

unclasping her bosom to give her air, found a written paper in Lucinda's own hand writing, in which she affirmed and declared that she could not be wife to Don Fernando, because she was already married to Cardenio (who, as the man told me, was a very considerable cavalier of the same town,) and that she had given her consent to Don Fernando, merely in obedience to her parents. In short, the paper gave them to understand that she designed killing herself as soon as the ceremony was over, and contained likewise her reasons for so

doing: all which, they say, was confirmed by a poignard they found about her, concealed in her clothes. Don Fernando, seeing all this and concluding himself deluded, mocked and despised by Lucinda, made at her before she recovered her fainting fit, and with the same poignard that was found, endeavoured to stab her: which he would certainly have done, if her parents, and the rest of the company had not prevented him. They said farther, that Don Fernando immediately absented himself, and that Lucinda did not come to herself until the next day, when she confessed to her parents that she was really wife to the cavalier aforesaid. I learned moreover, that it was rumoured that Cardenio was present at the ceremony, and that seeing her married, which he could never have thought, he went out of town in despair, leaving behind him a written paper, in which he set forth at large the wrong Lucinda had done him, and his resolution of going where human eyes should never more behold him. All this was public and notorious over the town, and in every body's mouth; but the talk increased when it was known that Lucinda was missing from her father's house; at which her parents were almost distracted, not knowing what means to use to find her. This news rallied my scattered hopes, and I was better pleased not to find Don Fernando than to have found him married, flattering myself that the door to my relief was not quite shut; and hoping that possibly, Heaven might have laid this impediment in the way of his second marriage, to reduce him to a sense of what he owed to the first, and to make him reflect that he was a christian, and obliged to have more regard to his soul, than to any worldly considerations. These things I revolved in my imagination, and, having no real consolation, comforted myself with framing some faint and distant hopes, in order to support a life I now abhor."

"Being then in the town without knowing what to do with myself, since I did not find Don Fernando, I heard a public crier promising a great reward to any one who should find me, describing my age, and the very dress I wore. As I heard, it was reported, that I was run away from my father's house with the young fellow that attended me, a thing, which struck me to the very soul, to see how low my credit was sunk; as if it was not enough to say that I was

gone off, but it must be added with whom and he too a person so much below me, and so unworthy of my better inclinations. At the instant I heard the crier, I went out of the town with my servant, who already began to discover some signs of staggering in his promised fidelity; and that night we penetrated into the most intricate part of these mountains, for fear of being found. But as it is commonly said that one evil calls upon another, and that the end of one disaster is the beginning of a greater, so it befell me: my good servant, until then faithful and trusty, seeing me in this desert place, and incited by his own baseness rather than by any beauty of mine, resolved to lay hold of the opportunity this solitude seemed to afford him; and, with little shame, and less fear of God or respect to his mistress, he began to make love to me. Finding that I answered him with such language as the impudence of his attempt deserved, he laid aside entreaties, by which at first he hoped to succeed, and began to use force. But just Heaven, that seldom or never fails to regard and favour righteous intentions, favoured mine in such a manner that with the little strength I had, and without much difficulty, I pushed him down a precipice where I left him, I know

not whether alive or dead. Then, with more nimbleness than could be expected from my surprise and weariness, I entered into this desert mountain, without any other thought or design than to hide myself here from my father, and others who by his order were in search after me. It is, I know not how many months since, that I came hither, with this design, when I met with a shepherd, who took me for his servant to a place in the very midst of these rocks. I served him all this time as a shepherd's boy, endeavouring to be always abroad in the field, the better to conceal my hair, which has now so unexpectedly discovered me. But all my care and solicitude were to no purpose; for my master came to discover I was not a man, and the same wicked thoughts sprung up in his breast that had possessed my servant. But as fortune does not always with the difficulty present the remedy, and as I had now no rock nor precipice to rid me of the master, as before of the servant, I thought it more advisable to leave him and hide myself once more among these brakes and cliffs, than to venture a trial of my strength or dissuasions with him. I say then, I again betook myself to these deserts, where, without molestation, I might beseech Heaven, with

sighs and tears, to have pity on my disconsolate state, and either to assist me with ability to struggle through it, or to put an end to my life, so that no memory may remain of this wretched creature, who, without any fault of her own, has ministered matter to be talked of and censured, in her own and in other countries.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH TREATS OF THE GENTLE ARTIFICE MADE USE OF TO WITHDRAW OUR AMOROUS KNIGHT FROM THE RUDE PENITENCE THAT HE PRACTISED.

THIS, gentlemen, is the true history of my tragedy. See now, and judge whether you might not reasonably have expected more sighs than those you have listened to, more words than those you had heard, and more tears than have yet flowed from my eyes. The quality of my misfortune considered, you will perceive that all council is in vain, since a remedy is nowhere to be found. All I desire of you is, (what with ease you can and ought to do), that you would advise me where I may pass my life without the continual dread and apprehension of being discovered by those who are searching after me. I know I may depend upon the great love of my parents towards me for a kind reception; but so great is the shame that overwhelms me at the bare thought of appearing before them not such as they expected, that I choose rather to banish myself for ever from their sight, than to behold their face with the consciousness that they no longer see in mine that purity and innocence they had good reason to promise themselves from their daughter."

Here she held her peace, and her face was overspread with such a colour as plainly discovered the concern and shame of her soul. The hearers felt no less pity than admiration at her misfortune. The priest was just going to administer to her some present comfort and counsel, when Cardenio prevented him: "It seems then, madam," said he, "that you are the beautiful Dorothea, only daughter of the rich Clenardo!" Dorothea was surprised at hearing her father's name, and to see what a sorry figure he made who named him; for we have already taken notice how poorly Cardenio was apparelled. She said: "Pray, Sir, who are you that are so well acquainted with my father's name? for to this minute, if I remember right, I have not mentioned it in the whole course of the account of my misfortune." "I am," answered Cardenio, "that unfortunate person whom, according to your relation, Lucinda owned to be her husband. I am the unhappy Cardenio, whom the base actions of him who has reduced you to the state you are in, have brought to the pass you see; to be thus ragged, naked, destitute of all human comfort, and what is worst of all, deprived of reason; for I enjoy it only when Heaven is pleased to bestow it on me for some short interval. I, Dorothea, am he who was an eye-witness of the wrong Don Fernando did me; he who heard the fatal *yes*, by which Lucinda confirmed herself his wife. I am he who had not the courage to stay and see what would be the consequence of her swooning, nor what followed the discovery of the paper in her bosom. My soul could not bear such accumulated misfortunes; and therefore I abandoned the house and my patience together. Leaving a letter with my host, whom I entreated to deliver it into Lucinda's own hands, I betook myself to these solitudes, with a resolution of ending here my life which, from that moment, I abhorred as my mortal enemy. But fate would not deprive me of it, contenting itself with depriving me of my senses, perhaps to preserve me for the good fortune I have had in meeting with you. As I have no reason to doubt of the truth of what you have related, Heaven, peradventure, may have reserved us both for a happier termination to our misfortunes than we expected. Since Lucinda cannot marry Don Fernando, because she is mine, as she publicly declared, nor Don Fernando, Lucinda,

because he is yours, there is still room for us to hope that Heaven will restore to each of us our own, since it is not yet alienated, nor past recovery. Having this consolation, not arising from very distant hopes, nor founded in extravagant conceits, I entreat you, madam, to entertain other resolutions in your honourable thoughts, as I intend to do in mine, preparing yourself to expect better fortune. I swear to you, upon the faith of a cavalier and a christian, not to forsake you until I see you in possession of Don Fernando. If I cannot by fair means persuade him to acknowledge what he owes you, I will take the liberty allowed me as a gentleman of calling him to an account with my sword for the wrong he has done you; without reflecting on the injuries offered to myself, the revenge of which I leave to Heaven, that I may the sooner redress yours on earth."

Dorothea was quite amazed at what Cardenio said; not knowing how to thank him for such great and generous offers, she would have thrown herself at his feet to have kissed them, but Cardenio would by no means suffer her. The licentiate answered for them both, and approved of Cardenio's generous resolution. Above all things, he besought and advised them to go with him to his village, where they might furnish themselves with whatever they wanted, and consult how to find Don Fernando, or to carry back Dorothea to her parents, or do whatever they might think most expedient. Cardenio and Dorothea thanked him, and accepted of the favour he offered them. The barber, who all this time had stood silent and in suspense, paid also his compliment, and, with no less good-will than the priest, made them an offer of whatever was in his power for their service. He briefly informed them of the cause that brought him and the curate thither, and of Don Quixote's strange madness; and added that they were then waiting for Don Quixote's squire, who was gone to seek his master. Cardenio hereupon remembered, as if it had been a dream, the quarrel he had had with Don Quixote, which he related to the company, but could not recollect whence it arose.

At that instant they heard a voice, and knowing it to be Sancho Panza's, who, not finding them where he left them, was calling as

loud as he could to them, they went forward to meet him. On their asking him after Don Quixote, he told them that he found him naked to his shirt, feeble, wan and half dead with hunger, and sighing for his lady Dulcinea. "Though I told him," added Sancho, "that she laid her commands on him to come out from that place and repair to Toboso, where she expected him, his answer was, that he was determined not to appear before her beauty until he had performed exploits that might render him worthy of her favour. If my master persist in that humour, he will run a risk of never becoming an emperor, as he is in honour bound to be, nor even an archbishop, which is the least he can be. Consider, therefore, in God's name, what is best to be done to draw him thence." The licentiate bade Sancho be in no pain about that matter, for they would get him away whether he would or no.

He then recounted to Cardenio and Dorothea what they had contrived for Don Quixote's cure, or at least for decoying him to his own house. Upon which Dorothea said that she would undertake to act the distressed damsel better than the barber, especially since she had there a woman's apparel, with which she could do it to the life; she added that they might leave it to her to perform what was necessary for carrying on their design, she having read many books of chivalry, and being well acquainted with the style the distressed damsels were wont to use when they begged their boons of the knights-errant. "Then there needs no more," quoth the priest, "to put the design immediately in execution. Doubtless fortune declares in our favour, since she has begun so unexpectedly to open a door for your relief, and furnished us so easily with what we stood in need of." Dorothea presently took out of her bundle a petticoat of very rich stuff, and a mantle of fine green silk, and out of a casket, a necklace and other jewels, with which, in an instant, she adorned herself in such a manner that she had all the appearance of a rich and great lady. All these, and more, she said, she had brought from home to provide against what might happen; but until then she had had no occasion to make use of them, They were all highly delighted with the gracefulness of her person, the affability of her disposition and her beauty: and

they agreed that Don Fernando must be a man of little judgment or taste, who could slight so much excellence. But he who admired most was Sancho Panza. Never, in all the days of his life, had he seen so beautiful a creature. He therefore earnestly desired the priest to tell him who that charming lady was, and what she

was looking for in those parts. "This beautiful lady, friend Sancho," answered the priest, "is, to say the least of her, heiress in the direct male line to the great kingdom of Micomicon; she comes in quest of your master, to beg a boon of him, which is to redress her a wrong or injury done her by a wicked giant; and it is the fame of your master's prowess, which is spread over all Guinea, that has brought this princess to seek him." "Now a happy seeking and a happy finding," quoth Sancho Panza; "and especially if my master prove so fortunate as to redress that injury, and right that wrong by killing the rascally giant you mentioned: and kill him he certainly will, if he encounters him, unless he be a goblin; for my master has no power at all over goblins. But one thing, among others, I would beg of your worship, Signor licentiate: it is, that you would not let my master take into his head to be an archbishop, which is what I fear, but that you would advise him to marry this princess out of hand, and then he will be disqualified to receive archiepiscopal orders; and so he will come with ease to his kingdom, and I to the end of my wishes. I have considered the matter well, and find, by my account, it will not be convenient for me that my master should be an archbishop, as I am unfit for the church, being a married man; and for me to be now going about to procure dispensations for holding church-livings, having, as I have, a wife and children, would be an endless piece of work. So that, Sir, the whole business rests upon my master's marrying this lady out of hand. I do not yet know her grace, and therefore do not call her by her name." "She is called," replied the priest, "the princess Micomicona; for her kingdom being called Micomicon, it is clear she must be called so." "There is no doubt of that," answered Sancho; "for I have known many take their title and surname from the place of their birth, as Pedro de Alcala, John de Ubeda, Diego de Valladolid; and for aught I know, it may be the custom yonder in Guinea for queens to take the names of their kingdoms." "It is certainly so," said the priest. "As to your master's marrying, I will promote it to the utmost of my power." With this assurance Sancho remained as well satisfied as the priest was amazed at his simplicity, and to see how strongly the same absurdities were rivetted in his fancy as in his master's;

since he could so firmly pursuade himself that Don Quixote would come to be an emperor.

By this time Dorothea had got upon the priest's mule, and the barber had fitted on the ox-tail beard. Then they bid Sancho conduct them to the place where Don Quixote was, cautioning him not to say he knew the licentiate or the barber, for that the whole stress of his master's coming to be an emperor depended upon his not seeming to know them. Neither the priest nor Cardenio would go with them; the latter that he might not put Don Quixote in mind of the quarrel he had with him; and the priest, because his presence was not then necessary: accordingly they let the others go on before, and followed them fair and softly on foot. The priest would have instructed Dorothea in her part, but she said that they need give themselves no trouble, for she would perform all to a tittle, according to the rules and precepts of the books of chivalry.

They had gone about three quarters of a league, when, among some intricate rocks, they discovered Don Quixote, by this time clothed, but not armed. As soon as Dorothea espied him, and was informed by Sancho that he was his master, she whipped on her palfrey, being attended by the well-bearded barber. When she came up to Don Quixote, the squire threw himself off his mule, and went to take down Dorothea in his arms, who alighting briskly, went and kneeled at Don Quixote's feet; and, though he strove to raise her she, without getting up, addressed him in this manner:

"I will never arise from this place, O valorous and redoubted knight, until your goodness and courtesy vouchsafe me a boon, which will redound to the honour and glory of your person, and to the weal of the most disconsolate and aggrieved damsel the sun has ever beheld. And, if it be true that the valour of your puissant arm is correspondent to the voice of your immortal fame, you are obliged to protect an unhappy damsel, who is come from regions so remote, led by the odour of your renowned name, to seek at your hands a remedy for her misfortunes." "I will not answer you a word, fair lady," replied Don Quixote, "nor will I hear a jot more of your business, until you arise from the ground." "I will not a rise, Signor," answered the afflicted damsel, "if, by your courtesy,

the boon I beg be not first vouchsafed me." "I do vouchsafe, and grant it you," answered Don Quixote, "provided my compliance therewith be of no detriment or disservice to my king, my country, or her who keeps the key of my heart and liberty." "It will not be to the prejudice or disservice of any of these, dear Sir," replied the doleful damsel. As she was saying this, Sancho Panza approached his master's ear, and said to him softly: "Your worship, Sir, may very safely grant the boon she asks, for it is a mere trifle—only to kill a great lubberly giant; and she who begs it is the mighty princess Micomicona, queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, in Ethiopia." "Whoever she may be," answered Don Quixote, "I shall do what is my duty, and what my conscience dictates, in conformity to the rules of my profession." Turning himself to the

damsel, he then said: "Fairest lady, arise, for I vouchsafe you whatever boon you ask." "Then what I ask," said the damsel, "is that your magnanimous person will go with me whither I will conduct you; and that you will promise me not to engage in any other adventure, or comply with any other demand whatever, until you have avenged me on a traitor, who against all right, human and divine, has usurped my kingdom." "I repeat it, that I grant your request," answered Don Quixote; "therefore, lady, from this day forward, shake off the melancholy that disturbs you, and let your fainting hopes recover fresh force and spirits. By the help of God, and of my arm, you shall soon see yourself restored to your kingdom and seated on the throne of your ancient and high estate, in spite of all the miscreants that shall oppose it. Now therefore all hands to the work; for the danger, they say, lies in the delay." The distressed damsel would fain have kissed his hands, but Don Quixote, who was in every thing a most gallant and courteous knight, would by no means consent to it. Making her arise, he embraced her with much politeness and respect, and ordered Sancho to get Rocinante ready, and to help him on with his armour instantly. Sancho took down the armour, which was hanging like a trophy on the branches of an oak, and having got Rocinante ready, helped his master to don it. The latter, finding himself armed, said: "Let us go hence, in Heaven's name to succour this great lady." The barber was still kneeling, and had enough to do to forbear laughing and to keep his beard from falling, which, had it happened, would probably have occasioned the miscarriage of their ingenious device. Seeing that the boon was already granted, and with what alacrity Don Quixote prepared himself to accomplish it, he got up and took his lady by the other hand; and thus, between them both, they sat her upon the mule. Immediately Don Quixote mounted Rocinante, and the barber settled himself upon his beast, Sancho remaining on foot, which renewed his grief for the loss of his donkey. But he bore it cheerfully, with the thought that his master was now in the right road, and just upon the point of being an emperor: for he made no doubt that he was to marry that princess, and be at least king of Micomicon. He was troubled to think, that that kingdom was in

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the land of the negroes, and that the people who were to be his subjects were all blacks. But he presently bethought himself of a special remedy, and said to himself: "What care I, if my subjects be blacks? what have I to do but to ship them off, and bring them over to Spain, where I may sell them for ready money; with which money I may buy some title or employment, on which I may live at my ease all the days of my life. Before God, I will make them fly, little and big, or as I can; and let them be never so black, I will transform them into white and yellow: let me alone to lick my own fingers." With these conceits he went on, so busied, and so satisfied, that he forgot the pain of travelling on foot.

All this Cardenio and the priest beheld from behind the bushes, and did not know how to contrive to join company. But the priest, who was a grand schemer, soon hit upon an expedient. With a pair of scissors which he carried in a case, he whipped off Cardenio's beard in an instant; then he put on him a grey doublet, and gave him his own black cloak, himself remaining in his breeches and doublet. Cardenio made so different a figure from what he did before, that he would not have known himself, though he had looked in a glass. This being done, though the others were got a good way

before them while they were thus disguising themselves, they easily got first into the high road; for the rockiness and narrowness of the way would not permit those on horseback to go on so fast as those on foot. In short, they got into the plain at the foot of the mountain; and when Don Quixote and his company came out, the priest set himself to gaze at him very earnestly for some time, giving signs as if he began to know him: after he had stood some moments viewing him, he ran to him with open arms, crying aloud: "In a happy hour are you met, mirror of chivalry, my noble countryman Don Quixote de la Mancha, the flower and cream of gallantry, the shelter and relief of the needy, the quintessence of knights-errant!" As he said this, he embraced Don Quixote by the knee of his left leg; who being amazed at what he saw and heard, set himself to consider him attentively. At length he knew and was surprised

to see him, and made no small effort to alight. This the priest would not suffer, whereupon Don Quixote said: "Permit me, Signor licentiate, to alight; for it is not fit I should be on horseback, and so reverend a person as your worship on foot." "I will by no means consent to it," said the priest; "let your greatness continue on horseback; for on horseback you achieve the greatest exploits and adventures that our age hath beheld. As for me, who am a priest, though unworthy, it will suffice me to get up behind some one of these gentlemen who travel with you, if it be not too troublesome to them: and I shall fancy myself mounted on Pegasus, or on a zebra, or the sprightly courser bestrode by the famous moor Muzaraque, who lies to this day enchanted in the great mountain Zulema, not far distant from the grand city of Compluto." [154] "I did not think of that, dear Signor licentiate," said Don Quixote; but I know my lady the princess will, for my sake, order her squire to accommodate you with the saddle of his mule; and he may ride behind, if the beast will carry double." "I believe she will," answered the princess; "and I know it will be needless to lay my commands upon my squire; for he is so courteous and well-bred, that he will not suffer an ecclesiastic to go on foot, when he may ride." "Very true," answered the barber. And alighting, he complimented the priest with the saddle, which the latter accepted without much entreaty. But it unluckily happened that as the barber was getting up behind, the mule, which was no other than a hackney, and consequently a vicious jade, flung up her hind-legs twice or thrice into the air; and had they come in contact with master Nicholas's breast or head, he would have given his coming for Don Quixote to the devil. However, he was so frightened, that he tumbled to the ground, with so little heed of his beard, that it fell off. Perceiving himself without it, he had no other shift than to cover his face with both hands, and to cry out that his jaw-bone was broken. Don Quixote, seeing that bundle of a beard, without jaws, and without blood, lying at a distance from the face of the fallen

[154] Zulema is the name of a mountain situated S. W. of Alcala de Henares, in Cervantes's native country. A ruin has been discovered on the summit of this mountain, supposed to be that of the ancient Complutum.

squire, said: "Odd's-life! this is very wonderful! no barber could have shaved off his beard, more clean and smooth." The priest, who saw the danger their project was in of being discovered, immediately picked up the beard, and ran with it to master Nicholas, who still lay bemoaning himself; and holding his head close to his breast, at one jerk he fixed it on again, muttering over him some words, which he said were a specific charm [155] for fastening on beards, as they should soon see. When all was adjusted he left them, and the squire remained as well bearded and as whole as before. Don Quixote marvelled greatly, and desired the priest, when he had leisure, to teach him that charm; for he was of opinion that its virtue must extend farther than to the fastening-on of beards, since it was clear that where the beard was torn off, the flesh must be left wounded and bloody, and since it wrought a perfect cure it must be good for other things besides beards. "It is so," said the priest; and he promised to teach Don Quixote the very first opportunity.

They now agreed that the priest should get up first, and that

[155] In Spain, they call *ensalmo* a miraculous method of curing illness, by reciting certain prayers over the patient. The charm derives its name (*en salmo*), from the circumstance of the sacramental words being generally taken from the Psalms.

they should all three ride by turns until they came to the inn, which was about two leagues off. The three being now mounted, that is to say, Don Quixote, the princess and the priest; and the other three on foot, to wit, Cardenio, the barber and Sancho Panza; Don Quixote said to the damsel: "Your grandeur, madam, will be pleased to lead on which way you like best." And before she could reply, the licentiate said: "Toward what kingdom would your ladyship go? toward that of Micomicon, I presume: for it must be thither, or I know little of kingdoms." Dorothea, being perfect in her lesson, knew very well what she ought to answer and therefore said: "Yes, Signor, my way lies toward that kingdom." "If it be

so," said the priest, "we must pass through our village; and from thence you must go straight to Carthagena, where you may embark in God's name; and if you have a fair wind, a smooth sea and no storms, in less than nine years you may get sight of the great lake Meona, I mean Palus-Meotides, which is a trifle more than a hundred day's journey on this side of your highness's kingdom." "You are mistaken, good Sir," said she; "for it is not two years since I left it; and though, in truth, I had very bad weather during the whole passage, I am already got hither, and behold with my eyes, what I so much longed for, namely, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, the fame of whose valour reached my ears the moment I set foot in Spain, and put me upon finding him out, that I might recommend myself to his courtesy, and commit the justice of my cause to the valour of his invincible arm." "No more; cease your compliments," said Don Quixote, "for I am an enemy to all sorts of flattery; and though this be not such, still my chaste ears are offended at this kind of discourse. What I can say, dear madam, is, that whether I have valour or not, what I have or have not shall be employed in your service, even to the loss of my life. So, leaving these things to a proper time, I desire that Signor the licentiate would tell me what has brought him into these parts, alone, unattended and so lightly clad, that I am surprised at it." "To this I shall answer briefly," replied the priest. "Your worship then must know, Signor Don Quixote, that I and master Nicholas, our friend and barber, were going to Seville to receive some monies which a relation of mine, who went many years ago to the Indies, had sent me; and it was no inconsiderable sum, for it was above sixty thousand pieces of eight, all of due weight, which is no trivial matter. As we were passing yesterday through these parts, we were attacked by four highway robbers, who stripped us of all we had, to our very beards, and in such a manner that the barber thought it expedient to put on a counterfeit one; and as for this youth here (pointing to Cardenio), they have made him as if he were just born. The best of the story is, that it is publicly reported hereabouts that the persons who robbed us were certain galley-slaves, who, they say, were liberated near this very place, by a man so valiant that in spite of the commissary

and his guards, he let them all loose. Doubtless he must have been out of his senses, or as great a rogue as they, or one void of all conscience and humanity, seeing that he let loose the wolf among the sheep, the fox among the hens, and the wasps among the honey. He has defrauded justice of her due, and has set himself up against his king and natural lord, by acting against his lawful authority. He has, I say, disabled the galleys of their hands, and disturbed the many years' repose of the holy brotherhood: in a word, he has done a deed whereby he may lose his soul, and not gain his body."

Sancho had related to the priest and the barber the adventure of the galley-slaves, achieved with so much glory by his master; and therefore the priest laid it on thick in the relation, to see what Don Quixote would do or say. The poor knight's colour changed at every word, and yet he durst not own that he had been the deliverer of those worthy gentlemen. "These," said the priest, "were the persons that robbed us. May God, of his infinite mercy, pardon him who prevented their being carried to the punishment they so richly deserved."

CHAPTER III.

WHICH TREATS OF THE DELICACY OF WIT DISPLAYED BY THE BEAUTIFUL DOROTHEA, WITH OTHER MATTERS SINGULARLY DIVERTING.

THE priest had no sooner ceased speaking than Sancho said: "By my troth, Signor licentiate, it was my master who did this feat. Not but that I gave him fair warning and advised him to beware what he did, and that it was a sin to set them at liberty, for that they were all going to the galleys for being most notorious villains." "Blockhead," said Don Quixote, "it is not incumbent on knights-errant to enquire whether the afflicted, enchained and oppressed whom they meet upon the road are reduced to those circumstances, or that distress, by their faults or their misfortunes. Knights-errant are bound to assist them merely as being in distress, and to

regard their sufferings alone, and not their crimes. I lighted on a bead-roll and string of miserable wretches, and did by them what my profession requires of me. For the rest I care not; and whoever takes it amiss, saving the holy dignity of Signor the licentiate and his honourable person, I say he knows little of the principles of chivalry, and lies like a base-born son of a rustic: and this I will make good with my sword in the most ample manner." As he said this, Don Quixote set himself in his stirrups and clapped down the visor of his helmet; for the barber's basin, which in his account was Mambrino's helmet, hung at his saddle-bow until it could be repaired of the damages it had received from the galley-slaves.

Dorothea, who was witty, and of a pleasant disposition, already perceiving Don Quixote's frenzy, and that every body, except Sancho Panza, made a jest of him, resolved not to be behind-hand with the rest; and seeing him in such a heat: "Sir Knight," said she to him, "be pleased to remember the boon you have promised me, in virtue of which you are engaged not to intermeddle in any other adventure, be it ever so urgent. Therefore assuage your wrath; for if the Signor licentiate had known that the galley-slaves were freed by that invincible arm, he would sooner have sewed up his mouth with three stitches, and thrice have bit his tongue, than he would have said a word that might redound to the disparagement of your worship." "I would so, I swear," quoth the priest, "and even sooner have pulled off a mustachio." "I will say no more, madam," said Don Quixote; "and I will repress that just indignation raised in my breast, and go on peaceably and quietly until I have accomplished for you the promised boon. But, in requital of this good intention, I beseech you to tell me, if it be not too much trouble, what is your grievance, and who, how many and of what sort are the persons on whom I must take due, satisfactory and complete revenge." "That I will do, with all my heart," answered Dorothea, "if it will not prove tedious and irksome to you to hear nothing but afflictions and misfortunes." "Not at all, dear madam," answered Don Quixote. "Since it is so," replied Dorothea "pray favour me with your attention."

She had no sooner said this, than Cardenio and the barber placed themselves on each side of her, to hear what kind of story the ingenious Dorothea would invent. The same did Sancho, who was as much deceived about her as his master. Then Dorothea, after settling herself well in her saddle, with a hem or two and the like preparatory airs, began, with much good humour, in the following manner:

"In the first place, you must know, gentlemen, that my name is ——." Here she stopped short, having forgot the name the priest had given her: but he presently helped her out, for he knew what stopped her: "It is no wonder, madam," said he "that your grandeur should be disturbed and in some confusion at recounting your misfortunes. They are often of such a nature as to deprive us of our memory, and make us forget our very names; as they have now done by your high ladyship, who appears to have forgotten that you are called the princess Micomicona, rightful heiress of the great kingdom of Micomicon. With this intimation your grandeur may easily bring back to your doleful remembrance whatever you have a mind to relate." "You are in the right," answered Dorothea; "and henceforward I believe it will be needless to give me any more hints; for I shall be able to conduct my true history to a conclusion without them. To begin then:

"My father, who was called Tinacrio-the-Wise, was very learned in what they call the magic art. He knew, by the assistance of his art, that my mother, who was called Queen Xaramilla, should die before him, and that he himself must soon after depart this life, and I be left an orphan, deprived both of father and mother. But this, he used to say, did not trouble him so much as the certain fore-knowledge he had that a monstrous giant, lord of a great island almost bordering upon our kingdom, called Pantafilando of the Gloomy-Aspect, (for it is averred that, though his eyes stand right, and in their proper place, he always looks askew as if he squinted; and

this he does out of pure malignity to scare and frighten those he looks at); I say my father knew that this giant would take advantage of my being an orphan invade my kingdom with a mighty force, and take it all from me, without leaving me the smallest village to hide my head in. It was in my power, however, to avoid all this ruin and misfortune by marrying him; though as far as he,

could understand, he believed I would never consent to so unequal a match. In this he was right, for it never entered into my head to marry this giant, nor any other, however huge and colossal. My father said also that after his death, when I should find Pantafilando begin to invade my kingdom, he advised me not to stay to make any defence, for that would be my ruin; but, if I would avoid death and prevent the total destruction of my faithful and loyal subjects, my best way was freely to abandon the kingdom to him without opposition, since it would not be possible for me to defend myself against the diabolical power of the giant. He added that I ought immediately to set out with a few attendants for Spain, where I should find a remedy for my distress in meeting with a knight-errant, whose fame about that time should extend itself all over this kingdom, and whose name, if I remember right, was to be Don Fricote, or Don Gigote." "Don Quixote, you would say, madam," quoth Sancho Panza, "otherwise the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure." "You are right," said Dorothea. "He said farther, that he was to be tall and thin-visaged, and that, on his right side, under his left shoulder or thereabouts, he was to have a grey mole with hairs like bristles."

Don Quixote on hearing this called to his squire: "Here son Sancho, help me to strip: I would know whether I am the knight prophesied of by that wise king." "Why would you pull off your clothes, Sir?" said Dorothea. "To see whether I have the mole your father spoke of," answered Don Quixote. "You need not strip," said Sancho; "I know you have a mole with those same marks on the ridge of your back, which is a sign of being a strong man." "It is enough," said Dorothea; "for, among friends, we must not stand upon trifles. Whether it be on the shoulder or on the back-bone, imports little: it is sufficient that there is a mole, let it be where it will, since it is all the same flesh. Doubtless my good father was right in every thing; and I have not gone amiss in recommending myself to Signor Don Quixote; he must be the knight of whom my father spoke, since the features of his face correspond exactly with the great fame he has acquired, not only in Spain, but in all La Mancha.

"I was hardly landed in Osuna, before I heard so many of his exploits recounted, that my mind immediately told me that he must be the very person I came to seek." "But, dear madam, how came you to land at Osuna," interrupted Don Quixote, "since it is no sea-port town?"* Before Dorothea could reply, the priest interposing said: "Doubtless the princess meant to say that after she had landed at Malaga, the first-place where she heard news of your worship was Osuna." "That was my meaning," said Dorothea. "It is very likely," quoth the priest; "please your Majesty to proceed." "I have little more to add," replied Dorothea, "but that having at last had the good fortune to meet with Signor Don Quixote, I already look upon myself as queen and mistress of my whole kingdom, since he, out of his courtesy and generosity, has promised, in compliance with my request, to go with me wherever I please to carry him; which shall be only where he may have a sight of Pantafilando of the Gloomy-Aspect, that he may slay that traitor and

* This geographical error of the princess, is probably a satire on the same mistake by the historian Mariana, who very gravely relates, that Quintus Fabius Maximus Emilianus the consul, having sent 15,000 men into Spain against Viriatus these troops were landed at a city called Orsuna (or Ussuna) in Andalusia; whereas this city is many leagues from the sea. Hence we may conclude there are many other fine satirical strokes in this work, on the Spanish writers, which we cannot point out for want of a thorough acquaintance with those authors.

restore to me what he so unjustly usurps. All this may come about with the greatest ease, according to the prophecy of Tinacrio the Wise, my good father, who moreover left it written in letters Chaldean or Greek, for I cannot read them, that if this knight of the prophecy, after he has cut off the giant's head, should have a mind to marry me, I should immediately submit to be his lawful wife, without any reply, and give him at the same time possession of my kingdom and my person."

"What think you now, friend Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote: "do you not hear what passes? did not I tell you so? See whether we have not now a kingdom to command, and a queen to marry." "I swear it is so," quoth Sancho, "and plague take him for a son of a gun, who will not marry as soon as Signor Pantafilando's wizen is cut. About it then: her majesty's a dainty bit; I wish all the fleas in my bed were no worse." So saying, he cut a couple of

capers, with signs of very great joy; and presently laying hold of the reins of Dorothea's mule and making her stop, he fell down upon his knees before her, beseeching her to give him her hand to kiss, in token that he acknowledged her for his queen and mistress. What by-stander could forbear laughing, to see the madness of the master, and the simplicity of the man? Dorothea held out her hand to him, and promised to make him a great lord in her kingdom,

when Heaven should be so propitious as to put her again in possession of it. Sancho returned her thanks in such expressions as called forth new bursts of laughter

"This, gentlemen," continued Dorothea, "is my history: it remains only to tell you, that of all the attendants I brought with me out of my kingdom, I have none left but this honest squire with the long beard; for the rest were drowned in a violent storm, which overtook us in sight of the port. He and I got ashore on a couple of planks, as it were by miracle; and indeed the whole progress of my life is miracle and mystery, as you may have observed. If I have exceeded in any thing, or not been so exact as I ought to have been, let it be imputed to what the Signor licentiate said at the beginning of my story, that continual and extraordinary troubles deprive the sufferers of their very memory." "I will preserve mine, O high and worthy lady," said Don Quixote, "under the greatest that can befal me in your service. So I again confirm the promise I made you, and swear to bear you company to the end of the world, until I come to grapple with that fierce enemy of your's whose proud head I intend, by the help of Heaven, and of this my

arm, to cut off, with the edge of this (I will not say good) sword, thanks to Ginès de Passamonte, who carried off my own. *" This

* It does not appear by the story, either that Ginès took away Don Quixote's sword, or that the knight had any way exchanged his own for another.

he muttered between his teeth, and went on saying: "After having cut it off, and put you into peaceable possession of your dominions, it shall be left to your own will to dispose of your person as you shall think proper; since, while my memory is taken up, my will enthralled and my understanding subjected to her—I say no more; it is impossible I should prevail upon myself so much as to think of marrying, though it were with the Phœnix."

What Don Quixote said last about not marrying was so displeasing to Sancho, that, in a great fury, he said, in a loud voice: "I vow and swear, Signor Don Quixote, your worship cannot be in your right senses. How is it possible you should scruple to marry so high a princess as this lady is? Think you, fortune is to offer you, at every turn, such good luck as she now offers? Is my lady Dulcinea more beautiful? no indeed, not by half; nay, I could almost say she is not worthy to tie this lady's shoe-string. I am very likely to get the earldom I expect, if your worship stands fishing for mushrooms in the bottom of the sea. Marry, marry out of hand, in the devil's name, and take this kingdom that is ready to drop into your mouth *vobis, vobis*; and when you are king, make me a marquis or a lord-lieutenant, and then let Satan take all the rest if he will." Don Quixote, hearing such blasphemies against his lady Dulcinea, could not bear it. Lifting up his lance, without speaking a word to Sancho, or giving him the least warning, gave him two such blows that he laid him flat on the ground; and had not Dorothea called out to him to hold his hand, doubtless he had killed him on the spot. "Thinkest thou," said he to him, after some pause, "pitiful scoundrel, that I am always to stand with my hands in my pockets, and that there is nothing to be done but transgressing on thy side and pardoning on mine? never think it, excommunicated varlet; for so doubtless thou art, since thou hast dared to speak ill of the peerless Dulcinea. Knowest thou not, rustic, slave, beggar, that were it not for the force she infuses into my arm, I should not have enough to kill a flea? Tell me, envenomed scoffer, who, thinkest thou, has gained this kingdom, cut off the head of this giant and made thee a marquis (for all this I look upon as already done,) but the valour of Dulcinea, employing my arm as the instrument of her

exploits? She fights in me, and overcomes in me: and in her I live and breathe, and of her I hold my life and being. O base born villain! what ingratitude, when thou seest thyself exalted from the dust of the earth to the title of a lord, to make so base a return for so great a benefit, as to speak contemptuously of the hand that raised thee!"

Sancho was not so much hurt, as not to hear all his master said to him; and getting up pretty nimbly, he ran behind Dorothea's palfrey, and thence said to his master: "Pray, Sir, tell me; if you are resolved not to marry this princess, it is plain the kingdom will not be your's, and then what favours will you be able to bestow on me? this is what I complain of. Marry her, Sir, once for all, now we have her as it were rained down upon us from Heaven, and afterwards you may converse with my lady Dulcinea; for, I think, it is no new thing for kings to keep misses. As to the matter of beauty, I have nothing to say to that; for, if I must speak the truth, I really think them both very well to pass, though I never saw the lady Dulcinea."—"How! never saw her, blasphemous traitor!" said Don Quixote: "have you not just brought me a message from her?"—"I say, I did not see her so leisurely," said Sancho, "as to take particular notice of her beauty and her features, piece by piece; but take her altogether, she looks well enough."—"Now I excuse you," said Don Quixote, "and pardon me the displeasure I have given you; for the first motions are not in our own power."—"I have found it so," answered Sancho; "and so in me, the desire of talking is always a first motion, and I cannot forbear uttering, for once at least, whatever comes to my tongue's end."—"For all that," quoth Don Quixote, "take heed, Sancho, what it is you utter; for the pitcher goes so often to the well——I say no more."—"Well then," answered Sancho, "God is in Heaven, who sees all guiles, and shall be judge who does most harm, I, in not speaking well, or your worship in not doing so."—"Let there be no more of this," said Dorothea; "run, Sancho, and kiss your master's hand, and ask his forgiveness; and henceforward go more warily to work with your praises and censures. Above all, speak no ill of that lady Toboso, whom I do not know otherwise than as I am her humble servant; and put

your trust in God, for there will not be wanting an estate for you to live upon like a prince."

Sancho went hanging his head, and begged his master's hand, which he held to him with great gravity. When he had kissed it, Don Quixote gave Sancho his blessing, and told him he would have him get on a little before, for he had some questions to put to him, and wanted to talk with him about some matters of vast consequence. Sancho did so; and when they were got a little before the rest, Don Quixote said: "Since your return, I have had neither opportunity nor leisure to enquire after many particulars concerning the message you carried and the answer you brought back. Now that fortune affords us time and leisure, do not deny me the satisfaction you may give me by such good news."—"Ask me what questions you please, Sir," answered Sancho: "I warrant I shall get out as well as I got in. But I beseech your worship, dear Sir, not to be so very revengeful for the future."—"Why do you press that, Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote. "Because," replied Sancho, "the blows you were pleased to bestow on me just now, were rather on account of the quarrel the devil raised between us the other night, than for what I said against my lady Dulcinea, whom I love and reverence like any relic, (though she be not one,) only as she belongs to your worship."— "No more of these discourses, Sancho, on your life," said Don Quixote, "they offend me. I forgave you before, and you know the common saying: 'For a new sin a new penance.'"

While they were thus talking, they saw coming along the same road in which they were going, a man riding upon an ass; and when he came near, he seemed to be a gipsy. But Sancho Panza, who wherever he saw an ass had his eyes and his soul fixed there, had scarcely seen the man when he knew him to be Ginès de Passamonte, and by the clue of the gipsy found his ass: for it was really his donkey upon which Passamonte rode. The latter that he might not be known, and that he might sell the animal the better, had put himself into the garb of a gipsy whose language, as well as several others, he could speak as readily as if they were his own native tongues. Sancho saw and knew him, and scarcely had he seen and known him, when he cried out to him aloud: "Ah! rogue

Ginésillo, leave my darling, let go my life, rob me not of my repose, quit my ass, leave my delight; fly rapscallion; get you gone thief, and relinquish what is not your own." There needed not so many words, nor so much railing: for at the first word, Ginès nimbly dismounted, and taking to his heels as if it had been a race, was gone in an instant, and out of reach of them all. Sancho ran to his ass, and embracing him, said: "How hast thou done, my dearest donkey, delight of my eyes, my sweet companion?" And then he kissed and caressed him, as if he had been a human creature. The ass held his peace, and suffered himself to be kissed and caressed by Sancho, without

answering one word. They all came up, and wished him joy of the finding his ass; especially Don Quixote, who assured him, that he did not for all this revoke the order for the three colts. Sancho thanked him heartily.

While this passed, the priest told Dorothea that she had performed her part very ingeniously, as well in the contrivance of the story as in its brevity, and the resemblance it bore to the narrations in books of chivalry. She answered, that she had often amused herself with reading such books, but that she did not know the situation of provinces or of sea-ports, and therefore had said at a venture that she landed at Osuna. "I found it was so," said the priest, "and therefore immediately said what you heard, which set all to rights. But is it not strange to see how readily this unhappy gentleman believes all these inventions and stories, only because they resemble the style and manner of his foolish books?" —"It is, indeed," said Cardenio, "and something so rare, and unseen before, that I much question whether, if one had a mind to dress up a

fiction like it, any genius could be found capable of succeeding in it." "There is another thing remarkable in it," said the priest. "Setting aside the follies this honest gentleman utters in every thing relating to his madness, he can discourse very sensibly upon other points, and seems to have a clear and settled judgment in all things; insomuch that if you do not touch him upon the subject of chivalries, you would never suspect but that he had a sound understanding."

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE RELISHING CONVERSATION WHICH PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA, WITH OTHER ADVENTURES.

THE rest, meanwhile, being engaged in this conversation, Don Quixote proceeded in his, and said to Sancho: "Friend Panza, let us forget what is past, and tell me now, all rancour and animosity apart, where, how and when did you find Dulcinea? What was she doing? what did you say to her? what answer did she return? how did she look, when she read my letter? who transcribed it for you? and whatever else, in this case, is worth knowing, enquiring after or being satisfied in: inform me of all, without adding or diminishing to give me pleasure, or curtailing aught to deprive me of any satisfaction." "Sir," answered Sancho, "if I must tell the truth, nobody transcribed the letter for me; for I carried no letter at all."—"It is as you say," quoth Don Quixote;

"for I found the pocket-book I had written it in two days after your departure; which troubled me exceedingly, not knowing what you would do when you should find you had no letter; and I still believed you would come back as soon as you should miss it." "So I should have done," answered Sancho, "had I not got it by heart, when your worship read it to me, and so perfectly, that I repeated it to a parish-clerk, who wrote it down as I dictated, and said that though he had read many letters of excommunication, he had never seen or read so pretty a letter in all the days of his life." "And have you it still by heart, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "No, Sir," answered Sancho: "for after I had delivered it, seeing it was to be of no farther use, I forgot it on purpose. If I remember aught of it, it is the beginning, *the high and subterrane*, I mean *sovereign lady*, and the conclusion, *thine until death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.* And between these two things, I put above three hundred souls and lives, and dear eyes."

"All this does not displease me; go on," said Don Quixote. "You arrived: and what was that queen of beauty doing? Without doubt you found her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device with threads of gold for this her captive knight." "No, I did not," answered Sancho; "but I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in a back-yard of her house." "Then make account," said Don Quixote, "that the grains of that wheat were so many grains of pearl, when touched by her hands. And did you take notice, friend, whether the wheat was fine, or the ordinary sort?" "It was neither," answered Sancho, "but of the reddish kind." "Be assured, however," quoth Don Quixote, "that when winnowed by her hands, it certainly made the finest manchet-bread; but go on. When you gave her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she put it to her head? Did she use any ceremony worthy of such a letter, or what did she do?" "When I was going to give it her," answered Sancho, "she was very busy in winnowing a good sieve-full of the wheat; and she said to me, 'Lay the letter, my lad, upon that sack; for I cannot read it until I have done winnowing all that is here.'" "Discreet lady!" said Don Quixote; "this was, to be sure, that she might read it and entertain herself with it at leisure.

Proceed Sancho: while she was thus employed, what discourse had she with you? what did she enquire of you concerning me? and what did you answer? Make an end; tell it me all; leave nothing at the bottom of the ink-horn." "She asked me nothing," said Sancho; "but I told her how your worship was doing penance for her service among these rocks, naked from the waist upwards, * as if you were a savage, sleeping on the ground, not eating bread on a napkin, nor combing your beard, but weeping and cursing your fortune." "In saying that I cursed my fortune, you said amiss," quoth Don Quixote. "I rather bless it, and shall bless it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to love so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso." "So high indeed," answered Sancho, "that, in good faith, she is a handful taller than I am." "Why, how, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "have you measured with her?" "I measured thus," answered Sancho: "as I was

* In the description of Don Quixote's penance (book 3, ch. 11.) we find him naked from the waist downwards.

helping her to put a sack of wheat upon an ass, we stood so close that I perceived she was taller than I by more than a full span."

"If it be so," replied Don Quixote, "does she not accompany and set off this stature of body with a million graces of the mind? But, Sancho, conceal not one thing from me: when you stood so near her, did you not perceive a Sabean odour, an aromatic fragrance, and something so sweet, that I know not what name to give it? I say a scent, a smell, as if you were in some curious perfumer's shop?" "All I can say is," quoth Sancho, "that I perceived somewhat of a mannish smell, which must have proceeded from her being in a dripping sweat with over-much pains-taking." "It could not be so," answered Don Quixote: "you must either have had a cold in your head, or smelt your own self; for I very well know the scent of that rose among thorns, that lily of the valley, that liquid amber." "All that may be," answered Sancho; "for

the same fragrance often comes from me, as methought then came from my lady Dulcinea: but where's the wonder that one devil should be like another?"

"Well then," continued Don Quixote, "she has now done winnowing, and the corn is sent to the mill. What did she do, when she had read the letter?" "The letter," quoth Sancho, "she did not read; for she told me she could neither read nor write: on the contrary, she tore it to pieces, saying, she would not give it to any body to read, that her secrets might not be known in the village; and that what I had told her by word of mouth, concerning the love your worship bore her, and the extraordinary penance you were doing for her sake, was enough. Lastly, she bid me tell your worship that she kissed your hands, and that she remained with greater desire to see you than to write to you; and therefore she humbly entreated and commanded you, at sight hereof, to quit those brakes and bushes, to leave off those foolish extravagancies, and set off immediately for Toboso, if some other business of greater importance did not intervene; for she had a mighty mind to see your worship. She laughed heartily, when I told her how you called yourself *the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.* I asked her whether the Biscayan of the other day had been there with her; she told me he had, and that he was a very honest fellow. I asked her after the galley-slaves; but she told me she had not yet seen any of them." "All goes well, as yet," said Don Quixote. "But, tell me, what jewel did she give you at your departure, for the news you had brought her of me? For it is an usual and an ancient custom among knights and ladies-errant, to bestow some rich jewel on the squires, damsels or dwarfs, who bring them news of their mistresses or servants, as a reward or acknowledgement for their welcome news." "Very likely," quoth Sancho, "and a very good custom it was; but it must have been in days of yore: for now-a-days the custom is to give only a bit of bread and cheese; for that was what my lady Dulcinea gave me over the pales of the yard, when she dismissed me; by the same token that the cheese was made of sheep's milk." "She is extremely generous," said Don Quixote: "and if she did not give you a jewel of gold, it must be because she had

not one about her: but sleeves are good after Easter. * I shall see her, and all shall be set to rights.

"But, do you know, Sancho, what I am surprised at? It is, that you must have gone and come through the air; for you have been

little more than three days in going and coming between this and Toboso, though it is more than thirty leagues from hence thither. I therefore conclude that the sage enchanter, who has the superintendance of my affairs and is my friend, for such a one there is, and must of necessity be, otherwise I should be no true knight-errant, I say I conclude that this same enchanter must have assisted you in travelling, without your perceiving it. In fact there are sages who will take you up a knight-errant sleeping in his bed, and without his knowing how, or in what manner, he awakes the next day above a thousand leagues from the place where he fell asleep. Were it not for this, the knights-errant could not succour

* A proverbial expression, signifying that "a good thing is always seasonable." The Spaniards, for the sake of warmth, wear sleeves in winter until about Easter; but if the weather continues cold sleeves may be proper after Easter.

ne an other in their dangers, as they now do at every turn. For a knight happens to be fighting in the mountains of Armenia with

some dreadful monster, or fierce andriaque, or perhaps some other knight; he has the worst of the combat and is just upon the point of being killed, and lo! on a sudden when he least expects it, there appears upon a cloud, or in a chariot of fire, another knight his friend, who just before was in England. The latter takes his part, and delivers him from death; and that night he finds himself in his own chamber, supping with a very good appetite, though there be the distance of two or three thousand leagues between the two countries. All this is brought about by the industry and skill of sage enchanters, who undertake the care of valorous knights. Thus, friend Sancho, I make no difficulty in believing that you went and came in so short a time between this place and Toboso, since, as I have said, some sage our friend must have expedited your journey without your being sensible of it." "It may be so," quoth Sancho; "for, in good faith, Rocinante went like any Bohemian's ass with

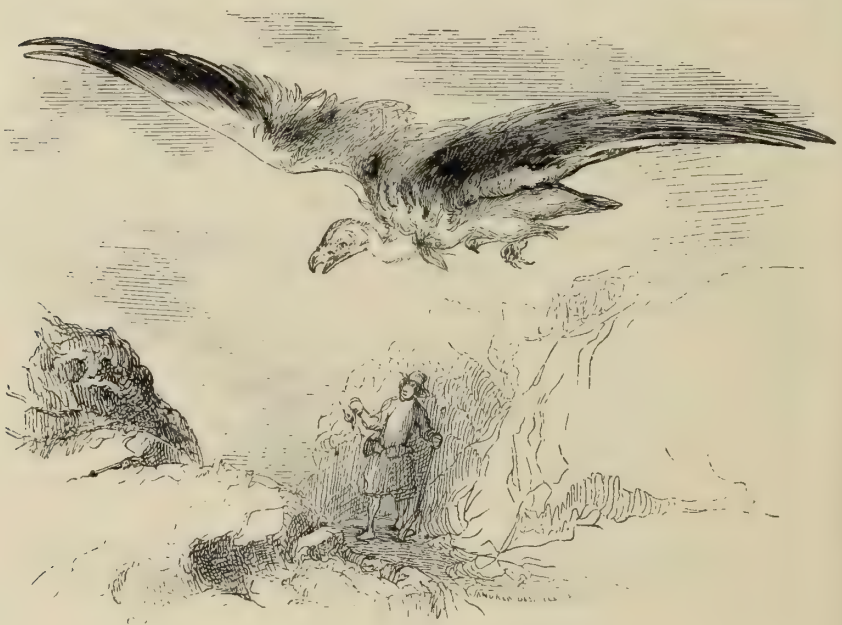
quick quicksilver in his ears."[156] "With quicksilver!" said Don Quixote; "ay, and with a legion of devils to boot; a sort of cattle

that travel and make others travel, as fast as they please, without being tired.

"But, setting this aside, what would you advise me to do now, as to what my lady commands me about going to see her? Though I know I am bound to obey her commands, I find myself at present under an impossibility of doing it, on account of the boon I have promised to grant the princess who is in our company; and the laws of chivalry oblige me to comply with my word rather than indulge my pleasure. On the one hand, the desire of seeing my lady persecutes and perplexes me; on the other, I am incited and called by my promised faith and the glory I shall acquire in this enterprise. But what I propose to do is this: I will travel in all haste and get quickly to the place where this giant is; having arrived, I will cut off his head, and settle the princess peaceably in her kingdom, and that instant return and see that sun which enlightens my

[156] In allusion to a trick practised by the Bohemian horse-dealers, who, to give paces to the most stupid mule or to the idlest ass, were in the habit of pouring a small quantity of quicksilver into its ears.

senses. I will make such an excuse that far from being irritated she shall allow your delay was necessary, seeing that all redounds to the increase of her glory and fame, since what I have won, do win or shall win, by force of arms, in this life, proceeds wholly from the succour she affords me and from my being her's." "Ah!" quoth Sancho, "how disordered your worship is in your head! Pray tell me, Sir, do you intend to take this journey for nothing? and will you let slip so considerable a match as this, when the dowry is a kingdom, which, as I have heard say, is above twenty thousand leagues in circumference, abounding in all things necessary for the support of human life, and bigger than Portugal and Castille together? For the love of God, say no more, and take shame to yourself for what you have said already; follow my advice, pardon me, and be married out of hand at the first place where there is a priest; and if there be none, here is our licentiate who will do it cleverly. I pray you to take notice that I am of age to give advice, and what I now give is as fit as if it were cast in a mould for you: for a sparrow in the hand is worth more than a bustard on the wing;



and he that may have good if he will, it is his own fault if he chooses ill." "Look you, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "if you advise me to marry, that by killing the giant I may immediately become a king, and have it in my power to reward you by giving you what I promised you, I would have you to know that, without marrying, I can easily gratify your desire. I will covenant, before I enter into the battle, that upon my coming off victorious, without marrying the princess, I shall be entitled to a part of the kingdom to bestow on whom I please; and when I have it, to whom do you think I should give it but to yourself?" "That is clear," answered Sancho; "but pray, Sir, take care to choose it toward the sea, that, if I should not like living there, I may ship off my black subjects, and dispose of them, as I said before.* And trouble not yourself now to go and see my lady Dulcinea, but go and kill the giant, and let us make an end of this business; for before Heaven, I verily believe it will bring us much honour and profit." "You are in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and I take your advice as to going first with the princess before I go to see Dulcinea. Be sure you say nothing to any body, no, not to those who are in our company, of what we have been discoursing and conferring upon: for since Dulcinea is so reserved that she would not have her thoughts known, it is not fit that I, or any one else for me should discover them." "If it be so," quoth Sancho, "why does your worship send all those you conquer by the might of your arm to present themselves before my lady Dulcinea, unless it is to give it under your hand that you are in love with her? If these persons must fall upon their knees before her, and declare they come from you to pay their obeisance to her, how can your mutual inclinations be a secret?" "How dull and foolish you are!" said Don Quixote. "You perceive not, Sancho, that all this redounds the more to her exaltation: for you must know that, in this our style of chivalry, it is a great honour for a lady to have many knights-errant who serve her merely for her own sake, without expectation of any

* Sancho had not told his master in what manner he intended to dispose of his negroes, but had only resolved upon it in soliloquy.

other reward for their manifold and good desires than the honour of being admitted into the number of her knights." "I have heard it preached," quoth Sancho, "that God is to be loved with this kind of love, for himself alone, without our being moved to it by the hope of reward or the fear of punishment; though for my part, I am inclined to love and serve him for what he is able to do for me." "The devil take you for a bumpkin," said Don Quixote; "you are ever and anon saying such smart things that one would almost think you have studied." "And yet, by my faith," quoth Sancho, "I cannot so much as read."

While they were thus talking, master Nicholas called aloud to them to halt a little, for they had a mind to stop and drink at a small spring hard by. Don Quixote, halted much to the satisfaction of

Sancho, who began to be tired of telling so many lies and was afraid his master should at last catch him tripping: for though he knew Dulcinea was a farmer's daughter of Toboso, he had never seen her in all his life. In the meanwhile, Cardenio had put on the clothes which Dorothea wore when they found her; and though they were none of the best, they were far beyond those he had put off. They all alighted near the fountain, and with what the priest had furnished himself at the inn, they somewhat appeased the violence of their hunger.

They were thus employed, when a young lad happened to pass by, travelling along the road. He stopped, and looking very earnestly at those who were at the fountain, presently ran to Don Quixote, and, embracing his legs, began weeping in good earnest, and said: "Ah! dear Sir, does not your worship know me? Consider me well: I am Andrew, the lad whom you delivered from the oak to which I was tied."

Don Quixote knew him again, and taking him by the hand he turned to the company and said: "To convince you of what importance it is that there should be knights-errant in the world, to redress the wrongs and injuries committed in it by insolent and wicked men, you must know, good people, that a few days ago, as I was passing by a wood, I heard certain outcries, and a very lamentable voice, as of some person in distress. I hastened immediately, prompted by my duty, towards the place whence the voice seemed to come; and I found, tied to an oak, this lad whom you see here —I am glad, in my soul, he is present, for he will attest the truth of what I say—I say he was tied to the oak, naked from the waist upward; and a country fellow, whom I afterwards found to be his master, was cruelly lashing him with the reins of a bridle. As soon as I saw it, I asked him the reason of so severe a whipping. The clown answered that he was his servant, and that he whipped him for some instances of neglect, which proceeded rather from knavery than simplicity.—On which this boy cried: 'Sir, he whips me only because I ask him for my wages.' The master replied with I know not what speeches and excuses, which I heard indeed, but did not admit. In short, I made him untie the boy, and swear to take him

home and pay him every real that he owed him, and interest into the bargain. Is not all this true, son Andrew? Did you not observe with what authority I commanded, and how submissively he promised to do whatever I enjoined, notified and required of him? Answer; be under no concern, but tell these gentlefolks what passed, that they may see and consider how useful it is, as I said, that there should be knights-errant upon the road."

"All that your worship has said is very true," answered the lad; "but the business ended quite otherwise than you imagine." "How otherwise?" replied Don Quixote: "did not the rustic instantly pay you?" "He not only did not pay me," answered the boy, "but as soon as your worship was got out of the wood and we were left alone, he tied me again to the same tree, and gave me so many fresh strokes that I was flayed like Saint Bartholomew; and, at every lash he gave me, he said something by way of scoff or jest upon your worship; at which, if I had not felt so much pain, I could not have forborne laughing. In short, he laid me on in such a manner that I have been ever since in an hospital, under cure of the bruises the barbarous countryman then gave me. And your worship was the cause of all this; for had you gone on your way, and not come where you were not called, nor meddled with other folks' business, my master would have been satisfied with giving me a dozen or two of lashes, and then would have loosed me, and paid me what he owed me. But by your worship's abusing him so inopportunely and calling him so many hard names, his wrath was kindled; and not having it in his power to be revenged on you, no sooner had you left him than he discharged the tempest upon me in such sort that I shall never be a man again while I live."

"The mischief," said Don Quixote, "was in my going away too soon: I should not have stirred until I had seen you paid. I might have known, by long experience, that no rustic will keep his word longer than he finds it convenient so to do. But you may remember, Andrew, that I swore, if he did not pay you, I would seek him out, and find him, though he hid himself in the whale's belly." "That is true," quoth Andrew; "but it signifies nothing." "You shall see now whether it signifies," said Don Quixote; and so saying, he

arose up very hastily, and ordered Sancho to bridle Rocinante, who was grazing while they were eating. Dorothea asked him what it was he meant to do? He answered that he would go and find out the rustic, chastise him for so base a proceeding and make him pay Andrew to the last farthing, in spite and defiance of all the rustics in the world. She desired he would consider what he did, since, according to the promised boon, he could not engage in any other adventure until he had accomplished her's; and since he could not but know this better than any body else, she entreated him to moderate his resentment until his return from her kingdom. "You are in the right," answered Don Quixote; "and Andrew must have patience until my return, as you say, madam; and I again swear and promise not to rest until he is revenged and paid."

"I do not depend upon these oaths," said Andrew; "I would rather have wherewithal to carry me to Seville than all the revenges in the world. If you have any thing to give me to eat, and to carry with me, let me have it; and God prosper your worship and all knights-errant, and may they prove as luckily errant to themselves, as they have been to me." Sancho pulled a lump of bread and a piece of cheese out of his knapsack, and giving them to the lad, he said: "Here, brother Andrew, we all have a share in your misfortunes."—"Why, what share have you in it?" said Andrew. "This piece of bread and cheese which I give you," answered Sancho: "God knows whether I may not want it myself; for I would have you to know, friend, that we squires to knights-errant are subject to much hunger, and to ill luck, and to other things too, which are more easily conceived than told."— Andrew took the bread and cheese, and seeing that nobody else gave him any thing, he made his bow, and marched off. He only said at parting, to Don Quixote: "For the love of Heaven, Signor knight-errant, if ever you meet me again, though you see they are beating me to pieces, do not succour nor assist me, but leave me to my misfortune, which cannot be so great but a greater will follow from your worship's aid, whom may the curse of Old Nick light upon, and upon all the knights-errant that ever were born in the world!" Don Quixote was getting up to chastise him, but he fled so fast that nobody offered to pursue him.

Don Quixote was mightily abashed at Andrew's story; and the rest were forced to refrain, though with some difficulty, from laughing, that they might not put him quite out of countenance.

CHAPTER V.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT BEFEL DON QXIXOTE'S WHOLE COMPANY IN THE INN.

LEAVING the vicinity of the fountain, their notable repast being ended, they saddled immediately, and, without any thing happening to them worthy to be related, they arrived the next day at the inn, that dread and terror of Sancho Panza, who, though he would fain have declined going in, could not avoid it. The hostess, the host, their daughter and Maritornes, seeing Don Quixote and Sancho coming, went out to meet them with signs of joy. Our knight received them with a grave deportment and a nod of recognition, bidding them prepare him a better bed than they had done the time before; to which the hostess answered that, provided he could pay better than the time before, she would get him a bed for a prince. Don Quixote said he would; and so they made him a tolerable one in the same large room where he had lain before; and he immediately threw himself down upon

it, for he arrived very much shattered both in body and brains. He was no sooner shut into his chamber, than the hostess fell upon the barber, and taking him by the beard, said: "By my faith, you shall use my horse tail no longer for a beard: give me my tail again, for my husband's property is tossed up and down so, that it is a shame; I mean the comb I used to stick in my good tail." The barber would not part with it, for all her tugging, till the licentiate bid him give it up, as there was no farther need of that artifice, and he might now discover himself, and appear in his own shape. "You can tell Don Quixote," added he, "that being robbed by those thieves, the galley-slaves, you fled to this inn; if he should ask for the princess's squire, we can tell him she despatched him before, with advice to her subjects that she was coming and bringing with her their common deliverer." The barber then willingly surrendered to the hostess the tail, together with all the other appurtenances she had lent in order to Don Quixote's enlargement.

All the folks of the inn were surprised at the beauty of Dorothea and the comely personage of the shepherd Cardenio. The priest ordered them to get ready what the house afforded; and the host, in hopes of being better paid, soon served up a tolerable supper. All this while Don Quixote was asleep, and they agreed not to awake him; for at that time he had more occasion for sleep than victuals.

The discourse at supper, at which were present the inn-keeper, his wife, his daughter, Maritornes and all the passengers, turned upon the strange madness of Don Quixote, and the condition in which they had found him. The hostess related to them what befel him with the carrier; and looking about to see whether Sancho was by, and not seeing him, she gave them a full account of his being tossed in a blanket, at which they were not a little diverted. The priest happening to say that the books of chivalry which Don Quixote had read had turned his brain, the inn-keeper said: "I cannot conceive how that should be; for really, as far as I can understand, there is no choicer reading in the world. I have by me three or four of them, with some manuscripts, which, in good truth, have kept me alive, and not me only, but many others beside. In

harvest-time, many of the reapers come hither every day for shelter during the noon-day heat; and there is always one or other among them that can read, who takes one of these books in hand, while above thirty of us place ourselves round him, and listen with so much pleasure, that it prevents a thousand hoary hairs. At least, I can say for myself that, when I hear of those furious and terrible blows which the knights-errant lay on, I have a great wish to be doing as much, and could sit and hear them day and night." "I wish you did," quoth the hostess; "for I never have a quiet moment in my house but when you are listening to the reading; you are then so besotted that you forget to scold for the time." "It is true," said Maritornes; "and in good faith, I too am very much delighted at hearing those things, for they are very fine, especially when they tell us how such a lady and her knight lie embracing

each other under an orange-tree, and how a duenna stands upon the watch, dying with envy, and her heart going pit-a-pat. I say all this is pure honey." "And pray miss, what is your opinion of these matters?" said the priest, addressing himself to the inn-keeper's daughter. "I do not know, indeed, Sir," answered the girl: "I listen too, and though I do not understand it, I really take some pleasure in hearing it. But I have no relish for those blows and flashes, which please my father so much: what I chiefly like is, the complaints the knights make when they are absent from their mistresses; and really sometimes they make me weep out of the pity I have for them." "You would soon afford them relief, young gentlewoman," said Dorothea, "if they wept for you." "I do not know what I should do," answered the girl; "only I know that several of those ladies are so cruel that their knights call them tigers and lions, and a thousand other ugly names. And, Jesu! I cannot imagine what kind of folks they be who are so hard-hearted and unconscionable that, rather than bestow a kind look on an honest gentleman, they will let him die or run mad. For my part, I cannot see why all this coyness: if it is out of honesty, why not marry them, for that is what the gentlemen would be at." "Hold your tongue, hussey," said the hostess; "methinks you know a great deal of these matters, and it does not become young maidens to know or talk so much." "When this gentleman asked me a civil question," replied the girl, "I could do no less than answer him." "It is mighty well," said the priest; "pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them."—"With all my heart," answered the host; and going into his chamber, he brought out a little old portmanteau, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes and some manuscript papers written in a fair character. The first book he opened he found to be *Don Cirongilio of Thrace*[157], the next *Felixmarte of Hircania*[158],

[157] This romance was composed by Bernardo de Vergas; it is intituled: *The books of Don Cirongilio of Thrace, son f the noble king Elesphron of Macedonia, as they were written, in Greek by Novareus, and by Promusis in Latin.* Folio, Seville, 1545.

[158] See note 19, *antè*, page 57 of this volume.

the third the *History of the Grand Captain, Gonzalo of Cordova*[159], with the *Life of Diego Garcia de Parédès.* When the priest had read the titles of the two first, he turned to the barber and said: "We want here our friend's housekeeper and niece."—"Not at all," answered the barber, "for I myself can carry them to the yard, or to the chimney, where there is a very good fire."—"What, Sir, would you burn my books?" said the inn-keeper. "Only these two," said the priest, "that of *Don Cirongilio*, and that of *Felixmarte.*"—"What then, are my books heretical or phlegmatical, that you have a mind to burn them?"—"Schismatical, you would say, friend," said the barber, "and not phlegmatical."—"It is true," replied the inn-keeper; "but if you intend to burn any, let it be this of the Grand Captain, and this of Diego Garcia; for I will sooner let you burn one of my children, than either of the others."

[159] Gonzalo Hernandez of Cordova. His history, without the author's name, was printed at Saragossa, in 1559.

"Dear brother," said the priest, "those two books are great liars, and full of extravagant and foolish conceits; this on the contrary, of the *Grand Captain* is a true history, and contains the exploits of Gonzalo Hernandez of Cordova, who, for his many and brave actions, deserved to be called by all the world the Grand Captain; a name renowned and illustrious, and merited by him alone. As

for Diego Garcia de Parédès, he was a gentleman of note, born in the town of Truxillo in Estremadura[160], a very brave soldier, and of such great natural strength that he could stop a mill-wheel in its greatest rapidity with a single finger. Being once posted with a two-handed sword at the entrance upon a bridge, he repelled a prodigious army, and prevented their passage over it[161]. If that and his other exploits, instead of being related by himself with the modesty of a cavalier who is his own historian[162], had been written by some dispassionate and unprejudiced author, they would have eclipsed the actions of the Hectors, Achilleses and Orlandos." "Tell that to my grandmother," quoth the inn-keeper; "do but see what it is he wonders at, the stopping of a mill-wheel! Before God your worship should have read what I have read concerning Felixmarte of Hircania, who, with one back-stroke, cut asunder five giants in the middle, as if they had been so many bean-cods, of which the children make little puppet-friars.* At another time he encountered a very great and powerful army of above a million and six hundred thousand soldiers, all armed from head to foot, and defeated them all as if they had been a flock of sheep. But what will you say of the good Don Cirongilio of Thrace, who was so stout and valiant, as you may see in the book wherein is related, that as he was sailing on a river, a fiery serpent appeared above water; and he, as soon as he saw it, threw himself upon it, and getting astride upon his scaly shoulders, squeezed its throat with both his hands, and with so much force that the serpent, finding itself in danger of being choked, had no other remedy, but to

[160] In 1469. He died at Boulogne, in 1533.

[161] In the *Chronicle of the Grand Captain* this adventure is thus related: "Diego Garcia de Parédès put a two-handed sword over his shoulder——and placed himself on the bridge of Garellano which the French had recently thrown up, and, fighting against them, he began to perform such mighty feats, that Hector, Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, nor other valorous captains of antiquity, in their respective times, never surpassed, seeming, by his resolution and intrepidity, to be actually another Horatius Coclès."—(chap. cvi.)

[162] At the end of the *Chronicle of the Grand Captain* is given a *Memoir of the Life and actions of Diego Garcia de Parédès* (Breve suma de la vida y hechos de Diego Garcia de Parédès), written by himself, and having his signature attached to it.

* Children in Spain, it is said make puppets resembling friars out of bean-cods, by breaking as much of the upper end as discovers part of the first bean, which is to represent the bald head, and letting the broken cod hang back like a cowl.

let itself sink to the bottom of the river, carrying along with him

the knight, who would not quit his hold: and, when they got to the bottom, he found himself in a fine palace, and in so pretty a garden, that it was wonderful to behold; and presently the serpent turned to a venerable old man, who said so many things to him that the like was never heard. Therefore, pray say no more, Sir; for if you were but to hear all this you would run mad with pleasure. A fig for the Grand Captain, and for that Diego Garcia you speak of."

Dorothea, hearing this, said softly to Cardenio: "Our landlord wants but little to act the second part of Don Quixote."—"I think so too," answered Cardenio: "for it would appear that he takes all that is related in these books for gospel, and neither more nor less than matters of fact; and the bare-footed friars themselves could not make him believe others."—"Look you, brother," said the priest; "there never was in the world such a man as Felixmarte of Hircania, nor Don Cirongilio of Thrace, nor any other knights, such as the books of chivalry mention. All is but the contrivance and invention of idle wits, who composed them for the purpose of wiling away time, as you see your reapers do in reading them. I vow and swear to you there never were any such knights in the world, nor were such feats, or extravagant exploits ever achieved in it."—"To another dog with this bone," answered the host; "as if I did not know how many make five, or where my own shoe pinches: do not think, Sir, to feed me with pap; for, before God, I am no suckling. A good jest, indeed! that your worship should endeavour to make me believe that all the contents of these good books are lies and extravagancies, being printed with the licence of the king's privy-council! as if they were people that would allow the impression of such a pack of lies, battles and enchantments as are enough to make one distracted." "I have already told you, friend," replied the priest, "that it is done for the amusement of our idle thoughts: and as, in all well-instituted commonwealths, the games of chess, tennis and billiards are permitted for the entertainment of those who have nothing to do, and who ought not or cannot work; for the same reason they permit such books to be written and printed; presuming, as they well may, that nobody can be so ignorant as to take them for true histories. If it were proper at this time, and my hearers required it, I could lay down such rules for the composing books of chivalry as should perhaps make them agreeable, and even useful to many persons. But I hope the time will come that I may communicate this design to those who can remedy it. In the meanwhile, Signor inn-keeper, believe what I have told you; take your books again, and settle the point whether they contain truths or lies as you please; and much good

may you do with them. God grant you do not halt on the same foot your guest Don Quixote does." "Not so," answered the inn-keeper, "I shall not be so mad as to turn knight-errant; for I know very well that times are altered since those famous knights-errant wandered about the world."

Sancho came in about the middle of this conversation, and was much confounded and very pensive at hearing that knights-errant were not now in fashion, and that all books of chivalry were mere lies and fooleries; he resolved with himself to wait the event of this expedition of his master's; and, if it did not succeed happily as he expected, he determined to leave him and return home to his wife and children, and to his accustomed labour.

The inn-keeper was about to carry away the portmanteau and the books when the priest said to him: "Pray stay, for I would see what papers those are that are written in so fair a character." The host took them out, and having given them to him to read, he found about eight sheets in manuscript, and on the first page a large title, which was, *The Novel of the Curious Impertinent.* The priest read three or four lines to himself, and said: "In truth I do not dislike the title of this novel, and I have a mind to read it all." To which the inn-keeper answered: "Your reverence may well venture to read it; for I assure you that some of my guests, who have read it, liked it mightily, and begged it of me with great earnestness: but I would not give it them, designing to restore it to the person who forgot and left behind him this portmanteau with these books and papers. Perhaps their owner may come this way again some time or other; and, though I know I shall have a great want of the books, in faith I will restore them; for, if I am an inn-keeper, thank God I am a Christian." "You are much in the right, friend," said the priest; "nevertheless, if the novel pleases me, you must give me leave to take a copy of it." "With all my heart," answered the inn-keeper. While they were thus talking, Cardenio had taken up the novel, and began to peruse it; being likewise pleased with it, he desired the priest to read it aloud so that they might all hear it. "I will," said the priest, "if it be not better to spend our time in sleeping than in reading." "It will be as well

for me," said Dorothea, "to pass the time in listening to some story; for my spirits are not yet so composed as to give me leave to sleep, though it were needful." "Well then," said the priest, "I will read it, if it were but for curiosity; perhaps it may contain something that is entertaining." Master Nicholas and Sancho joined in the same request: then the priest, perceiving that he should give them all pleasure and receive some himself, said: "Be all attentive, for the novel begins in the following manner."

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH IS RECITED THE NOVEL OF "THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT." *

AT Florence, a rich and famous city of Italy, in the province of Tuscany, lived Anselmo and Lothario, two gentlemen of fortune and quality, and such great friends that all who knew them styled them, by way of eminence and distinction, *the Two Friends.* They were both bachelors, young, of the same age, and of the same taste: all which was a sufficient foundation for their reciprocal friendship. It is true, indeed, that Anselmo was somewhat more inclined to

* In strict propriety of speech, the novel ought to be entitled, The Impertinently Curious, since it is certain the subject of it is, not Anselmo's Curious Impertinence, but his Impertinent Curiosity.

amorous dalliance than Lothario, who was fonder of country sports; but, upon occasion, Anselmo neglected his own pleasures, to pursue those of Lothario; and Lothario quitted his, to follow those of Anselmo: and thus their inclinations went hand in hand, with such harmony that no clock kept such exact time. Anselmo fell desperately in love with a beautiful young lady of quality in the same

city, called Camilla, daughter of such good parents and herself so good, that he resolved (with the approbation of his friend Lothario, without whom he did nothing,) to demand her of her father in marriage; which he accordingly did. It was Lothario who carried the message; and it was he who concluded the match, so much to the good liking of his friend, that in a little time he found himself in the possession of what he desired, and Camilla so satisfied with having obtained Anselmo for her husband that she ceased not to give thanks to Heaven, and to Lothario, by whose means such good fortune had befallen her.

For some days after the wedding, days usually dedicated to mirth, Lothario frequented his friend Anselmo's house as he was wont to do, striving to honour, please and entertain him to the utmost of his power: but the nuptial season being over, and compliments of congratulation at an end, Lothario began to remit the frequency of his visits to Anselmo, thinking, as all discreet men should, that one ought not to visit and frequent the houses of one's friends when married in the same manner as when they were bachelors. For, though true and real friendship neither can nor ought to be suspicious in any thing, yet so nice is the honour of a married man, that it is thought it may suffer even by a brother, and much more by a friend.

Anselmo soon took notice of Lothario's remissness. He complained greatly of it, telling him that, had he suspected that his being married would have been the occasion of their not conversing together as formerly, he would never have done it; and since by the entire harmony between them, while both bachelors, they had acquired so sweet a name as that of *the two friends,* he desired he would not suffer so honourable and so pleasing a title to be lost, by overacting the cautious part; and therefore he besought him, if such a term might be used between them, to return and be master of his house, and come and go as heretofore; assuring him that his wife Camilla had no other pleasure or will than he desired she should have; and that, knowing how sincerely and ardently they loved each other, she was much surprised to find him so shy.

To all these and many other reasons which Anselmo urged to

Lothario to persuade him to use his house as before, Lothario replied with so much prudence, discretion and judgment, that Anselmo rested satisfied with the good intention of his friend; and they agreed that, two days in a week besides holidays, Lothario should come and dine with him. But, though this was concerted between them, Lothario resolved to do what he should think most for the honour of his friend, whose reputation was dearer to him than his own. He said, and he said right, that a married man on whom Heaven has bestowed a beautiful wife should be as careful what man he brings home to his house, as what female friends she converses with abroad; for that which cannot be done nor concerted in the markets, at churches, at public shows, or assemblies, (things which husbands must not always deny their wives), may be concerted and brought about at the house of a female friend or relation of whom we are most secure. Lothario said also that a married man stood in need of some friend to advertise him of any mistakes in his conduct; for it often happens that the fondness a man has at first for his wife makes him either not take notice, or not tell her for fear of offending her, that she ought to do or avoid doing some things, the doing or neglecting whereof may reflect honour or disgrace; all which might be easily remedied by the timely admonition of a friend. But where shall we find a friend so discreet, so faithful and sincere as Lothario here seems to require? Indeed, I cannot tell, unless in Lothario himself, who, with the utmost diligence and attention, watched over the honour of his friend, and contrived to retrench and abridge the number of visiting-days agreed upon, lest idle eyes, and malicious tongues, should censure the free access of a young and rich cavalier, so well born and of such accomplishments as he could not but be conscious to himself he was master of, to the house of a lady so beautiful as Camilla; for though his integrity and worth might bridle the tongues of the censorious, yet he had no mind that his own honour or that of his friend should be in the least suspected. He, therefore, on most of the days agreed upon, busied and employed himself about such things as he pretended were indispensable. Thus the time passed on in complaints on the one hand, and excuses on the other.

One day, as the friends were walking in a meadow without the city, Anselmo addressed Lothario in words to this effect:

"I know very well, Lothario, I can never be thankful enough to God for the blessings he has bestowed upon me, first in making me the son of such parents as mine were, and giving me, with so liberal a hand, what men call the goods of nature and fortune; and especially in having given me such a friend as yourself and such a wife as Camilla; two jewels, which if I value not so highly as I ought, I value at least as highly as I can. Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, which usually are sufficient to make men live contented, I live the most uneasy and dissatisfied man in the whole world; having been for some time past harassed and oppressed with a desire so strange, and so much out of the common track of other men, that I wonder at myself, and blame and rebuke myself for it when I am alone, endeavouring to stifle and conceal it even from my own thoughts; and yet I have succeeded no better in my endeavours to stifle and conceal it than if I had made it my business to publish it to all the world. Since, in short, it must one day break out, I would fain have it lodged in the archives of your breast; not doubting that through your secrecy and friendly application to relieve me, I shall soon be freed from the vexation it gives me, and that, by your diligence, my joy will rise to as high a pitch as my discontent has done by my own folly."

Lothario was in great suspense at Anselmo's discourse, and unable to guess at what he aimed by so tedious a preamble; and though he revolved in his imagination what desire it could be that gave his friend so much disturbance, he still shot wide of the mark. To be quickly rid of the perplexity into which this suspense threw him, he said that it was doing a monstrous injury to their great friendship to seek for round-about ways to acquaint him with his most hidden thoughts, since he might depend upon him, either for advice or assistance in what concerned them. "It is very true," answered Anselmo; "and in this confidence I give you to understand, friend Lothario, that the thing which disquiets me is a desire to know whether my wife Camilla be as good and as perfect as I imagine her to be; and I cannot be thoroughly informed of

this truth but by trying her in such a manner that the proof may manifest the perfection of her goodness, as fire does that of gold. For it is my opinion, my friend, that a woman is honest only so far as she is or is not courted and solicited *: and that she alone is really chaste who has not yielded to the force of promises, presents and tears, or the continual solicitations of importunate lovers. What thanks are due to a woman for being virtuous when nobody persuades her to be otherwise? what mighty matter if she be reserved and cautious who has no oppotunity given her of going astray, and knows she has a husband who, the first time he catches her transgressing, will be sure to take away her life? The woman, therefore, who is honest out of fear or for want of opportunity, I shall not hold in the same degree of esteem with her who, after solicitation and importunity, comes off with the crown of victory. For these reasons, and for many more I could assign in support of my opinion, I desire that my wife Camilla may pass through these trials, and be purified and refined in the fire of courtship and solicitation, and that by some person worthy of placing his desires on her. If she comes off from this conflict, as I believe she will, with the palm of victory, I shall applaud my matchless fortune. I shall then have it to say, that I have attained the utmost of my wishes, and may safely boast that the virtuous woman has fallen to my lot, she of whom the wise man says, 'Who can find her[163]?' And if the reverse of all this should happen, the satisfaction of being confirmed in my opinion will enable me to bear without regret the trouble so costly an experiment may reasonably give me. Further, as nothing you may urge against my design can be of any avail towards hindering me from putting it in execution, I would have you, friend Lothario, dispose yourself to be the instrument of performing this work of my fancy; and I will give you opportunity to do it, and you shall want for no means that I can think necessary towards gaining upon a modest, virtuous, reserved and disinterested

"* Casta est, quam nemo rogavit."——OVID.

"The nymph may be chaste that has never been tried."——PRIOR.

"She must be chaste who ne'er was tried."——THURSTON.

[163] Proverbs, Chap. XXXI.

woman. Among other reasons which induce me to trust this nice affair to your management, one is, my being certain that if Camilla should be overcome you will not follow up the victory to the last extremity, but only account that for done which for good reasons ought not to be done. Thus I shall be wronged only in the intention, and the injury will remain hidden in the virtue of your silence, which in what concerns me, will, I am assured, be eternal as that of death. Therefore, if you would have me enjoy a life that deserves to be called such, you must immediately enter upon this amorous combat, not languidly and lazily, but with all the fervour and diligence my design requires, and with the confidence of which our friendship assures me."

This was what Anselmo said to Lothario; to all which he was so attentive that, excepting what he is already mentioned to have said, he opened not his lips until his friend had done. Perceiving that he was silent, after gazing at him earnestly for some time as if he had been looking at something he had never seen before and which occasioned in him wonder and amazement, he said to him: "I cannot persuade myself, friend Anselmo, but that what you have been saying to me is all in jest: certainly, if I had thought you in earnest, I would not have suffered you to proceed so far, but, by not listening to you, I would have prevented your long harangue. I think, either that you do not know me, or that I do not know you. But, no: I well know you are Anselmo, and you know I am Lothario: the mischief is, that I think you are not the Anselmo you used to be, and that you must imagine I am not that Lothario I ought to be; for neither is what you have said to me becoming that friend of mine, Anselmo, nor is what you require of me to be asked of that Lothario whom you know. True friends ought to prove and use their friends, as the poet expresses it *usque ad aras;* as much as to say they ought not to employ their friendship in matters against the law of God. If an heathen [164] had this notion of friendship, how much more ought a Christian to have it, who knows that the divine friendship ought not to be forfeited for any human friendship

[164] Pericles. (Vide Plutarch.)

whatever. When a friend goes so far as to set aside his duty to Heaven in compliance with the interests of his friend, it must not be for light and trivial matters, but only when the honour and life of his friend are at stake. Tell me then, Anselmo, which of these two are in danger, that I should venture to compliment you with doing a thing in itself so detestable as that you require of me? Neither, assuredly: on the contrary, if I understand you right, you would have me take pains to deprive you of honour and life, and at the same time myself too of both. For if I must do that which will deprive you of your honour, it is plain I take away your life, since a man without honour is worse than if he were dead: and I being the instrument, as you would have me to be, of doing you so much harm, shall I not bring dishonour upon myself, and consequently rob myself of life? Hear me, friend Anselmo; have patience, and forbear answering until I have said all I have to say concerning your unreasonable desire. There will be time enough for you to reply, and for me to hear you."—"With all my heart," said Anselmo: "say what you please."

Then Lothario went on, saying: "Methinks, O Anselmo, you are at this time in the same disposition that the Moors are always in, whom you cannot convince of the error of their sect by citations from holy scripture, nor by arguments drawn from reason or founded upon articles of faith; but you must produce examples that are plain, easy, intelligible, demonstrative and undeniable, with such mathematical demonstrations as cannot be denied; as when it is said: *If from two equal parts we take equal parts, those that remain are also equal;* and, when they do not comprehend this in words, as in reality they do not, you must show it to them with your hands, and set it before their very eyes; and after all no one can convince them of the truths of our holy religion. In this very way and method must I deal with you; for this desire which possesses you is so extravagant and wide of all that has the least shadow of reason, that I look upon it as mis-spending time to endeavour to convince you of your folly, for at present I can give it no better name. I am even tempted to leave you to your indiscretion, as a punishment of your preposterous desire: but the friendship I have

for you will not let me deal so rigourously with you, nor will it consent that I shall desert you in such manifest danger of undoing yourself. That you may clearly see that it is so, answer me Anselmo: have you not told me that I must solicit her that is reserved? persuade her that is virtuous? bribe her that is disinterested? court her that is prudent? Yes, you have told me all that. If then you know that you have a reserved, virtuous, disinterested and prudent wife, what is it you would have? If you are of opinion she will come off victorious from all my attacks, as doubtless she will, what better titles do you think to bestow on her afterwards than those she has already? Will she be better then than she is now? Either you do not take her for what you pretend, or you do not know what it is you ask. If you do not take her for what you say you do, to what purpose would you try her, and not rather suppose her guilty and treat her as such? But if she be as good as you believe she is, it is impertinent to try experiments upon truth itself, since when that is done, it will remain but in the same degree of esteem it had before. Hence we must conclude that to attempt things whence mischief is more likely to ensue than any advantage to us, is the part of rash and inconsiderate men, especially when they are such as we are no way bound or obliged to attempt, when it may be easily seen at a distance that the enterprise itself is manifest folly. Difficult things are undertaken for the sake of God, of the world, or of both together. Those which are done for God's sake are such as are enterprised by the saints, while they endeavour to live a life of angels in human bodies: those which are taken in hand for love of the world are done by men who pass infinite oceans of water, various climates, many foreign countries, to acquire what are usually called the goods of fortune; and those which are undertaken for the sake of God and the world together are the actions of brave soldiers, who no sooner espy in the enemy's wall so much breach as may be made by a single cannon-ball, than, laying aside all fear, without deliberating, without regarding the manifest danger that threatens them, and borne upon the wings of desire to act in defence of their faith, their country and their king, they throw themselves intrepidly into the midst of a thousand opposing deaths

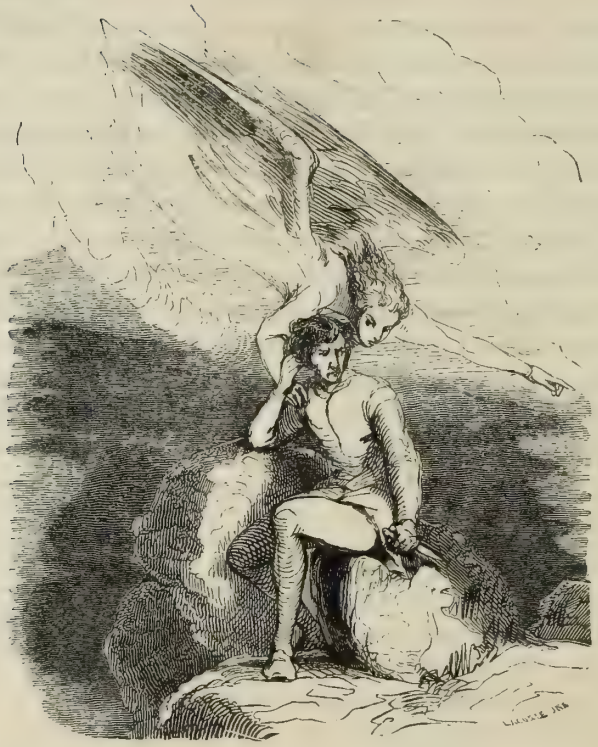
that await them. These are difficulties which are commonly attempted; and it is honour, glory and profit to attempt them, though so full of dangers and inconveniences. But that which you say you would have attempted and executed will neither procure you glory from God, the goods of fortune nor reputation among men. For, supposing the event to answer your desires, you will be neither happier, richer, nor more honoured than you are at present, and if you should miscarry, you will find yourself in the most miserable condition that can be imagined. Then it will avail you nothing to think, that nobody else knows the misfortune that has befallen you: it will sufficiently afflict and undo you, to know it yourself. As a farther confirmation of this truth, I will repeat a stanza of the famous poet Luigi Tansilo, at the end of his first part of the *Tears of Saint Peter* [165].

> " When conscious Peter saw the blushing east,
> He felt redoubled anguish in his breast,
> And, though by privacy secured from blame,
> Saw his own guilt, and seeing died with shame.
> For generous minds, when once to evil wrought,
> No witness want, but self-condemning thought;
> To such the conscious earth alone, and skies,
> Supply the place of thousand prying eyes.

" Thus, the circumstance of its being a secret will not prevent your sorrow, but rather make it perpetual, and be a continual subject for weeping, if not tears from your eyes, tears of blood from your heart, such as that simple doctor wept, who as the poet relates of him made trial of the cup, which the prudent Reinaldo more wisely declined [166]. If that be a poetical fiction, there is a concealed moral in it, worthy to be observed, understood and imitated.

[165] Luigi Tansilo, of Nola, in the kingdom of Naples, wrote the poem called *Saint Peter's Tears* (Le Lagrime di San Pietro), to do away with the odium cast on his name by his other (licentious) poem, entitled the *Vintager* (il Vendemmiatore). The former was translated into Spanish, partially, at first, by the Licentiate Gregorio Hernandez de Velasco, the celebrated translator of Virgil; then, completely, by Fray Damian Alvarez. The version of the stanza quoted in the text is by Cervantes.

[166] In allusion to the allegory related by Ariosto, in the XLIIId canto of his *Orlando Furioso*, whence Cervantes borrowed the idea of the present novel. Ariosto himself borrowed the story of the trial vase from the first book of Tristan de Leonais.



But I have still something more to say upon this subject which I hope will bring you to a full conviction of the great error you would commit. Tell me, Anselmo, if Heaven, or good fortune had made you master and lawful possessor of a superlatively fine diamond, of a diamond whose goodness and beauty all jewellers who had seen it were fully satisfied; if they should all unanimously declare that, in weight, goodness and beauty, it came up to whatever the nature of such a stone is capable of, and you yourself should believe as much, knowing nothing to the contrary; would it be right that you should take a fancy to lay this diamond between the anvil and the hammer, and, by dint of heavy blows, try whether it were so hard and so fine as it was thought to be? Supposing this put in execution, and the stone to have resisted so foolish a trial, would it acquire thereby any additional value or reputation? and if it should break, as it might,

would not all be lost? yes, certainly, and make its owner to pass for a simple fellow in every body's opinion. Know then, dear friend Anselmo, that Camilla is an exquisitely fine diamond, both in your own opinion and in that of other people, and that it is unreasonable to put her to the hazard of being broken, since, though she should remain entire, she cannot rise in her value; and should she fail, and not resist, consider in time what a condition you would be in without her, and how justly you might blame yourself for having been the cause both of her ruin and your own. There is no jewel in the world so valuable as a virtuous woman; and all the honour of women consists in the good opinion the world has of them; and since that of your wife is unquestionably good, why will you bring this truth into doubt? Consider, friend, that woman is an imperfect creature, and that one should not lay stumbling-blocks in her way, to make her trip and fall, but rather remove them, and clear the way before her, that she may without hindrance advance towards her proper perfection, which consists in being virtuous. Naturalists inform us that the ermine is a little white creature with fine fur, and that

when the hunters have a mind to catch it, they make use of this artifice: knowing the way it usually takes, or the places it haunts, they lay all the passes with dirt, and then frighten the creature with noise, and drive it towards those places; when the ermine comes to the dirt it stands still, suffering itself rather to be taken, than, by passing through the mire, destroy and sully its whiteness, which it values more than liberty or life. The virtuous and modest woman is an ermine, and the virtue of chastity is whiter and clearer than snow; and he who would not have her lose, but rather guard and preserve it, must take a quite different method from that which is used with the ermine: for he must not lay in her way the mire of the courtship and assiduity of importunate lovers, since perhaps, and without a perhaps, she may not have virtue and natural strength enough to enable her, of herself, to trample down and get clear over those impediments. It is necessary, therefore, to remove such things out of her way, and set before her pure and unspotted virtue, and the charms of an unblemished reputation. A good woman may also be compared to a mirror of crystal, shining and bright, but liable to be sullied and dimmed by every breath that comes near it. The virtuous woman is to be treated in the same manner as relics are, to be adored but not handled. The good woman is to be looked after and prized like a fine garden full of roses and other flowers, the owner of which suffers nobody to walk among them, or touch any thing; but only at a distance and through iron rails, to enjoy their fragrance and beauty. Lastly, I will repeat to you some verses which I remember to have heard in a modern comedy, and which seem very applicable to our present purpose. A prudent old man advises the father of a young maiden to look well after her and lock her up; among several other reasons, he gives the following:

If woman's glass, why should we try
Whether she can be broke, or no?
Great hazards in the trial lie,
Because perchance she may be so.

Who that is wise, such brittle ware
  Would careless dash upon the floor,
Which, broken, nothing can repair,
  Nor solder to its form restore?

In this opinion all are found,
  And reason vouches what I say,
Wherever Danaës abound,
  There golden showers will make their way.

"All that I have hitherto said, O Anselmo! relates only to you; it is now fit I should say something concerning myself; and pardon me if I am prolix; for the labyrinth into which you have run yourself, and out of which you would have me extricate you, requires no less. You look upon me as your friend, and yet against all rules of friendship, you would deprive me of my honour; nor is this all: you would have me take away yours. That you will rob me of mine is plain; for when Camilla finds that I make love to her, as you desire I should, it is certain she will look upon me as a man void of honour and modesty, since I attempt to do a thing so contrary to what I owe to myself and to your friendship. That you would have me deprive you of yours, there is no doubt; for Camilla, perceiving that I make addresses to her, must think I have discovered some mark of lightness in her which has emboldened me to declare to her my guilty passion; and her looking upon herself as dishonoured affects you, as being her husband. Hence arises what we so commonly find, that the husband of the adulterous wife, though he does not know it, nor has given his wife any reason for transgressing her duty, and though his misfortune be not owing to his own neglect or want of care, is nevertheless called by a vilifying and opprobrious name, and those who are not unacquainted with his wife's incontinence are apt to look upon him with an eye rather of contempt than of pity. But I will demonstrate to you why the husband of a vicious wife is justly dishonoured, though he does not know that he is or has been at all in fault, or connived at or given her occasion to become such. Be not weary of hearing me, since the whole will redound to your own advantage.

"When God created our first parent in the terrestial paradise,

(as the holy scripture informs us,) he infused a sleep into Adam; and while he slept, he took a rib out of his left side, of which he formed our mother Eve. When Adam awaked and beheld her, he said: 'This is flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.' And God said: 'For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and they two shall be one flesh.' And at that time the holy sacrament of marriage was instituted, with such ties as death only can loosen. This miraculous sacrament is of such force and virtue that it makes two different persons to be but one flesh. It doth more in the properly married; for, though they have two souls, they have but one will. Hence it is that, as the flesh of the wife is the very same with that of the husband, the blemishes or defects thereof are participated by the flesh of the husband, though, as is already said, he was not the occasion of them. For, as the whole body feels the pain of the foot, or of any other member, because they are all one flesh; and the head feels the smart of the ankle, though it was not the cause of it, so the husband partakes of the wife's dishonour by being the self-same thing with her. And as the honours and dishonours of the world all proceed from flesh and blood, and as those of the naughty wife are of this kind, the husband must of necessity bear his part in them, and be reckoned dishonoured without his knowing it[167]. Behold then, O Anselmo! the danger to which you expose yourself in seeking to disturb the quiet your virtuous consort enjoys; consider through how vain and impertinent a curiosity you would stir up the humours that now lie dormant in the breast of your chaste spouse. Reflect that what you adventure to gain is little, and what you may lose will be so great that I will pass over in silence what I want words to express. But, if all I have said be not sufficient to dissuade you from your preposterous design, you must look out for some other instrument of your disgrace and misfortune; for I resolve not to act this part, though I should thereby lose your friendship, which is the greatest loss I am able to conceive."

[167] Guzman d'Alfarache comprises all this reasoning in a few words: "My wife alone has the power of dishonouring me, according to the Spanish idea, by dishonouring herself; for, as she and I make but one, my honour and hers likewise make only one and not two, even as we are but one flesh." (Book II, chap. 2.)

Here the virtuous and discreet Lothario ceased, and Anselmo was so thoughtful and troubled, that for some time he could not answer him a word. At last he said: "You have observed, friend Lothario, with what attention I have listened to all you have been saying to me; and in your arguments, examples and comparisons, I plainly discover your great discretion, and the perfection of that friendship you have attained to. I see also and acknowledge that, in rejecting your opinion and adhering to my own, I fly the good and pursue the evil. Yet, this supposed, you must consider that I labour under the infirmity to which some women are subject, who have a longing to eat dirt, chalk, coals and other things still worse, even such as are loathsome to the sight, and much more so to the taste. Therefore some art must be made use of to cure me. It may be done with ease, only by your beginning to court Camilla, though but coldly and feignedly, for she cannot certainly be so yielding and pliant that her modesty should fall to the ground at the first onset: with this faint beginning I shall rest satisfied, and you will have complied with what you owe to our friendship, not only in restoring me to life, but by persuading me not to be the cause of my own dishonour. There is one reason especially which obliges you to undertake this business, which is that whereas I am determined as I am to put this experiment in practice, it behoves you not to let me disclose my frenzy to another person, and so hazard that honour you are endeavouring to preserve. Though your own should lose ground in Camilla's opinion while you are making love to her, it is of little or no consequence; since in a short time, when we shall have experienced in her the integrity we expect, you may discover to her the pure truth of our contrivance; whereupon you will regain your former credit with her. Thus, since you hazard so little, and may give me so much pleasure by the risk, do not decline the task, whatever inconveniences may appear to you in it, since, as I have already said, if you will but set about it, I shall give up the cause for determined."

Lothario, perceiving Anselmo's fixed resolution, and not knowing what other examples to adduce, nor what farther reasons to offer to dissuade him from his purpose; finding also he threatened to impart his extravagant desire to some other person, resolved, in order to

avoid a greater evil, to gratify him, and to undertake what he desired; but with a full purpose and intention so to order the matter that, without giving Camilla any disturbance, Anselmo should rest satisfied. He therefore returned for answer that he trusted his friend would not communicate his design to any other person whatever, for he would take the business upon himself, and would begin it whenever he pleased. Anselmo embraced him with great tenderness and affection, thanking him for this offer as if he had done him some great favour. Then it was agreed between them that he should set about the work the very next day, when he would give him opportunity and leisure to talk with Camilla alone, and would also furnish him with money and jewels to present her with. He advised him to give her music, and to write verses in her praise, and if he did not care to be at the pains, he would make them for him. Lothario consented to every thing, but with an intention very different from what Anselmo imagined. Things thus settled, they returned to Anselmo's house, where they found Camilla waiting with great uneasiness and anxiety for her spouse, who had stayed abroad longer that day than usual. Lothario, after some time, retired to his own house, and Anselmo remained in his, as contented as Lothario was pensive, who was at a loss what stratagem to invent to extricate himself handsomely from this impertinent business. But that night he bethought himself of a method to deceive Anselmo without offending Camilla. The next day he went to dine with his friend, and was kindly received by Camilla, who always entertained and treated him with much good-will, knowing the affection her spouse had for him. Dinner ended and the cloth taken away, Anselmo desired Lothario to stay with Camilla while he went upon an urgent affair, which he would dispatch, and be back in an hour or two. Camilla prayed him not to go, and Lothario offered to bear him company; but it signified nothing with Anselmo; on the contrary, he importuned Lothario to stay and wait for him, for he had a matter of great importance to talk to him about. He also desired Camilla to bear Lothario company until his return. In short, he knew so well how to counterfeit a necessity for his absence, that no one could perceive it was feigned.

Anselmo went away, and Camilla and Lothario remained by

themselves at table, the rest of the family being all gone to dinner. Thus Lothario found himself entered into the lists, as his friend had desired, with an enemy before him able to conquer, by her beauty alone, a squadron of armed cavaliers. Think then whether Lothario had no cause to fear! The first thing he did, was to lay his elbow on the arm of the chair, and his cheek on his hand; and, begging Camilla to pardon his ill-manners, he said he would willingly repose himself a little until Anselmo's return. Camilla answered that he might repose himself more at ease on the couch than in the chair, and therefore desired him to walk in and lie down there. Lothario excused himself, and slept where he was until Anselmo's return. When the latter returned and found Camilla retired to her chamber and Lothario asleep, he believed that as he had staid so long, they had had time enough both to talk and to sleep; and he waited impatiently until Lothario awakened, that he might go out with him and enquire after his success. All fell out as he wished. Lothario awaked, and presently they went out together, and Anselmo questioned him concerning what he wanted to be informed of. Lothario answered that he did not think it proper to open too

far the first time, and therefore all he had done was to tell her she was very handsome, and that the whole town spoke of her wit and beauty. "This I think a good introduction," added he, "as it may insinuate me into her good-will, and dispose her to listen to me the next time with pleasure; I have made use of the same artifice which the devil uses to deceive a person who is on his guard; when he, being in reality an angel of darkness, transforms himself into one of light, and, setting plausible appearances before him, at length discovers himself, and carries his point, if his deceit be not found out at the beginning." Anselmo was mightily pleased with all this, and said he would give him the like opportunity every day without going abroad; for he would so employ himself at home that Camilla should never suspect his stratagem.

Many days passed thus, and Lothario, though he spoke not a

word to Camilla on the subject, told Anselmo that he had, and that he could never perceive in her the least thing that was amiss, or even discover the least glimpse or shadow of hope for himself; that, on the contrary, she threatened to tell her husband if he did not quit his base design. "It is very well," said Anselmo; "hitherto Camilla has resisted words, we must now see how she will resist deeds: to-morrow I will give you two thousand crowns in gold to present her with, and as many more to buy jewels, by way of lure; for women, especially if they are handsome, though never so chaste, are fond of being well dressed and going fine. If she resists this temptation, I will be satisfied, and give you no farther trouble." Lothario answered that, since he had begun, he would go through with this affair, though he was sure he should come off wearied and repulsed.

The next day he received the four thousand crowns, and with them four thousand confusions, not knowing what new fable to invent. Eventually, he resolved to tell him that Camilla was as inflexible to presents and promises as to words, so that he need not weary himself any farther, since all the time was spent in vain. But fortune, which directed matters otherwise, so ordered it that Anselmo, having left Lothario and Camilla alone as usual, shut himself up in an adjoining chamber, and stood looking and listening through the key-hole how they behaved themselves. He saw that, in above half an hour, Lothario said not a word to Camilla; nor would he have said a word, had he stood there an age. On which he concluded that all his friend had told him of Camilla's answers was mere fiction. To try whether it was so or not, he came out of the chamber, and, calling Lothario aside, asked him what news he had for him, and what disposition he found Camilla in? Lothario replied that he was resolved not to mention that business any more to her, for she had answered him so sharply and angrily that he had not the courage to open his lips again to her. "Ah!" said Anselmo, "Lothario, Lothario! how ill do you answer your engagement to me, and the great confidence I repose in you! I am just come from looking through the key-hole of that door, and have found that you have not spoken a word to Camilla; whence I con-

clude that you have never yet spoken to her at all. If it be so, as doubtless it is, why do you deceive me? or why would you industriously deprive me of those means I might otherwise find to compass my desire?"

Anselmo said no more; but what he had said was sufficient to leave Lothario abashed and confounded. Thinking his honour touched by being caught in an untruth, he swore to Anselmo that from that moment he took upon him to satisfy him, and would tell no more lies, as he should find, if he had the curiosity to watch him; which however he might save himself the trouble of doing, for he would endeavour so earnestly to procure him satisfaction that there should be no room left for suspicion. Anselmo believed him; and, to give him an opportunity more secure and less liable to surprise, he resolved to absent himself from home for eight days, and to visit a friend of his who lived in a village not far from the city. To excuse his departure to Camilla, he contrived that his friend should press earnestly for his company. Rash and unhappy Anselmo! what is it you are doing? what is it you intend? what is

it you are contriving? Consider, you are acting against yourself, designing your own dishonour, and contriving your own ruin. Your spouse Camilla is virtuous; you possess her peaceably and quietly; nobody disturbs your enjoyment of her; her thoughts do not stray beyond the walls of her house; you are her Heaven upon earth, the aim of her desires, the accomplishment of her wishes, and the rule by which she measures her will, adjusting it wholly according to yours and the dictates of honour. If then the mine of her truth, beauty, virtue and modesty, yield you, without any toil, all the wealth they contain or you can desire, why will you ransack those mines for other veins of new and unheard-of treasures, and thereby put the whole in danger of ruin, since it is supported only by the feeble props of woman's weak nature. Consider that he who seeks after what is impossible ought in justice to be denied what is possible, as a certain poet has better expressed in these verses:

"In death I life desire to see,
Health in disease, in tortures rest,
In chains and prisons liberty,
And truth in a disloyal breast.

"But adverse fate and Heaven's decree
In this, to baffle me, are joined,
That, since I ask what cannot be,
What can be I shall never find."

The next day, Anselmo went to his friend's house in the country, telling Camilla that, during his absence, Lothario would come to take care of his house and dine with her, and desiring her to treat him as she would do his own person. Camilla, as a discreet and virtuous woman should be, was troubled at the order her husband gave her, and represented to him how improper it was that any body, in his absence, should take his place at his table; and if he did it as doubting her ability to manage his family, she desired he would try her for this time, and he should see by experience that she was equal to trusts of greater consequence. Anselmo replied it was his pleasure it should be as he had said, and that she had

nothing to do but to aquiesce and be obedient. Camilla said she would, though much against her inclination.

Anselmo went away, and the next day Lothario came to his house, where he was received by Camilla with a kind and modest welcome. But she never exposed herself to be left alone with Lothario, being constantly attended by her men and maid servants, especially by her own maid, called Leonella, whom, as they had been brought up together from their infancy in her father's house, she loved very much, and whom, upon her marriage with Anselmo, she had brought with her. Lothario said nothing to her the three first days, though he had opportunities when the cloth was taken away, and the servants were gone to make a hasty dinner; for so Camilla had directed. Leonella even had orders to dine before her mistress, and never to stir from her side; but she, having her thoughts intent upon other matters of her own pleasure, and wanting to employ those hours and that opportunity to her own purposes, did not always observe her mistress's orders. On the contrary, she often left her alone with her guest, as if she had been expressly commanded so to do. Nevertheless the modest presence of Camilla, the gravity of her countenance and her composed behaviour, were such, that they awed and bridled Lothario's tongue. But the influence of her virtues in silencing Lothario's tongue, redounded to the greater prejudice of them both; for, if his tongue lay still, his thoughts were in motion, and he had leisure to contemplate, one by one, all those perfections of goodness and beauty of which Camilla was mistress, and which were sufficient to inspire love into a statue of marble, and how much more into a heart of flesh. Lothario gazed at her all the while he might have talked to her, and considered how worthy she was to be beloved; and this consideration began, by little and little, to undermine the regard he had for Anselmo. A thousand times he thought of withdrawing from the city and going where Anselmo should never see him, nor he Camilla, more; but the pleasure he took in beholding her had already thrown an obstacle in the way of his intention. He did violence to himself, and had frequent struggles within him to get the better of the pleasure he received in gazing

at Camilla. He blamed himself, when alone, for his folly; he called himself a false friend, and a bad Christian. He reasoned on and made comparisons between his own conduct and that of Anselmo, and concluded that Anselmo's folly and presumption were greater than his own infidelity; and that, if what he had in his thoughts were but as excusable before God as it was before men, he should fear no punishment for his fault. In fine, the beauty and goodness of Camilla, together with the opportunity which the thoughtless husband had put into his hands, quite overturned Lothario's integrity. Without heeding anything but what tended to the gratification of his passion, at the end of three days from the time of Anselmo's absence, during which he had been in perpetual struggles with his desires, he began to solicit Camilla with such earnestness and disorder, and with such amorous expressions, that Camilla was astonished, and could only rise from her seat and retire to her chamber without saying a word. But, notwithstanding this sudden blast, Lothario's hope was not withered; for hope, being born with love, always lives with it. On the contrary, he was the more eager in the pursuit of Camilla; who, having discovered in Lothario what she could never have imagined, was at a loss how to behave. But thinking it neither safe nor right to give him opportunity or leisure of talking to her any more, she resolved, to send that very night one of her servants to Anselmo with a letter, conceived in the following terms:

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE NOVEL OF

"THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT."

CUSTOMARY, as it is, to say that an army makes but an ill appearance without its general, and a castle without its governor, a young married woman, I say, makes a still worse appearance without a husband, when there is no just cause for his absence. I am so uneasy without you, and so entirely unable to support this absence, that, if you do not return speedily, I must go and pass my time at my father's house, though I leave your's without a guard; for the guard you left me, if you left him with that title, is, I believe, more intent upon his own

pleasure than upon any thing which concerns you. You are wise, I say no more, nor is it proper I should."[168]

Anselmo received this letter, and understood by it that Lothario had begun the attack, and that Camilla must have received it according to his wish. Overjoyed at this good news, he sent Camilla a verbal message not to stir from her house upon any account, for he would return very speedily. Camilla was surprised at Anselmo's answer, which increased the perplexity she was under, for now she durst neither stay in her own house, nor retire to that of her parents. By staying she hazarded her virtue, and by going she would act contrary to her husband's positive command. At length she resolved upon that which proved the worst for her, to stay, and not to shun Lothario's company, lest it might give her servants occasion to talk. Already she began to be sorry that she had written what she had to her spouse, fearing lest he should think Lothario must have observed some signs of lightness in her which had emboldened him to lay aside the respect he owed her. But conscious of her own integrity, she trusted in God and her own virtuous disposition, resolving to resist, by her silence, whatever Lothario should say to her, without giving her husband any farther account, lest it should involve him in any quarrel or trouble. She even began to consider how she might excuse Lothario to Anselmo, when the latter should ask her the cause of her writing the letter.

With these thoughts, more honourable than wise, the next day she sate still, and heard what Lothario had to say to her, who plied her so warmly, that Camilla's firmness began to totter, and her virtue had much ado to get into her eyes and prevent some indications of the amorous compassion which the tears and arguments of Lothario had awakened in her breast. All this Lothario observed, and all contributed to inflame him the more. In short, he thought it necessary, while he had the time and opportunity which Anselmo's absence afforded him, to shorten the siege of this

[168] This billet is literally preserved in the Comedy composed by Don Guillen de Castro, on the same subject and under the same title as this novel.

fortress. Therefore he attacked her pride with the praises of her beauty; for there is nothing which sooner reduces and levels the towering castles of the vanity of the fair sex, than vanity itself when employed by the tongue of adulation. In effect, he undermined the rock of her integrity with such engines, that Camilla, though she had been made of brass, must have fallen to the ground. Lothario wept, entreated, flattered, and solicited with such earnestness and demonstrations of sincerity, that he quite overthrew Camilla's reserve, and at last triumphed over what he least expected and most desired. Camilla surrendered, Camilla was overcome. And what wonder, when even Lothario's friendship could not stand its ground? A striking example, shewing us that the passion of love is to be vanquished only by flying, and that we must not pretend to grapple with so powerful an enemy, since divine assistance is necessary to subdue such force, though human.

Leonella alone was privy to her lady's frailty, for the two faithless friends and new lovers could not hide it from her. Lothario would not acquaint Camilla with Anselmo's project, nor with his having designedly given him the opportunity of arriving at that point, lest she should esteem his passion the less, or should think he had made love to her by chance rather than out of choice. A few days after, Anselmo returned home; but he did not miss what he had lost, which was what he took least care of, and yet valued most. He presently went to make a visit to Lothario, and found him at home. They embraced each other, and Anselmo enquired what news concerning his life or death. "The news I have for you, friend Anselmo," said Lothario, "is that you have a wife worthy to be the pattern and crown of all good women. The words I have said to her are given to the wind; my offers have been despised, my presents refused; and when I shed some few feigned tears, she made a mere jest of them. In short, as Camilla is the sum of all beauty, she is also the repository in which modesty, good-nature, and, reserve, with all the virtues which can make a good woman praiseworthy and happy, are treasured up. Therefore, friend, take back your money: here it is; I had no occasion to make

use of it, for Camilla's integrity is not to be shaken by things so mean as presents and promises. Be satisfied, Anselmo, and make no farther trials. Since you have safely passed the gulf of those doubts and suspicions we are apt to entertain of women, do not again expose yourself on the deep sea of new disquiets, nor make a fresh trial, with another pilot, of the goodness and strength of the vessel which Heaven has allotted you for your passage through the ocean of this world; but make account, on the contrary, that you are arrived safe in port; and secure yourself with the anchor of serious consideration, and lie by, until you are required to pay that debt from which no human rank is exempted."

Anselmo was entirely satisfied with Lothario's words, and believed them as if they had been delivered by some oracle. Nevertheless he desired him not to give over the undertaking, though he carried it on merely out of curiosity and amusement,—without in future plying her so closely as he had done. "All I now desire of you," said he, "is that you will write some verses in her praise, under the name of Cloris; and I will give Camilla to understand that you are in love with a lady, to whom you have given that name that you may celebrate her with due regard to her modesty. And if you do not care to be at the trouble of writing these verses, I myself will compose them for you." "There will be no need of that," said Lothario; "the Muses are not so unpropitious to me but that now and then they make me a visit. Tell Camilla your thoughts of my counterfeit passion, and leave me to make the verses, which if not so good as the subject deserves, shall at least be the best I can make."

Thus agreed the imprudent and the treacherous friend. Anselmo, having returned to his house, enquired of Camilla what she wondered he had not already enquired, namely, the occasion of her writing the letter she had sent him. Camilla answered that she then fancied Lothario looked at her a little less respectfully than when he was at home; but that now she was undeceived, and believed it to be but a mere imagination of her own, as Lothario had of late avoided seeing and being alone with her. Anselmo replied that she might be very secure from that suspicion; for, to

his knowledge, Lothario was in love with a young lady of condition in the city, whom he celebrated under the name of Cloris; and, though it were not so, she had nothing to fear, considering Lothario's virtue and the great friendship that subsisted between them. Had not Camilla been before-hand advertised by Lothario that this story of his love for Cloris was all a fiction, and that he had told it Anselmo that he might have an opportunity now and then of employing himself in the praises of Camilla herself, she had doubtless fallen into the desperate snare of jealousy; but, being prepared for it, it gave her no disturbance.

The next day, they all three being together at table, Anselmo desired Lothario to recite some of the verses he had composed on his beloved Cloris, remarking that since Camilla did not know her, he might safely repeat what he pleased. "Though she did know her," answered Lothario, "I should have no reason to conceal what I have written: for, when a lover praises his mistress's beauty and at the same time taxes her with cruelty, he casts no reproach upon her good name. But, be that as it will, I must tell you that yesterday I made this sonnet on the ingratitude of Cloris:—

SONNET.

"In the dead silence of the peaceful night,
When other's cares are hush'd in soft repose,
The sad account of my neglected woes
To conscious Heaven and Cloris I recite.
And when the sun, with his returning light,
Forth from the east his radiant journey goes,
With accents such as sorrow only knows,
My grief to tell is all my poor delight.
And when bright Phœbus, from his starry throne,
Sends rays direct upon the parched soil,
Still in the mournful tale I persevere.
Returning night renews my sorrow's toil;
And though from morn to night I weep and moan,
Nor Heaven nor Cloris my complainings hear."[169]

[169] Cervantes has repeated this sonnet in his Comedy, entitled *La Casa de los zelos* (the House of Jealousy), in the beginning of the second *jornada*.

Camilla was very well pleased with the sonnet, but Anselmo still more; he commended it, and said the lady was extremely cruel, who made no return to so much truth. "What, then," replied Camilla, "are we to take all that the enamoured poets tell us for truth?" "Not all they tell us as poets," answered Lothario, "but as lovers; for though, as poets, they may exceed, as lovers they always fall short of the truth." "There is no doubt of that," replied Anselmo, resolved to second and support the credit of every thing Lothario said with Camilla, who was now become as indifferent to Anselmo's artifice, as she was in love with Lothario. Being therefore pleased with every thing that was his, and taking it likewise, for granted, that all his desires and verses were addressed to her, and that she was the true Cloris, she desired him, if he could recollect any other sonnet or verses, to repeat them. "I remember one,"

answered Lothario; "but I believe it is not so good as the former, or, to speak more properly, worse. But judge for yourselves:

SONNET.

"I die; if not believed, 'tis sure I die;
For ere I cease to love and to adore,
Or fly, ungrateful fair, your beauty's pow'r,
Dead at your feet you shall behold me lie.
When to the regions of obscurity
I hence am banish'd, to enjoy no more
Glory and life, you, in that luckless hour,
Your image graven in my heart shall see,
That relic, with a lover's generous pride,
I treasure in my breast, the only source
Of comfort, whilst thy rigour lets me live,
Unhappy he, who steers his dangerous course
Through unfrequented seas, no star to guide,
Nor port his shatter'd vessel to receive!"

Anselmo commended this second sonnet as much as he had done the first, thus adding link after link to the chain wherewith he bound himself, and secured his own dishonour. In effect, when Lothario dishonoured him most, he assured him his honour was safest, and every step of the ladder Camilla descended toward the centre of her disgrace, she ascended, in her husband's opinion, toward the uppermost round of virtue and good fame.

One day Camilla being alone with her maid, said to her: "I am ashamed, dear Leonella, to think how little value I set upon myself, in not making it cost Lothario more time to gain the entire possession of my inclinations, which I gave up so soon. I fear he will look upon my easiness in surrendering, as levity, without reflecting on the violence he used, which put it out of my power to resist him." "Dear madam," answered Leonella, "let not this trouble you, for there is nothing in it; the value of a gift, if it be good in itself and worthy of esteem, is not lessened by being soon given. It is even customary to say, that he who gives quickly gives twice." "They

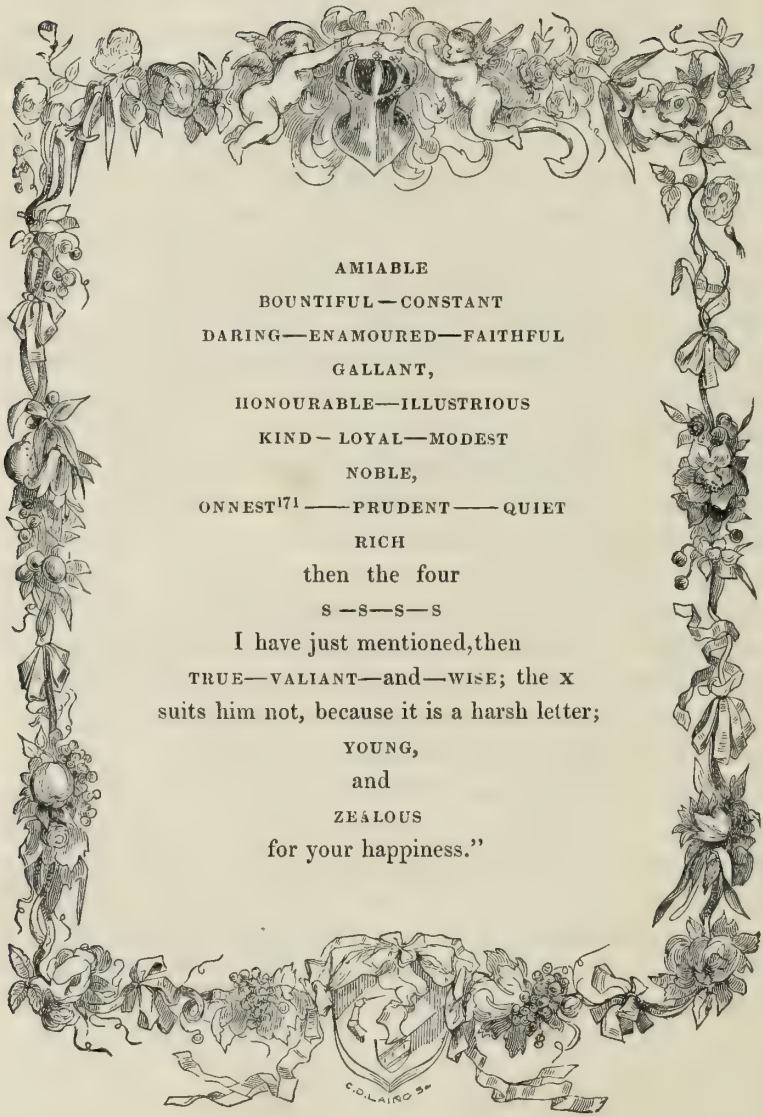
say also," quoth Camilla, "that which costs little is less valued." "This does not affect your case," answered Leonella; "for Love, as I have heard say, sometimes flies, and sometimes walks; runs with one person, and goes leisurely with another, some he warms, and some he burns, some he wounds, and others he kills. In one and the same instant he begins and concludes the career of his desires; in the morning, he lays siege to a fortress, and in the evening it surrenders to him, for no force is able to resist him. This being the case, what are you afraid of? And it is the very same with Lothario, Love having made my master's absence the instrument to oblige you to surrender to him, and it being absolutely necessary to finish in that interval what Love had decreed, without giving Time himself any time to bring back Anselmo, and, by his presence, render the work imperfect; for Love has no surer minister to execute his designs than opportunity; it is opportunity that he makes use of in all his exploits, especially in the beginnings. All this I am well acquainted with, and from experience rather than hearsay; and one day or other, madam, I may let you see that I also am a girl of flesh and blood. Besides, madam, you did not declare your passion, nor engage yourself so soon, but you had first seen in his eyes, in his sighs, in his expressions, in his promises and his presents, Lothario's whole soul; nor before judging from that, and seeing in all his accomplishments, how worthy Lothario was of your love. As it is so, let not these scruples and niceties disturb you, but rest assured that Lothario esteems you no less than you do him; and live contented and satisfied, that since you are fallen into the snare of love, it is with a person of worth and character. In fact, he possesses not only the four S.S.S.S. which, they say, all true lovers ought to have, but the whole alphabet.[170] Do but hear me, and you shall see how I have it by heart. He is, if I judge right:

[170] According to a verse of Luis Brahona, in his poem of *The Tears of Angelica* (Lagrimas de Angelica, Canto IV.), these four S.S.S.S. represented the following line:

SABIO, SOLO, SOLICITO Y SECRETO,

which may be translated thus:

Sagrightly, Sightly, Sincere and Secret.

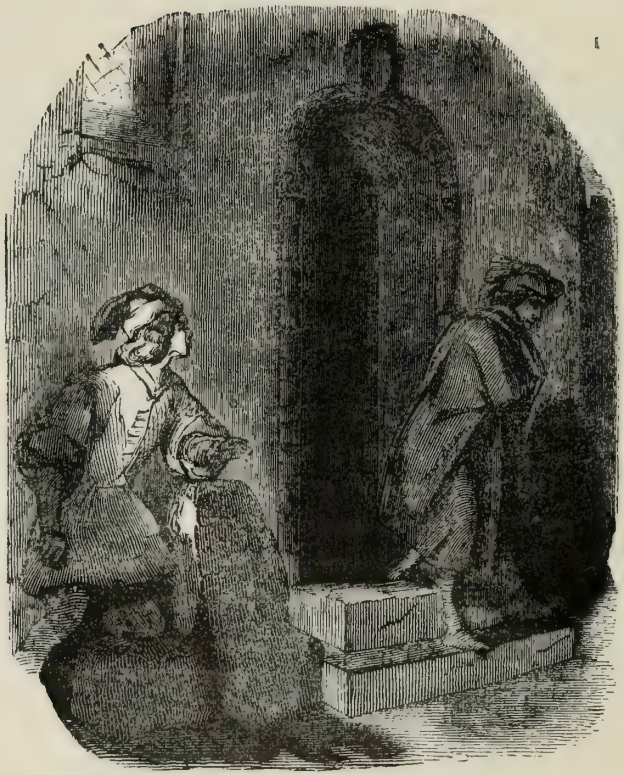


[171] We have preserved this orthographical inaccuracy as it stands in the original (*onesto* for honesto); a lady's maid would not be so nice.

Camilla laughed at her maid's alphabet, and took her to be more conversant in love matters than she had hitherto owned. Leonella then confessed as much, and discovered to Camilla that she had a love-affair with a young gentleman of the same city. On hearing this Camilla was much disturbed, fearing lest, from that quarter, her own honour might be in danger; therefore she sifted her, to know whether her amour had gone farther than words. Leonella, with little shame and much boldness, owned it had. Indeed, it is certain that the slips of the mistress take off all the shame from the maid-servants, who, when they see their mistresses trip, make nothing of downright halting, nor of its being known. Camilla could do no more than beg of Leonella to say nothing of her affair to the person she said was her lover, and to manage her own with such secrecy that it might not come to the knowledge of Anselmo or of Lothario. Leonella answered she would do so; but she kept her word in such a manner as justified Camilla's fears that she might lose her reputation by her means.

The culpable and audacious Leonella, when she found that her mistress's conduct was not the same it used to be, had the assurance to introduce and conceal her lover in the house, presuming that her lady durst not speak of it, though it came to her knowledge. This inconvenience, among others, attends the failings of mistresses: they become slaves to their very servants, and are necessitated to conceal their dishonesty and wantonness. This was the case with Camilla, who, though she saw several times that Leonella was with her gallant in a room of her house, she was so far from daring to chide her, that she gave her opportunities of locking him in, and did all she could to prevent his being seen by her husband.

But all her precautions did not hinder Lothario from seeing him once go out of the house at break of day. Not knowing who he was, he thought at first it must be some apparition; but when he saw him steal off, muffling himself up and concealing himself with care, he changed one foolish opinion for another, which must have been the ruin of them all, if Camilla had not remedied it. Lothario was so far from thinking that the man whom he had seen coming out of Anselmo's house, at so unseasonable an hour, came thither



upon Leonella's account, that he did not so much as remember there was such a person as Leonella in the world. His only thought was that Camilla, as she had been easy and complying to him, was so to another; for the wickedness of a bad woman carries this additional mischief along with it, that it weakens her credit even with the man to whose entreaties and persuasions she surrendered her honour: and he is ready to believe, upon the slightest grounds, that she yields to others even with greater facility. All Lothario's good sense and prudent reasonings, seem to have failed him upon this occasion. Without making one proper or even rational reflection, without more ado, impatient and blinded with a jealous rage that gnawed his bowels, and dying to be revenged on Camilla, who had offended him in nothing, he went to Anselmo before he had risen.

"Know, Anselmo," said he, "that for several days past I have struggled with myself to keep from you what it is no longer possible nor just to conceal. Know, that Camilla's fort has surrendered, and that she is ready to submit to my will and pleasure. If I have delayed discovering to you this truth, it was to satisfy myself whether it was any wanton desire in her, or whether she had a mind to try me, and to see whether the love I made to her with your connivance was in earnest. I still believed that, if she were what she ought to be, and what we both thought her, she would before now have given you an account of my solicitations. But since I find she has not, I conclude she intends to keep the promise she has made me of giving me a meeting, the next time you are absent from home, in the wardrobe (and, indeed, that was the place where Camilla used to entertain him).—As the fault is not yet committed, excepting in thought only, I would not have you run precipitately to take revenge; for perhaps between this and the time of putting it in execution, Camilla may change her mind, and repent; therefore, as you have hitherto always followed my advice, excepting in one instance, follow and observe this I shall now give you, that, without possibility of being mistaken, and upon maturest deliberation, you may satisfy yourself as to how it is most fitting for you to act. Pretend an absence of three or four days, as you used to do at other times, and contrive to hide yourself in the wardrobe, where the tapestry and furniture will serve to conceal you. Then, you will see with your own eyes, and I with mine, what Camilla intends. If her intention is culpable, as is rather to be feared than expected, you may, with secrecy and caution, be the avenger of your own injury."

Poor Anselmo was thunderstruck at Lothario's communication. It came upon him at a time when he least expected it, for he already piously looked upon Camilla as victorious over Lothario's feigned assaults, and began to enjoy the glory of the conquest. He stood a good while with his eyes fixed motionless on the ground; at length he cried: "Lothario, you have done what I expected from your friendship; I must follow your advice in every thing; do what you will, and be as secret as so unlooked-for an event requires."

Lothario promised him he would; and scarcely had he left him when he began to repent of all he had said, and was convinced he had acted foolishly, since he might have revenged himself on Camilla by a less cruel and less dishonourable method. He cursed his want of sense, condemned his heedless resolution, and was at a loss how to undo what was done, or to get tolerably well out of the scrape. At last he resolved to discover all to Camilla; and, as he could not long want an opportunity of seeing her in secret, that very day he found her alone. Immediately on his coming in, she said: "Know, dear Lothario, that I have an uneasiness at heart which tortures me in such a manner that methinks it will make it break. Leonella's impudence is arrived to such a pitch that she every night entertains a gallant in the house, who stays with her until daylight; judge how much to the prejudice of my reputation, and what a wide field it will leave for censure to whoever shall see him go out at such unseasonable hours. But what gives me the most concern is, that I cannot chastise, or so much as reprimand her: for her being in the secret of our intrigue, puts a bridle into my mouth, and obliges me to conceal hers, whence I fear some unlucky catastrophe."

At first, when Camilla said this, Lothario believed it a piece of cunning to deceive him, by persuading him that the man he saw go out was Leonella's gallant, and not Camilla's; but, perceiving that she wept, and afflicted herself, and begged his assistance to find a remedy, he soon came into the belief of what she said, and was filled with confusion and repentance for what he had done. He desired Camilla to make herself easy, for he would take an effectual course to restrain Leonella's insolence. He also confided to her all that the furious rage of jealousy had instigated him to tell Anselmo, and how it was agreed that Anselmo should hide himself in the wardrobe to be an eye-witness from thence of her disloyalty to him. He begged her to pardon this madness, and entreated her advice how to remedy what was done, and extricate them from the perplexed labyrinth his rashness had involved them in. Camilla was astonished at hearing what Lothario said, and with much resentment began to reproach him for the ill thoughts he had entertained of her, and to set before him the folly and rashness of

the resolution he had taken. But, as women have naturally a more ready invention, either for good or bad purposes, than men, an invention which often fails them when they set themselves purposely to deliberate, Camilla instantly hit upon a way to remedy an affair so seemingly irremediable. She told Lothario to see that Anselmo hid himself the next day where he had proposed; for by this very hiding she trusted to secure for the future their mutual enjoyment without fear of surprise. Though she refused to impart to him the whole of her design, she desired him not to fail, after Anselmo was posted, to be ready at Leonella's call, and to take care to answer to whatever she should say to him just as he would do if he did not know that Anselmo was listening. Lothario pressed her to explain to him her whole design, that he might be able to act with more safety and caution. "Nothing is necessary," said Camilla, "but to answer directly the questions I shall ask you." She was not willing to let him into the secret of what she intended to do, lest he should not come into her design which she thought so good, and should look out for some other, not likely to prove so successful.

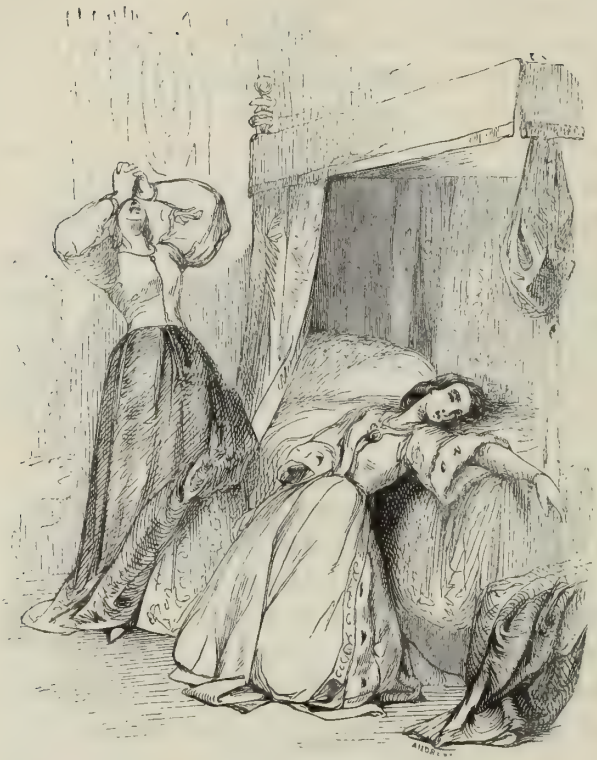
Lothario then left her; and the next day Anselmo, under pretence of going to his friend's villa, went from home, but turned presently back to hide himself; which he might conveniently enough do, for Camilla and Leonella were out of the way on purpose. Anselmo being now hidden, with all the agitation of mind which may be imagined in one who expected to see with his own eyes the bowels of his honour ripped up, fully expected that he was upon the point of losing that supreme bliss he thought himself possessed of in his beloved Camilla. The latter and Leonella, being well assured that Anselmo was behind the hangings, came together into the wardrobe; Camilla had scarcely set her foot in it, when, fetching a deep sigh, she said: "Ah, dear Leonella, would it not be better, before I put that in execution which I would keep secret from you, lest you should endeavour to prevent it, that you should take Anselmo's dagger, and plunge it into this infamous breast? But no; it is not reasonable I should bear the punishment of another's fault. I will first know what

the bold and wanton eyes of Lothario saw in me, to give him the assurance to discover so wicked a design as that he has made known to me, in contempt of his friend and of my honour. Step to the window, Leonella, and call him: doubtless he is waiting

in the street, in hopes of putting his wicked design into execution; but first, my cruel though honourable purpose shall be executed." "Ah, dear madam!" answered the cunning Leonella, "what is it you intend to do with this dagger? Is it to take away your own life or Lothario's? whichever of the two you do, will redound to the ruin of your credit and fame. It is better you should dissemble

your wrong, than let this wicked man now into the house, while we are alone. Consider, madam, that we are weak women, and that he is a resolute man, who, as he comes blinded with passion and big with his wicked purpose, may, perhaps, before you can execute yours, do what would be worse for you than taking away your life. Mischief take my master Anselmo, for giving this impudent fellow such an ascendant in his house. But, pray, madam, if you kill him as I imagine you intend, what shall we do with him after he is dead?" "What, child!" answered Camilla: "why leave him here for Anselmo to bury him: for it is but just he should have the agreeable trouble of burying his own infamy. Call the traitor, without more delay, for all the time I lose in deferring to take due revenge for my wrong, methinks I offend against that loyalty I owe to my husband."

To all this Anselmo listened, and at every word Camilla spoke his sentiments changed. But when he understood that she intended to kill Lothario, he was inclined to prevent it by coming out and discovering himself; but he was withheld by the strong desire he had to see what would be the end of so brave and virtuous a resolution, holding himself ready, however, to discover himself in time to prevent mischief. At that moment Camilla appeared to be taken with a strong fainting fit, and Leonella having thrown her upon a bed that was there, began to weep bitterly, and to say: "Ah! woe is me, that I should be so unhappy as to see die here, between my arms, this flower of virtue, this model of good women, this pattern of chastity!" with other such expressions, that no one who had heard her could have taken her for any other than the most compassionate and faithful servant in the universe, and her lady for another persecuted Penelope. Camilla soon recovered from her swoon, and as she opened her eyes she said: "Why do you not go, Leonella, and call the most faithless friend of all friends that the sun ever saw, or the night covered? Be quick, run, fly; let not the fire of my rage evaporate and be spent by delay, and my just vengeance pass off in empty threatenings and curses."—"I am going to call him," said Leonella; "but dear madam, you must first give me that dagger, lest when I am gone you should do a deed which might give those who love you cause



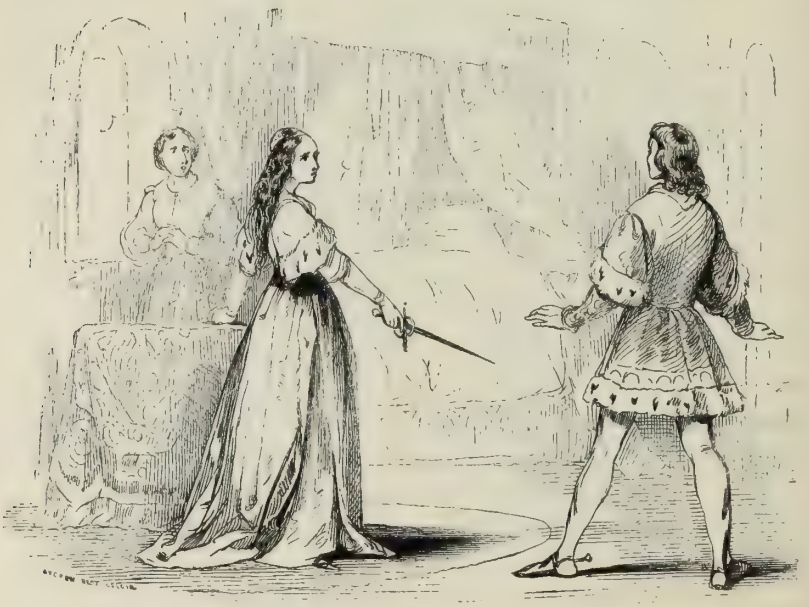
to weep all their lives long."—"Go, dear Leonella, and fear not," said Camilla; "I will not do it: for though I am resolute, and in your opinion sincere in defending my honour, I shall not be so to the degree that Lucretia was, of whom it is said that she killed herself without having committed any fault, and without first killing him who was the cause of her misfortune. I will die, if die I must, after I have satiated my revenge on him who is the occasion of my being now here to bewail his insolence, which proceeded from no fault of mine."

Leonella wanted more entreating before she would go and call Lothario; but at last she went, and, while she was away, Camilla, as if she was talking to herself, said: "Good God, would it not have

been more advisable to have dismissed Lothario, as I have done many other times, than to give him room, as I have now done, to think me dishonest and immodest, though it be only for the short time I defer undeceiving him? Without doubt it would have been better; but should I be revenged, or my husband's honour satisfied, if he were to get off so clean, and so smoothly, from the attempt to which his wicked thoughts have led him? No! let the traitor pay with his life for what he enterprises with so lascivious a desire. Let the world know, (if perchance it comes to know it), that Camilla not only preserved her loyalty to her husband, but revenged him on the person who sought to wrong him. After all, would it not perhaps be better to give an account of the whole matter to Anselmo? But I have already hinted it to him in the letter I wrote him into the country; and I fancy his neglecting to remedy the mischief I pointed out to him, must be owing to his pure good nature, and to a confidence in Lothario, which will not let him believe that the least thought to the prejudice of his honour can be lodged in the breast of so faithful a friend: nor did I myself believe it for many days, nor should I ever have given credit to it, if his insolence had not risen so high, and his avowed presents, large promises and continual tears, put it past all dispute. But why do I talk thus? does a brave resolution stand in need of counsel? no, certainly. Traitor, avaunt! come vengeance! let the false one come, let him enter, let him die, and then befal what will. Unspotted I entered into the power of him, whom Heaven allotted me for my husband, and unspotted I will leave him, though bathed all over in my own chaste blood, and the impure gore of he falsest friend that friendship ever saw." Saying this, she walked up and down the room with the drawn dagger in her hand, taking such irregular and huge strides, and with such gestures, that one would have thought her beside herself, and have taken her, not for a soft and delicate woman, but for some desperate ruffian.

Anselmo observed all from behind the arras where he had hidden himself. Amazed and confounded, he already thought what he had seen and heard sufficient to balance still greater suspicions, and began to wish that Lothario might not come, for fear of some

sudden disaster. Being now upon the point of discovering himself and entering out to embrace and undeceive his wife, he was prevented by seeing Leonella return leading Lothario by the hand. As soon as Camilla saw him, she drew with the dagger a long line between her and him, and said: "Take notice, Lothario, of what I



say to you. If you shall dare to pass this line you see here, or even come up to it, that moment I will pierce my breast with this dagger I hold in my hand. Before you answer me a word to this injunction, hear a few words I have to say to you, and then answer me as you please. In the first place, Lothario, I desire you to tell me whether you know Anselmo, my husband, and in what estimation you hold him; in the next place, I would be informed whether you know me. Answer me to this, and be under no concern nor study for an answer; for they are not difficult questions I ask you." Lothario was not so ignorant, but that, from the instant Camilla bade him hide Anselmo, he guessed what she intended to do, and accordingly humoured her design so well, that they were able,

between them, to make the counterfeit pass for something more than truth. Therefore he answered Camilla in this manner:—"I did not imagine, fair Camilla, that you called me to answer to questions so wide of the purpose for which I came hither. If you do it to delay me the promised favour, why did you not adjourn it to a still farther day? for the nearer the prospect of possession is, the more eager we are to enjoy the desired good. But, that you may not say I do not answer to your questions, I reply that I know your husband Anselmo, and that we have known each other from our tender years: of our friendship I will say nothing, that I may not be a witness against myself of the wrong which love, that powerful excuse for greater faults, has made me do him. You too I know, and prize you as highly as he does. Were it not so, I should not for less excellence, have acted so contrary to my duty as a gentleman, and so much against the holy laws of true friendship, which I have now broken and violated, through the tyranny of that enemy, love." "If you acknowledge so much," replied Camilla, "mortal enemy of all that justly deserves to be loved, with what face dare you appear before her whom you know to be the mirror in which Anselmo looks, and in which you might have seen upon what slight grounds you injure him? But alas! unhappy me! I now begin to find what it was that made you forget yourself. It was doubtless some indiscretion of mine, for I would not call it immodesty, since it proceeded not from design, but from some one of those inadvertencies which women frequently fall into unawares, when there is nobody present before whom they think they need be upon the reserve: if not, tell me, O traitor, when did I ever answer your addresses with any word or sign that could give you the least shadow of hope that you should ever accomplish your infamous desires? When were not your amorous expressions repulsed and rebuked with rigour and severity? When were your many promises, and greater presents, believed or accepted? But, knowing that no one can persevere long in an affair of love unless it be kept alive by some hope, I take upon myself the blame of your impertinence; doubtless, some inadvertence of mine has nourished your hope so long. Therefore I will chastise and inflict that punishment

on myself, which your offence deserves. To convince you that, being so severe to myself, I could not possibly be otherwise to you, I had a mind you should come hither to be a witness to the sacrifice I intend to make to the offended honour of my worthy husband, injured by you with the greatest deliberation imaginable, and by me too, through my carelessness in not shunning the occasion (if I gave you any) of countenancing and authorizing your wicked intentions. It is the suspicion, I repeat, that some inadvertence of mine has given birth to such licentious thoughts in you, that disturbs me the most, and which I most desire to punish with my own hands, for should some other executioner do it, my crime, perhaps, would be more public, Yes, I will die, but not alone; I will carry with me one whose death shall entirely satisfy the thirst of my revenge, and who will learn, go wherever he may, that justice always overtakes perseverance in wickedness."

At these words, Camilla flew upon Lothario, with the drawn dagger, so swiftly, with such incredible violence, and with such seeming earnestness to stab him to the heart, that he was almost in doubt himself whether those efforts were feigned or real, and was forced to make use of all his dexterity and strength to prevent being wounded. Camilla played the counterfeit so to the life, that, to give this strange imposture still more the appearance of truth, she resolved to stain it with her own blood. Perceiving, or rather pretending to perceive, that she could not wound Lothario, she said; "Since fortune denies a complete satisfaction to my just desires, it shall not however be in its power to defeat that satisfaction entirely." Making an effort to free her dagger-hand, held by Lothario, she got it loose, and directing the point to a part where it could not enter deeply, she stabbed herself above the breast, near the left shoulder, and immediately fell to the ground as in a swoon. Leonella and Lothario were equally terrified and surprised at this accident, and were in doubt what to think of it, especially when they saw Camilla lying on the floor, bathed in her own blood. Lothario ran hastily to draw out the dagger; but perceiving the slightness of the wound, the fear he had been in vanished, and he admired afresh the sagacity, prudence and great ingenuity of the

fair Camilla. To act his part, he began to make a long and sorrowful lamentation over the body of Camilla, as if she were dead, imprecating heavy curses, not only on himself, but on him who had been the cause of bringing him to that pass; and, knowing that his friend Anselmo overheard him, he said such things, that whoever had heard them would have pitied him more than they would have done Camilla herself, though they had judged her to be really dead. Leonella took her in her arms and laid her on the bed, beseeching Lothario to procure somebody to dress Camilla's wound secretly. She also desired his advice and opinion what they should say to Anselmo about it, if he should chance to come home before it was healed. He answered that they might say what they pleased; that he was not in a condition to give any advice worth following; he bade her endeavour to staunch the blood, and as for himself, he would go where he should never be seen more. With a show of much sorrow and concern, he left the house; and when he found himself alone, and in a place where nobody saw him, he ceased not to cross himself in admiration at the cunning of Camilla, and the suitable behaviour of Leonella. He considered what a thorough assurance Anselmo must have of his wife's being a second Portia, and wanted to be with him, that they might rejoice together over the most skilfully dissembled truth and the most cleverly planned artifice that can be imagined.

Leonella, as she was bidden, staunched her mistress's blood, which had flowed in just a sufficient quantity to give credit to her stratagem. Having washed the wound with a little wine, she bound it up the best she could, saying such things, while she was dressing it, as were alone sufficient to make Anselmo believe that he had in Camilla an image of chastity. To the words Leonella said, Camilla added others, calling herself coward, in that she wanted the resolution, at a time when she stood most in need, to deprive herself of that life she so much abhorred. She asked her maid's advice whether she should give an account of what had happened, to her beloved spouse, or not. Leonella persuaded her to say nothing about it, since it would lay him under the necessity of revenging himself on Lothario, which he could not do without greater

danger to himself; and added, a good woman was bound to avoid all occasion of involving her husband in a quarrel, and should rather prevent all such as much as she possibly could. Camilla replied that she approved of her opinion and would follow it; but that by all means they must contrive what to say to Anselmo about the wound, which he must needs see. To which Leonella answered that, for her part, she knew not how to tell a lie though but in jest. "Then, pray," replied Camilla, "how should I know how, who dare not invent or stand in one though my life were at stake? if we cannot contrive to come well off, it will be better to tell him the naked truth than that he should catch us in a false story." "Be in no pain, madam," answered Leonella; "for, between this and to-morrow morning I will study what we shall tell him; and perhaps, the wound being where it is, you may conceal it from his sight, and Heaven may be pleased to favour our just and honourable intentions. Compose yourself, madam; endeavour to quiet your spirits, that my master may not find you in so violent a disorder; and leave the rest to my care, and to that of Heaven, which always favours good intentions."

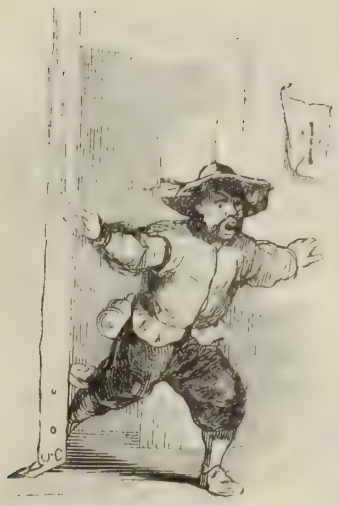
Anselmo stood, with the utmost attention, listening to and beholding represented the tragedy of the death of his honour, a tragedy in which the actors performed with such strange and moving passions, that it seemed as if they were transformed into the very characters they personated. He longed for the night, and for an opportunity of slipping out of his house, that he might see his dear friend Lothario, and rejoice with him on finding so precious a jewel, by the perfectly clearing up of his wife's virtue. They both took care to give him a convenient opportunity of going out; which he made use of, and immediately went to seek Lothario; he found him at home, and it is impossible to recount the embraces he gave him, the satisfaction he expressed, and the praises he bestowed on Camilla. Lothario listened, without being able to show any signs of joy; for he could not but reflect how much his friend was deceived, and how ungenerously he treated him. Though Anselmo perceived that Lothario did not express any joy, he believed it was because Camilla was wounded, and that he had been the occasion of it.

Therefore, he desired him to be in no pain about Camilla, for without doubt the wound must be very slight, since her maid and she had agreed to hide it from him. "So," he added, "depend upon it there is nothing to fear on that score; nothing remains but for you to rejoice with me, for, by your diligence and intervention, I find myself raised to the highest pitch of happiness I conceive myself capable of enjoying. For myself, in future I will employ all my leisure in writing verses in praise of Camilla, to perpetuate her chaste memory in all future ages." Lothario applauded his good resolution, and said that he too would lend a helping hand towards raising so illustrious an edifice to his wife's glory. Anselmo now remained the most agreeably deceived man in the world. He led home by the hand, the instrument, as he thought, of his glory, but in reality the ruin of his fame. Camilla received Lothario with a countenance seemingly shy, but with inward gladness of heart. This imposture lasted some time, until, a few months after, fortune turned her wheel; the iniquity, until then so artfully concealed, came to light, and his impertinent curiosity cost poor Anselmo his life.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHICH TREATS OF THE DREADFUL BATTLE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND CERTAIN SKINS OF RED WINE, AND IN WHICH IS CONCLUDED THE NOVEL OF

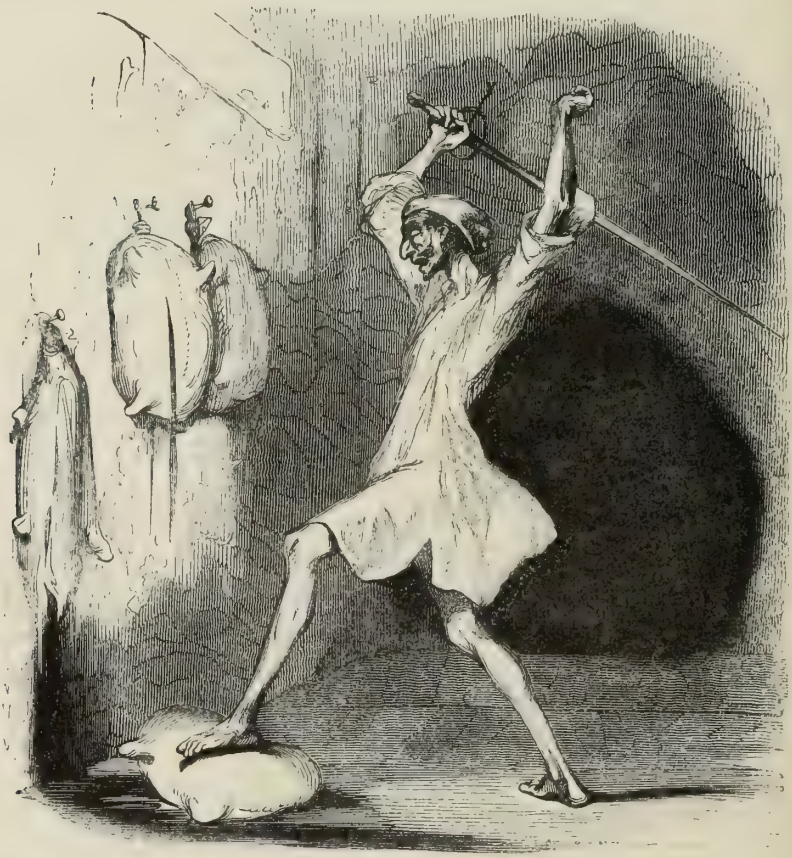
"THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT."



HERE remained but little more of the novel to be read, when from the room where Don Quixote lay Sancho Panza came running out all in a fright, crying aloud: "Run, Sirs, quickly, and succour my master, who is over head and ears in the toughest and closest battle my eyes have ever beheld. As God shall save me, he has given the giant, that enemy of the Princess Micomicona, such a stroke that he has cut off his head close to his shoulders, as if it had been a turnip."—"What say you brother?" quoth the priest, leaving off reading the remainder of the novel, "are you in your senses, Sancho? how the devil can this be, seeing the giant is two thousand leagues off?" At that instant they heard a great noise in the room, and Don Quixote calling aloud: "Stay, cowardly thief, robber, rogue: for here I have you, and your scimitar shall avail you nothing." Then it seemed as if he gave several hacks and slashes against the walls. "Do not stand listening," quoth Sancho; "but go in and end the fray, or aid my master; though by this time there will be no occasion, for doubtless the giant is already dead, and giving an account to God of his past wicked life; for I saw the

blood run about the floor, and the head cut off and fallen on one side, and as big as a great wine-skin."—"I will be hanged," quoth the inn-keeper, at this juncture, "if Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has not given a gash to some of the wine-skins that stand at his bed's head, and the wine he has let out must be what this honest fellow takes for blood."

So saying, the host went into the room, and the whole company after him; they found Don Quixote in the strangest situation in the world. He was in his shirt, which was not quite long enough



before to cover his thighs, and was six inches shorter behind: his legs were very long and lean, full of hair, and not over clean: he

had on his head a little red cap, somewhat greasy, which belonged to the inn-keeper. About his left arm he had twisted the bed-blanket, to which Sancho owed a grudge, and he very well knew why, and in his right hand he held his drawn sword, with which he was laying about him on all sides, and uttering words as if he had really been fighting with some giant. The best of it was that his eyes were shut; for he was asleep, and dreaming that he was engaged in battle with the giant. His imagination was so taken up with the adventure he had undertaken, that it made him dream he was already arrived at the kingdom of Micomicon and engaged in fight with his enemy. Fancying he was cleaving the giant down, he had given the skins so many cuts that the whole room was afloat with wine.

When the inn-keeper saw this havock, he fell into such a rage, that he set upon Don Quixote, and, with his clenched fists, began

to give him so many cuffs, that, if Cardenio and the priest had not taken him off, he would have put an end to the war of the giant. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the poor gentleman did not awake until the barber brought a large bucket of cold water from the well, and soused it all over his body at a dash. Then Don Quixote awakened, but not so thoroughly as to be sensible of the pickle he

was in. Dorothea, perceiving how scantily and airily he was arrayed, would not go in to see the fight between her champion and her adversary. Sancho searched on all fours about the floor for the head of the giant; and not finding it, he said: "Well, I see plainly that every thing about this house is enchantment; the time before, in this very same place where I now am, I had several punches and thumps given me without knowing whence they came, or seeing any body; and now the head is vanished, which I saw cut off with my own eyes, the blood spouting from the body like any fountain."—"What blood, and what fountain? thou enemy to God and his saints?" said the inn-keeper: "dost thou not see, thief, that the blood and the fountain are nothing but these skins pierced and ripped open, and the red wine floating about the room? I wish I may see his soul floating in hell that pierced them!"—"I know nothing," said Sancho; "only that I should be so unfortunate that, for want of finding this head, my earldom will melt away like salt in water." Sancho, wide awake, was madder than his master asleep; so besotted was he with the promises Don Quixote had made him.

The inn-keeper lost all patience to see the squire's phlegm after the knight's wicked handy-work; he swore they should not escape this time as they did before, without paying; and that, this bout, the privileges of his chivalry should not exempt him from discharging both reckonings, even to the patches of the torn skins. The priest held Don Quixote by the hands, who imagining he had finished the adventure, and that he was in the presence of the princess Micomicona, fell on his knees before the priest, and said, "High and renowned lady, well may your grandeur from this day forward live more secure, now that this ill-born creature can do you no hurt: and I also, from this day forward, am freed from the promise I gave you, since, by the assistance of Heaven, and through the favour of her by whom I live and breathe, I have so happily accomplished it."—"Did not I tell you so?" quoth Sancho, hearing this, "so that I was not drunk: see, if my master has not already put the giant in pickle: here are my bulls*; my earldom is cock-sure."

* In allusion to the joy of the mob in Spain, when they see the bulls coming into the arena, previous to a bull-fight.

Who could forbear laughing at the absurdities of both master and man? they all laughed except the inn-keeper, who cursed himself to the devil. At length, the barber, Cardenio and the priest, with much ado, threw Don Quixote on the bed; who fell fast asleep, with signs of very great fatigue. They left him to sleep on, and went out to the inn-door, to comfort Sancho for not finding the giant's head. But they had most to do to pacify the inn-keeper, who was out of his wits for the murder of his wine-skins. The hostess muttered, and said: "In an unlucky minute, and in an evil hour, came this knight-errant into my house: O that my eyes had never seen him! he has been a dear guest to me. The last time, he went away with a night's reckoning, for supper, bed, straw and barley, for himself and for his squire, for a horse and an ass, telling us, forsooth, that he was a knight-adventurer, (evil adventures befal him, and all the adventurers in the world!) and

that therefore he was not obliged to pay any thing; for so it was written in the registers of knight-errantry. Then again, on his account too, comes this other gentleman and carries off my tail, and returns it me diminished by half, with all the hair off, so that it can serve no more for my husband's purpose. Now, to crown all, he rips open my skins, and wastes all my wine! would I could see his blood so let out. But let him not think to escape; for, by the bones of my father and the soul of my mother, they shall pay me down upon the nail every farthing, or may I never be called by my own name, nor be my own father's daughter." The hostess said all this and more, in great wrath, and honest Maritornes, her maid, seconded her; the daughter held her peace, and now and then smiled.

The priest quieted the tempest only by promising to make the best reparation he could for their loss, as well in the wine-skins as the wine, and especially for the damage done to the tail, which they valued so much. Dorothea comforted Sancho Panza, telling him that as it really appeared that his master had cut off the giant's head, she promised, when she was peaceably seated on her throne, to bestow on him the best earldom in her dominions. On this promise Sancho was comforted, and assured the princess she might depend that he had seen the giant's head, by the same token that it had a beard which reached down to the girdle; and if it was not to be found, it was, because every thing passed in that house, by way of enchantment, as he had experienced the last time he lodged there. Dorothea said she believed so, and bid him be in no pain, for all would be well, and succeed to his heart's desire.

Peace being re-established, the priest had a mind to read the remaining pages of the novel. Cardenio, Dorothea, and the rest, entreated him to do so: and the curate willing to please all the company, and himself among the rest, went on with the story as follows:

Anselmo, through the satisfaction he took in the supposed virtue of Camilla, now lived with all the content and security in the world; and Camilla purposely looked shy on Lothario, that Anselmo might

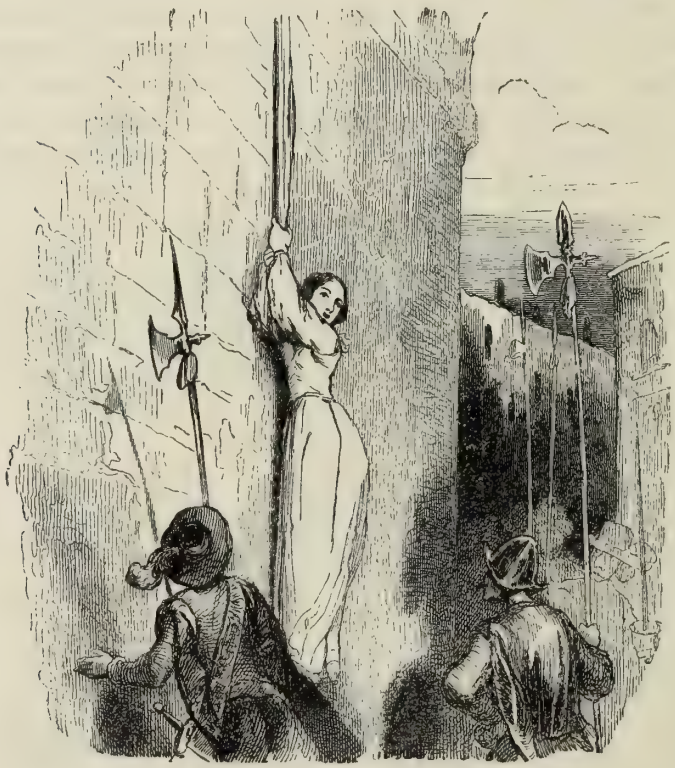
think she rather hated than loved him; and Lothario, for farther security in his affair, begged Anselmo to excuse his coming any more to his house, since it was plain the sight of him gave Camilla great uneasiness. But the deceived Anselmo would by no means comply with his request, thus, by a thousand different ways, becoming the contriver of his own dishonour, while he thought he was so of his pleasure. As for Leonella, she was so pleased to find herself thus at liberty to follow her amour, that, without minding any thing else, she let loose the reins and took her swing, being confident that her lady would conceal it, and even put her in the most commodious way of carrying it on. At last, one night, Anselmo perceived somebody walking in Leonella's chamber; and, being desirous to go in to know who it was, he found the door was held against him. Irritated at this resistance, which increased his desire of getting in, he made such an effort, that he burst open the door, and entered just in time to see a man leap down from the window into the street, Anselmo was about to follow him, to seize him or at least find out who he was; but he was hindered by Leonella, who clung about him, crying: "Dear Sir, be calm; be not so greatly disturbed, nor pursue the man who leaped out. He belongs to me; in short, he is my husband." Anselmo would not believe Leonella, but, blinded by rage, drew his poniard and offered to stab her, assuring her that, if she did not tell him the whole truth, he would kill her. She, in an agony, not knowing what she was saying, cried: "Do not kill me, Sir, and I will tell you things of greater importance than any you can imagine."—"Tell me then, quickly," said Anselmo, "or you are a dead woman."—"At present it is impossible," said Leonella, "I am in such confusion; give me until to-morrow morning, and then you shall learn from me what will amaze you. In the mean time, be assured that the person who jumped out of the window is a young man of this city who has given me a promise of marriage." With this Anselmo was somewhat pacified, and was content to wait the time she desired, not dreaming he should hear any thing against Camilla, of whose virtue he was so satisfied and secure. So, leaving the room, he locked Leonella in, telling her she should not stir from thence until

she had told him what she had to say to him. He went immediately to Camilla, and related to her all that had passed with her waiting-woman, and the promise she had given him to acquaint him with things of the utmost importance. It is needless to say whether Camilla was disturbed or not. So great was the consternation she was in that, verily believing, (as indeed it was very likely), that Leonella would tell Anselmo all she knew of her disloyalty, she had not the courage to wait until she saw whether her suspicion was well or ill grounded. That very night, when she found Anselmo was asleep, taking with her all her best jewels and some money, without being perceived by any body, she left the house and went to Lothario's. Arrived there, she recounted to him all that had passed, desiring him to conduct her to some place of safety, or to go off with her where they might live secure from Anselmo. Camilla put Lothario into such confusion that he knew not how to answer her a word, much less to resolve what was to be done. At length he bethought himself of carrying Camilla to a convent, the prioress of which was a sister of his. Camilla having consented, Lothario conveyed her to the convent with all the haste the case required, and left her there. He, too, immediately left the city, without acquainting any body with his departure.

When it was day-break, Anselmo, without missing Camilla from his side, so impatient was he to know what Leonella had to tell him, rose and went to the chamber where he had left her locked up. He opened the door and went in, but found no Leonella there; he only found the sheets tied to the window, an evident sign that by them she had slid down and effected her escape. He presently returned, full of concern, to acquaint Camilla with it; and, not finding her in bed, nor any where in the house, he stood confounded, astonished. He enquired of the servants for her, but no one could give him any tidings. It accidentally happened, as he was searching for Camilla, that he found her cabinet open, and most of her jewels gone. Then the first suspicion of the fatal truth flashed on his mind, and he ceased to think that Leonella was the cause of his misfortune. Without even waiting to put on the remainder of his clothes, he went, sad and pensive, to give an

account of his disaster to his friend Lothario; but not finding him, and his servants telling him that their master went away that night and took all the money he had with him, Anselmo was ready to run mad. To complete all, when he came back to his house, he found not one of his servants there, man or maid: the house abandoned and deserted. He knew not what to think, say or do, and, by little and little, his wits began to fail him. He considered, and saw himself in an instant deprived of wife, friend and servants, abandoned by Heaven and all nature, and, above all, robbed of his honour; since, in the flight of Camilla, he saw his own ruin. After some thought, he resolved to go to his friend's country-house, where he had been when he gave the opportunity for plotting this unhappy business. He locked the doors of his house, mounted a horse, and set forward in great depression of spirits. Scarcely had he gone half way when, overwhelmed by his melancholy thoughts, he was forced to alight and tie his horse to a tree, at the foot whereof he

dropped down, breathing out bitter and mournful sighs. He staid there until nearly dusk, about which time he saw a man coming on horseback from the city; and having saluted him, he enquired what news there was in Florence? "The strangest," replied the passenger, "that has been heard these many days. It is publicly talked, that last night Lothario, that great friend of Anselmo the rich, who lived at St. John's, carried off Camilla, wife to Anselmo, and that he also is missing. All this was told by a maid-servant of Camilla, whom the governor caught in the night letting herself down by a



sheet from a window of Anselmo's house. I do not know the particulars; all I know is, that the whole town is in admiration at this

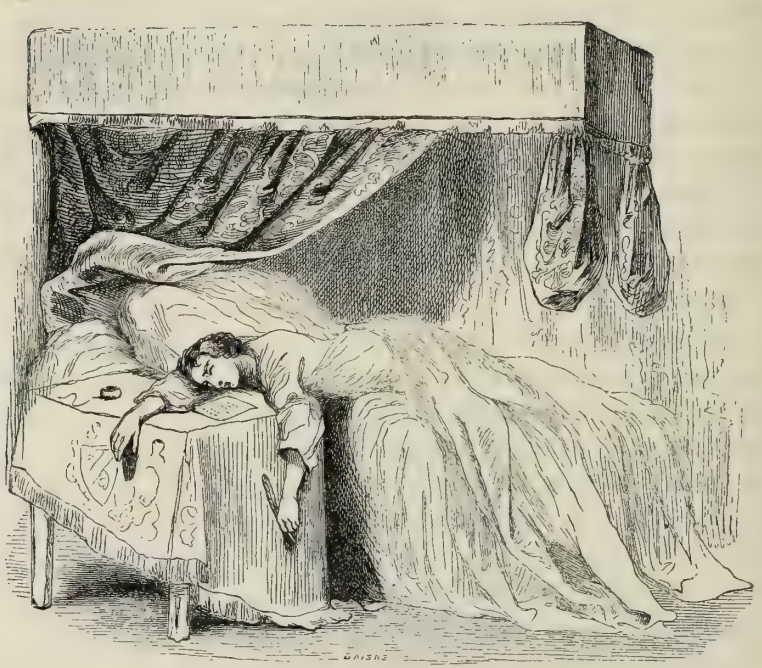
accident, for no one could have suspected any such thing, considering the strict friendship that united Anselmo and Lothario, which, it is said, was so remarkable that they were styled the *two friends*."

"Pray, is it known," said Anselmo, "which road Lothario and Camilla have taken?"—"It is not," replied the Florentine, "though the governor has ordered diligent search to be made for them."

"God be with you," said Anselmo. "And with you also," said the passenger, and went his way.

This dismal news reduced Anselmo almost to the losing, not only his wits, but his life. He got up as well as he could, and arrived at his friend's house, who had not yet heard of his misfortune; but seeing him come in pale, spiritless and faint, he concluded he was oppressed by some heavy affliction. Anselmo begged him to lead him immediately to a chamber, and to let him have pen, ink and paper. They did so, and left him alone on the bed, locking the door at his request. When he found himself alone, his imagination was so overwhelmed by the thoughts of his misfortunes, that he plainly felt he was drawing near his end. Wishing to leave behind him some account of the cause of his strange death, he seized a pen and began to write; but before he had set down all he had intended, his breath failed him, and he expired of the grief occasioned by his impertinent curiosity.

The master of the house, finding that it grew late and Anselmo did not call, determined to go in to him to learn whether his indisposition increased. He found him motionless, with his face downward, half of his body in bed, and half leaning on the table, with the paper he had written, open, and his hand still holding the pen. His friend, having first called to him, went and took him by the hand; and finding he did not answer him, and that he was cold, perceived that he was dead. He was very much surprised and troubled, and called the family to be witnesses of the sad mishap that had befallen Anselmo. Afterwards he read the paper, which he recognized to be Anselmo's own hand-writing, and which contained only the following words:



"A foolish and impertinent desire has deprived me of life. If the news of my death reaches Camilla's ears, let her know I forgive her; for she was not obliged to do miracles, nor was I under a necessity of desiring she should. Since was I the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no reason why——"

Thus far Anselmo wrote; by which it appeared that at this point, without being able to finish the sentence, he gave up the ghost. The next day his friend sent his relations an account of his death; they had already heard of his misfortune, and of Camilla's retiring to the convent, where she was almost in a condition of bearing her husband company in that inevitable journey, through the news, not of his death, but of her lover's absenting himself. It is said that, though she was now a widow, she would neither quit the convent nor take the veil until, not many days after, news arrived of Lothario's being killed in a battle fought between Monsieur

de Lautrec and the great captain Gonzalo of Cordova [172], in the kingdom of Naples, whither the too late repenting friend had made his retreat. On hearing this news Camilla took the religious habit, and soon after gave up her life of grief and melancholy. Such was the deplorable end of them all, an end sprung from an extravagant folly at the beginning.

"I like this novel very well," said the priest; "but I cannot persuade myself it is a true story. If it be a fiction, the author has erred against probability: for it cannot be imagined there can be any husband so senseless as to desire to make so dangerous an experiment as did Anselmo. Had this case been supposed between a gallant and his mistress, it might pass; but, between husband and wife, there is something impossible in it; however, I am not displeased with the manner in which it is related."

[172] Cervantes is here guilty of an anachronism. The *Great Captain*, having quitted Italy in 1507, died in Grenada in 1515. Lautrec did not appear at the head of the French army until the year 1527, when the Prince of Orange commanded that of Charles V.

CHAPTER IX.

WHICH TREATS OF OTHER UNCOMMON ADVENTURES THAT HAPPENED IN THE INN.

ENTERING at that moment from the door-way, where he had been standing while the priest was reading the conclusion of the novel, the host cried: "Here comes a goodly company of guests; if they stop here, we shall sing *gaudeamus**." —"What folks are they?" said Cardenio.—"Four men," answered the host, "on horse-back à la Gineta†, with lances and targets, and black masks on their faces[173]; in the midst of them rides a woman on a side-saddle, dressed in white, and her face likewise covered; and two attendants

* O be joyful.

† A kind of riding with short stirrups, which the Spaniards took from the Arabians, and is still used by all the African and eastern nations, with part of the northern, such as the Hungarians, and is advantageous in fight: for, being ready to strike with their sabres, they rise on their stirrups, and following as it were the blow, give more force to it.

[173] At that time masks (*antifaces*) were worn, especially when on a journey; they were made of light stuff, and generally black.

besides on foot."—"Are they near at hand," demanded the priest. "So near," replied the inn-keeper, "that they are already at the

door." Dorothea, hearing this, veiled her face; and Cardenio went into Don Quixote's chamber. Scarcely had they done so, when the persons the host mentioned entered the yard. The four horsemen, who by their appearance seemed to be persons of distinction, having alighted, went to help down the lady, who came on the side-saddle; one of them took her in his arms, and set her down in a chair which stood at the door of the room into which Cardenio had withdrawn. In all this time, neither she nor they had taken off their masks, nor spoken one word: but the lady sitting down in the chair, fetched a deep sigh, and let fall her arms, like one sick and about to faint. The servants on foot took the horses to the stable. The priest, seeing all this, and desirous to know who they were in that odd guise, and that kept such silence, went where the servants were, and enquired of one of them. "In truth, Signor, I cannot inform you who these gentlefolks are; I can only tell you they must be people of considerable quality, especially he who took

the lady down in his arms; I say this, because all the rest pay him such respect, and do nothing but what he orders and directs."—"And the lady, pray, who is she?" demanded the priest. "Neither can I tell that," replied the lacquey; "for I have not once seen her face during the whole journey. I have indeed often heard her sigh, and utter such groans that one would think one of them enough to break her heart. But it is no wonder we know no more than we have told you; for it is not above two days since my comrade and I came to serve them. Having met us upon the road, they asked and persuaded us to go with them as far as Andalusia, promising to pay us very well."—"And have you heard any of them called by their names?" said the priest. "No, indeed," answered the lad; "for they all travel with so much silence, that you would think they were performing a vow. Nothing is heard among them but the sighs and sobs of the poor lady, which move us to pity her, and make us think that whithersoever she is going, it must be against her will. By what we can gather from her habit, she must be a nun, or going to be one, which seems most probable, and perhaps, because she is averse to taking the veil, she goes thus heavily."—"Very likely," quoth the priest; and leaving the stable he returned to the room where he had left Dorothea. The latter hearing the lady in the mask sigh, moved by natural compassion, went to her and said: "What is the matter, dear madam? if it be any thing that we women can assist you in, speak; for, on my part, I am ready to serve you with great good-will." To all this the afflicted lady returned no answer, and though Dorothea urged her still more, she persisted in her silence. At last the cavalier in the mask, who the servant said was superior to the rest came up, and said to Dorothea: "Trouble not yourself, madam, to offer any thing to this woman; for it is her way not to be thankful for service done her; nor endeavour to get any answer from her, unless you would hear some lie from her mouth."—"No," said she, who hitherto had held her peace, "on the contrary, it is for being too sincere, and too averse to lying and deceit, that I now am reduced to such hard fortune; and of this you may be a witness yourself, since it is my truth alone which makes you act so false and treacherous a part."

Cardenio heard these words plainly and distinctly, being very near to her who spoke them, for Don Quixote's chamber-door only was between. Uttering a piercing cry: "Good God!" he exclaimed, "what is this I hear? what voice is this which has reached my ears?" The lady, all in surprise, turned her head at these exclamations; and, not seeing who uttered them, she got up and was going into the room; but the cavalier, who was watching her motions, stopped her, and would not suffer her to stir a step. In the agitation of her dress caused by her sudden rising, her mask fell off, and she discovered a beauty incomparable, and a countenance almost divine, though pale and full of horror, for she rolled her eyes round as far as she could see, examining every place with so much eagerness that she seemed distracted. Dorothea, and the rest, though ignorant of the cause of her grief, were moved to great compassion. The cavalier held her fast by the shoulders; and, his hands being thus employed, he could not keep on his mask, which was falling off, and at last did fall. Dorothea, who had clasped the lady in her arms, lifting up her eyes, discovered that the person who also held her was her husband, Don Fernando. No sooner did she recognize him than, fetching from the bottom of her heart a deep and dismal sigh, she fell backward in a swoon; and, had not the barber, who stood close by, caught her in his arms, she would have fallen to the ground. The priest ran immediately, and took off her veil to throw water in her face; and no sooner had he uncovered it than Don Fernando, for it was he who held the other in his arms, knew her, and stood like one half dead at the sight. Nevertheless, he did not let go Lucinda, who was the lady struggling so hard to get from him. She knew Cardenio's voice in his exclamations, and he knew her's. Cardenio heard also the exclamations of Dorothea when she fainted away; and believing it came from his Lucinda, he started out of the room, and the first thing he saw was Don Fernando holding Lucinda close in his arms. Don Fernando presently knew Cardenio; and all three, Lucinda, Cardenio and Dorothea, were struck dumb, hardly knowing what had happened to them. They stood silent and gazing at one another, Dorothea on Don Fernando, Don Fernando on Cardenio,

Cardenio on Lucinda, and Lucinda on Cardenio. But the first who broke silence was Lucinda, who addressed herself to Don Fernando in this manner: "Suffer me, Signor Don Fernando, as you are a gentleman, since you will not do it upon any other account; suffer me to cleave to that wall of which I am the ivy; to that prop from which neither your importunities, your threats, your promises nor your presents, were able to separate me. Observe how Heaven, by unusual, and to us hidden, ways, has brought me into the presence of my true husband; and well you know, by a thousand dear bought proofs, that death alone can efface him from my memory. Then (since all farther attempts are vain), let this open declaration convert your love into rage, your good will into despite, and put an end to my life; for if I lose it in the presence of my dear husband, I shall reckon it well disposed of. Perhaps my death may convince him of the fidelity I have preserved for him to my last moment."

Dorothea, meanwhile, had revived, and had listened to all that Lucinda said, whereby she discovered who she was. Seeing that Don Fernando did not yet let her go from between his arms, nor make her any answer, she got up as well as she could, then kneeled down at his feet, and pouring forth an abundance of piteous tears, she began to say: "If, my dear lord, the rays of that sun you hold now eclipsed between your arms had not dazzled and obscured your eyes, you must have seen that she who lies prostrate at your feet is the unhappy (so long as you are pleased to have it so) and unfortunate Dorothea. I am that humble country girl, whom you, through goodness or love, deigned to raise to the honour of calling herself your's. I am she who, confined within the bounds of modesty, lived a contented life until, to the voice of your importunities and seemingly sincere and real passion, opened the gates of her reserve, and delivered up to you the keys of her liberty: a gift by you so ill requited, as appears by my being driven into the circumstances in which you find me, and forced to see you in the posture you are now in. Notwithstanding all this, I would not have you imagine, that I am brought hither by any dishonest motives, but only by those of grief and concern to see

myself neglected and forsaken by you. You would have me be your's and would order it in such a manner that, though now you would not have it be so, it is not possible you should cease to be mine. Consider, my lord, that the matchless affection I have for you may balance the beauty and nobility of her for whom I am abandoned. You cannot be the fair Lucinda's, because you are mine; nor can she be your's because she is Cardenio's. And it is easier, if you take it right, to reduce your inclination to love her who adores you, than to bring her to love who detests you. You importuned my indifference; you solicited my integrity; you were not ignorant of my condition; you know very well in what manner I gave myself up entirely to your will; you have no room to pretend any deceit. This being the case, and if you are as much a christian as a gentleman, why do you, by so many evasions, delay making me as happy at last as you did at first? If you will not acknowledge me for what I am, your true and lawful wife, at least admit me for your slave; for, so I be under your power, I shall account myself happy and very fortunate. Do not, by forsaking and abandoning me, give the world occasion to censure and disgrace me. Do not so sorely afflict my aged parents, whose constant and faithful services as good vassals to your's do not deserve it. And if you fancy your blood is debased by mixing it with mine, consider there is little or no nobility in the world but what has run in the same channel, and that what is derived from women is not essential in illustrious descents. Besides, true nobility consists in virtue; and if you forfeit that, by denying me what is so justly my due, I shall then remain with greater advantages of nobility than you. In short, Sir, I shall only add that, whether you will or not, I am your wife. Witness your words, which if you value yourself on that account on which you undervalue me, cannot be false: witness your handwriting; and witness Heaven which you invoked to bear testimony to what you promised. Though all this should fail, your conscience will not fail to whisper you in the midst of your guilty joys, justifying this truth I have proclaimed to you, disturbing your greatest pleasures and satisfactions."

These and other reasons did the afflicted Dorothea urge so

feelingly, and with so many tears, that all who were present at this scene, even the cavaliers who accompanied Don Fernando, could not forbear sympathizing with her. Don Fernando himself listened to her without answering a word, until she had ceased to speak, her voice becoming choked by so many sighs and sobs, that it must have been a heart of brass which the signs of so much sorrow could not soften. Lucinda gazed at her, with no less pity for her affliction, than admiration at her wit and beauty. She had a mind to go to her, and endeavour to comfort her, but she was prevented by Don Fernando still holding her fast in his arms. That guilty person, full of confusion and astonishment, after he had attentively beheld Dorothea for a good while, opened his arms, and leaving Lucinda free, he said: "You have conquered, fair Dorothea, you have conquered. There is no withstanding so many united truths." Scarcely recovered from her swoon, Lucinda was so faint, when Don Fernando let her go, that she was just falling to the ground. But Cardenio, who was near her, and had placed himself behind Don Fernando that he might not know him, ran to support Lucinda. Catching her between his arms; "If," said he, "it pleases pitying Heaven that at last you should have some rest, my dear, faithful and constant mistress, I believe you can find it no where more secure than in these arms, which now receive you, and did receive you heretofore, when fortune was pleased to allow me to call you mine." At these expressions Lucinda fixed her eyes on Cardenio; and having begun first to know him by his voice, and being then assured by sight that it was he, almost beside herself with joy, she threw her arms about his neck, and joining her face to his, said: "You, my dear Cardenio, you are the true owner of this your slave, though fortune were yet more adverse, and though my life, which depends upon your's, were threatened yet more than it is."

A strange sight it was to Don Fernando and all the by-standers, who were astonished at so unexpected an event. Dorothea fancied that Don Fernando changed colour, and looked as if he had a mind to revenge himself on Cardenio; for she saw him put his hand toward his sword. Quick as lightning she ran immediately, and embracing his knees, she covered them with her kisses and tears,

holding him so fast that he could not stir. "What is it you intend to do," she said, "my only refuge in this unexpected crisis? you have your wife at your feet, and she whom you would have to be your's is in the arms of her own husband. Consider: is it fit or possible for you to undo what Heaven has done? Would it not better become you to raise her to an equality with yourself, who, regardless of all obstacles and confirmed in her truth and constancy, is bathing the bosom of her true husband, before your face, with the tears of love flowing from her eyes? For God's sake, and your own character's sake, I beseech you that this public declaration, far from increasing your wrath, may appease it in such sort, that these two lovers shall be permitted, without any impediment from you, to live together in peace all the time Heaven shall be pleased to allot them. By this you will shew the generosity of your noble and illustrious breast, and the world will see that reason sways more with you than appetite."

While Dorothea was saying this, Cardenio, holding Lucinda between his arms, kept his eyes fixed on Don Fernando, with a resolution, if he saw him make any motion toward assaulting him, to endeavour to defend himself, and also to act offensively against all who should take part against him, though it cost him his life. But Don Fernando's friends, together with the priest and the barber, who were present all the while, not omitting honest Sancho Panza, ran and surrounded Don Fernando, entreating him to have regard to Dorothea's tears, and not to suffer her, if, as they verily believed, she had said nothing but what was true, to be disappointed in her just expectations. And the curate, making his voice heard above the rest, desired he would consider that, not by chance, as it seemed, but by the particular providence of Heaven, they had all met in a place where one would have least imagined they should meet. Then the priest put him in mind that nothing but death could part Lucinda from Cardenio, and that, though they should be severed by the edge of the sword, they would account their deaths most happy. In a case which could not be remedied, the highest wisdom would be, by forcing and overcoming himself, to shew a greatness of mind, in suffering that couple, by his mere good-will, to enjoy that happiness which Heaven had already granted them. He desired him also to turn his eyes on the beauty of Dorothea, and see how very few, if any, could equal, much less exceed her; and that to her beauty he would add her humility, and the extreme love she had for him; but especially that he would remember that if he valued himself on being a gentleman and a christian, he could do no less than perform the promise he had given her, and that in so doing he would please God, and do what was right in the eyes of all wise men, who know and understand that it is the prerogative of beauty, though in a mean subject, if it be accompanied with modesty, to be able to raise and equal itself to any height, without any disparagement to him who raises and equals it to himself; and that in complying with the strong dictates of appetite, there is nothing blame-worthy, provided there be no sin in the action. To these remonstrances of the curate, all present added such and so many powerful arguments, that the generous heart of

Don Fernando, being nourished with noble blood, was softened, and suffered itself to be overcome by that truth, which, if he had had a mind, he could not have resisted. The proof he gave of surrendering himself, and submitting to what was proposed, was, to stoop down, and embrace Dorothea, saying: "Rise, dear madam; for it is not fit she should kneel at my feet, who is mistress of my soul; and if hitherto, I have given no proof of what I say,

perhaps it has been so ordered by Heaven, that, by finding in you the constancy of your affection to me, I may know how to esteem you as you deserve. What I beg of you is, not to reproach me with my past unkind behaviour and great neglect of you, for the very same cause and motive that induced me to take you for mine, influenced me to endeavour not to be your's. To shew you the truth of what I say, turn and behold the eyes of the now satisfied Lucinda; in them you will see an excuse for all my errors. Since she has found and attained to what she desired, and I have found in

you all I want, let her live secure and contented many happy years with her Cardenio; and I will beseech Heaven, that I may do the like with my dear Dorothea." Saying this, he embraced her again, and joined his face to her's with such tenderness of passion, that he could scarcely restrain his tears from giving undoubted signs of his love and repentance. It was not so with Lucinda and Cardenio, and almost all the rest of the company present; for they began to shed so many tears, some for joy on their own account, and some on the account of others, that one would have thought some heavy and dismal disaster had befallen them all. Even Sancho Panza wept, though he owned afterwards that, for his part, he wept only to see that Dorothea was not, as he imagined, queen Micomicona, from whom he expected so many favours.

Their joint wonder and weeping lasted for some time. After a while, Cardenio and Lucinda went and kneeled before Don Fernando, thanking him for the favour he had done them, in such terms of respect, that Don Fernando knew not what to answer; so he raised them up, and embraced them with much courtesy and many demonstrations of affection. Then he desired Dorothea to tell him how she came to that place so far from home. She related, in few and discreet words, all she had before related to Cardenio; with which Don Fernando and his company were so pleased, that they wished the story had lasted much longer, such was the grace with which Dorothea recounted her misfortunes. And when she had made an end, Don Fernando related what had befallen him in the city after his finding the paper in Lucinda's bosom wherein she declared that she was wife to Cardenio, and could not be his. He said that he had a mind to have killed her, and should have done it, if her parents had not hindered him; then he quitted the house, enraged and ashamed, with a resolution of revenging himself at a more convenient time. The following day, he heard that Lucinda was missing from her father's house, no one knowing whither she was gone. In fine, at the end of some months, he came to know, that she was in a convent, purposing to remain there all her days, unless she could spend them with Cardenio. As soon as he knew it, choosing those three gentlemen for his companions, he went to the place where she

was, but did not speak to her, fearing that, if she knew he was there, the monastery would be better guarded. So waiting for a day when the porter's lodge was open, he left two to secure the door, and he with the other entered the convent in search of Lucinda, whom they found in the cloisters talking to a nun. Snatching her away without giving her time to resist, they came with her to a place where they accommodated themselves with whatever was needful for the carrying her off: all which they could very safely do, the monastery being in the fields, a good way out of the town. He added, when Lucinda saw herself in his power, she swooned, and

on coming to herself, she did nothing but weep and sigh without speaking. "Thus," Don Fernando concluded, "accompanied by silence and tears, we arrived at this inn which to me was arriving at Heaven, where all earthly misfortunes have an end."

CHAPTER X.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS INFANTA MICOMICONA, WITH OTHER PLEASANT ADVENTURES.

SANCHO listened to all this with no small grief of mind, seeing that the hope of his preferment was disappearing and vanishing into smoke; since the fair princess Micomicona was turned into Dorothea, and the giant into Don Fernando, while his master lay in a sound sleep, without troubling his head about what passed. Dorothea could not be sure whether the happiness she enjoyed was not a dream; Cardenio was in the same doubt, and Lucinda knew not what to think. Don Fernando gave thanks to Heaven for the blessing bestowed on him in bringing him out of that perplexed labyrinth, in which he was upon the brink of losing his honour and his soul. In short, all the persons were pleased at the happy conclusion of such intricate and hopeless affairs. The priest, like a man of sense, placed every thing in its true light, and congratulated every one upon his

individual share of general happiness. But she who was most delighted was the hostess, Cardenio and the priest having promised to pay her with interest for all the damage sustained upon Don Quixote's account.

Sancho, as has been said, was the only unhappy and sorrowful person. With dismal looks he went in to his master, who had just then awakened, and said: "Your worship may very well sleep your fill, Signor Sorrowful Figure, without troubling yourself about killing

any giant, or restoring the princess to her kingdom; for all is done and over already."—"I verily believe it," answered Don Quixote, "for I have had the most monstrous and dreadful battle with the giant, that ever I believe I shall have in all the days of my life; with one back-stroke I tumbled his head to the ground, and so great was the quantity of blood that gushed from it, that the streams ran along the ground as if it had been water."—"As if it had been red wine, your worship might better say," answered Sancho; "for

I would have you to know, if you do not know it already, that the dead giant is a pierced skin, and the blood, eighteen gallons of red wine contained in its belly; and may the devil take all for me." "What is it you say, fool?" replied Don Quixote; "are you in your senses?"—"Pray get up, Sir," quoth Sancho, "and you will see what a fine job of work you have made, and what a reckoning we have to pay. You will see also, the queen converted into a private lady called Dorothea, with other accidents, which, if you take them right, will astonish you."—"I shall wonder at nothing of this," replied Don Quixote; "for if you remember well, the last time we were here I told you that all things in this place went by enchantment. It would be no wonder, therefore, if it should be so now."—"I should believe so too," answered Sancho, "if my being tossed in a blanket had been a matter of this nature; but it was downright real and true. I saw that the inn-keeper, who was here this very day, held a corner of the blanket, and canted me toward Heaven with notable alacrity and vigour, and with as much laughter as force. Where it happens that we know persons, in my opinion, simple and a sinner though I be, there is no enchantment at all, but much misusage and much mishap."—"Well, Fortune will remedy it," quoth Don Quixote, "give me my clothes, that I may go and see the accidents and transformations you talk of."

Sancho reached him his apparel, and while he was assisting him to dress, the priest gave Don Fernando and the rest an account of Don Quixote's madness, and of the artifice they had made use of to get him from the Poor Rock, to which he imagined himself banished through his lady's disdain. He related also to them almost all the adventures which Sancho had recounted; at which they did not a little wonder and laugh, thinking, as every body did, that it was the strangest kind of madness that ever entered into an extravagant imagination. The priest said farther, that, since madam Dorothea's good-fortune would not permit her to go on with their design, it was necessary to invent and find out some other way of getting him home to his village. Cardenio offered to assist in carrying on the project, and proposed that Lucinda should personate Dorothea. "No," said Don Fernando, "it must not be so: I will have Dorothea

herself go on with her contrivance; and if it is not far from hence to this good gentleman's village, I shall be glad to contribute to this cure."—"It is not above two days' journey," said the priest. "Though it were farther," said Don Fernando, "I would undertake it with pleasure to accomplish so good a work."

By this time Don Quixote sallied forth, completely armed with his whole furniture; Mambrino's helmet, though bruised and battered, on his head, his target braced on, and resting on his saplin, or lance. The strange appearance he made greatly surprised Don Fernando and his company. They gazed with astonishment on his tawny, withered, lengthy lantern jaws, his ill-matched armour, his calm and haughty bearing, and awaited in silence to hear what he would say. Don Quixote, with much gravity and solemnity, fixing his eyes on the fair Dorothea, said: "I am informed, fair lady,

by this my squire, that your grandeur is annihilated and your very being demolished; that, from a queen and great lady, which you

were wont to be, you are metamorphosed into a private maiden. If this has been done by the order of the necromantic king your father, out of fear lest I should not afford you the necessary and due aid, I say he neither knows, nor ever did know, one half of his trade, and that he is but little versed in the histories of knight-errantry: for, had he read and considered them as attentively and as much at leisure as I have read and considered them, he would have found, at every turn, how other knights of a great deal less fame than myself, have achieved matters much more difficult; it being no such mighty business to kill a pitiful giant, be he never so arrogant: for not many hours are past since I had a bout with one myself, and—I say no more, lest I should be thought to lie; but time, the revealer of all things, will tell, it, when we least think of it."—"It was with a couple of wine-skins, and not a giant," quoth the inn-keeper. But Don Fernando commanded him to hold his peace, and in no wise to interrupt Don Quixote's discourse, who went on saying: "I say, in fine, high and disinherited lady, that if, for the cause aforesaid, your father has made this metamorphosis in your person, I would have you give no heed to it at all: for there is no danger upon earth, through which my sword shall not force a way; and by bringing down the head of your enemy to the ground, place the crown of your kingdom upon your own in a few days."

Don Quixote said no more, but awaited the princess's answer; who, knowing Don Fernando's inclination, that she should carry on the deceit until Don Quixote was brought home to his house, with much grace and gravity answered him: "Whoever told you, valorous Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, that I was changed and altered from what I was, did not tell you the truth; for I am the same to-day that I was yesterday. It is true, indeed, some fortunate accidents that have befallen me, to my heart's desire, have made some alteration in me for the better; for all that, I do not cease to be what I was before, and to have the same thoughts I always had of employing the prowess of your redoubted and invincible arm. So, dear Sir, of your accustomed bounty, restore to the father who begot me, his honour, and esteem him to be a wise and prudent man, since by his skill he found out so easy and certain a way to remedy

my misfortune. I verily believe, had it not been for you, Sir, I should never have alighted upon the happiness I now enjoy: and in this I speak the very truth, as most of these gentlemen here present can testify. What remains is, that to-morrow morning we set forward on our journey; as to-day we could not go far: and for the rest of the good success I expect, I refer it to God, and to the valour of your breast."

Thus spoke the discreet Dorothea; and Don Quixote, having heard her, turned to Sancho, and, with an air of much indignation, said to him: "I tell thee now, little Sancho, that thou art the greatest rascal in all Spain; say, thief, vagabond, didst thou not tell me just now, that this princess was transformed into a damsel called Dorothea; with other absurdities, which put me into the greatest confusion I ever was in all the days of my life? I vow" (and here he looked up to Heaven, and gnashed his teeth), "I have a great mind to make such havock of thee as shall put wit into the noddles of all the lying squires of knights-errant that shall be from henceforward in the world."—"Pray, dear Sir, be pacified," answered Sancho, "for I may easily be mistaken as to the transformation of madam the princess Micomicona; but as to the giant's head, or at least the piercing of the skins, and the blood being but red wine, I am not deceived as God liveth. The skins yonder at your worship's bed's head are cut and slashed, and the red wine has turned the room into a pond. If not, it will be seen at the frying of the eggs;* I mean, you will find it when his worship Signor inn-keeper here demands damages. As for the rest, I rejoice in my heart that madam the queen is as she was; for I have my share in it, as every neighbour's child has."—"I tell thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou art an ass; forgive me, that's enough."—"It is enough," said Don Fernando, "and let no more be said of this; and since madam the princess says we must set forward in the morning, it being too late to-day, let us do so, and let us pass this night in

* When eggs are to be fried, there is no knowing their goodness until they are broken. Royal Dic. Or, a thief stole a frying-pan, and the woman who owned it meeting him, asked him what he was carrying away; he answered, you will know when your eggs are to be fried. Pineda.

agreeable conversation, until to-morrow, when we will all bear Signor Don Quixote company, for we desire to be eye-witnesses of the valorous and unheard-of deeds which he is to perform in the progress of this grand enterprise which he has undertaken."—" It is I that am to wait upon you, and bear you company," answered Don Quixote, " and I am much obliged to you for the favour you do me, and the good opinion you have of me; which it shall be my endeavour not to disappoint, or it shall cost me my life and even more, if more it could cost me."

Many compliments, and many offers of service passed between Don Quixote and Don Fernando: but all was put a stop to by a

traveller, who just then entered the inn. By his garb he seemed to be a Christian newly come from among the Moors. He had on a blue cloth loose coat, with short skirts, half-sleeves, and no collar; his breeches also were of blue cloth, and he wore a cap of the same colour. He had on a pair of date-coloured stockings, and a Moorish scimitar hung in a shoulder-belt that came across his breast. There came immediately after him a woman, mounted on an ass, in a Moorish dress, her face veiled, a brocade turban on her head, and covered with a mantle from her shoulders to her feet. The man was of a robust and agreeable make, a little above forty years old, of a brownish complexion, large whiskers and a well-set beard. In short, his mien, if he had been well-dressed, would have denoted him a person of quality and well-born. At coming in he asked for a room, and he seemed to be troubled on being told there was none to spare in the inn. Going however, to the woman, who by her habit seemed to be a Moor, he took her down in his arms. Lucinda, Dorothea, the landlady, her daughter and Maritornes, gathered about the Moorish lady, attracted by the novelty of her dress, the like of which they had never seen before; and Dorothea, who was always obliging and thoughtful, imagining that both she and her conductor were uneasy for want of a room, said to her: "Be not much concerned, madam, about proper accommodations: it is what one must not expect to meet with in inns. But as it is so, if you please to take share with us (pointing to Lucinda), perhaps, in the course of your journey, you may have met with worse welcome." The veiled lady returned her no answer; but rising from her seat and laying her hands across on her breast, she bowed her head and body, in token that she thanked her. By her silence they concluded she must be a Moor, and could not speak the Christian language.

By this time the captive, who had hitherto been employed about something else, came in. Seeing that they were all standing about the woman that accompanied him, and that whatever they said to her she continued silent, he said: "Ladies, this young woman understands scarcely any thing of our language, nor can she speak any other than that of her own country; and therefore it is that she

has not answered to any thing you may have asked her."—" Nothing has been asked her," answered Lucinda, " but whether she would accept of our company for this night, and take part of our lodging, where she shall be accommodated and entertained as well as the place will afford, and with that good-will which is due to all strangers that are in need of it, and especially from us to her, as she is of our own sex."—" Dear madam," answered the stranger, " I kiss your hands for her and for myself, and highly prize, as I ought, the favour offered us, which, at such a time and from such persons as you appear to be, must be owned to be very great." " Pray tell me, Signor," said Dorothea, " is this lady a Christian or a Moor? for her habit and silence make us think she is what we wish she were not."—" She is a Moor," answered the captive, " in her attire and in her body; but in her soul she is already very much a Christian, having a very strong desire to become one."—" She is not yet baptized then?" answered Lucinda. " There has been no time for that yet," answered the captive, " since she left Algiers, her native country and place of abode; and she has not hitherto been in any danger of death so imminent as to make it necessary to have her baptized, before she be instructed in all the ceremonies our holy mother the church enjoins. But I hope, if it please God, she shall soon be baptized, with the decency becoming her quality, which is above what her habit or mine seem to denote."

This discourse gave all who heard him, a desire to know who the Moor and the captive were; but nobody would ask them just then, seeing it was more proper at that time to let them take some rest than to be inquiring into their lives. Dorothea took the stranger by the hand, and led her to sit down by her, desiring her to uncover her face. She looked at the captive, as if she asked him what they said, and what she should do. He told her in Arabic, that they desired she would uncover her face, and that he would have her do so. Accordingly she removed her veil, and discovered a face so beautiful, that Dorothea thought her handsomer than Lucinda, and Lucinda than Dorothea; and all the by-standers saw that, if any beauty could be compared with theirs,

it must be that of the Moor; nay, some of them thought she surpassed them in certain points. And as beauty has the prerogative and power to reconcile minds and attract inclinations, they all presently fell to caressing and making much of the beautiful Moor. Don Fernando asked of the stranger the Moor's name, who answered Lella Zoraïda[174]; but, as soon as she heard this name, she understood what they had inquired of the Christian, and said hastily, with a sprightly but concerned air: "*No, not Zoraïda; Maria, Maria;*" letting them know her name was Maria, and not Zoraïda. These words, and the great earnestness with which she pronounced them, extorted more than one tear from those who heard her, especially from the women, who are naturally tender-hearted and

[174] Lella, or rather Elella, means in Arabic, according to the Spanish Academy, the adorable, the divine, the superlatively happy. This name is only applied to the Virgin Mary. Zoraïda is a diminutive of *zorath*, flower.

compassionate. Lucinda embraced her very affectionately, saying to her: "Yes Maria, Maria." To this the Moor answered, "*Si, si, Maria. Zoraïda macangé*[175];" as much as to say, *not Zoraïda.*

By this time it was four in the afternoon, and, by order of Don Fernando and his company, the inn-keeper had taken care to provide a collation for them, the best it was possible for him to get. It now being ready, they all sat down at a long table, like those in halls, there being neither a round nor a square one in the house. They gave the upper end and principal seat (though he would have declined it) to Don Quixote, who would needs have the lady Micomicona sit next him, as being her champion. Then sat down Lucinda and Zoraïda, opposite to them Don Fernando and Cardenio, and then the stranger and the rest of the gentlemen; next to the ladies sat the priest and the barber. Thus they made their repast, with appetite and good-humour, and it gave them

[175] *Macange* is a barbarous Turkish word (*ange mac*) which signifies *not at all, by no means.*

an additional pleasure to hear Don Quixote, moved by the same spirit that had prompted him to talk so much when he supped with the goatherds, instead of eating, speak as follows:

"In truth, gentlemen, if it be well considered, great and unheard-of things do they see, who profess the order of knight-errantry. If any one think otherwise, let me ask him what man living, that should now enter at this castle-gate, and see us sitting in this manner, could judge or believe us to be the persons we really are? who could say that this lady sitting here by my side is that great queen that we all know her to be, and that I am that knight of the Sorrowful Figure, so blazoned abroad by the mouth of fame? There is no doubt that this art and profession exceeds all that have been ever invented by men; and so much the more honourable is it, as it is exposed to more dangers. Away with those who say that letters have the advantage over arms; I will tell them, be they who they will, that they know not what they say [176]. For the reason they usually give, and upon which they lay the greatest stress, is that the labours of the brain exceed those of the body, and that arms are exercised by the body alone; as if the use of them were the business of porters, for which nothing is necessary but downright strength; or as if in this, which we who profess it call chivalry, were not included the acts of fortitude, which require a very good understanding to execute them; or as if the mind of the warrior who has an army, or the defence of a besieged city, committed to his charge, does not labour with his understanding as well as his body. If not, let us see how, by mere bodily strength, he will be able to penetrate into the designs of the enemy, to form stratagems, overcome difficulties, and prevent dangers which threaten: for all these things are acts of the understanding, in which the body has no share at all. It being admitted then, that arms employ the mind as well as letters, let us next see whose mind labours most, the scholar's or the warrior's. This may be determined by the scope and ultimate end of each; for that intention is to be the most

[176] Thus, according to Don Quixote, Cicero, with his adage *cedant arma togæ*, did not know what he said.

esteemed, which has the noblest end for its object. Now the end and design of letters, (I do not now speak of divinity, which has for its aim the raising and conducting souls to Heaven, for to an end so endless as this no other can be compared,) I speak of humane learning [177], whose end, I say, is to regulate distributive justice, to give to every man his due, to know good laws and cause them to be strictly observed. This end is most certainly, generous and exalted, and worthy of high commendation; but it is not equal to that which is annexed to the profession of arms, whose object and end is peace, the greatest blessing men can wish for in this life. Accordingly, the first good news the world and men received, was what the angels brought, on that night which was our day, when they sung in the clouds: '*Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace and good-will towards men.*' In like manner, the salutation which the best Master of earth or Heaven taught his followers and disciples, was that, when they entered into any house, they should say: '*Peace be to this house!*' And many other times he said: '*My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you, peace be amongst you*'[178], a jewel and a legacy, worthy of coming from such a hand! a jewel, without which there can be no happiness either in earth or in Heaven! This peace is the true end of war, for to say arms or war, is the same thing. Granting therefore this truth, that the end of war is peace, and that in this it has the advantage of the end proposed by letters, let us come now to the bodily labours of the scholar, and to those of the professor of arms; and let us see which are the greatest."

[177] The word *letras*, adapted from Spanish to English, unavoidably produces an equivoque. In Cervantes' mind, *divine letters* meant theology, and *humane letters* jurisprudence, taught in the universities. The word *letrado*, which he always opposes to the word *guerrero*, means, not a man of letters, in the strict sense of that expression, but a man of the robe. In a word, it is the magistracy and its dependencies, that he opposes to the army.

[178] Don Quixote, who borrows texts from St. Luke, St. John and St. Matthew, forgets these passages of Ecclesiastes (chap. IX):—"Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength."—"Wisdom is better than weapons of war."

Don Quixote went on with his discourse in such a manner, and in such proper expressions, that none of those who heard him at that time could take him for a madman. On the contrary, most of his hearers being gentlemen to whom the use of arms properly belongs, they listened to him with pleasure:

"I say then," he continued, "that the hardships of the scholar [179] are these: in the first place, and above all, poverty; not that they are all poor, but I would put the case in the strongest manner possible. When I have said that he endures poverty, methinks no more need be said to shew his misery; for he who is poor is destitute of every thing. He endures poverty in all its parts, sometimes in hunger and cold, sometimes in nakedness, and sometimes in all these together. But notwithstanding all this, it is not so great but that still he eats, though somewhat later than usual, or of the rich man's scraps and leavings, or, which is the scholar's greatest misery, by what is called among them *going a sopping* [180]. Neither do they always want a fire-side or chimney-corner of some other person, which, if it does not quite warm them, at least abates their extreme cold: and lastly, at night they sleep somewhere under cover. I will not mention other trifles, such as want of shirts, and no plenty of shoes, the thinness and threadbareness of their clothes, nor that laying about them with so much eagerness and pleasure, when good fortune sets a plentiful table in their way. By this way that I have described, rough and difficult, here stumbling, there falling, now rising, then falling again, they arrive to the degree they desire. That end attained, we have seen many, who having passed these shoals, these Scyllas, these Charybdises, buoyed up, as it were by favourable fortune, from a chair, have commanded and

[179] *Estudiante.* This name is given indiscriminately to the pupils of universities who are destined to the church, the magistracy, the bar, or to any learned profession.

[180] *To go to soup (andar á la sopa)* is said of mendicants who go at fixed hours to the gates of endowed convents to receive doles of broth, bread, and broken victuals.

The condition of students in Spain has little changed since the time of Cervantes'. Numbers of them are to be seen at the present day doing no better then *going to soup*; with the assistance of a cornered hat and a long black cloak, they beg in houses, in coffee-shops and in the streets.

govern the world ; their hunger converted into satiety, their pinching cold into refreshing coolness, their nakedness into embroidery, and their sleeping on a mat to reposing in holland and damask ; a reward justly merited by their virtue. But their hardships, opposed to and compared with those of the warrior, fall far short !"

CHAPTER XI.

THE CONTINUATION OF DON QUIXOTE'S CURIOUS DISCOURSE UPON ARMS AND LETTERS.

ON QUIXOTE here paused to take breath; continuing his discourse, he said: "Since in speaking of the scholar we began with his poverty and its several branches, let us see whether the soldier be richer; and we shall find that poverty itself is not poorer. Effectively, he either depends on his wretched pay, which comes late, or perhaps never, or on what he can pilfer, with great peril of his life and conscience. Sometimes his nakedness is such that his slashed buff doublet serves him both for finery and shirt; and, in the midst of winter, being in the open field, what has he to warm him? Nothing but the breath of his mouth, which issuing from an empty place, must needs come out cold, against all the rules of nature. But let us wait until night, and see whether his bed will make amends for these inconveniences. That, if it be not his own fault, will never offend in point of narrowness; for he may measure out as many feet of earth as he pleases, and roll himself thereon at pleasure, without fear of rumpling the sheets. Suppose now the day and hour come of taking the degree of his profession; I would say, suppose the

day of battle come, and then his doctoral cap will be of lint, to cure some wound made by a musket-shot, which perhaps has gone through his temples, or crippled him in the leg or arm. Though this should not happen, and merciful Heaven should keep and preserve him alive and unhurt, he shall remain, perhaps, in the same poverty as before; and there must happen a second and a third engagement, and battle after battle, and he must come off victor from them all, to get anything considerable by it. But these miracles are seldom seen. But tell me, gentlemen, if you have observed it, how much fewer are they who are rewarded for their services in war, than those who have perished in it? Doubtless you must answer that there is no comparison between the numbers, that the dead cannot be reckoned up, whereas, those who live and are rewarded may be numbered with three figures.—All this is

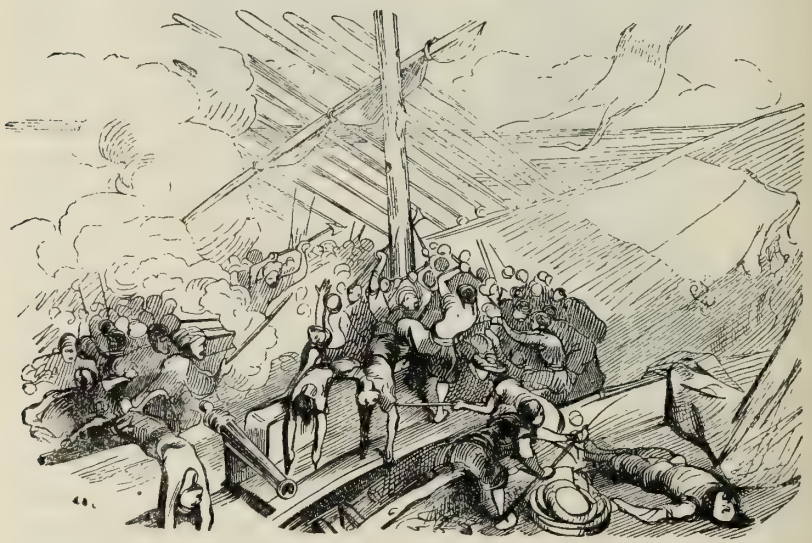
quite otherwise with scholars, who, from the gown, (I am loth to say the sleeves,[181]) are all handsomely provided for:—thus, though the hardships of the soldier are greater, his reward is less. To this it may be answered that it is easier to reward two thousand scholars than thirty thousand soldiers, for the former are rewarded by giving them employments, which must of course be given to men of their profession, whereas the latter cannot be rewarded but with the very property of the master whom they serve; but this impossibility serves to strengthen my assertion.

"But, setting aside this, which is a very intricate point, let us turn to the pre-eminence of arms over letters; a controversy hitherto undecided, so strong are the reasons which each party advances on its own side: for, besides those I have already mentioned, letters allege that without them arms could not subsist, for war also has its laws, to which it is subject, and laws are the province of letters and learned men. To this arms answer, that laws cannot be supported without them, for by arms republics are defended, kingdoms are preserved, cities are guarded, highways are secured, the seas are cleared from pirates; in short, were it not for them, republics, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, journeys by land and voyages by sea, would be subject to the cruelties and confusion which war carries along with it while it lasts, and is at liberty to make use of its privileges and its power. Besides, it is past dispute that, what costs most the attaining, is and ought to be most esteemed. Now, what is requisite in order to arrive at a degree of eminence in learning? It costs time, watching, hunger, nakedness, dizziness in the head, weakness of the stomach, and other like inconveniences, such as I have already mentioned in part. But for a man to rise gradually to be a good soldier costs him all it can cost the scholar, and that in so much greater a degree that there is no comparison, since at every step he is in imminent danger of his life. What dread of necessity and poverty can affect or distress a scholar, equal to that which a soldier feels, who, being besieged in some fortress, and placed as a sentinel at the angle of some ravelin,

[181] It is well known what is meant by the expression *to have a capacious sleeve.*

perceives that the enemy is mining toward the place where he stands, and yet must on no account stir from his post, or shun the danger that so nearly threatens him? All that he can do, is to give notice to his officer of what passes, that he may remedy it by some counter-mine; and in the mean time, he must stand his ground, fearing and expecting the instant when of a sudden he is to mount to the clouds without wings, and then descend headlong to the deep against his will. If this be thought but a trifling danger, let us see whether it be equalled or exceeded by the encounter of two galleys, prow to prow, in the midst of the wide sea; which being locked and grappled together, there is no more room left for the soldier than the two-foot plank at the beak-head. He sees as many threatening ministers of death before him, as there are pieces of artillery and small arms pointed at him from the opposite side, not the length of a lance from his body; he knows that the first slip of his foot will send him to visit

the profound depths of Neptune's bosom; notwithstanding all this, with an undaunted heart, carried on by honour that inspires him, he exposes himself as a mark to all their fire, and endeavours, by that narrow pass, to force his way into the enemy's vessel. And what is most to be admired is, that scarce is one fallen, whence he cannot arise until the end of the world, when another takes his place; and



if he also fall into the sea, which lies in wait for him like an enemy, another and another succeeds, without any intermission between their deaths: an instance of bravery and intrepidity the greatest that is to be met with in all the extremities of war. A blessing on those happy ages, strangers to the dreadful fury of those devilish instruments of artillery, whose inventor, I verily believe, is now in hell receiving the reward of his diabolical invention! By means of which latter, it is in the power of a cowardly and base hand to take away the life of the bravest cavalier; and to which is owing, that, without knowing how, or from whence, in the midst of that resolution and bravery, which inflame and animate gallant spirits, comes a chance ball, shot off by one who, perhaps, fled affrighted at the very flash in the pan, and in an instant cuts short and puts an end to the

thoughts and life of him who deserved to have lived for many years[192]. Therefore, when I consider this, I could almost say I repent having undertaken this profession of knight-errantry, in so detestable an age as that in which we live. Certes, though no danger can daunt me, it gives me some concern to think that powder and lead may chance to deprive me of the opportunity of becoming famous and renowned, by the valour of my arm and the edge of my sword, over the face of the whole earth. But Heaven's will be done; I have this satisfaction, that I shall acquire so much the greater fame, if I succeed, in the same proportion that the perils to which I expose myself are greater than those to which the knights-errant of past ages were exposed."

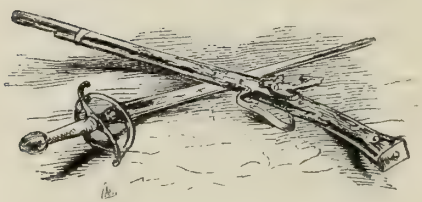
Don Quixote made this long harangue while the rest were eating, forgetting to reach a bit to his mouth, though Sancho Panza ever and anon desired him to mind his victuals, telling him he would have time enough afterwards to talk as much as he pleased.—Those who heard him were moved with fresh compassion to see a man who to every body's thinking had so good an understanding, and could talk so well upon every other subject, so egregiously want it whenever the discourse happened to turn upon his unlucky and cursed chivalry. The priest told him there was great reason in all he had said in favour of arms, and that he, though a scholar and a graduate, was of his, Don Quixote's, opinion.

The collation being over, and the cloth taken away, while the hostess, her daughter and Maritornes were preparing the chamber where Don Quixote de la Mancha lay, in which it was ordered that

[192] Cervantes here repeats the imprecations of Ariosto in the eleventh canto of *Orlando furioso*.

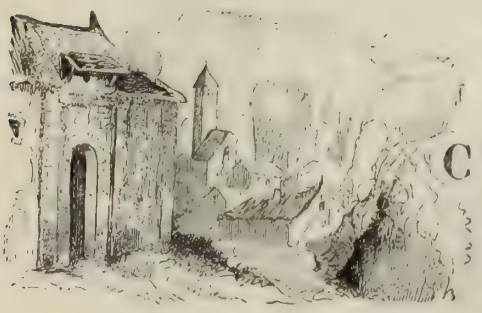
Comme trovasti, o scelerata e brutta
Invenzion, mai loco in uman core!
Perte la militar gloria è distrutta
Per te il mestier dell' armi è senza honore;
Per te è il valore e la virtù ridutta,
Che spesso par del buono il rio migliore—
Che ben fu il più crudele, e il più di quanti
Mai furo al mondo ingegni empi e maligni
Chi immaginò si abdominosi ordigni.
E crederò che Dio, perche vendetta
Ne sia in eterno, nel profondo chiuda
Del cieco abisso quella maladetta
Anima appresso al maladetto Giuda.

the ladies should be lodged by themselves that night, Don Fernando desired the captive to relate to them the history of his life, since it could not but be extraordinary and entertaining, if they might judge by his coming in company with Zoraïda. The captive answered that he would very willingly do what they desired, and that he only feared the story would not prove such as might afford them the pleasure he wished; however, rather than not comply with their request, he would relate it. The priest and all the rest thanked him, and entreated him to begin. Then finding himself courted by so many, he said: "There is no need of entreaties, gentlemen, where you may command, therefore pray be attentive, and you shall hear a true story, not to be equalled, perhaps, by any feigned ones which are usually composed with the most curious and studied art." Those words made the company seat themselves in order, and observe a strict silence. The captive, observing that they held their peace, expecting what he would say, with an agreeable and composed voice, began as follows:



CHAPTER XII.

WHEREIN THE CAPTIVE RELATES HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.



CHARMINGLY situated in the mountains of Leon, is a certain town, wherein my lineage had its beginning, to which nature was more kind and liberal than fortune; though, amidst the penury of those parts, my father passed for a rich man, and really would have been such, had he had the knack of saving, as he had that of squandering his estate. This disposition of his to prodigality and profusion, proceeded from his having been a soldier in his younger days; for the army is a school in which the niggardly become generous, and the generous prodigal: and if there are some soldiers misers, they are a kind of monsters but very rarely seen. My parent exceeded the bounds of liberality, and bordered near upon being prodigal; a thing very inconvenient to married men, who have children to inherit their name and quality.

My father had three sons, all men, and of age to choose their way of life: and seeing, as he himself said, that he could not bridle his natural propensity, he resolved to deprive himself of the means that made him a prodigal and a spendthrift; he resolved to rid himself of his riches, without which Alexander himself could not be generous. Accordingly, one day, having called us all three into a room by ourselves, he spoke to us in this manner:

"My sons, to tell you that I love you, it is sufficient that I say

you are my children; and to make you think that I do not love you, it is sufficient that I am not master enough of myself to forbear dissipating your inheritance. But, that from henceforth you may see that I love you like a father, and have no mind to ruin you like a step-father, I design to do a thing by you which I have had in my thoughts this good while, and which I have weighed with mature deliberation. You are all three of an age to choose for yourselves a settlement in the world, or at least to pitch upon some way of life which may be for your honour and profit when you are grown up. What I have resolved upon is, to divide what I possess into four parts; three I will give to you, share and share alike, without making any difference; and one fourth I will reserve to subsist upon for the remaining days of my life. But when each has his share that belongs to him in his own power, I would have him follow one of these ways I shall purpose. We have a proverb here in Spain, in my opinion a very true one, as most proverbs are, seeing that they are short sentences drawn from long experience, and it is this: *The church, the sea, or the court,* [183] meaning more plainly: whoever would thrive and be rich, let him either get into the church, or go to sea and exercise the art of merchandising, or serve the king in his court; for it is said farther, *the king's crumbs are better than the lord's bounty.* Accordingly, it is my will that one of you follow letters, another merchandise, and the third serve the king in his wars, for it is difficult to get admission into his household, and though the wars do not procure a man much wealth, they usually procure him much esteem and reputation. Within eight days I will give you each your share in money, without wronging you of a farthing, as you will see in effect. Tell me now, whether you will follow my opinion and advice in what I have proposed?"

Then my father bade me, being the eldest, to answer. After I had desired him not to part with what he had, but to spend whatever he pleased, we being young enough to shift for ourselves, I

[183] Lope de Vega thus cites this old adage, in one of his comedies (*Dorotea*, jorn. 1ª escena 151): *Three things make man prosper: science, the sea and the king's house.*"

concluded by assuring him I would do as he desired, and take to the army, there to serve God and the king. My second brother complied likewise, and chose to go to the Indies, turning his portion into merchandise. The youngest, and I believe the wisest, said he would take to the church, and finish his studies at Salamanca. When we had agreed and chosen our several professions, my

father embraced us all; and, with the dispatch he had promised, put his design in execution, giving to each his share, which, as I

remember, was three thousand ducats; for an uncle of ours bought the whole estate, and paid for it in ready money, that it might not be alienated from the main branch of the family. On the same day we all took leave of our good parent; and it then seeming to me inhuman to leave my father at his age with so little to subsist on, I prevailed upon him to take back two thousand ducats out of my three, the remainder being sufficient to equip me with what was necessary for a soldier. Each of my two brothers, incited by my example, returned him a thousand ducats; so that my father now had four thousand in ready money, and three thousand more, which was the value of the land that fell to his share, and which he would not sell; then we took our leave of him, and of our aforesaid uncle, not without much concern and tears on all sides. They charged us especially to acquaint them of our success, whether prosperous or adverse, as often as we had the opportunity. We promised so to do; and they having embraced us, and given us their blessing, one of us took the road to Salamanca, the other to Seville, and I to Alicant, where I heard of a Genoese ship that loaded wool there for Genoa. It is now two-and-twenty years since I first left my father's house; and in all that time, though I have written several letters, I have had no news, neither of him nor of my brothers. As to what has befallen me in the course of that time, I will briefly relate it.

I embarked at Alicant, and had a good passage to Genoa; thence I went to Milan, where I furnished myself with arms and some military finery, and then determined to go into the service in Piedmont. Being upon the road to Alexandria, I was informed that the great duke D'Alva was passing into Flanders with an army. Hereupon I changed my mind, went with him, and served under him in all his engagements. I was present at the death of the counts D'Egmont and Horn, and I got an ensign's commission in the company of a famous captain of Guadalaxara, called Diego de Urbina [184]. Soon after my arrival in Flanders, news came of the league concluded between Pope Pius V., of happy memory, and

[184] This Diego de Urbina was captain of the company in which Cervantes fought at the battle of Lepanto.

Spain, against the common enemy, the Turk; who, about the same time, had taken with his fleet the famous island of Cyprus, which was before subject to the Venetians; a sad and unfortunate loss! It was known for certain, that the most serene Don Juan of Austria,

natural brother of our good king Philip, was appointed generalissimo of this league; and great preparations for war were every where talked of. This incited vehement desire in me to be present at the battle that was expected; and though I had reason to believe, and had some promises and almost assurance, that, on the first occasion that offered, I should be promoted to the rank of a captain, I resolved to quit all, and go, as I did, into Italy. My good fortune would have it that Don Juan of Austria was just then come to Genoa, and was going to Naples to join the Venetian fleet, as he afterwards did at Messina. In short, I was present at the glorious action, at Lepanto [185], being already made a captain of foot, to which honourable post I was advanced rather by my good fortune than by my deserts. But that day, which was so fortunate to Christendom, for all nations were then undeceived of their error, in believing that the Turks were invincible by sea; on that day, I say, on which the Ottoman pride and haughtiness were broken, among so many happy persons as were there (for sure the Christians who died there

[185] Cervantes speaks as an eye-witness of this battle, and it is thought that he took pleasure in relating the details of his campaigns.

had better fortune than the survivors and conquerors), I alone remained unfortunate; since, instead of what I might have expected, had it been in the times of the Romans, a naval crown, I found myself, the night following that famous day, with chains on my feet and manacles on my hands. Thus it happened. Uchali [186], king of Algiers, a bold and successful corsair, having boarded and taken the captain-galley * of Malta, three knights only being left alive in her, and those desperately wounded [187], the captain-galley of John Andrea Doria came up to her relief. I was on board of this last named vessel, with my company; and, doing my duty upon this occasion, I leaped into the enemy's galley, which getting off

[186] He was called Aluch-Ali, corrupted by the Christians into Uchali. "Aluch," says Father Haedo, "means, in Turkish, *new mussulman, a new convert*, or renegade; so it is not a name, but a surname. The name is Ali, and the compound means, the renegade Ali."—(*Epitome de los reyes de Argel.*)

* The galleys are always commanded by a general, and not an admiral.

[187] "Uchali," says Arroyo, "attacked this captain with seven galleys, and ours were unable to assist them because they were too far in advance of the line of battle. Of the three wounded knights, one was, F. Piétro Giustiniano, prior of Messina and general of Malta; another, a Spaniard; and the other a Sicilian. They were found, still living, interred among the heaps of slain." (*Relacion de la santa Liga*, fol. 67, etc.)

suddenly from ours, my soldiers could not follow me. Thus was I left alone among my enemies, whom I could not resist, being so many. After an ineffectual struggle I was carried off prisoner, sorely wounded: and as you must have heard, gentlemen, that Uchali escaped with his whole squadron, I remained a captive in his power. Thus I became the only sad person among so many joyful, and the only captive among so many who had just escaped, for fifteen thousand Christians, who were at the oar in the Turkish galleys, that day recovered their long-wished-for liberty.

They carried me to Constantinople, where the Grand Signor Selim made my master general of the sea [188], for having done his duty in the fight, and having brought off as proof of his valour the flag of the order of Malta. The year following, which was 1572 [189], I was at Navarino, rowing in the captain-galley called the *Three Lanterns*. There, I saw and observed the opportunity that was lost of taking the whole Turkish navy in port; for all the Levantines [190] and Janizaries on board took it for granted that they should be attacked in the very harbour, and had their baggage and papooshes in readiness for running away immediately by land, without staying for an engagement, such terror had our navy struck into them. But Heaven ordered it otherwise, not through any fault or neglect of the general who commanded our men, but for the sins of Christendom, and because God permits and ordains that there should always be some scourges to chastise us. In effect, Uchali got into Modon, an island near Navarino; and, putting his men on shore, he fortified the entrance of the port, and lay still until the season of the year forced Don Juan to return home [191].

[188] Capitan-Pacha.

[189] Cervantes was at this campaign, and likewise at that of the year 1575.

[190] The sailors of the Grecian Archipelago were so called.

[191] "Don Juan of Austria," says Arroyo, "marched all the night of the 16th of September 1572, to gain by day-break the port of Navarino, where the Turkish fleet lay at anchor; as he had been informed by the captains Luis de Acosta and Pedro Pardo de Villamarin."—"But the commander of the galley," adds Aguilera, "and the pilots were deceived in their reckoning by their hour-glass, and in the morning they found themselves off an isle called Prodano, about three leagues from Navarino. Thus Uchali had time to quit the port with his squadron, and place the latter under the cannon of the fortress of Modon."

In this campaign, the galley called *the Prize*, whose captain was a son of the famous corsair Barbarossa, was taken by the captain-galley of Naples called *the She-Wolf*, commanded by that thunderbolt of war, that father of the soldiers, that fortunate and invincible captain, Don Alvaro de Bazan, marquis of Santa Cruz [192]. I cannot forbear relating what happened at the taking of *the Prize*. The son of Barbarossa was so cruel, and treated his captives so ill, that, as soon as they who were at the oar saw that *the She-Wolf* was ready to board and take them, they all at once let fall their oars and seized their captain, who stood near the poop*, ordering them to row hard;

then passing him along, from bank to bank, and from the poop to the prow, they gave him such blows that before he was so far forward as

[192] Cervantes and his brother Rodrigo, on their return from their captivity, served under the Marquis of Santa-Cruz at the taking of the Island of Terceira from the Portuguese.

* *Estanterol.* The estanterol is the pillar near the poop to which the poop-awning is stretched, and is at the end of the path of communication which runs fore and aft the galley, amidships, from stem to stern.

the mast, his soul had passed into hell, such was the cruelty wherewith he treated them, and the hatred they bore to him [193].

We returned to Constantinople, and the year following, 1573, it was known there that Don Juan had taken Tunis by assault, and put Muley-Hamet in possession of that town, cutting off the hopes that Muley-Hamida had of reigning again there, who was one of the cruellest and yet bravest Moors, that ever was in the world [194]. The grand Turk felt this loss sensibly, and putting in practice that sagacity which is inherent in the Ottoman family, he concluded a peace with the Venetians, who desired it more than he. The next year, 1574, he attacked the fortress of Goleta, and the Fort which Don Juan had left half finished near Tunis [195]. During all these transactions I was still at the oar, without any hope of redemption; at least I did not expect to be ransomed; for I was

[193] Maco Antonio Arroyo says that this captain, called Hamet-Bey, grand-son and not son of Barbarossa, "was slain by one of the Christian slaves, and that the others tore him in pieces with their teeth." Geronimo Torrès de Aguilera, who was, like Cervantes and Arroyo, at the battle of Lepanto, says that: "the galley of Hamet-Bey was taken to Naples; and in commemoration of this event, was christened *the Captured*." (*Cronica de varios Sucesos*). P. Haedo adds that the unmerciful Moor flogged the Christian captives, who composed part of his galley's crew, with an arm that he had severed from the body of one of them. (*Historia de Argel*, fol. 123).

[194] Muley-Hamida and Muley-Hamet were sons of Muley-Hassan, king of Tunis. Hamida usurped the throne from his father, and had him blinded by burning out his eyes with a red-hot copper basin. Hamet, flying from his brother's cruelty, took refuge in Palermo, in Sicily. Uchali and the Turks drove Hamida out of Tunis, when he fortified himself in the Goleta. Don Juan of Austria, in his turn, drove the Turks out of Tunis, recalled Hamet from Palermo, made him governor of the kingdom, and delivered up the cruel Hamida into the hands of Don Carlos of Arragon, duke of Sesa, viceroy of Sicily. Hamida was conducted to Naples, where one of his sons became a convert to christianity. Don Juan of Austria himself was his god-father, and Donna Violante de Moscoso his god-mother, who christened him Don Carlos of Austria. Hamida died of grief, in consequence. (*Torrès de Aguilera*, pag. 105 y sig. *Bibliot. real., cod.* 45, *f.* 551 y 558.)

[195] Don Juan of Austria raised this fort, capable of containing 8,000 soldiers, beyond the walls of the city, whose canal it governed, and near the island of Estano. He conferred the command of it on Gabrio Cervelon, a celebrated engineer, who had constructed it. This fort was erected in direct opposition to the express orders of Philip II., who had commanded Tunis to be demolished. But Don Juan of Austria, abused by the flattery of his secretaries Juan de Soto and Juan de Escovedo, had an idea of having himself crowned King of Tunis, and obstinately resolved to preserve that town. This was doubtless one of the causes of Escovedo's death, whom Antonio Perez, a minister of Philip II., had assassinated by *order of his superior*, as he afterwards confessed when put to the torture, and doubtless also of the disgrace of Antonio Perez, who was overwhelmed by his enemies in the end. (*Torres de Aguilera*, f. 107. *Don Lorenzo Vander-Hemmen*, in his book entitled *Don Felipe el Prudente*, f. 98 and 152).

determined not to write an account of my misfortunes to my father. In short, the Goleta was lost and then the Fort. Before these places the Turks had 65,000 men in pay, besides above 400,000 Moors and Arabs from all parts of Africa. This vast multitude of combatants was furnished with such quantities of ammunition, and such large warlike stores, together with so many pioneers, that each man bringing only a handful of earth, they might therewith have covered both the Goleta and the Fort. The Goleta, until then thought impregnable, was first taken, not through default of the besieged, who did all that men could do, but because experience had shewn how easily trenches might be raised in that desert sand, in which, though the water was within two spans of the surface, it was averred that the Turks met with none within two yards. So by the help of an immense number of sacks of sand, they raised their work so high as to overlook and command th e fortification, and levelling from a cavalier, they put it out of the power of the besieged to make any defence. It was the general opinion that our troops ought not to have shut themselves up in the Goleta, but have met the enemy in the open field, at the place of debarkation. They who talk thus speak at random, and like men little experienced in affairs of this kind, for there were scarcely seven thousand soldiers in the Goleta and in the Fort. How could so small a number, though ever so resolute, both take the field and garrison the forts against such a multitude as that of the enemy? And how is it possible that a place can be maintained which is not relieved, and especially when besieged by an army that is both numerous and obstinate, and, besides, in their own country? But many were of opinion, and I was of the number, that Heaven did a particular grace and favour to Spain, in suffering the destruction of that forge and refuge of all iniquity, that devourer, that sponge, and that moth of infinite sums of money, idly spent there, to no other purpose than to preserve the memory of its having been a conquest of the invincible emperor Charles V. as if it were necessary to the making that memory eternal, as it will be, that those stones should record it.

The Fort also was taken at last; but the Turks were at least

forced to purchase it inch by inch. The soldiers who defended it, fought with such bravery and resolution, that they killed above twenty-five thousand of the enemy in twenty-two general assaults. Of three hundred that were left alive, not one was taken prisoner unwounded; an evident proof of their courage and bravery, and of the vigorous defence they had made. A little fort also, or tower, built on a small island called Estano [196], in the middle of the lake, commanded by Don John Zanoguera, a cavalier of Valencia and a famous soldier, surrendered upon terms. They took prisoner Don Pedro Puertocarrero, general of the Goleta, who did all that was possible for the defence of his fortress, and took the loss of it so much to heart that he died for grief on the way to Constantinople, whither they were carrying him prisoner. They took also the commander of the fort, called Gabrio Cervellon, a Milanese gentleman, a great engineer and a most valiant soldier [197]. Several persons of distinction lost their lives in these two garrisons; among whom was Pagano Doria, Knight of Malta, a gentleman of great generosity, as appeared by his exceeding liberality to his brother, the famous John Andrea Doria. What made his death more lamented, was his dying by the hands of some Arabs, who, upon seeing that the Fort was lost, offered to convey him, disguised as a Moor, to Tabarca, a small haven or settlement, which the Genoese have on that coast for the coral-fishing. These Arabs cut off his head, and carried it to the general of the Turkish fleet; the latter made good upon them our Castilian proverb, *though we love the treason, we hate the traitor,* for it is said he ordered that those who brought him the present should be instantly hanged, because they had not brought him alive.

[196] This little island of Estano formed, according to Ferreras, the ancient port of Carthage. The engineer Cervellon found on it an ancient tower, of which he formed a fortress, by adding curtains and bulwarks. (*Aguilera*, f. 122.)

[197] Gabrio Cervellon was general of the artillery and fleet of Philip II., grand-prior of Hungary, &c. When he was taken at the Goleta, Sinan-Pacha treated him ignominiously, boxed his ears, and, notwithstanding his grey hair, made him walk on foot before his horse to the sea shore. Cervellon recovered his liberty at the exchange which took place of the Austrian prisoners of the Goleta and Tunis and the Mussulmans of Lepanto. He died at Milan in 1580.

Among the Christians who were taken in the Fort, was one Don Pedro de Aguilar, a native of some town in Andalusia, who had been an ensign in the garrison, a good soldier, and a man of excellent parts; in particular, he had a happy talent in poetry. I mention this, because his fortune brought him to be slave to the same patron with myself, and we served in the same galley and at the same oar; and before we parted from that port, this cavalier made two sonnets, by way of epitaphs, one upon the Goleta, and the other upon the Fort. Indeed I have a mind to repeat them; for I

have them by heart, and I believe they will rather be entertaining than disagreeable to you.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE HISTORY OF 'THE CAPTIVE.'

AT the instant the captive named Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his companions, who all three smiled; and when he mentioned the sonnets, one of them said: "Pray, Sir, before you go any further, I beseech you to tell me what became of that Don Pedro de Aguilar you talk of?"—"All I know," answered the captive, "is that after he had been two years at Constantinople, he escaped in the habit of an Arnaut [198], with a Greek spy; but I cannot tell whether he recovered his liberty, though I believe he did, for, about a year after, I saw the Greek in Constantinople, but had not an opportunity of asking him the success of their journey."—"He returned to Spain," said the gentleman; "for that Don Pedro is

[198] This is the name by which the Albanese were known at that day.

my brother, and is now in our town, rich and in health; is married, and is the father of three children."—"Thanks be to God," said the captive, "for the blessings bestowed on him, for, in my opinion there is not on earth a satisfaction equal to that of recovering one's liberty."—"Besides," replied the gentleman, "I have by heart the sonnets my brother made."—"Then pray, Sir, repeat them," said the captive; "for you will be able to do it better than I can."—"With all my heart," answered the gentleman: "that upon the Goleta ran thus:

SONNET.

"Ah! happy souls, by death at length set free
From the dark prison of mortality,
By glorious deeds, whose memory never dies,
From earth's dim spot exalted to the skies!
What fury stood in every eye confess'd!
What generous ardour fir'd each manly breast!
Whilst slaughter'd heaps distain'd the sandy shore,
And the ting'd ocean blush'd with hostile gore.
O'erpowered by numbers, gloriously ye fell:
Death only could such matchless courage quell.
Whilst dying thus ye triumph o'er your foes,
Its fame the world, its glory Heaven bestows."

"You have it right," said the captive. "That on the Fort," said the gentleman, "if I do not forget, was as follows:

SONNET.

"From 'midst these walls, whose ruins spread around,
And scatter'd clogs that heaped th' ensanguined ground,
Three thousand souls of warriors, dead in fight,
To better regions took their happy flight.
Long with unconquer'd force they bravely stood,
And fearless shed their unavailing blood;
Till, to superior force compell'd to yield,
Their lives they quitted in the well-fought field.
This fatal soil has ever been the tomb,
Of slaughtered heroes, buried in its womb:
Yet braver bodies did it ne'er sustain,
Nor send more glorious souls the skies to gain."

The sonnets were not disliked, and the captive, pleased with the news they told him of his comrade, resumed the thread of his story: the Goleta and the Fort being delivered up, the Turks gave orders to dismantle the former; as for the Fort, it was in such a condition, that there was nothing left to be demolished. To do the work more speedily and with less labour, they undermined it in three places; it is true they could not blow up what seemed to be least strong, the old walls; but whatever remained of the new fortification, made by the Fratin[200], came very easily down. In short, the fleet returned to Constantinople victorious and triumphant; and, within a few months, died my master, the famous Uchali, whom people called *Uchali Fartax*, that is to say, in the Turkish language, *the scabby renegado*,[201] for he was so; and it is customary among the Turks to nick-name people from some personal defect, or give them a name from some good quality belonging to them. This leper had been at the oar fourteen years, being a slave of the grand Signor's; when he was about thirty-four years of age, being enraged at a blow given him by a Turk when he was at the oar, in order to be revenged on him, he renounced his religion. So great was his valour that, without rising by those base methods, by which the minions of the grand Signor generally rise, he came to be king of Algiers[202], and afterwards general of the sea, which is the third command in that empire. He was born in Calabria, and was a good moral man and treated his slaves with great humanity. He had three thousand of them, and they were divided

[200] Fratin, the little friar.—The real name of this engineer, who served Charles V. and Philip II., was Jacomo Paleazzo. Besides the military works made mention of here by Cervantes, he repaired, in 1573, the walls of Gibraltar, and raised fortifications at the bridge of Zuazo, before Cadiz. It was his brother, George Paleazzo, who planned the fortifications of Majorca, in 1583, and directed the works of the citadel of Pampeluna, in 1592.

[201] P. Haedo gives the same etymology to his name.

[202] P. Haedo, in his *Topografia de Argel.* (chap. XXXI.) gives him the title of *Capitan of the Corsairs.* "This," he says, "is a charge conferred by the Grand-Turk. There is a captain of the corsairs at Algiers, another at Tripoli, and a third at Tunis." This Uchali Fartax was a native of Licastelli, in Calabria. Having become a mussulman, he was present in 1560, at the defeat of Gelvès, when upwards of 10,000 Spaniards were taken prisoners. Later, being Dey of Algiers, he assisted the Moors of Grenada in their revolt against Philip II. Having been appointed general of the Turkish fleet, in 1571, after the battle of Lepanto, he was present the following year at Navarino, and died of poison in 1580.

after his death, as he had ordered by his last will, one half to the grand Signor, (who is every man's heir in part, sharing equally with the children of the deceased,) and the other among his renegades. I fell to the lot of a Venetian renegade, who, having been cabin-boy in a ship, was taken by Uchali, and was so beloved by him that he became one of his most favourite boys. He was one of the cruellest renegades that was ever seen; his name was Hassan-Aga[203]. He grew very rich, and became king of Algiers; and with him I came from Constantinople, a little comforted by being so near Spain; not that I intended to write an account to any body of my unfortunate circumstances, but in hopes fortune would be more favourable to me in Algiers than it had been in Constantinople, where I had tried a thousand ways of making my escape, but none rightly timed or successful. In Algiers I purposed to try other means of compassing what I desired, for the hope of recovering my liberty never entirely abandoned me; and whenever what I devised, contrived and put in execution did not answer my design, I presently, without desponding, searched out and formed to myself fresh hopes to sustain me, though they were slight and inconsiderable.

Thus I made a shift to support life, shut up in a sort of prison-house, which the Turks call a *bagne*[204], where they keep their Christian captives locked up, as well those who belong to the king as some of those belonging to private persons, and those also whom they call of the *almacen*, that is to say, captives of the council, who serve the city in its public works, and in other offices. This kind of captives find it very difficult to recover their liberty; for, as they

[203] The Spaniards call him Azanaga.

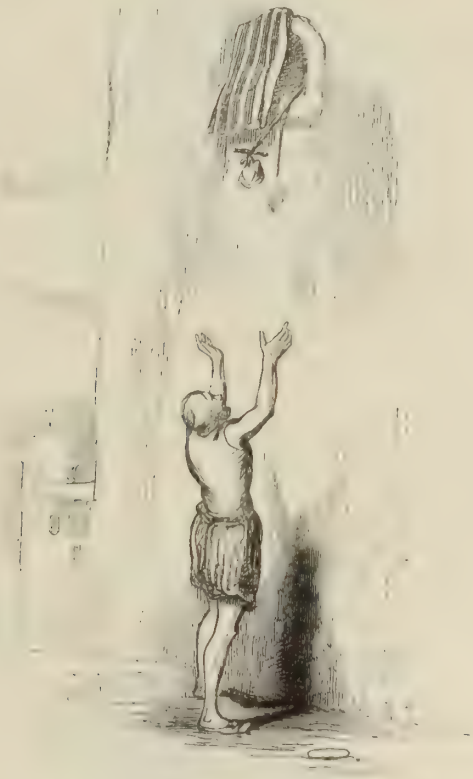
[204] Bagne (*bano*) means, according to the Arab root whence the Spaniards have derived their word *albanil* (mason), an edifice of plaster. The life led by the captives in these bagnes was not so miserable as it is commonly thought to have been. They had places of prayer where their priests celebrated mass, where divine service was performed with pomp and accompanied by music, where children were baptized, and where all the sacraments were administered; in these oratories, likewise, sermons were preached, processions made, and brotherhoods instituted; in them *antos Sacramentales* were represented on Christmas-night, and during Passion-week; in a word, as Clemencin remarks, it is quite certain that the mussulman prisoners in Spain, or, indeed, in any other Christian country, had not nearly so much liberty. (Gomez de Losada, *Escuela de trabajos y cautiverio de Argel*, Lib. ii. cap. 46, y sig.)

belong to the public and have no particular master, there is nobody for them to treat with about their ransom, though they should have it ready. To these bagnes, as I have said, private persons sometimes carry their slaves, especially when their ransom is agreed upon; for there they keep them without work, and in safety until their ransom comes. The king's slaves also, who are to be ransomed, do not go out to work with the rest of the gang; unless it be when their ransom is long coming, for in that case, to make them write for it with greater importunity, they are made to work, and go for wood with the rest, which is no small toil and pains. As they knew I had been a captain, I was one upon ransom; for, though I assured them I wanted both interest and money, it did not hinder me from being put among the gentlemen and those who were to be ransomed. They put a chain on me, rather as a sign of ransom than to secure me; and so I passed my life in that bagne with many distinguished gentlemen, and other persons of condition accounted as ransomable. And though hunger and nakedness often, and indeed generally afflicted us, nothing troubled us so much as to see, at every turn, the unparalleled and excessive cruelties with which our master used the Christians. Each day he hanged one, impaled another, and cut off the ears of a third; and that upon the least provocation, and sometimes none at all, insomuch that the very Turks were sensible he did it for the mere pleasure of doing it, and to gratify his murderous and inhuman disposition[205]. One Spanish soldier only, called such an one of Saavedra, happened to be in his good graces, and did things which will remain in the memory of those people for many years, and all towards obtaining his liberty. Yet Hassan-Aga never gave him a blow, nor ordered one to be given him, nor ever gave him so much as a hard word, while for the least of the many things he did, we all feared that he would be impaled alive, and he

[205] This slave master was a Venetian, and his name was Andreta. He was made a captive while serving as purser's clerk on board a ship of Ragusa. Having become a Turk, he assumed the name of Hassan-Aga; he was appointed élamir or treasurer to Uchali, succeeded that person in the government of Algiers, and subsequently in the post of general of the sea, and died, like his predecessor, of poison administered by a rival who governed in his stead. (Haedo, *Historia de Argel*, fol. 89.)

feared it himself more than once. If I had time to do so, I would now tell you of some things done by this soldier which would be more entertaining and more surprising than the relation of my story[206]. But to return.

The court-yard of our prison was overlooked by the windows of a house belonging to a rich Moor of distinction. As is usual in that country, they were rather peep-holes than windows; and even these had thick and close lattices. One day, I was upon a terrace of our

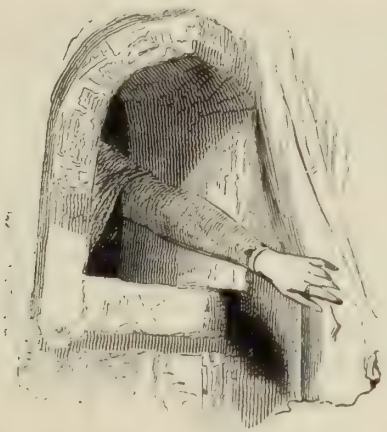


[206] This *such an one* of Saavedra was Cervantes himself. P. Haedo expresses himself as follows on this subject: "Of what occurred in this cavern during the seven months that the Christians were in it, also of the captivity and exploits of Miguel de Cervantes, a separate history might be written."—(*Topografia*, fol. 184.) With regard to the captive who here relates his own history, he was captain Ruy Perez de Viedma, a slave, like Cervantes, of Hassan-Aga, and one of his companions in captivity.

prison with three of my companions, trying, by way of pastime, who could leap farthest with his chains on, being by ourselves, for all the rest of the Christians were gone out to work. Happening by chance to look up, I saw, from out of one of those little windows I have mentioned, a cane appear, with a handkerchief tied at the end of it, the cane being moved up and down, as if in sign for us to come and take it. We looked earnestly up at it, and one of my companions went and placed himself under the cane, to see whether they who held it would let it drop, or what they would do. But as he came near, the cane was pulled up and moved from side to side, as much as to say *no* with the head. The Christian came back, and the cane was let down with the same motions as before. Another of my companions went, and the same happened to him as to the former; then the third went, and he had the same success with the first and second. Seeing this, I resolved to try my fortune likewise; and, as soon as I had placed myself under the cane, it was let fall at my feet. I immediately untied the handkerchief, and in a knot at a corner of it I found ten *cianis*, a sort of base gold coin used by the Moors, each piece worth about ten reals* of our money.

* About an English crown.

I need not tell you whether I rejoiced at the prize; and indeed I was no less pleased than surprised to think whence this good fortune could come to us, especially to me; for the letting fall the cane to me alone, plainly shewed that the favour was intended to me alone. I took my precious money, broke the cane to pieces, returned to the terrace to look once more at the window,



and I perceived a very white hand open the lattice, show itself and again hastily close it. Thence we understood, or fancied that it must be some woman, living in that house, who had been thus charitable to us, and to express our thanks, we made our

reverences[207] after the Moorish fashion, inclining the head, bending the body, and laying the hands on the breast.

A moment afterwards, there was put out of the same window a little cross made of cane, which was immediately withdrawn. On this signal we concluded that some Christian woman was a captive in that house, and that it was she who had done us the kindness. But the whiteness of the hand, and the bracelets we had a glimpse of, soon destroyed that fancy. Then we imagined it must be some Christian renegade, whom their masters often marry, reckoning it happy to get one of them, for they value them more than the women of their own nation.

All our reasonings and conjectures were very wide of the truth; and now all our entertainment was to gaze at and observe the window, the north whence our pole-star, the cane, had appeared. But full fifteen days passed without our seeing either hand or any other signal whatever. Though in this interval we endeavoured all we could to inform ourselves who lived in that house, and whether there was any Christian renegade there, we never could learn any thing more than that the house was the residence of a considerable and rich Moor, named Agi-Morato, who had been kayd of the fort of Bata, an office among them of great authority[208]. But, when we least dreamed of its raining any more cianis from thence, we perceived, unexpectedly, another cane appear, and another handkerchief tied to it, with another knot larger than the former. This was at a time when the bagne, as before, was empty, and without people. We made the same trial as before, each of my three companions going before me; but the cane was not let down to either of them; but when I went up to it, it was let fall. I untied the knot, and found in it forty Spanish crowns in gold, and a paper written in Arabic; and at the end of the writing was a large cross. I kissed the cross, took the crowns, and returned to the terrace; we all made our reverences, the hand appeared again, I made signs

[207] *Zalemas.*

[208] P. Haedo, in his *Topografia* and in his *Epitome de los reyes de Argel*, frequently mentions this Agi-Morato, a renegade captive, as one of the richest inhabitants of Algiers.

that I would read the paper, and the window was immediately closed. We all remained amazed and overjoyed at what happened; but as none of us understood Arabic, great was our desire to know what the paper contained, and greater the difficulty to find one to read it. At last I resolved to confide in a renegade, a native of Murcia[209], who professed himself very much my friend, and we had exchanged such pledges of our mutual confidence, as obliged him to keep whatever secret I should commit to him. For it is usual with renegades, when they have a mind to return to Christendom, to carry with them certificates from the most considerable captives, attesting, in the most ample manner, and best form they can get, that such a renegade is an honest man, has always been kind and obliging to the Christians, and that he has a desire to make his escape the first opportunity that offers. Some procure these certificates with a good intention; others make use of them occasionally, and out of cunning only. They go out to rob and plunder on the Christian coasts; and if they happen to be shipwrecked or taken, they produce their certificates, pretending that those papers will shew the design they came upon, namely, to get into some Christian country, and affirm that as the reason of their going pirating, with the Turks. By this means they escape the first fury, reconcile themselves to the church, and live unmolested; and, when an opportunity offers, they return to Barbary and to their former course of life. Others there are, who procure and make use of these papers with a good design, and remain in the Christian countries. Now this friend of mine was a renegade of the latter sort, and had certificates from all of us, wherein we recommended him as much as possible; and if the Moors had found these papers about him, they would certainly have burnt him alive. I knew he understood Arabic very well, and could not only speak, but write it. But, before I would let him into the whole affair, I desired him to read that paper, which I found by chance in a hole of my cell. He opened it, and stood a good while looking at and

[209] He was called Morato Raez Maltrapillo. This renegade was that friend who saved Cervantes from punishment and perhaps from death, when he attempted to make his escape in 1579. Haedo frequently makes mention of this Maltrapillo.

translating it to himself. I asked him if he understood it. He said he did very well, and, if I desired to know its contents word for word, I must give him pen and ink, that he might translate it with more exactness. We gave him presently what he required, and he went on translating it in order, and having done, he said:

"What is here set down in Spanish is precisely what is contained in this Moorish paper; and you must take notice that where it says *Lella Maryem*, it means *Our Lady the Virgin Mary*." We then read the paper, which ran as follows:

"When I was a child, my father had a woman-slave[210] who taught me to repeat the azala[211] in my own language, and told me

[210] This slave's name was Juana de Renteria. Cervantes makes mention of her in his comedy called *Los Banos de Argel*, of which the subject is likewise the history of Zoraïda. The captive Don Lope asks of the renegade Hassem: "Is there, by chance, any renegade or Christian slave in this house?" *Hassem*, "There was, one, some years ago, whose name was Juana, and whose family name was, if I am not mistaken, de Renteria." *Lope*, "What has become of her?" *Hassem*, "She is dead. It was she who brought up the Moor that I was speaking to you about. She was a rare matron, &c."—(*Jornada*, 1*a*.)

[211] Prayer, orison.

many things of Lella Maryem. This Christian died, and I know she did not go to the fire, but to Allah, for I saw her twice afterwards, and she bid me go to the country of the Christians to see Lella Maryem, who loved me very much. I know not how to go there. I have seen many Christians from this window, and none has looked like a gentleman but yourself. I am beautiful and young, and have a great deal of money to carry away with me. Try if you can find out how we may get away, and you shall be my husband there, if you please; and if not, I shall not care, for Lella Maryem will provide me a husband. I write this myself, but be careful to whom you give it to read; trust not to any Moor, for they are all treacherous. This makes me very much perplexed, and I would not have you discover yourself to any body, for if my father comes to know it, he will immediately throw me into a well and cover me with stones. I will fasten a thread to the cane; tie your answer to it, and if you have nobody that can write Arabic, tell me by signs: for Lella Maryem will make me understand you. She and Allah keep you, and this cross, which I very often kiss; for so the captive directed me to do."

Think, gentlemen, whether we had not reason to be overjoyed and surprised at the contents of this paper. Our joy and surprise were so great that the renegade perceived that the paper was not found by accident, but was written to one of us. He entreated us, if what he suspected was true, to confide in him and tell him all, promising to venture his life for our liberty. So saying, he pulled a brass crucifix out of his bosom, and, with many tears, swore by the God that image represented, in whom he, though a great sinner, truly and firmly believed, that he would faithfully keep secret whatever we should discover to him. He imagined and almost divined that, by means of the person who had written that letter, himself and all of us should regain our liberty, and he, in particular, attain what he so earnestly desired, which was to be restored to the bosom of holy Church, his mother, from which, like a rotten member, he had been separated and cut off through his sin and ignorance. The renegade spoke to that effect with so many tears, and with such signs

of repentance, that we unanimously agreed to tell him the truth of the case, and gave him in effect an account of the whole, without concealing any thing. We shewed him the little window out of which the cane appeared, and having marked the house, he resolved to take especial care to inform himself who lived in it. We also agreed it would be right to answer the Moor's billet, and as we now had one who knew how to do it, the renegade wrote what I dictated to him, which was exactly what I shall repeat to you, for of all the material circumstances which befel me in this adventure, not one has yet escaped my memory, nor shall I ever forget them whilst I have breath. The answer to the Moor was this :

" The true Allah preserve you, dear lady, and that blessed Maryem, who is the true mother of God, and who has put into your heart the desire of going into the country of the Christians, because she loves you. Pray to her that she will be pleased to instruct you how to bring about what she commands you to do; for she is so good she will assuredly do it. On my part, and that of all the Christians with me, I offer to do for you all we are able, at the hazard of our lives. Do not fail writing to me, and acquainting me with whatever resolutions you take, and I will constantly answer you. The great Allah has given us a Christian captive, who speaks and writes your language well, as you may perceive by this paper. So that you may, without fear, give us notice of your intentions. As to what you say of becoming my wife, when you get into a Christian country, I promise you, on the word of a good Christian, it shall be so; and you know that the Christians keep their words better than the Moors. Allah and Maryem his mother have you in their keeping, dear lady !"

This letter being written and folded up, I waited two days until the bagne was empty as before, and then presently I took my accustomed post upon the terrace to look for the cane ; it was not long before it appeared. As soon as I saw it, though I could not discern who held it out, I shewed the paper, as giving them notice to put the thread to it; but it was already fastened to the cane. I affixed

the letter, and in a short time after, our star appeared again with the white flag of peace, the handkerchief. It was let drop and I took it up, and found in it, in all kinds of coin, both silver and gold, above fifty crowns; which multiplied our joy fifty times, confirming the hopes we had conceived of regaining our liberty. That same evening our renegade returned. He told us he had learned that the same Moor we were before informed of dwelt in that house, and that his name was Agi Morato; that he was extremely rich, and had only one daughter, heiress to all he had; that it was the general opinion of the whole city that she was the most beautiful woman in Barbary; and that several of the viceroys who had been sent thither had sought her to wife[212], but that she never would consent to marry; finally, that she had had a Christian woman slave, who died some time before. All this agreed perfectly with what was in the paper. We presently consulted with the renegade what method we should take to carry off the Moorish lady, and make our escape into Christendom. It was agreed for that time that we should wait for a second letter from Zoraïda, (that was the name of her who now desires to be called Maria), for it was easy to see that she, and no other, could find the means of surmounting the difficulties that lay in our way. After we had come to this resolution, the renegade bid us not be uneasy, for he would either lose his life or set us at liberty.

The bagne, after this, was full of people for four successive days, which occasioned the cane's not appearing. At the end of that time, the bagne being empty as usual, it appeared, with the handkerchief so pregnant that it promised a happy birth. The cane and the linen inclined toward me: I found in it another paper, and a hundred crowns in gold only, without any other coin. The renegade being present, we gave him the paper to read in our cell, and he told us that it contained the following:

"I do not know, dear Sir, how to contrive a method for our going

[212] Cervantes says, in his comedy intitled *Los Banos de Argel* (jornado III), that this only daughter of Agi-Morato married Muley-Maluch, who was crowned king of Fez in 1576. This statement is confirmed by P. Haedo, in his *Epitome*, and by Antonio de Herrera, in his *Historia de Portugal*.

to Spain, nor has Lella Maryem informed me, though I have asked it of her. All that I can do, is to convey to you through this window a large sum of money in gold. Redeem yourself and your friends with this money, and let one of you go to the country of the Christians and buy a bark, and return with it for the rest. I shall be found in my father's garden, at the Bab-Azoun[213] gate, close to the sea-side, where I am to be all this summer with my father and my servants. Thence you may carry me off by night without fear, and put me on board the bark[214]. And remember you are to be my husband; for if not, I will pray Maryem to punish you. If you can trust nobody to go for the bark, ransom yourself and go; for I shall be more secure of your return than another's, as you are a gentleman and a Christian. Take care not to mistake the garden; and when I see you walking where you now are, I shall conclude the bagne is empty, and will furnish you with money enough. Allah preserve you, dear Sir!"

Such were the contents of the second letter; which being heard by us all, every one offered himself, and would fain be the ransomed person, promising to go and return very punctually. I also offered myself. But the renegade opposed these offers, saying he would in no wise consent that any one of us should get his liberty before the rest, experience having taught him how ill men, when free, keep the promises they have made while in slavery. "Several considerable captives," he said, "have tried this expedient, ransoming some one who should go to Valencia, or Majorca, with money to buy and arm a vessel, and return for those who ransomed him; but the person sent has never come back, for liberty once regained and the fear of losing it again

[213] *Bab-Azoun* signifies *the gate for flocks of sheep.* P. Haedo, in his *Topografia*, says, in the sixth chapter: "Four hundred steps lower down, is another principal gate, called Bab-Azoun, which looks towards the south and east——All those who go to the field, the villages and to the Moorish tribes, pass through this gate." Algiers, it would appear, had undergone no change since the captivity of Cervantes.

[214] This project of Zoraïda is precisely similar to that contrived by Cervantes, when his brother Rodrigo obtained his liberty, for the latter to send him immediately a vessel in which he and the other Christian captives proposed to make their escape: he attempted this project, but failed of success, in 1577.

effaced from the memory all obligations in the world." In confirmation of this truth, he told us briefly a case which had happened very lately to certain Christian gentlemen, the strangest that had ever fallen out even in those parts, where every day the most surprising and wonderful things come to pass[215]. He concluded by saying that the best way would be to give him the money designed for the ransom of a Christian, to buy a vessel there in Algiers, upon pretence of turning merchant and trading to Tetuan and on that coast; and that, being master of the vessel, he would easily contrive how to get them all out of the bagne and put them on board[216]. But if the Moor, as she promised, should furnish money enough to redeem them all, it would be a very easy matter for them, being free, to go on board even at noon-day. The greatest difficulty, he said, was that the Moors do not allow any renegade to buy or keep a vessel, unless it be a large one to go pirating, for they suspect that he who buys a small vessel, especially if he be a Spaniard, designs only to get into Christendom therewith. But this inconvenience, he added, he would obviate by taking in a tagarin Moor[217] for partner of the vessel and in the profits of the merchandize. Under this colour our renegade purposed becoming master of the vessel, and then he reckoned the rest as good as achieved. Though to me and my companions it seemed better to send for the vessel to Majorca, as the Moorish lady said, yet we did not dare to contradict him, fearing that, if we did not do as he would have us, he should betray our design and put us in danger of losing our lives, by discovering Zoraïda's intrigue, for whose life we would all have laid down our own. Therefore we resolved to commit ourselves into the hands of God, and those of the renegade. We forthwith answered Zoraïda that we would do all that she advised, for she had directed as well as if Lella

[215] This is an allusion to the adventure of the bark which came, in 1577, to enable Cervantes and the other Christian gentlemen who were remaining in the cavern to make their escape into Spain.

[216] This arrangement for the purchase of a bark is exactly similar to that made by Cervantes, in 1579, not with Maltrapillo, but with another renegade named the licentiate Giron.

[217] *Tagarin* means *of the frontier*. This name was given to the Moors who came from Arragon and Valencia. In contradistinction to them, the Moors who came from Andalusia were called *Mudejares*, which signifies *from the interior*. (Haedo, *Topografia*, etc. Luis del Marmol, *Description of Africa*, etc.)

Maryem herself had inspired her, and that it depended entirely upon her either that the business should be delayed or set about immediately. I again promised to be her husband; and the next day the bagne happening to be clear, she lowered to us, at several times, with the help of the cane and handkerchief, two thousand crowns in gold. She said, in a little note that reached us in the same way, the first *dgiuma*, that is Friday, she was to go to her father's garden; but that, before she went, she would give us more money: and that, if that were not sufficient we were to let her know, and she would give us as much as we desired, for her father had so much that he would never miss it, and besides she kept the keys of all. We immediately gave five hundred crowns to the renegade to buy the vessel. With eight hundred I ransomed myself, depositing the money with a merchant of Valencia, then at Algiers[218], who redeemed me from the king, passing his word for me that the first ship that came from Valencia my ransom should be paid, for, if he had paid the money down, it would have made the king suspect that the money had been a great while in his hands, and that he had employed it to his own use. In a word, my master was so jealous, that I dared not upon any account pay the money immediately.

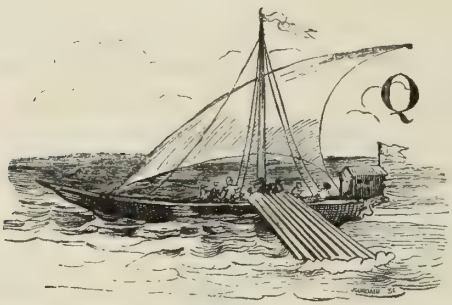
The Thursday preceding the Friday on which the fair Zoraïda was to go to the garden, she gave us a thousand crowns more, and advertised us of her going thither, entreating me, if I ransomed myself first, immediately to find out her father's garden, and by all means find an opportunity of going thither and seeing her. I answered her in a few words that I would not fail, and desired that she would take care to recommend us to Lella Maryem, using all those prayers the captive had taught her. When this was done, means were concerted for redeeming our three companions, and getting them out of the bagne, lest, seeing me ransomed and themselves not, knowing there was money sufficient, they should be uneasy, and the devil should tempt them to do something to the prejudice of Zoraïda. Although their being men of honour might

[218] This merchant's name was Onofre Exarque. It was he who procured the money for the purchase of the bark in which Cervantes attempted to make his escape with the other Christians in 1579.

have freed me from such an apprehension, I had no mind to run the hazard, so I got them ransomed by the same means I had been ransomed myself, depositing the whole money with the merchant, that he might safely and securely pass his word for us; to him, nevertheless, we did not discover our management and secret. Such confidence would have been too dangerous.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH THE CAPTIVE CONTINUES THE STORY OF HIS ADVENTURES.



QUITE fifteen days had not passed ere our renegade had bought a very good bark, capable of holding above thirty persons. To make sure work, and give the business a colour, he made a short voyage to a place called Sargel, thirty leagues from Algiers in the direction of Oran, where there is a great trade for dried figs[219]. Two or three times he made this trip, in company with the Tagarin aforesaid. The Moors of Aragon are called in Barbary *Tagarins*, and those of Grenade [220] *Mudejares*. In the kingdom of Fez the latter are called Elchès, and they are the people the king makes most use of in his wars. Each time that the renegade passed with his bark, he cast anchor in a little creek not two bow-shots distant from the garden where Zoraïda expected us. There the renegade designedly set himself, together with the young Moors that rowed, either to

[219] Sargel, or Cherchel, is situated on the ruins of a Roman city, of which the name is supposed to have been Julia Cæsarea. It was, in the early part of the sixteenth century, a small town of about three hundred houses, and was nearly depopulated when Barbarossa conquered Algiers. The Moriscoes, driven from Spain in 1610, took refuge there in great numbers, attracted by the fertility of the fields about it, and established an extensive commerce, not only in dry figs, but in earthenware, steel and timber. The harbour of Sargel, which at that time could accommodate twenty covered galleys, was filled up with sand and the ruins of buildings by the earthquake in 1738.

[220] Vide note 217, Chap. xiii., *ante* page 111, of this volume.

perform the Azala, or to practise, by way of jest, what he intended to execute in earnest. With this view he would go to Zoraïda's garden, and beg some fruit, which her father would give him without

knowing who he was. His design was, as he afterwards told me, to speak to Zoraïda, and to tell her that he was the person, who, by my direction was to carry her to Christendom, and that she might be confident and secure; but it was impossible for him to do it, the Moorish women never suffering themselves to be seen either by Moor or Turk, unless when commanded by their husbands or fathers: Christian slaves indeed are allowed to keep company and converse with them, with more freedom perhaps than is proper. But I should have been sorry if he had talked to her, because it might have frightened her, to see that the business was entrusted with a

renegade. But God, who ordered it otherwise, gave the latter no opportunity of effecting his good design. Finding how securely he went to and from Sargel, and that he lay at anchor, when, how and where he pleased; that the Tagarin, his partner, had no will of his own, but approved whatever he directed; in fine, that I was ransomed and that there wanted nothing but to find some Christians to help to row, he bid me consider who I would bring with me, besides the gentlemen already ransomed, and bespeak them for the first Friday, the day he fixed for our departure. Hereupon I spoke to twelve Spaniards, all able men at the oar, and such as could most easily get out of the city unsuspected. It was no easy matter to find so many at that juncture; for there were twenty corsairs out pirating, and they had taken almost all the rowers with them. Those whom I engaged would not have been found, but that their master did not go out that summer, having a galeot to finish that was then upon the stocks. I said nothing more to them than that they should steal out of the town one by one, the next Friday in the dusk of the evening, and wait for me somewhere about Agi-Morato's garden. I gave this direction to each of them separately warning them that, if they should see any other Christians there, they should only say I ordered them to stay for me in that place.

This step being taken, one thing was yet wanting, and that the most necessary of all: it was to advertise Zoraïda how matters stood, that she might be in readiness and on the watch, so as not to be affrighted if we rushed upon her suddenly, before she could think it was time for the vessel from Christendom could be arrived. I resolved to go to the garden, and try if I could speak to her. Under pretence of gathering some herbs, the day before our departure I went thither, and the first person I met was her father, who spoke to me in a language, which, all over Barbary, and even at Constantinople, is spoken among captives and Moors, and is neither Morisco nor Castilian, nor of any other nation, but a medley of all languages, and generally understood [221]. In that

[221] The lingua-franca. P. Haedo, in his *Topografia* (chap. 29.) has the following: "The third language spoken at Algiers is that called by the Moors and Turks *franca*. It is a mixture of several Christian tongues, and expressions which are

jargon he asked what I came to look for in that garden, and to whom I belonged. I answered him that I was a slave of Arnaut Mami [222] (who I knew was a very great friend of his), and that I came for a few herbs of several sorts to make a salad. He then asked me if I was upon ransom or not, and how much my master demanded for me. While we were thus talking, the fair Zoraïda, who had espied me some time before, came out of the house, and, as the Moorish women make no scruple of appearing before the Christians, nor are at all shy towards them, as I have already observed, she made no difficulty of coming where I stood with her father, who, seeing her walk slowly towards us, called to her to quicken her steps. It would be too hard a task for me, at this time, to express the great beauty, the genteel air, the finery and richness of attire, with which my beloved Zoraïda appeared then before my eyes. More pearls, if I may so say, hung about her beauteous neck, and more jewels were in her ears and hair, than she had hairs on her head. About her ancles, which were bare, according to custom, she had two carcadj (so they call the enamelled foot-bracelets in Arabic) of the purest gold, set with so many diamonds that, as she told me since, her father valued them at ten thousand pistoles, and the bracelets that she wore on her wrists were of equal value. The pearls were in abundance, and very good, for the greatest finery and magnificence of the Moorish women consists in adorning themselves with the finest seed pearls. Therefore there are more pearls among the Moors, than among all other nations. Zoraïda's father had the reputation of having a great many, and those the very best in Algiers, and to be worth besides above two hundred thousand Spanish crowns, of all which, she who is now mine was once mistress. Whether, with all these ornaments,

chiefly Italian, Spanish, and, of late years, Portuguese. As this confusion of all kinds of idioms is augmented by the wretched pronunciation of the Moors and Turks, who know nothing of mood, tense or case, the lingua-franca is merely a jargon similar to that spoken by a negro, recently brought into Spain, in his attempts to express himself in the language of that country."

[222] That is to say the Albanese Mami. He was captain of the fleet to which the corsair belonged who captured Cervantes, and, "so cruel a monster," says Haedo, "that his house was littered with the noses and ears which, for the most trivial offences, he had cut off his unfortunate Christian captives." Cervantes makes mention of him likewise in the *Galatea* and other works.

she then appeared beautiful or not, and what she must have been in the days of her prosperity, may be conjectured by what remains after so many fatigues. For it is well known that the beauty of some women has days and seasons, and depends upon accidents which diminish or increase it, and that the passions of the mind naturally improve or impair it, and very often utterly destroy it. In short, she came, extremely adorned and extremely beautiful; to me, at least, she seemed the most so of any being I had ever beheld: which, together with my obligations to her, made me think her an angel from Heaven, descended for my pleasure and relief.

When she was come up to us, her father told her, in his own tongue, that I was a captive belonging to his friend Arnaut Mami, and that I came to look for a salad. She took up the discourse, and, in the aforesaid medley of languages, asked me whether I was a gentleman, and why I did not ransom myself. I told her I was already ransomed, and by the price, she might guess what my master thought of me, since he had got fifteen hundred zoltanis [223] for me. To which she answered: "Truly had you belonged to my father, he should not have parted with you for twice that sum; for you Christians always falsify in your accounts of yourselves, pretending to be poor, in order to cheat the Moors."—"It may very will be so, madam," answered I; "but I protest that I dealt sincerely with my master, and ever did, and shall do the same by every body in the world."—"And when go you away?" said Zoraïda. "To-morrow, I believe," said I. "There is a French vessel which sails to-morrow, and I intend to go in her."—"Would it not be better," replied Zoraïda, "to stay until some ships come from Spain, and go with them, and not with those of France, who are not your friends?"—"No, madam," answered I; "but should the news we have of a Spanish ship's coming suddenly prove true, I would perhaps stay a little for it, though it is more likely I shall depart to-morrow, for the desire I have to be in my own country, and with the persons I love, is so great that it will not suffer me to wait for any other conveniency, though ever so much better."—"You are

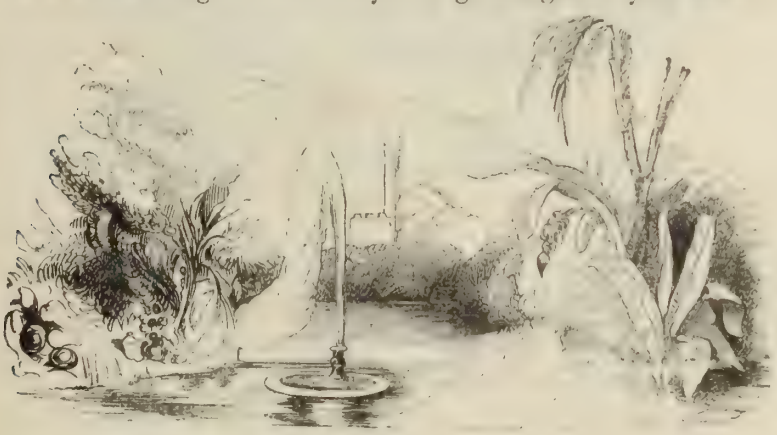
[223] The *zoltani* was worth forty apres of silver, or about two large Spanish piastres.

married, doubtless, in your own country," said Zoraïda, "and therefore you are so desirous to be gone, and be at home with your wife."—"No," replied I, "I am not married; but I have given my word to marry as soon as I get thither."—"And is the lady whom you have promised beautiful?" said Zoraïda. "So beautiful," answered I, "that to compliment her, and tell you the truth, she is very like yourself." Zoraïda's father laughed heartily at this, and said: "By Allah! Christian, she must be beautiful indeed if she resembles my daughter, who is accounted the handsomest woman in all this kingdom; observe her well, and you will see I speak the truth." Agi-Morato served us as an interpreter to most of this conversation, as understanding Spanish; for though Zoraïda spoke the bastard language in use there, as I told you, yet she expressed her meaning more by signs than by words.

While we were thus engaged in discourse, a Moor came running to us crying aloud that four Turks had leaped over the pales or wall of the garden, and were gathering the fruit, though it was not yet ripe. The old man was frightened, and so was Zoraïda, for the Moors are naturally afraid of the Turks, especially of their soldiers, who are so insolent and imperious over the Moors who are subject to them, that they treat them worse than if they were their slaves. Therefore Agi-Morato said to Zoraïda: "Daughter, retire into the house and lock yourself in, while I go and talk to these dogs; and you, Christian, gather your herbs and be gone in peace, and may Allah send you safe to your own country." I bowed myself, and he went his way to find the Turks, leaving me alone with Zoraïda, who also made as if she were going whither her father bid her. But scarcely was he got out of sight among the trees of the garden, when she turned back to me with her eyes full of tears, and said: "*Ataméji*, Christian, *ataméji?*" that is, "Are you going away, Christian are you going away?" I answered: "Yes, madam, but not without you: expect me the next dgiuma, and be not frightened when you see us; for we shall certainly get to Christendom" I said this, and other words that I took advantage of that opportunity to say, in such a manner that she understood me very well. Then, throwing an arm about my neck, she began to walk softly and trembling

toward the house. Fortune would have it (which might have proved fatal, if Heaven had not ordained it otherwise) that, while we were walking thus embraced, her father, returning from driving away the Turks, saw us in that posture, and we were sensible that he

discovered us. But Zoraïda had the discretion and presence of mind not to take her arm from about my neck, but to hold me closer; and leaning her head against my breast, and bending her knees a little, she gave plain signs of fainting away. I also made as if I held her up only to keep her from falling. Her father came running to us, and seeing his daughter in that posture, asked what ailed her; but she not answering, he said: "Without doubt these dogs have terrified her into a swoon." Then, taking her from me, he inclined her gently to his bosom. Zoraïda, fetching a deep sigh, and her eyes still full of tears, said again, in the language she had used before: "Begone, Christian, begone!" To which her father answered: "There is no occasion, child, for the Christian to go away; he has done you no harm, and the Turks are gone off. Let nothing frighten you; there is no danger: for as I have already told you, the Turks, at my request, have returned by the way they came." "Sir," said I to her father, "they have frightened her, as you say. But since she bids me be gone, I will not disturb her. God be with you, and, with your leave, I will come again, if we have occasion for herbs, to this garden; for my master says there are no better for a salad any where than here."—"You may come when ever you will," answered Agi-Morato; "for my daughter does not say this as having been offended by you or any other Christian; but instead of bidding the Turks be gone, she bid you be gone, or because she thought it time for you to go and gather your herbs."



I now took my leave of them both, and she, seeming as if her soul had been sent from her, went away with her father. Under pretence of gathering herbs, I walked over and took a view of the whole garden at my leisure, observing carefully all the inlets and outlets, the strength of the house, and every convenience which might tend to facilitate our business. When I had so done, I went and gave an account to the renegade and my companions of all that had passed, longing eagerly for the hour when, without fear of surprise, I might enjoy the happiness which fortune presented me in the beautiful Zoraïda.

Time passed on, and the day appointed, and by us so much wished for, came. We all punctually observed the order and method which, after mature deliberation and long debate, we had agreed on, and we had the desired success. The Friday following the day when I talked with Zoraïda in the garden, the renegade, at the close of the evening, cast anchor with the bark almost

opposite the dwelling where the amiable daughter of Agi-Morato awaited our coming. The Christians who were to be employed at the oar were ready, and hid in several places thereabouts. They were all vigilant, their hearts beating with the joyful expectation of my coming, and eager to surprise the bark which lay before their

eyes; for they knew nothing of what was concerted with the renegade, but thought they were to regain their liberty by mere force, and by killing the Moors who were on board the vessel. As soon, therefore, as I and my friends appeared, all they that were hid came out, and joined us one after another. It was now the time that the city-gates were shut, and nobody appeared abroad in all that quarter. Being met together, we were in some doubt whether it would be better to go first to Zoraïda, or secure the bagarin Moors[224] who rowed the vessel. While we were in this uncertainty, our renegade came to us, asking what we staid for, adding that now was our time, all his Moors being thoughtless of danger and most of them asleep. We told him what we demurred about; but he said that the thing of the most importance was first to seize the vessel, which might be done with all imaginable ease and without any manner of danger; and then we might presently go and fetch Zoraïda. We all approved of what he said; and so, without farther delay, he being our guide, we went to the little vessel. He leaped aboard first, seized a cutlass, and called aloud in Arabic: "Let not one man of you stir unless he has a mind it should cost him his life." By this time all the Christians were got on board; and the Moors, who were timorous fellows, hearing their irraarez[225] speak thus, were in a great fright, and without making any resistance (for indeed they had few or no arms,) silently suffered themselves to be bound. That was done very expeditiously, the Christians threatening the Moors that, if they raised any manner of cry or made the least noise, they would in that instant put them all to the sword.

This being done, and half our number remaining on board to guard them, the rest of us, the renegade being still our leader, went to Agi-Morato's garden, and, as good luck would have it, the door opened as easily to us as if it had not been locked. So we came up to the house with great stillness and silence, and without being

[224] Bagarins, from *bahar*, sea, means sailors. "The Moors of the mountains," says Haedo, "who live in Algiers, gain their livelihood, some of them, by serving the Turks or rich Moors; others, by working in gardens and vineyards, or rowing in galleys and galeots; the latter, who hire their services to their employers, are called *bagarinès*." (*Topografia.* chap. II.)

[225] Commander of an Algerine vessel.

perceived by any one. The lovely Zoraïda was expecting us at a window, and, when she heard people coming, she asked in a low voice whether we were *nazarani*, that is, Christians. I answered that we were, and desired her to come down. When she knew it was I, she staid not a moment, but, without answering me a word, came down in an instant, and opening the door appeared to us all, so beautiful and so richly attired that I cannot easily express it. As soon as I saw her, I took her hand and kissed it ; the renegade did

the same, and my two comrades also; and the rest, who knew not the meaning of it, followed our example, thinking we only meant to express our thanks and acknowledgements to her as the instrument of our deliverance. The renegade asked her in Arabic whether her father were in the house. She answered that he was, and asleep. " Then we must awake him," replied the renegade, " and carry him with us, and all that he has of value in this beautiful villa."—" No," said she, " my father must by no means be touched ; and there is nothing considerable here but what I have

with me, which is sufficient to make you all rich and content. Stay a little, and you shall see." So saying, she went in again, and bid us be quiet, and make no noise, for she would come back immediately. I asked the renegade what she said, and when he told me I bid him be sure to do just as Zoraïda would have him. The latter was now returned with a little trunk, so full of gold crowns that she could hardly carry it.

Ill fortune would have it, that her father happened at that moment to awake, and hearing a noise in the garden, looked out at the window and observed there were Christians in it. Immediately he cried out as loud as he could in Arabic: "Christians, Christians!

Thieves, thieves!" which outcry put us all into the utmost terror and confusion. But the renegade, seeing the danger we were in, and considering how much it imported him to go through with the

enterprise before it was discovered, ran up with the greatest speed to the room where Agi-Morato was. With him ran up several others of us; but I did not dare to quit Zoraïda, who had sunk into my arms almost in a swoon. In short, they that went up acquitted themselves so well, that in a moment they came down with Agi-Morato, having tied his hands and stopped his mouth with a handkerchief, so that he could not speak a word, and threatening him with death if he made the least noise. When his daughter saw him, she covered her eyes, and her father was astonished at seeing her, not knowing how willingly she had put herself into our hands. But at that time it being of the utmost consequence to us to fly, we got as speedily as we could to the bark, where our comrades already expected us with impatience, fearing that some misfortune had befallen us.

Scarce two hours of the night were passed when we all got on board the bark. Then we untied the hands of Zoraïda's father, and took the handkerchief out of his mouth; but the renegade warned him again not to speak a word, for, if he did, they would take away his life. When he saw his daughter there, he began to weep most tenderly, and especially when he perceived that I held her closely embraced, and that she, without making any show of opposition or coyness, sat quiet; nevertheless he held his peace, lest the renegade should put his threats into execution.

When Zoraïda saw that we began to handle our oars, seeing her father there and the rest of the Moors who were bound, she spoke to the renegade to desire me to do her the favour to loose those Moors, and set her father at liberty, for she would sooner throw herself into the sea than see a father who loved her so tenderly carried away captive before her eyes, and upon her account. The renegade told me what she desired, and I answered that I was entirely satisfied it should be so. But he replied that it could not be; for, should they be set on shore there, they would presently raise the country and alarm the city, and cause some light frigates to be sent out in quest of us, and so we should be beset both by sea and land, and it would be impossible for us to escape. What might be done, he added, was to give them their liberty at the first Christian country we should touch at. We all came in to this opinion, and Zoraïda

also was satisfied when we told her what we had determined, and the reasons why we could not at present comply with her request.

Then immediately, with joyful silence and cheerful diligence, each of our brave rowers handled his oar, and recommending ourselves to God with all our hearts, we began to make toward the Balearic Isles, which is the nearest Christian land. But the north wind beginning to blow fresh, and the sea being somewhat rough, it was not possible for us to steer the course of Majorca, and we were forced to keep along shore towards Oran, not without great apprehensions of being discovered from the town of Sargel, which lies on that coast, about sixty miles from Algiers. We were afraid likewise of meeting on our passage with some of those galeots which come usually with merchandise from Tetuan, though each relying on his own courage, and that of his comrades in general, we presumed that if we should meet a galeot, provided it were not a cruiser, we should, far from being ruined, probably take a vessel wherein we might more securely pursue our route. While we proceeded in our voyage, Zoraïda kept her head between my hands, that she might not look on her father; and I could perceive she was continually calling upon Lella Maryem to assist us.

We had rowed about thirty miles when day-break came upon us, and we found ourselves not above three musket-shots distant from the shore, which seemed to be quite a desert and without any creature to discover us. However, by mere dint of rowing, we gained a little offing, the sea having by this time become more calm. When we had advanced about two leagues, it was ordered they should row by turns, whilst we took a little refreshment, the bark being well provided. But the rowers said that it was not a time to take any rest, and that they would by no means quit their oars, but eat and row, if those who were unemployed would bring the victuals to them. They did so; and now the wind began to blow a brisk gale, which forced us to set up our sails and lay down our oars, and steer directly to Oran, it being impossible to hold any other course. All this was done with great expedition; and so we sailed above eight miles an hour, without any other fear than that of meeting some corsair. We gave the Moorish prisoners

something to eat, and the renegade comforted them by telling them they were not slaves, and that they should have their liberty given them the first opportunity. He said the same to Zoraïda's father, who answered: " I might perhaps expect or hope for any

other favour from your liberality and generous usage, O Christians! But as to giving me my liberty, think me not so simple as to imagine it. You would never have exposed yourselves to the hazard of taking it from me to restore it to me so freely, especially since you know who I am, and the advantage that may accrue to you from my ransom. Only name your price, and from this moment I promise you whatever you demand for myself and this poor child, who is the greater and better part of my soul." Saying this, he began to weep so bitterly that it moved us all to compassion, and forced Zoraïda to look up at him. She was so melted at witnessing her father's excessive grief, that she got up from me and ran to embrace him, and laying her face to his, they began so tender a lamentation that many of us could not forbear weeping. But when her father observed that she was adorned with her best attire, and had so many jewels about her, he said to her in his language: "How comes it, daughter, that yesterday evening, before this terrible misfortune befel us, I saw you in your ordinary and household dress; and now, without having had time to dress yourself, or having received any joyful news fit to be solemnized by adorning and dressing yourself out, I see you set off with the best clothes that I could possibly give you, when fortune was more favourable to us? Answer to this, for it holds me in greater surprise and uneasiness than the misfortune itself into which I am fallen."

The renegade interpreted to us all that the Moor said to his daughter, and Zoraïda answered him not a word. But when Agi-Morato saw in a corner of the vessel the little trunk in which she used to keep her jewels, which he knew very well he had left in Algiers, and had not brought with him to the garden, he was still more confounded, and asked her how that trunk had come to our hands, and what was in it. Then the renegade, without giving Zoraïda time to speak, answered: "Trouble not yourself, Signor, about asking your daughter so many questions; with one word I will satisfy them all. Be it known to you, therefore, that she is a Christian, and has been the instrument to file off our chains and give us the liberty we enjoy. She is here with her own consent,

and as well pleased, I believe, to find herself in this condition, as one who goes out of darkness into light, from death to life, and from suffering to glory."

"Is this true, daughter?" said the Moor.

"It is," answered Zoraïda.

"In effect then," replied the old man, "you are become a Christian, and are she who has put her father into the power of his enemies?"

"I am indeed a Christian," answered Zoraïda, "but not she who has reduced you to this condition, for my desire never was to do you harm, but only myself good."

"And what good have you done yourself, my daughter?"

"Ask that," answered she, "of Lella Maryem, who can tell you better than I can."

The Moor had scarcely heard this answer, when with incredible precipitation he threw himself headlong into the sea, and without doubt had been drowned had not the wide and cumbersome garments he wore kept him a little while above water. At the cries of Zoraïda we all ran, and laying hold of his garment, dragged him out,

half drowned and insensible; at this sight Zoraïda was so affected that she wept over him as if he had been really dead. We turned him with

his mouth downward; he voided a great deal of water, and in about two hours came to himself. In the mean time, the wind being changed, we were obliged to ply our oars to avoid running upon the shore. By good fortune we came to a creek by the side of a small promontory, or headland, which the Moors call the cape of *Cava Rhoumia*, that is to say in our language, *of the wicked Christian woman*. The Moors have a tradition that Cava, who occasioned the loss of Spain, lies buried there; *Cava* signifying in their language a *wicked woman*[226], and *Rhoumia*, a *Christian*. They reckon it an ill omen to anchor there, and never do so unless forced by necessity. To us, it proved not the shelter of a wicked woman, but a safe harbour and retreat, considering how high the sea ran. We placed scouts on shore, and never dropped our oars: we ate of what the renegade had provided, and prayed to God and to Our Lady very devoutly for assistance and protection, that we might give a happy ending to so fortunate a beginning.

[226] *Kava* is the name given by the Arabs to Florinda, daughter of Count Julian. Luis de Marmol, in his *General Description of Africa*, (Book IV., Chap. 45), after having spoken of the ruins of Cæsarea, says of this promontory: "On this spot are still standing the ruins of two ancient temples——, in one of which is a very lofty dome, called by the Moors *Cobor Rhoumi*, which means *Roman sepulchre*; but the Christians, little versed in Arabic, call it Cava Rhoumia, and fabulously assert that Cava, the daughter of Count Julian, is interred there——Eastward of this town, is a large wooded mountain, which the Christians call *the mountain of the wicked woman*, whence all the timber used in Algiers for ship-building is brought." This mountain is probably Cape Cajinès.

Order was given, at Zoraïda's entreaty, to set Agi-Morato on shore with the rest of the Moors, who until then had been fast bound; for she had not the heart, nor could her tender bowels brook to see her father and her countrymen carried off prisoners before

her face. We promised her it should be done at our going off, since there was no danger in leaving them in so desolate a place. Our prayers were not in vain; Heaven heard them, the wind presently changed in our favour, and the sea became calm, inviting us to return and prosecute our intended voyage. Then we unbound the Moors, and, to their astonishment, set them one by one on shore. But when we came to disembark Zoraïda's father, who was now perfectly in his senses, he said: "Why think you, Christians, is this wicked woman desirous of my being set at liberty? Do you imagine that it is out of any filial piety she has towards me? No, certainly; it is because of the disturbance my presence would give her when she has a mind to put her evil inclinations in practice. Think not that she is moved to change her religion because she thinks yours is preferable to ours; no, it is because she knows that libertinism is more allowed in your country than in ours." Then, turning to Zoraida, I and another Christian holding him fast by both arms, lest he should commit some outrage: "O infamous and ill-advised maiden!" cried he, "whither goest thou, blindfold and precipitate, in the power of these dogs, our natural enemies? Cursed be the hour wherein I begat thee, and cursed be the indulgence and luxury in which I brought thee up!" When I perceived he was not likely to give over in haste, I hurried him ashore, and thence he continued his execrations and wailings, praying to Mahomet that he would beseech Allah to destroy, confound and make an end of us. When, being under sail, we could no longer hear his words, we saw his actions: he tore his beard, plucked off his hair, and rolled himself on the ground, and once he raised his voice so high that we could hear him say: "Come back, beloved daughter, come back to shore; for I forgive thee all. Let those men keep the money they already have, and do thou come back and comfort thy disconsolate father, who must lose his life in this desert land if thou forsakest him." All this Zoraïda heard; all this she felt and bewailed. But she could only answer him: "May it please Allah, my dear father, that Lella Maryem, who has been the cause of my turning Christian, may comfort you in your affliction. Allah well knows, that I could do no otherwise than I have done, and that

these Christians are not indebted to me for any particular good-will to them. Though I had even had no mind to have gone with them, but rather to have stayed at home, it was impossible, for my mind would not let me be at rest until I performed this work, which to me seems as good, as you my dearest father, think it culpable."

Zoraïda said that when we were got so far off that her father could not hear her, nor we see him any more. So I comforted her, and we all minded our voyage, which was now made so easy to us, by a favourable wind, that we made no doubt of being next morning upon the coast of Spain.

But as good seldom or never comes pure and unmixed, without being accompanied or followed by some ill to alarm and disturb it, our evil star, or perhaps the curses the Moor bestowed on his daughter, (for such are always to be dreaded, let the father be what he will,) came to trouble our joy. We being now got far out to sea, the third hour of the night well-nigh past, and under full sail, the oars being lashed, for the fair wind eased us of the labour of making use of them, we suddenly observed by the light of the moon, which shone very brightly, a round vessel, with all her sails out, a little a-head of us, but so close aboard of us that we were forced to strike sail, to avoid running foul of her; and they also put the helm hard up to give us room to go by. The men had posted themselves on the quarter-deck to ask who we were, whither we were bound and whence we came. As these questions were asked us in French, our renegade said: "Let no one answer; these without doubt are French corsairs, to whom all is fish that comes to net." Upon this caution nobody spoke a word, and having sailed a little on, their vessel being to windward of us, on a sudden they let fly two pieces of artillery, both, as it appeared, charged with chain-shot, for one cut our mast through the middle, both that and the sail falling into the sea, and the other, fired nearly at the same instant, came through the middle of our bark, so as to lay it quite open without wounding any of us. But, finding ourselves sinking, we all began to cry aloud for help, and to beg of those in the ship to take us in, for we were drowning. They then struck their sails, and hoisting out their pinnace, about twelve Frenchmen, well armed

with muskets and their matches lighted, leaped into her and pulled alongside our bark. When they saw how few we were, and that the vessel was sinking, they took us in, telling us to attribute our ill-luck to our incivility in returning them no answer. Our renegade took the trunk which contained Zoraïda's treasure, and unperceived by any one, threw it overboard. In short, we all passed into the French ship, where after they had informed themselves of whatever they had a mind to know concerning us, immediately, as if they had been our capital enemies, they stripped us of every thing, and Zoraïda even of the bracelets she wore upon her ancles. But that sight gave me less uneasiness than the apprehension I was in lest they should proceed from plundering her of her rich and precious jewels, to depriving her of the jewel of most worth, and that which she valued most. But, fortunately, the desires of this sort of men seldom extend farther than to money and booty, with which their avarice is never satisfied, as was evident at that time, for they would have taken away the very clothes we wore as slaves, if they had thought they could have made any thing of them.

Some of them were of opinion it would be best to throw us all over-board, wrapped up in a sail, for their design was to trade in some of the Spanish ports, pretending to be of Britany; and should they carry us with them thither, they would be seized on and punished upon discovery of the robbery. But the captain, who had rifled my dear Zoraïda, said he was contented with the prize he had already got, and that he would not touch at any port of Spain, but pass the Straits of Gibraltar by night, or as he could, and make the best of his way for La Rochelle whence he came. Therefore in conclusion they agreed to give us their ship-boat, and what was necessary for so short a voyage as we had to make; this they did the next day, in view of the Spanish coast; at which sight all our troubles and miseries were forgotten as entirely as if they had never happened to us: so great is the pleasure of regaining one's lost liberty!

It was about noon when they put us into the boat, giving us two barrels of water and some biscuit; and the captain, moved by I know not what compassion, gave the beautiful Zoraïda, at her going off, about forty crowns in gold, and would not permit his soldiers to

strip her of these very clothes she has now on. We went on board, giving them thanks for the favour they did us, and showing ourselves rather pleased than dissatisfied. They stood out to sea, steering towards the Straits; and we, without minding any other north-star than the land before us, rowed so hard that we were, at sun-set, sufficiently near to it to get thither, as we thought, before the night should be far spent. But the moon not shining, and the sky being cloudy, as we did not know the coast we were upon we did not think it safe to land. However, several among us wished to go ashore, though it were among the rocks and far from any town, for by that means they said, we should avoid the danger we ought to fear from the corsairs of Tetuan, who are over-night in Barbary, and the next morning on the coast of Spain, where they commonly pick up some prize, and return to sleep at their own homes. However, it was decided at last that we should row gently towards the shore, and if the sea proved calm, land wherever we could. We did so; and a little before midnight, we arrived at the foot of a very large and high mountain, not so close to the shore but there was room enough for our landing commodiously. We ran our boat into the sand; we all got on shore, kissed the ground, and, with tears of joy and satisfaction, gave thanks to God, our Lord, for the unparalleled mercy he had shewn us in our voyage. We took our provisions out of the boat, which we dragged on shore, and then ascended a good way up the mountain; but, even when we had penetrated so far, we could not satisfy our minds, nor thoroughly believe that the ground we were upon was Christian ground.

We thought the day would never come and presently ascended to the top of the mountain, to see if we could discover any houses, or shepherds' huts. But, so far as we could see, neither habitation, nor person, nor path, nor road could we discover at all. However, we determined at all events to penetrate farther into the country, thinking it impossible but we must soon see somebody to inform us where we were. But what troubled me most was to see Zoraïda travel on foot through those craggy places: for though I occasionally took her on my shoulders, my weariness wearied her more than her own resting relieved her; therefore she would not suffer me to take

that pains any more, and so went on with very great patience and signs of joy, I still leading her by the hand.

We had hardly gone in this manner a quarter of a league, when the sound of a little bell reached our ears, a certain signal that some flocks were near us. All of us looking out attentively to see whether any appeared, we discovered a young shepherd at the foot

of a cork-tree, quietly employed in shaping a stick with his knife. We called out to him, and he, lifting up his head, got up nimbly on his feet. But, as we came to understand afterwards, the first who presented themselves to his sight were the renegade and Zoraïda, and he, seeing them in Moorish habits, thought all the Moors in Barbary were upon him. Making towards the wood before him with incredible speed, he cried out as loud as he could: "The Moors! the Moors are landed! to arms! to arms!" When we heard this outcry, we were confounded, and knew not

what to do; but, considering that the shepherd's outcries must needs alarm the country, and that the militia of the coast would presently come to see what was the matter, we agreed that the renegade should strip off his Turkish habit and put on a jerkin, or slave's cassock, which one of us immediately gave him, though he who lent it remained only in his shirt and breeches: then, recommending ourselves to God, we pursued the same way we saw the shepherd take, expecting every moment when the coast guard would be upon us. Nor were we deceived in our apprehension: in less than two hours, as we came down the hill into the plain, we discovered about fifty horsemen coming towards us on a half-gallop. As soon as we saw them, we stood still to wait their coming up. But as they drew near, and found, instead of the Moors they looked for, a company of poor Christian captives, they were surprised, and

one of them asked us whether we were the occasion of the shepherd's alarming the country. I answered that we were: and being about to acquaint him whence we came and who we were, one of the Christians who came with us, knew the horseman who asked us the question; and, without giving me time to say any thing more, he

cried: "God be praised, gentlemen, for bringing us to so good a part of the country! for, if I am not mistaken, the ground we stand upon is the territory of Velez-Malaga, and if the length of my captivity has not impaired my memory, you, Sir, who are asking us who we are, are Pedro de Bustamante, my uncle." Scarcely had the Christian captive said this, when the horseman threw himself from his horse and ran to embrace the young man. "Dear nephew of my soul and of my life," cried he, "I know you; and we have often bewailed your death, I, my sister, your mother and all your kindred, who are still alive. God has been pleased to prolong their lives that they may have the pleasure of seeing you again. We knew you were in Algiers, and, by the appearance of your dress and that of your companions, I guess you must have recovered your liberty in some miraculous manner."—"It is even so," answered the young man, "and we shall have time enough hereafter to tell you the whole story."

As soon as the horsemen understood that we were Christian captives, they alighted from their horses, and each of them invited us to accept of his horse to carry us to the city of Velez-Malaga, which was a league and a half off. Some of them went back to carry the boat to the town, being told by us where we had left it. Others of them took us up behind them, and Zoraïda rode behind our captive's uncle. All the people came out to receive us, having heard the news of our coming from some who went before. They were not surprised to see captives freed, nor Moors made slaves; for the people of that coast are accustomed to see both the one and the other. But they were astonished by the beauty of Zoraïda, which was at that time in its full perfection: for what with the fatigue of walking and the joy of being in Christendom, without the fear of being lost, such colours shewed themselves in her face, that, if my affection did not then deceive me, I will venture to say there never was in the world a more beautiful creature, at least none that I had ever seen. We went directly to the church, to give God thanks for the mercy we had received, and Zoraïda, on entering, said there were faces there very like that of Lella Maryem. We told her they were pictures of her, and the renegade explained to her

the best he could what they signified, that she might adore them, just as if every one of them were really that very Lella Maryem who had spoken to her. Zoraïda, who has good sense, and a clear and ready apprehension, readily understood what was told her concerning the images [227]. After this they conducted us to the town, and lodged us in different houses. But the Christian who came with us took the renegade, Zoraïda and me, to the house of his parents, who were in pretty good circumstances, and who treated us with as much kindness as they did their own son.

We staid in Velez six days, at the end of which time the renegade, having informed himself of what was proper for him to do, repaired to the city of Grenada, there to be re-admitted, by means

[227] It is well known that the mussulmans are iconoclasts, and that they proscribe, as idols, every kind of representation of living creatures.

of the holy Inquisition, into the bosom of our holy mother the church. The rest of the freed captives went every one which way he pleased. As for Zoraïda and myself, we remained behind, with those crowns only which the courtesy of the Frenchman had bestowed on Zoraïda. With part of it I bought this beast she rides on, and hitherto I have served her as a father and a gentleman-usher, but not as a husband. We are going with design to see if my father be living, or whether either of my brothers have had better fortune than myself; though, considering that Heaven has given me Zoraïda, no other fortune could have befallen me which I should have valued at so high a rate. The patience with which Zoraïda bears the inconveniences poverty brings along with it, and the desire she seems to express of becoming a Christian, is so great, so admirable, that I am astonished, and I look upon myself as bound to serve her all the days of my life. However, the delight I take in seeing myself hers and her mine, is sometimes interrupted and almost destroyed by a thought that frequently suggests itself to me: I know not whether I shall find any corner in my own country wherein to shelter her, whether time and death have not made such alterations in the affairs and lives of my father and brothers, that, if they are no more, I shall hardly find any one who will even deign to recognize me.

This, gentlemen, is my history: whether it be an entertaining and uncommon one, you are to judge. For my own part, I can say, I would willingly have related it still more succinctly, though the fear of tiring you has made me omit several circumstances which were at my tongue's end[228].

[228] The adventure of the captive is repeated in the comedy *los Banos de Argel*, and Lope de Vega has also introduced it in that intituled *los Cautivos de Argel*. Cervantes gives it as a true history, and concludes the first mentioned piece in the following words: "This tale of love and sweet recollections is still current in Algiers, and the garden and the window are to be seen to this day.——"

CHAPTER XV.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT FARTHER HAPPENED IN THE INN, AND OF MANY OTHER THINGS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN.

AFTER the captive had ended his story, Don Fernando said: "Truly, captain, the manner of your relating this strange adventure has been such as equals the novelty and interest of the event itself. The whole is extraordinary, uncommon, and full of accidents, which astonish and surprise those who hear them. So great is the pleasure we have received in listening to it, that though the story had held until to-morrow, we should have wished it were to begin again." Cardenio and the rest of the company offered him all the service in their power, with such expressions of kindness and sincerity, that the captain was extremely well satisfied of their good-will. Don Fernando, among other offers, said, that if he would return with him, he, Don Fernando, would prevail with the marquis his brother to stand godfather at Zoraïda's baptism, and that, for his own part, he would accommodate him in such a manner that he might appear in his own country with the dignity and distinction due to his person.—

The captive thanked him most courteously, but would not accept of any of his generous offers.

By this time night approached, and about the dusk, a coach arrived at the inn, surrounded by some men on horseback, who

asked for a lodging. The hostess answered that there was not an inch of spare room in the whole inn. "Though it be so," said one of the men on horseback, "there must be room made for my lord judge[229] here in the coach." At this name the hostess was troubled: "Sir," she said, "the truth is, I have no bed. If his worship my lord judge brings one with him, as I believe he must, let him enter and welcome. I and my husband will quit our own chamber to accommodate his honour."—"Then let it be so," quoth the squire. At that moment there alighted out of the coach a man whose garb announced the office and dignity he bore. His long and sleeveless gown made it apparent that he was a judge, as his servant had said. He led by the hand a young lady, about

[229] The office of auditor of the courts and chancery, in Spain, answers to that of the judge of the court of Appeal among us.

sixteen years of age, in a riding dress, so genteel, so beautiful, and so gay, that her presence struck them all with admiration, and had

they not seen Dorothea, Lucinda and Zoraïda, who were in the inn, they would hardly have believed that such charms could have

been found. Don Quixote was present at the arrival of the judge. When he saw him enter, leading the young lady, he said: "Your worship may securely enter and walk about in this castle. It is certainly narrow and ill accommodated, but there is no narrowness nor incommodiousness in the world which does not make room for arms and letters, especially if arms and letters bring beauty for their guide and conductor, as your worship's letters do in this fair maiden, to whom not only castles ought to throw open and offer themselves, but rocks to separate and divide, and mountains to bow their lofty heads, to give her entrance and reception. Enter, Sir, I say, into this paradise: you will find here stars and suns to accompany that Heaven you bring with you; you will find here arms at their post, and beauty in perfection."

The judge marvelled greatly at this speech of Don Quixote's, whom he scrutinized very earnestly from head to foot, no less astonished at his figure than at his words; and not knowing what to answer, he began to gaze at him again, when Lucinda, Dorothea and Zoraïda appeared before him, whom the report of these new guests, and the account the hostess had given them of the beauty of the young lady, had brought to see and receive her.—Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest, complimented him in a more intelligible and polite manner. Thereupon my lord judge entered the inn, no less confounded at what he saw than at what he heard; and the beauties of the house welcomed the fair stranger. The judge was at no loss to perceive that all there were persons of distinction; but the mien, visage and behaviour of Don Quixote disconcerted him. After the usual civilities, and when an enquiry had been made into what conveniences the inn afforded, it was again ordered, as it had been before, that all the women should lodge in the great room aforesaid, and the men remain without as their guard. The judge was contented that his daughter (such was the young lady) should accompany those ladies, which she did with all her heart. With part of the inn-keeper's narrow bed, together with that the judge had brought with him, they accommodated themselves that night better than they expected.

The captive, from the very moment he saw the judge, felt his

heart beat, and had a suspicion that this gentleman was his brother. He went into the yard and asked one of the servants that came with him, what his name might be, and if he knew what country he was of. The servant answered that his master was called the licentiate Juan Perez de Viedma, a native, as he had heard say, of a town in the mountains of Leon. This account, coupled with what he had seen, entirely confirmed the captive in his opinion that this was that brother who, by the advice of his father, had applied himself to learning. Overjoyed and pleased to think that it was so, he called aside Don Fernando, Cardenio and the priest, and told them what had passed, assuring them that the judge was his brother. The servant had also told him that he was going to the Indies in quality of judge of the courts of Mexico. He understood also that the young lady was his daughter, and that her mother had died in giving her birth, and had left the judge very rich by the dowry which came to him from his having this child by her. The captive asked their advice as to what way he should take to discover himself, or how he might first ascertain whether, after the discovery, his brother seeing him so poor, would be ashamed to own him, or would receive him with fraternal affection. "Leave it to me to make the experiment," said the priest. "The rather because there is no reason to doubt, Signor captain, that you will be very well received, for the worth and prudence which appear in your brother's looks give no signs of his being arrogant or wilfully forgetful, or of his not knowing how to make due allowances for the accidents of fortune."—"Nevertheless," said the captain, "I would fain make myself known to him by some round-about way, and not suddenly and at unawares."—"I tell you," answered the priest, "I will manage it after such a manner that all parties shall be satisfied."

By this time supper was ready, and they all sat down to table, excepting the captive and the ladies, who supped by themselves in their chamber. In the midst of supper, the priest said: "My lord judge, I had a comrade of your name in Constantinople, where I was a slave some years; which comrade was one of the bravest soldiers and captains in all the Spanish infantry, but as unfortunate

as he was resolute and brave."—"And pray, Sir, what was the captain's name?" said the judge. "He was called," answered the priest, "Rui [230] Perez de Viedma, and he was born in a town in the mountains of Leon. He related to me a circumstance which happened between his father, himself and his two brothers, which, had it come from a person of less veracity than himself, I should have taken for a tale, such as old women tell by the fireside in winter. In effect, he informed me that his father had divided his estate equally between himself and his three sons, and had given them certain precepts better than those of Cato. I can assure you that the choice he made to follow the wars succeeded so well that, in a few years, by his valour and bravery, without other help than that of his great merit, he rose to be a captain of foot, and saw himself in the road to become a colonel very soon. But there his good fortune deserted him; for where he might most have expected to have her favour, he altogether experienced her most bitter persecution. In a word, he lost his liberty in that glorious action whereby so many recovered theirs, at the battle of Lepanto. Mine I lost at the Goleta; and subsequently, by the fortune of war, we became comrades in Constantinople. From thence he was removed to Algiers, where, to my knowledge, one of the strangest adventures in the world befel him." The priest then recounted very briefly and succinctly the history of what had passed between his brother and Zoraïda. The judge listened as attentively to this recital as ever he had done to evidence for or against a prisoner at the bar. The priest suddenly broke off at the point where the French stripped the Christians who came in the bark; he left off at the poverty and necessity wherein his comrade and the beautiful Moor were left, adding that he knew not what became of them afterwards, whether they arrived in Spain, or were carried by the Frenchmen to France.

The captain stood at some distance patiently listening to all the priest said, and observing all the emotions of his brother. The latter, perceiving that the priest had ended his story, fetched a deep sigh, and, his eyes standing with water, said: "O Sir! you

[230] *Rui*, an abbreviation of Rodrigo.

know not how nearly I am affected by the news you tell me; so nearly, that I am constrained to shew it by these tears, which flow from my eyes in spite of all my discretion and reserve! That gallant captain you mention is my elder brother, who, being of a stronger constitution and of more elevated thoughts than I or my younger brother, chose the honourable and worthy profession of arms, which was one of the three careers proposed to us by our father, as your comrade told you when he related to you that history which you mistook for an old wife's tale. I applied myself to learning, which by God's blessing and my industry has raised me to the station you see me in. My younger brother is in Peru, so rich that, with what he has sent to my father and me, he has made large amends for what he took away with him, and besides has enabled my father to indulge his natural disposition to liberality; and I also, thanks to him, have been enabled to prosecute my studies with more decorum and authority, and to benefit myself for the rank to which I am now advanced. My father is still alive, but dying with desire to hear of his eldest born, and praying incessantly to God that death may not close his eyes until he has once again beheld his son alive. I wonder extremely, considering my brother's discretion, how, in so many troubles and afflictions, or in his prosperous successes, he could neglect giving his father some account of himself. Certainly, if my father or any of us had known his case, he needed not have waited for the miracle of the cane to have obtained his ransom. But what at present gives me the most concern, is to think whether those Frenchmen have set him at liberty, or killed him to conceal their robbery. This thought will make me continue my voyage, not with that satisfaction I began it, but rather with melancholy and sadness. O my dear brother! did I but know where you now are, I would go and find you and deliver you from your troubles, though at the expense of my own repose! Oh! who shall carry the news to our aged father that you are alive? Though you were in the deepest dungeon of Barbary, his wealth, my brother's and mine would fetch you thence. And you, O beautiful and bountiful Zoraïda! who can repay the kindness you have done my brother! who shall be so happy as to be present at your regeneration by

baptism, and at your nuptials, which would give us all so much delight!"

These and the like expressions the judge uttered, so full of compassion at the news he had received of his brother, that all who heard him bore him company in demonstrations of a tender concern for his sorrow. The priest, finding he had gained his point according to the captain's wish, would not hold them any longer in suspense. Rising from table and entering Zoraïda's room, he took her by the hand, and behind her came Lucinda, Dorothea and the judge's daughter. The captain stood expecting what the priest

would do. The latter, taking him by the other hand and leading them both into the room where the judge and the rest of the

company were, said: " My lord judge, dry your tears, and let your wish be crowned with all the happiness you can desire. Behold your good brother and your good sister-in-law. Here is captain Viedma, and there is the beautiful Moor who did him so much

good. The Frenchmen I told you of reduced them to the poverty you see, to give you an opportunity of shewing the liberality of your generous breast." The captain ran to embrace his brother, who, in his surprise, set both his hands against the captain's breast to regard him a little more stedfastly; but when he thoroughly recognized him, he embraced him closely, shedding melting tears of joy, in which no one present could refrain from joining him. The words both the brothers uttered to each other and the concern they shewed, can, I believe, hardly be conceived, much less written. They gave each other a brief account of their adventures; then they demonstrated the height of brotherly affection; then the judge embraced Zoraïda, offering her all he had; then he made his daughter embrace her; then the fair Christian and beautiful Moor renewed the tears of all the company. Don Quixote stood attentive, without speaking a word, pondering upon these strange events, and ascribing them all to chimeras of knight-errantry. It was finally agreed, that the captain and Zoraïda should return with their brother to Seville, and acquaint their father with his being found at liberty, that the old man might contrive to be present at the baptism and nuptials of Zoraïda. It was impossible for the judge to discontinue his journey, he having received news of the flota's departure from Seville for New Spain in a month's time, and it would have been a great inconvenience to him to have lost his passage.

All present were satisfied and rejoiced at the captive's success; and two parts of the night being well nigh spent, they agreed to retire and repose themselves during the remainder. Don Quixote offered his service to guard the castle, lest some giant or other miscreant-errant, for lucre of the treasure of beauty enclosed there, should make some attempt and attack them. They who knew him, returned him thanks, and gave the judge an account of his strange frenzy, with which he was not a little diverted. Sancho Panza alone was out of all patience at the company's sitting up so late; and after all he was better accommodated than any of them, throwing himself upon the accoutrements of his ass, which cost him dear, as will be seen by and by. The ladies having now retired to their chamber,

and the rest having bestowed themselves as well as they could, Don Quixote sallied out of the inn to stand sentinel at the castle-gate, as he had promised.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHICH TREATS OF THE AGREEABLE HISTORY OF THE YOUNG MULETEER, WITH OTHER STRANGE ACCIDENTS THAT HAPPENED IN THE INN.

JUST before day-break, there reached the ladies' ears a voice so tuneable and sweet that it instantly attracted their attention, especially that of Dorothea, who lay awake, while Donna Clara de Viedma, for so the judge's daughter was called, slept by her side. Nobody could imagine who the person was that sung so well; it was a single voice, without any instrument to accompany it. Sometimes they fancied the singing was in the yard, and at other times that it was in the stable. While they were thus in suspense, Cardenio came to the chamber-door, and said: "You that are not asleep, pray listen, and you will hear the voice of one of the muleteer lads, who sings enchantingly."—"We hear him already, Sir," answered

Dorothea. Cardenio then went away; and Dorothea, listening with the utmost attention, overheard the following stanzas:

"I am a Mariner of Love,
And in his seas profound,
Toss'd betwixt doubts and fears I rove,
And see no port around.

"At distance I behold a star,
Whose beams my senses draw,
Brighter and more resplendent far,
Than Palinure[231] e'er saw.

"Yet still, uncertain of my way,
I stem a dangerous tide,
No compass but that doubtful ray,
My wearied bark to guide.

"For when its light I most would see,
Benighted most I sail:
Like clouds, reserve and modesty
Its shrouded lustre veil.

"O lovely star[232], by whose bright ray
My love and faith I try,
When thou withdraw'st thy cheering day,
In night of death I lie."

When the singer came to this point, Dorothea thought it would be wrong to let Clara lose the opportunity of hearing so good a voice. Jogging her gently to and fro, she awaked her, saying: "Pardon

[231] The pilot of Æneas.

. . . . . Surgit Palinurus, et omnes
Explorat ventos . . . . .
Sidera cuncta notat tacito latentia cœlo.
(Æn., lib. III.)

[232] In the original, *Clara y luciente estrella*, jeu de mots on the name of Clara.

me, child, that I awake you, for I do it that you may have the pleasure of hearing the best voice, perhaps, you have ever heard in all your life." Clara awoke, quite sleepy, rubbed her eyes, and, not

understanding what Dorothea had said, asked her to repeat it. Dorothea did so, and Clara became all attention; but no sooner had she heard two or three of the verses which the young man was singing, than she began to tremble as excessively as if she had been seized by a violent fit of tertian ague, and, clasping Dorothea close

in her arms: "Ah! dear lady of my soul and life," she said, "why did you awaken me? The greatest good that fortune could do me at this time, would be to keep my eyes and ears closed, that I might neither see nor hear this unhappy musician."—"What is it you say, child? Pray take notice we are told he that sings is but a muleteer."—"Oh, no! he is no such thing," replied Clara: "he is a young gentleman of large possessions, and so much master of my heart that, if he has no mind to part with it, it shall be his eternally." Dorothea was surprised to hear these passionate expressions of the girl, thinking them far beyond what her tender years might promise. "You speak in such a manner, Miss Clara," she said to her, "that I cannot understand you. Explain yourself more clearly, and tell me what it is you say of heart and possessions, and of this musician whose voice disturbs you so much. But say nothing now; for I will not lose the pleasure of hearing him sing, to mind your trembling, and methinks he is beginning to sing new verses to a new air."—"With all my heart," answered Clara, and, that she might not hear him, stopped both her ears with her hands. Dorothea's wonder increased at observing that; but listening attentively to the singer, she distinguished the following words:

"Sweet Hope, thee difficulties fly,
To thee disheart'ning fears give way:
Not e'en thy death impending nigh,
Thy dauntless courage can dismay.

"No conquests bless, no laurels crown
The lazy general's feeble arm,
Who sinks reposed in bed of down,
Whilst ease and sloth his senses charm.

"Love sells his precious glories dear,
And vast the purchase of his joys;
Nor ought he set such treasures rare
At the low price of vulgar toys.

" Since perseverance gains the prize,
And cowards still successless prove,
Borne on the wings of Hope I'll rise,
Nor fear to reach the Heaven of love."

Here the voice ceased, and Clara began to sigh afresh. All this inflamed Dorothea's curiosity to know the cause of so sweet a song, and so sad a plaint. Therefore she again asked her what it was she would have said a while ago. Then Clara, lest Lucinda should hear her, embracing Dorothea, put her mouth so close to her companion's ear that she might speak securely, without being overheard.

" The singer, my dear madam," she began, " is son of a gentleman of the kingdom of Aragon, lord of two towns. He lived opposite to my father's house at court, and though my father kept his windows with canvas in the winter, and lattices in summer[233], I know not how it happened that this young gentleman, who then was

[233] There was at that day no such thing as window-glass at Madrid even in the house of a judge.

engaged at his studies, saw me, at church or elsewhere. In short, he fell in love with me, and gave me to understand his passion from the windows of his house, by so many signs and so many tears, that I was forced to believe, and even to love him, without knowing what I desired. Among other signs which he used to make, one was to join one hand with the other, signifying his

desire to marry me. I should have been very glad for it to have been so, yet, being alone and without a mother, I knew not to whom I could communicate the affair. Therefore I let it rest, without granting him any favour excepting when his father and mine chanced to be both abroad, to lift up the canvas or lattice window, and give him a full view of me; at which he was so transported, that he seemed stark mad. Now the time of my father's

departure drew near, which he heard, but not from me, for I never had an opportunity to tell it him. He fell sick, of grief, as far as I could learn, so that, on the day we came away, I could not see him to bid him farewell, though it were but with my eyes. But, after we had travelled two days, as we were going into an inn in a village a day's journey from hence, I saw him at the door in the habit of a muleteer, so naturally dressed that, had I not carried his image deeply imprinted in my soul, it had been impossible for me to recognize him. I knew him and was both surprised and overjoyed. He stole looks at me unobserved by my father, whom he carefully avoids, when he crosses the way before me either on the road or at our inn. Knowing who he is and considering that he comes on foot and takes such pains for love of me, I die with concern, and continually set my eyes where he sets his feet. I cannot imagine what he proposes to himself, nor how he could escape from his father, who loves him passionately, having no other heir, and he being so very deserving, as you will perceive when you see him. I can assure you besides, that all he sings is of his own invention, for I have heard it said that he is a very great scholar and a poet. And now, every time I see him or hear him sing, I tremble all over, fearful lest my father should come to know him and discover our inclinations. In my life I never spoke a word to him, and yet I love him so violently that I shall never be able to live without him. This, dear madam, is all I can tell you of this musician, whose voice has pleased you so much, by which you may easily perceive he is no muleteer, but master of hearts and towns, as I have already told you."

"Say no more, my dear Clara," said Dorothea, kissing her a thousand times; "pray say no more, and stay until to-morrow; for I hope in God so to manage your affair that the conclusion shall be as happy as so innocent a beginning deserves."—"Ah madam," said Donna Clara, "what conclusion can be hoped for, since his father is of such quality and so wealthy that he will not think me worthy to be so much as his son's servant, and how much less his wife? And as to marrying without my father's consent and knowledge, I would not do it for all the world. I would only have this young

man go back and leave me; perhaps by not seeing him, and by the great distance of place and time, the pains I now endure may be abated, though I dare say this remedy is like to do me little good. I know not what sorcery this is, nor which way this love possesses me, he and I being both so young, for I verily believe we are of the same age, and I am not yet full sixteen, nor shall be, as my father says, until next Michaelmas." Dorothea could not forbear smiling to hear how childishly Donna Clara talked. "Let us try to rest the short remainder of the night," she said; "to-morrow is a new day, and we shall speed, or my hand will be mightily out."

Then they composed themselves to sleep, and there was a profound silence all over the inn. The inn-keeper's daughter and her maid Maritornes only, were awake, who very well knowing Don Quixote's peccant humour, and that he was standing without doors, armed and on horseback, keeping guard, agreed to put some trick upon him, or at least to have a little pastime by over-hearing some of his extravagant speeches.

Now be it understood that the inn had no windows towards the field, only a kind of pigeon-hole to the straw loft, by which they

threw in their straw. At this hole, then, the pair of demi-lasses planted themselves. They perceived that Don Quixote was on horseback, leaning forward on his lance, uttering every now and then such mournful and profound sighs that one would think each of them sufficient to tear away his very soul. They heard him also say, in a soft, soothing and amorous tone: "O my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, perfection of all beauty, sum total of discretion, treasury of wit and good-humour, and pledge of modesty, in a word the idea and example of all that is profitable, decent or delightful in the world, what may your ladyship be now doing? Art thou, peradventure, thinking of thy captive knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many perils, merely for thy sake? O thou triformed luminary[234]! bring me tidings of her, thou who, perhaps, art now gazing at her, envious of her beauty, as she is walking through a gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leaning over a balcony, considering how, without offence to her modesty and grandeur, she may assuage the torment this poor afflicted heart of mine endures for her sake, or perhaps considering what glory to bestow on my sufferings, what rest on my cares, what reward on my services, and lastly, what life on my death. And thou, sun, who by this time must be hastening to saddle thy steeds, to come abroad early and visit my mistress, I entreat thee, as soon as thou seest her, salute her in my name; but beware when thou seest and salutest her that thou dost not kiss her face; for I shall be more jealous of thee than thou wast of that swift ingrate who made thee sweat and run so fast over the plains of Thessaly, or along the banks of Peneus (for I do not well remember on which of them thou rannest at that time), jealous and enamoured."

Thus far Don Quixote had proceeded in his piteous soliloquy, when the inn-keeper's daughter began to call softly to him, and to say: "Sir, pray come a little this way, if you please." On hearing this signal and voice, Don Quixote turned about his head, and perceived by the light of the moon which then shone very brightly, that somebody called him from the pigeon-hole, which to him seemed a window with gilded bars, fit for as rich a castle, as he fancied the

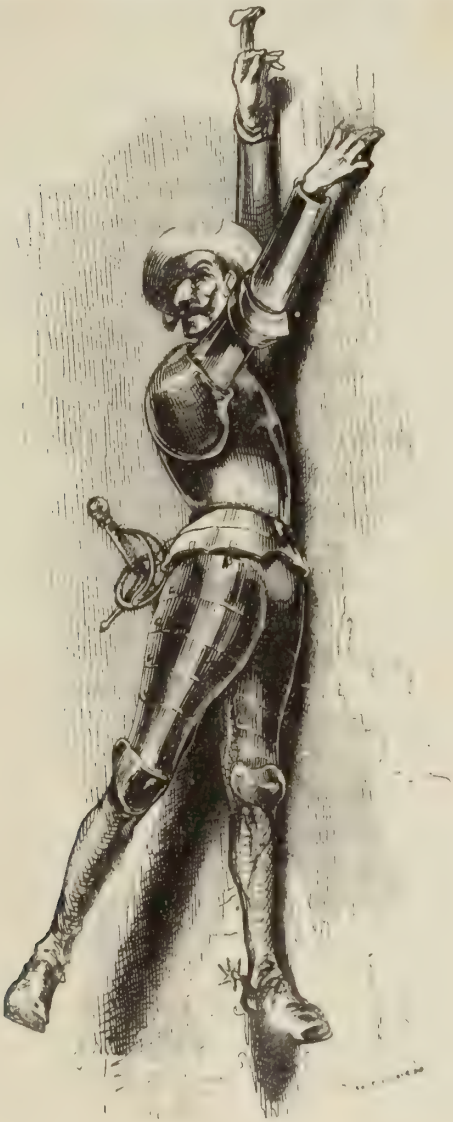
[234] Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ.

inn to be; and instantly it came again into his mad imagination, as it had done before, that the fair damsel, daughter of the lord of the castle, being irresistibly in love with him, was come to solicit him again. With this thought, that he might not appear discourteous and ungrateful, he turned Rocinante about, and came up to the pigeon-hole. As soon as he saw the two wenches, he said: "I pity you, fair lady, for having placed your amorous inclinations where it is impossible for you to meet with a suitable return, such as your great worth and beauty deserve. Yet ought you not to blame this unfortunate enamoured knight, whose affections love has been incapable of engaging to any other than to her whom, the moment he set his eyes on her, he made absolute mistress of his soul. Pardon me, good lady, and retire to your chamber, and do not, by a farther discovery of your desires, force me to seem still more ungrateful; and if the passion you have for me can enable you to find any thing in me to satisfy you, provided it be not downright love, pray command it; and I swear to you, by that absent sweet enemy of mine, to bestow it upon you immediately, though you should ask me for a lock of Medusa's hair, which was all snakes, or even sun-beams inclosed in a phial [235]."—"Sir," quoth Maritornes, "my lady wants nothing of all this."—"What is it then your lady wants, discreet Duenna?" answered Don Quixote. "Only one of your beautiful hands," quoth Maritornes, "to the end that she may partly satisfy the longing which brought her to this window, so much to the peril of her honour that, if her lord and father should come to know it, he would mince her in such a fashion that the smallest slice of her should be one of her ears."—"I would fain see that," answered Don Quixote; "but he had best have a care what he does, unless he has a mind to come to the most disastrous end that ever father did in the world, for having laid violent hands on the delicate members of his amorous daughter."

Maritornes had no doubt Don Quixote would give his hand as they had desired, and resolving with herself what she would do, she went down into the stable, whence she took the halter of Sancho Panza's ass; then she returned in haste to the hay-loft, just as Don

[235] Like the good sense of Rolando, which Astolpho fetched from the moon.

Quixote had got upon Rocinante's saddle to reach the pigeon-hole where he imagined the enamoured damsel stood. As he gave her his hand, he said: "Take madam, this hand, or rather this chastiser of the evil-doers of the world; take, I say, this hand, which no



woman's hand ever touched before, not even her's who has the entire right to my whole body. I do not give it you to kiss, but only that you may behold the contexture of its nerves, the firm knitting of its muscles, the largeness and spaciousness of its veins, whence you may gather what must be the strength of the arm to which such a hand belongs."—"We shall soon see that," quoth Maritornes; and, making a running knot on the halter, she clapped it on his wrist; descending from the hole, she tied the other end of it very fast to the staple of the door of the hay-loft.

Don Quixote felt the harshness of the rope about his wrist. "You seem rather to rasp than grasp my hand," said he; "pray do not treat it so roughly, since it is not to blame for the injury my inclination does you, nor is it right to discharge the whole of your displeasure on so small a part. Consider, besides, that lovers do not take revenge at this cruel rate." But nobody heard a word of all this discourse: for as soon as Maritornes had tied Don Quixote up, she and the inn-keeper's daughter both went away, ready to die with laughing, and left him fastened in such a manner, that it was impossible for him to get loose. He stood, as has been said, upright on the back of Rocinante, his arm within the pigeon-hole and tied by the wrist to the bolt of the door: in the utmost fear and dread that, if his horse stirred ever so little one way or other, he must remain hanging by the arm. Therefore he durst not make the least motion, though he might well expect from the sobriety and patience of Rocinante that he would stand stock still an entire century.

In short, Don Quixote, finding himself securely tied, and that the ladies were gone, began presently to imagine that all this was done in the way of enchantment, as on the previous occasion, when, in that very same castle, the enchanted Moor of a carrier so mauled him. Then within himself he cursed his own inconsiderateness and indiscretion, since having come off so ill before, he had ventured to enter a second time, it being a rule with knights-errant that, when they have once tried an adventure and cannot accomplish it, it is a sign of its not being reserved for them, but for somebody else; in which case there is no necessity for them to try it a second time.

However, he pulled his arm to see if he could loose himself; but the knot was so tight that all his efforts were in vain. It is true indeed, he pulled gently, lest Rocinante should stir, and though he would fain have got into the saddle, and have sat down, he was obliged either to stand up or pull off his hand. Now he wished for Amadis's sword, against which no enchantment had any power; now he cursed his fortune, and exaggerated the loss the world would have of his presence all the while he should continue enchanted, as he firmly believed was the case; now he bethought himself afresh of his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso. Now he called upon his good squire Sancho Panza, who, stretched upon his ass's pannel and buried in sleep, did not, at that instant, so much as dream of the mother that bore him; now he invoked the sages Lirgandeo and Alquife, to help him, and called upon his special friend Urganda, to assist him. Eventually, there the morning overtook him, so despairing and confounded, that he bellowed like a bull, hopeless that the day would bring him any relief: for accounting himself enchanted, he concluded it would be eternal. He was the more induced to believe this to be the case, inasmuch as he observed that Rocinante budged not at all. Therefore he actually believed that himself and his horse must remain in that posture, without eating, drinking or sleeping, until that evil influence of the stars should be past, or until some more sage enchanter should disenchant him.

But he was very much mistaken in his belief. In effect, scarcely had the day began to dawn, when four men on horseback arrived at the inn, very well appointed and accoutred, with carbines hanging at the pommels of their saddles. They called at the inn-door, which was not yet opened, knocking very hard. But Don Quixote, perceiving them from the place where he still stood sentinel, he cried out with an arrogant and loud voice: "Knights, or squires, or whoever you are, you have no business to knock at the gate of this castle, for it is very plain that at such hours the inhabitants are asleep; besides it is not customary to open the gates of fortresses until the sun has spread his beams over the whole horizon. Get farther off, and stay until daylight; then we

shall see whether it is fit to open to you or not."—"What the devil of a fortress or castle is this," quoth one of them, "to oblige us to observe all this ceremony? If you are the inn-keeper, make somebody open the door; for we are travellers, and only want to bait our horses and go on, for we are in haste."—"Do you think, gentlemen, that I look like an inn-keeper?" answered Don Quixote. "I know not what you look like," answered the other; "but I am sure you talk preposterously, to call this inn a castle."—"It is a castle," replied Don Quixote, "and one of the best in this province, and there are in it persons who have had sceptres in their hands and crowns on their heads."—"You had better have said the very reverse," quoth the traveller, "the sceptre on the head, and the crown in the hand. But doubtless some company of strolling players is within, who frequently wear those crowns and sceptres you talk of; otherwise I do not believe that, in so small and paltry an inn, and where all is so silent, there can be lodged persons worthy to wear crowns and wield sceptres."—"You know little of the world," replied Don Quixote, "if you are ignorant of the accidents which usually happen in knight-errantry." The querist's comrades, tired with the dialogue between him and Don Quixote, knocked again with such increased violence that the inn-keeper awaked, and all the rest of the people that were in the inn. The host got up and asked who knocked.

At that moment it chanced that one of the four strangers' horses came to smell at Rocinante, who, melancholy and sad, his ears hanging down, bore up his distended master without stirring; but, being of flesh, although he seemed to be of wood, he could not but be sensible of it, and smell him again, that came so kindly to caress him. But scarcely had he stirred a step when, Don Quixote's footing failing him, he had fallen to the ground had he not hung by the arm. His uneasy position put him to so much torture that he fancied his wrist was cutting off, or his arm tearing from his body. Yet did he hang so near the ground, that he could just reach it with the tip of his toes, which turned to his prejudice, for, feeling how little he wanted to set his feet to the ground, he strove and stretched as much as he could to reach it quite. Thus

those who are tortured by the strappado[236], being placed at touch or not touch, are themselves the cause of increasing their own pain by their eagerness to extend themselves, deceived by the hope that, if they stretch never so little farther, they shall reach the ground.

[632] *La Garrucha.* The malefactor was suspended, his body being laden with heavy weights, until he confessed his crime.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH ARE CONTINUED THE UNHEARD-OF ADVENTURES OF THE INN.

EFFECTUALLY, Don Quixote roared out so terribly that the host in a fright opened the door in haste, to see who it was that made those outcries. Maritornes, who was also waked by the same noise, imagining what it was, went to the straw-loft and, unperceived by any one, untied the halter which held up Don Quixote. The knight fell to the ground in sight of the inn-keeper and the travellers, who, coming up to him, asked him what ailed him that he so cried out. Don Quixote, without answering a word, slipped the rope from his wrist, raised himself up on his feet, mounted Rocinante, braced his target, couched his lance, and taking a good compass about the field, came upat a hand-gallop, calling out: "Whoever shall dare to affirm that I was fairly enchanted, provided my sovereign lady the princess Micomicona gives me leave, I say he lies, and I challenge him to single combat." The new comers were amazed at Don Quixote's

words; but the inn-keeper removed their wonder by telling them who Don Quixote was, adding that they must not mind him, for he was beside himself.

They then inquired of the host whether there was not in the house a youth about fifteen years old, habited like a muleteer, and of such a height and mien, describing Donna Clara's lover. The host answered there were so many people in the inn that he had not taken particular notice of any such. But one of them, espying the coach the judge came in, said: "Without doubt he must be here, for this is the coach it is said he follows. Let one of us stay at the door, and the rest go in and look for him. It would not be amiss, likewise, for one of us to ride round about the inn, that he may not escape over the pales of the yard."—"It shall be done," answered one of them; and while two went in, the third remained at the door and the fourth walked the round. The inn-keeper observed all this, unable to divine why they took all these measures, though he believed they sought the young lad they had been describing to him.

By this time it was clear day, which, together with the noise Don Quixote had made, had raised the whole house, especially Donna Clara and Dorothea, who had slept but indifferently, the one through concern at being so near her lover, and the other through the desire of seeing him. Don Quixote, perceiving that none of the four travellers minded him, nor deigned to answer his challenge, was dying and running mad with rage and despite; and could he have found a precedent in the statutes and ordinances of chivalry, that a knight-errant might lawfully undertake or begin any other adventure, after having given his word and faith not to engage in any new enterprise until he had finished what he had promised, he would have attacked them all, and made them answer whether they would or not. But thinking it neither convenient nor decent to set about a new adventure until he had reinstated Micomiconain her kingdom, he thought it best to say nothing, and be quiet, awaiting, with his arms crossed on his breast, what would be the issue of the enquiry and search those travellers were making.

One of the latter found the youth he was in quest of sleeping by the side of a muleteer, little dreaming of any body's searching for him, or

finding him. The man, pulling him by the arm, said: "Upon my word, Signor Don Luis, the dress you are in, is very becoming such a

gentleman as you; and the bed you lie on is very suitable to the tenderness with which your mother brought you up." The youth rubbed his drowsy eyes, and looking wistfully in his disturber's face, he immediately recognized in him one of his father's servants. This sight so surprised him that he could not speak a word for some minutes. "There is no more to be done, Signor Don Luis, but for you to have patience and return home, unless you have a mind my master, your father, should depart to the other world; for nothing less can be expected from the pain he is in at your absence." "Why how did my father know," said Don Luis, "that I was come this road, and in this dress?"—"A student," answered the servant, "to whom you gave an account of your design, discovered it, being moved to pity by the lamentations your father made the

moment he missed you. He immediately despatched four of his servants in quest of you, and we are all here at your service, overjoyed beyond imagination at the good speed we have made, and that we shall so soon restore you to those eyes that love you so dearly."—" That will be as I shall please, or as Heaven shall ordain," answered Don Luis. " What should you please, or Heaven ordain, otherwise than that you should return home ?" quoth the servant : " There is no possibility of avoiding it."

The muleteer who lay with Don Luis, hearing the discourse between them, arose and informed Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the rest of the company, who were all by this time up and dressed, with what had passed. He related to them that the man had styled the young lad *Don*, and that the man would have him return to his father's house, and that the youth refused to go. Hearing this, and considering besides how fine a voice Heaven had bestowed upon him, they had all a great longing to know who he was, and to assist him, if any violence should be offered him. Accordingly, they went towards the place where he was talking and disputing with his servant.

At this juncture, Dorothea came out of her chamber, and behind her Donna Clara in great disorder. Calling Cardenio aside, Dorothea related to him in a few words the history of the musician and Donna Clara. In return, he told her what had passed in respect to the servants coming in search after him ; but he did not speak so low but Donna Clara overheard him, which put her in such an agony that, had not Dorothea sustained her, she would have fallen. Cardenio desired Dorothea to go back with Donna Clara to their chamber, adding that he would in the mean time endeavour to set matters to rights.

At that moment all the four horsemen who came in quest of Don Luis were in the inn, and had surrounded him, pressing him to return immediately to comfort his father. He answered that he could in no wise do so until he had accomplished a business wherein his life, his honour and hissoul were concerned. The servants continued to urge him, saying that they would not go back without him, and that they were resolved to carry him whether he would or not. " That you shall not do," replied Don Luis, " except you kill me ; and, whichever way you carry me, it will be without life." Most

of the people that were in the inn were attracted to the spot by the noise of the contention, particularly Cardenio, Don Fernando, his companions, the judge, the priest, the barber, and Don Quixote, who thought there was no farther need of continuing upon the castle-guard. Cardenio, already knowing the young man's story, asked the men who were for carrying him off, why they would take away the youth against his will. "Because," replied one of the four, "we would save the life of this gentleman's father, who is in danger of losing it by his absence."—"There is no need," interrupted Don Luis, "of giving an account of my affairs here. I am free, and will go back if I please; if not, none of you shall force me." "But reason will force you," answered the servant; "and though it should not prevail upon you, it must upon us, to do what we came about, and what we are obliged to."—"Hold," said the judge, "let us know what this business is to the bottom." But the man, who knew him to be his master's near neighbour, answered: "Pray my lord judge, does not your honour know this gentleman? he is your neighbour's son, and has absented himself from his father's house in an unbecoming garb, as your honour may see." Then the judge examined Don Luis more attentively, and having recognized, he embraced him, and said: "What childish frolic is this, Signor Don Luis, or what powerful cause has moved you to come in this manner, and this dress so little becoming your quality?" Tears came into the young gentleman's eyes, and he could not answer a word. The judge bid the servants be quiet, for all would be well; then taking Don Luis by the hand, he led him aside and interrogated him.

While the judge was questioning the young gentleman, a sudden and loud outcry was heard at the door of the inn. The occasion of it was as follows: two guests who had lodged there that night, seeing all the folks busy about learning what the four men searched for, had attempted to go off without paying their reckoning. But the host, who minded his own business more than other people's, laid hold of them as they were going out of the door, and demanded his money, giving them such hard words for their civil intention, that he provoked them to return him an answer with their fists.

Accordingly, they began to belabour him so unmercifully that the poor inn-keeper was forced to call out for help. The hostess and her daughter seeing nobody so disengaged and so proper to succour him as Don Quixote, the daughter said to him: "Sir knight, I beseech you, by the valour God has given you, come and help my poor father, whom a couple of wicked fellows are beating to a mummy." Don Quixote answered very leisurely, and with much sang-froid: "Fair maiden, your petition cannot be granted at present: I am incapacitated from intermeddling in any other adventure, until I have accomplished one I have already engaged my word for. But what I can do for your service is this: run, and bid your father maintain the fight the best he can, and in no wise to suffer himself to be vanquished, while I go and ask permission of the princess Micomicona to relieve him in distress; which if she grants me, rest assured I will bring him out of it."—"As I am a sinner!" quoth Maritornes, who was standing by, "before your worship can obtain the license you talk of, my master may be gone into the other world."—"Permit me, madam, to obtain the necessary license," answered Don Quixote. "If it be granted me, no matter though he be in the other world; for thence would I fetch him back, in spite of the other world itself, should it dare to contradict or oppose me, or at least I would take such ample revenge on those who shall have sent him thither, that you shall be more than moderately satisfied." And, without saying a word more, he went and knelt before Dorothea, beseeching her in knightly and errant-like expressions, that her grandeur would vouchsafe to give him leave to go and succour the governor of that castle, who was in grievous distress. The princess gave it him very graciously, and immediately bracing on his target and drawing his sword, the knight ran to the inn-door, where the two guess were still lugging and worrying the poor host. But, directly he came to the spot, he stopped short and looked irresolute, though Maritornes and the hostess asked him why he delayed succouring their master and husband. "I delay," quoth Don Quixote, "because it is not lawful for me to draw my sword against squire-like folks; but call hither my squire Sancho, for to him this defence and revenge most properly belong."

This passed at the door of the inn, where the boxing and cuffing went about briskly, to the inn-keeper's cost and the rage of Maritornes, the hostess and her daughter, who were half frantic at witnessing what they deemed the cowardice of Don Quixote, and the injury then doing to their master, husband and father. But let us leave him there awhile, for doubtless some one will soon come to relieve him; if not, so much the worse for him who is so fool-hardy as to engage in what is above his strength; let him suffer and be silent. Turn we fifty paces back, to see what Don Luis replied to the judge, whom we left apart, asking the cause of his coming on foot and so meanly apparelled. The youth, squeezing

him hard by both hands, as if some great affliction were wringing his heart, and pouring down tears in great abundance, made answer:

"All I can say, dear Sir, is that from the moment Heaven was pleased by means of our neighbourhood to give me sight of Donna Clara, your daughter, from that very instant I made her sovereign mistress of my affections; and if you, my true lord and father, do not oppose it, this very day she shall be my wife. For her I left

my father's house, and for her I put myself into this dress, to follow her whithersoever she went, as the arrow to the target, as the mariner follows the north-star. As yet she knows no more of my passion, than what she may have perceived from now and then seeing at a distance my eyes full of tears. You know, my lord, the wealth and nobility of my family: you know that I am sole heir. If you think these advantages sufficient for you to venture to make me entirely happy, receive me immediately for your son. Though my father, biassed by views of his own, should not approve of the happiness I have found for myself, time may work some favourable change and induce him to alter his mind."

Here the enamoured youth was silent, and the judge remained in suspense, no less surprised at Don Luis's ingenuous manner of discovering his passion, than confounded and at a loss what measures to take in so sudden and unexpected an affair. The only reply he could make, was to bid him be easy for the present, and not to let his servants go back that day, that there might be time to consider what was most expedient to be done. Don Luis kissed his hands, and even bathed them with tears, which much affected the judge, who, being a man of sense, soon saw how advantageous and honourable this match would be for his daughter. He only wished, if possible, to effect it with the consent of Don Luis's father, who, he knew, had pretensions to a title for his son.

By this time, the guests had made their peace with the inn-keeper, more through the persuasion and arguments of Don Quixote than his threats, and had consented to pay him all he demanded; on the other hand, the servants of Don Luis were waiting until the judge should have ended his discourse, and their master determined what he would do, when the devil, who sleeps not, so ordered it that, at that very instant, there came into the inn the barber from whom Don Quixote had taken Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho Panza the ass-furniture, which he trucked for his own. That barber, leading his beast to the stable, espied Sancho Panza, who was mending some part of the pannel. No sooner did he set eyes on it than he knew it again, and, seizing Sancho bravely by the collar, he cried: "Ah, master thief, have I got you? Give me my basin

and my pannel, with all the furniture you robbed me of." Sancho, finding himself attacked so unexpectedly, and hearing the opprobrious language given him, with one hand held fast the pannel, and with the other gave the barber such a dowse that he bathed his mouth in

blood. However, the barber did not let go his hold; on the contrary, he raised his voice in such a manner that all the folks of the inn ran together at the noise and scuffle. He cried out: "Help, in the king's name, and in the name of justice; this rogue and highway robber would murder me for endeavouring to recover my own goods."—"You lie," answered Sancho, "I am no highway robber, my master, Don Quixote, won these spoils in fair war."

Don Quixote, who had been attracted to the spot by the uproar, was present, not a little pleased to see how well his squire performed both the defensive and offensive. Thenceforward, he took him for a man of mettle, and resolved in his mind to dub him a knight the first opportunity that offered, thinking the order of chivalry would be very well bestowed upon him. Among other things which the barber said during the skirmish: "Gentlemen," quoth he, "this pannel is as certainly mine as the death I owe to God, and I know it as well as if it were a child of my own body; and yonder stands my ass in the stable, who will not suffer me to lie. Pray do but try it, and, if it does not fit him to a hair, let me be infamous. And moreover, by the same token, the very day they took this from me, they robbed me likewise of a new brass basin, never used, and which had cost me a crown." Here Don Quixote could not forbear answering; he thrust himself between the two combatants, parted them, and, making them lay the pannel on the ground in public view until the truth should be decided, he said, in an authoritative voice: "Sirs, you shall presently see clearly and manifestly the error this honest squire is in, in calling that a basin, which was, is and ever shall be Mambrino's helmet, which I won from him in fair war, and of which I am the right and lawful possessor. As to the pannel, I intermeddle not; what I can say of that matter, is that my squire Sancho asked my leave to take the trappings of this conquered coward's horse, to adorn his own withal. I gave him leave, he took the harness, and, if from horse-trappings they are metamorphosed into an ass's pannel, I can give no other reason for it than the common one, that these kind of transformations are frequent in adventures of chivalry. For confirmation of what I advance, run, son Sancho, and fetch hither the helmet which this honest man will needs have to be a basin."—"In faith, Sir," quoth Sancho, "if we have no other proof of our cause but what your worship mentions, Mambrino's helmet will prove as arrant a basin as this honest man's trappings are a pack-saddle."—"Do what I bid you," replied Don Quixote; "surely, all things in this castle cannot be governed by enchantment." Sancho went for the basin, brought it, and, as soon as Don Quixote had taken it in his hands, he cried:

"Behold, gentlemen; with what face can this squire pretend this to be a basin, and not the helmet I have mentioned? I swear, by the

order of knighthood which I profess, that this helmet is the very same I took from him, without addition or diminution."—"There is no doubt of that," quoth Sancho; "for, from the time my master won it until now, he has fought but one battle in it, which was when he freed those unlucky galley-slaves; and had it not been for this

basin-helmet, he had not then come off over well, for, in that skirmish, stones fell as thick as hail-stones."

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH THE DISPUTE CONCERNING MAMBRINO'S HELMET AND THE PANNEL IS DECIDED, WITH OTHER ADVENTURES THAT REALLY AND TRULY HAPPENED.

QUITE anxious am I to learn, gentlemen," quoth the barber, "what is your opinion of what these gentlefolks affirm, for they persist in it that this is no basin, but a helmet."—"And whoever shall affirm the contrary," said Don Quixote, "I will make him know, if he be a knight, that he lies; and, if a squire, that he lies, and has lied a thousand times." Our barber, master Nicholas, who was present all the while, and well acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, had a mind to work up his madness, and carry on the jest to make the company laugh. Accordingly, addressing himself to the other barber, he said: "Signor barber, or whoever you are, know that I am also of your profession; that I have had my certificate of examination above these twenty years, and am very well acquainted with all the instruments of barber-surgery, without excepting one; know also that I have likewise been a soldier in my youthful days, and therefore know what is a helmet, what a morion or steel cap, and what a casque with its beaver, as well as other matters relating to soldiery, I mean to all kind of arms commonly used by soldiers. Now I affirm, with submission

always to better judgments, that this piece here before us, which this honest gentleman holds in his hands, not only is not a barber's basin, but is as far from being so as white is from black, and truth from falsehood. And I say also that, though it be a helmet, it is not a complete one."—"No, certainly," said Don Quixote, "for the beaver, that should make half of it, is wanting." "Exactly so," quoth the priest, who perceived his friend the barber's designs; and Cardenio, Don Fernando and his companions, confirmed the same. Even the judge, had not his thoughts been so taken up about the business of Don Luis, would have helped on the jest; but the concern he was in so employed his thoughts that he paid no attention to these pleasantries. "Holy Virgin!" quoth the bantered barber, "how is it possible so many honest gentlemen should maintain that this is not a basin, but a helmet! This is enough to astonish a whole university, though never so wise. If this basin be a helmet, then this pannel must needs be a horse's furniture, as this gentleman has said."—"To me it seems indeed to be a pannel," quoth Don Quixote; "but I have already said that I will not intermeddle with this dispute."—"Whether it be an ass's pannel or a horse's furniture," said the priest, "all that remains is for Signor Don Quixote to declare his opinion; for, in matters of chivalry, all these gentlemen and myself yield him the palm."—"By Heaven, gentlemen," said Don Quixote, "so many and such unaccountable things have befallen me twice that I have lodged in this castle, that I dare not venture to vouch positively for any thing that may be asked me about it; for I am of opinion that every thing passes in it by the way of enchantment. The first time, I was very much harassed by an enchanted Moor that was in it, and Sancho fared little better among some of his followers; then, last night, I hung almost two hours by this arm, without being able to guess how or why I came to fall into that mischance. Therefore, for me to meddle now in so confused a business, and to be giving my opinion, would be to spend my judgment rashly. As to the singular question whether this be a basin or a helmet, I have already answered; but, as to declaring whether this be a pannel or a caparison, I dare not pronounce a definitive sentence,

and I prefer to submit it, gentlemen, to your discretion. Perhaps not being dubbed knights as I am, the enchantments of this place may have no power over you, and you may have your understandings free, and so may be able to judge of the things of this castle as they really and truly are, and not as they appear to me."

"There is no doubt of that," answered Don Fernando; "Signor Don Quixote has spoken like an oracle, and it is to us that the decision of this case belongs; and that we may proceed in it upon better and more solid grounds, I will take the votes of these gentlemen in secret, and then give you a clear and full account of the result." To those acquainted with Don Quixote, all this was a matter of the most excellent sport; but to those who knew not his humour, it seemed to be the greatest absurdity in the world, especially to Don Luis's four servants, and to Don Luis himself as much as the rest, as also to three other passengers, who were by chance just then arrived at the inn, and seemed to be archers of the santa-hermandad, as in reality they proved to be. As for the barber, he was quite at his wits' end to see his basin converted into Mambrino's helmet before his eyes, and he had no doubt that his pannel would be turned into a rich caparison for a horse. All the other spectators laughed to see Don Fernando walking the round, and taking the opinion of each person at his ear, that he might secretly declare whether that precious piece, about which there had been such a bustle, was a pannel or a caparison. After he had taken the votes of those who knew Don Quixote, he said aloud: "The truth is, honest friend, I am quite weary of collecting so many votes, for I ask nobody that does not tell me that it is ridiculous to say this is an ass's pannel, and that it is not a horse's caparison, and even that of a race-horse. Therefore you must have patience, for, in spite of you and your ass too, this is a caparison, and no pannel, and the proofs you have brought forward are very trivial and invalid."—"Let me never enjoy a place in Heaven," quoth the poor barber, "if your worships are not all mistaken; and so may my soul appear before God, as this appears to be a pannel, and not a caparison! But, thus go the laws[237]..... I say no more. I am

[237] *Allà van leyes dò quieren reyes.* (Thus go the laws, according to the will of kings.)

not drunk, for I am fasting from every thing but sin." The barber's simplicities caused no less laughter than the follies of Don Quixote, who said at this juncture: "There is now no more to be done but for every one to take what is his own; and to whom God has given it, may St. Peter give his blessing." One of Don Luis's four servants said: "If this be not a premeditated joke, I cannot persuade myself that men of so good understanding as all here are, or seem to be, should venture to say and affirm that this is not a barber's basin, nor that a pannel. But seeing they do actually say and affirm it, I suspect there must be some mystery in obstinately maintaining a thing so contrary to truth and experience; for, by ..... (and out he rapped a round oath) all the men in the world shall never persuade me that this is not a barber's basin, and that a jack-ass's pannel."—"May it not be a she-ass's?" quoth the priest. "That is all one," said the servant; "for the question is only to know whether it be or be not a pannel, as your worship says."

One of the archers who had entered the inn, having overheard the dispute, full of choler and indignation, said: "It is as much a pannel as my father is my father; and whoever says or shall say to the contrary, must be drunk."—"You lie like a pitiful scoundrel," answered Don Quixote. And lifting up his lance, which he never let go out of his hand, he went to give him such a blow over the head that, had not the officer slipped aside, he had been laid flat on the spot. The lance was broke to splinters on the ground; and the other officers, seeing their comrade abused, cried out: "Help, help the holy hermandad!" The inn-keeper, who was one of the troop, ran in that instant for his wand and his sword, and prepared himself to stand by his comrades; Don Luis's servants surrounded their master, lest he should escape during that hurly-burly; the barber, perceiving the house turned topsy-turvy, laid hold again of his pannel, and Sancho did the same; Don Quixote drew his sword and fell upon the troopers; Don Luis called out to his servants to leave him, and assist Don Quixote, Cardenio and Don Fernando,

This ancient Spanish proverb took its rise, according to Archbishop Rodrigo Ximenés de Rada (book VI. chap. XXV.), at the period of the controversy between the Gothic and Roman rituals, which was decided, in the reign of Alphonso VI. by the various trials of *God's judgment*, and even by combat in enclosed lists.

who all took part with Don Quixote; the priest cried out, the hostess shrieked, her daughter roared, Maritornes wept, Dorothea was confounded, Lucinda stood amazed, and Donna Clara fainted away. The barber cuffed Sancho, and Sancho pommelled the barber; Don Luis gave one of his servants, who laid hold of him by the arm lest he should escape, such a dash on the chops that he bathed his mouth in blood; the judge interposed in his defence; Don Fernando got one of the archers down, and kicked him to his heart's content; the inn-keeper reinforced his voice, demanding aid for the holy hermandad; in a word, the whole inn was nothing but weeping, cries, shrieks, confusions, fears, frights, mischances, cuffs, cudgellings, kicks, and effusion of blood. Suddenly, in the midst of this chaos, this mass and labyrinth of things, it came into Don Quixote's fancy that he was plunged over head and ears in the discord of king Agramante's camp[238]; and therefore he said, in a voice of thunder which made the inn shake: "Hold, all of you! all

[238] *Orlando Furioso*, canto XXVII.

put up your swords; be pacified all, and hearken to me, if you would all continue alive!" Effectually, on hearing this tremendous voice, they all desisted, and he went on, saying: "Did I not tell you, Sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legion of devils must certainly inhabit it? In confirmation whereof, I would have you see with your own eyes how the discord of Agramante's camp is passed over, and transferred hither among us. Behold! here they fight for the sword, there for the horse, yonder for the white eagle, here again for the helmet, and we all fight, and no one understands another. Come, therefore, my lord judge, and you, master priest, and let one of you stand for king Agramante, the other for king Sobrino, and make peace among us; for, by the eternal God, it is a thousand pities so many gentlemen of quality as are here of us should kill one another for such trivial matters."

The archers, who did not understand Don Quixote's language, and found themselves roughly handled by Don Fernando, Cardenio and their companions, would not be pacified. But the barber submitted, for both his beard and his pannel were demolished in the scuffle. Sancho, as became a dutiful servant, obeyed the least voice of his master; Don Luis's four servants were also quiet, seeing how little they got by being otherwise; the inn-keeper alone was refractory, and insisted that the insolence of that madman ought to be chastised, who at every foot turned the inn upside down.—At last the bustle ceased for that time, the pannel was to remain a saddle, the basin a helmet, and the inn a castle, in Don Quixote's imagination, until the day of judgment.

Peace and quietness being at length restored through the good offices of the judge and the priest, Don Luis's servants began again to press him to go with them that moment; and, while they were debating and settling the point, the judge consulted Don Fernando, Cardenio and the priest, what he should do in this emergency, telling them all that Don Luis had said. At last it was agreed, that Don Fernando should tell Don Luis's servants who he was, and that it was his desire Don Luis should go along with him to Andalusia, where he should be treated by the marquis his brother according to his quality and worth, for he well knew his intention

and resolution not to return just at that time into his father's presence, though they should tear him to pieces. When Don Fernando's quality and Don Luis's resolution were made known to the four servants, they determined among themselves that three of them should return to give his father an account of what had passed, and that the other should stay to wait upon Don Luis, and not leave him until the rest should come back for him, or until his father's orders should be known.

Thus this mass of contentions was appeased by the authority of Agramante and the prudence of king Sobrino. But the enemy of peace and concord, finding himself deluded and disappointed, and observing also how thin a crop he had gathered from that large field of confusion, resolved to try his hand once more, by contriving fresh brangles and disturbances.

The case was this. The archers, upon notice of the quality of those that had attacked them, had desisted and retreated from the fray, thinking that, let matters go how they would, they were likely to come off by the worst; but one of them, to wit he who had been kicked and mauled by Don Fernando, bethought himself that, among some warrants he had about him for apprehending certain delinquents, he had one against Don Quixote, whom the holy hermandad had ordered to be taken into custody for setting at liberty the galley slaves, as Sancho had very justly feared. Struck by this idea, he had a mind to be satisfied whether the person of Don Quixote answered to the description. He pulled a roll of parchment out of his bosom, presently found what he looked for, and, setting himself to read it leisurely, for he was no great clerk, at every word he spelled he fixed his eyes on Don Quixote, and then went on, comparing the marks in his warrant with the lines of Don Quixote's physiognomy. He found that, without doubt, he must be the person therein described. As soon as he had satisfied himself, rolling up the parchment and holding the warrant in his left hand, with his right he laid so fast hold of Don Quixote by the collar[239] that he did not suffer him to draw breath,

[239] The rules of the *santa-hermandad*, drawn up at Torrelaguna, in 1485, granted

crying out aloud: "Help the holy hermandad! and that every body may see I require it in earnest, read this warrant, wherein it is expressly commanded to apprehend this highway-robber." The priest took the warrant, and found it all true that the archer had said, the marks agreeing exactly with Don Quixote. The latter, on finding himself so roughly handled by this scoundrel, his choler being mounted to the highest pitch, and all his joints trembling with rage, caught the archer by the throat as well as he could with both hands, and, had he not been rescued by his comrades, he had lost his life before Don Quixote had loosed his hold.

to its archers (*cuadrilleros*), a recompense of three thousand maravédis for the arrest of a malefactor guilty of a crime punishable with death; two thousand, when the criminal incurred corporeal punishment or imprisonment: and one thousand, when he could only be subjected to a pecuniary fine.

The inn-keeper, who was bound to aid and assist his brethren in office, ran immediately to his assistance. The hostess, seeing her husband again engaged in battle, raised her voice anew, and her daughter and Maritornes joined in the same tune, praying aid from Heaven and from the bystanders. Sancho, seeing what passed, said: "As God shall save me, my master says true concerning the enchantments of this castle, for it is impossible to live an hour in quiet in it." At length Don Fernando parted the archer and Don Quixote, and, to both their contents, unlocked their hands from the doublet collar of the one, and from the windpipe of the other. Nevertheless, the four archers did not desist from demanding their prisoner, and to have him bound and delivered up to them, for so the king's service, and that of the holy hermandad, required, in whose name they again demanded help and assistance in apprehending that common robber, footpad, and highwayman. Don Quixote smiled to hear these expressions, and, with great calmness, said: "Come hither, base and ill-born crew. Call ye it robbing on the highway to loose the chains of the captived, to set the imprisoned free, to succour the miserable, to raise the fallen and cast down, and to relieve the needy and distressed! Ah, scoundrel race! undeserving, by the meanness and baseness of your understandings, that Heaven should reveal to you the worth inherent in knight-errantry, or make you sensible of your own sin and ignorance in not reverencing the very shadow, and much more the presence, of any knight-errant whatever! Come hither, ye rogues in a troop, and not troopers, highwaymen with the license of the holy hermandad, tell me who is the blockhead that signed the warrant for apprehending such a knight-errant as I am? Who is he that he knows not that knights-errant are exempt from all judicial authority, that their sword is their law, their bravery their privileges, and their will their edicts? Who is the imbecile, I say again, that is ignorant that no patent of gentility contains so many privileges and exemptions as are acquired by the knight-errant the day he is dubbed, and gives himself up to the rigorous exercise of chivalry? What knight-errant ever paid custom, poll-tax, subsidy, quit-rent, porterage or ferry-boat?—What tailor ever brought in a bill for

making his clothes? What governor, that lodged him in his castle, ever made him pay a reckoning? What king did not seat him at his table? What damsel was not in love with him, and did not yield herself up to his whole pleasure and will? Lastly, what knight-errant has there ever been, is or shall be in the world, who has not courage singly to bestow four hundred bastinadoes on four hundred marauding archers that shall dare to present themselves before him?"

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH IS FINISHED THE NOTABLE ADVENTURE OF THE ARCHERS OF THE HOLY HERMANDAD, WITH THE GREAT FEROCITY OF OUR GOOD KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE[240].

THE priest, while Don Quixote was talking at this rate, was endeavouring to persuade the archers that Don Quixote was out of his wits, as they might easily perceive by what he did and said, and that they need not give themselves any farther trouble upon that subject, for, though they should apprehend and carry him away, they must soon release him, as being a madman. But the officer that had produced the warrant answered that it was no business of

[240] The adventure of the archers is related in the preceding chapter, and the following chapter bears the title which belongs to this: *Of the strange and unheard of manner in which Don Quixote de la Mancha was enchanted*, etc. This arrangement of the chapters, frequently faulty and incorrect, and the misplacement of the titles which the Spanish Academy has in some instances corrected, must doubtless be attributed to the first edition of the first part being printed, in the absence of the author, from disordered MSS.

his to judge of Don Quixote's madness; that all he had to do was to obey the orders of his superior, and that, when he had once secured him, they might set him free three hundred times if they pleased. "For all that," said the priest, "on this occasion you must not take him, nor do I think he will suffer himself to be taken." In effect, the priest said so much, and Don Quixote committed such extravagances, that the officers must have been more mad than he had they not discovered his infirmity. Therefore they judged it best to be quiet, and moreover to be mediators for making peace between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still continued their quarrel with great rancour. At last, as officers of justice, they compounded the matter, and arbitrated it in such a manner that both parties, if not entirely contented, at least remained somewhat satisfied, for they exchanged pannels, but not girths nor halters. As for Mambrino's helmet, the priest, underhand and unknown to Don Quixote, gave eight reals* for the basin, and the barber gave him a discharge in full, acquitting him of all fraud from thenceforth and for evermore, amen.

These two quarrels, as being the chief and of the greatest weight, being thus made up, it only remained that three of Don Luis's servants should be contented to return home, and leave one of their fellows behind to wait upon their master, whithersoever Don Fernando pleased to carry him. But fate less rigorous and fortune more propitious, began to pave the way and smooth the difficulties in favour of the lovers and heroes of the inn, so fortune would carry it quite through, and crown all with prosperous success. The servants were contented to do as Don Luis commanded, whereat Donna Clara was so highly pleased, that nobody could look in her face without discovering the joy of her heart. Zoraïda, though she did not understand all she saw, yet grew sad or cheerful in conformity to what she observed in their several countenances, especially that of her Spaniard, on whom her eyes were fixed and her soul depended. The inn-keeper, observing what recompense the priest had made the

* A dollar, about four shillings and eightpence.

barber, demanded Don Quixote's reckoning, with ample satisfaction for the damage done to the skins and the loss of his wine, swearing that neither Rocinante nor Sancho's ass should stir out of the inn until he should have been paid to the uttermost farthing. The priest pacified him, and Don Fernando paid him his demand, though the judge very generously offered to do so. Thus peace and quietness were completely restored, and the inn resembled no longer the discord of Agramante's camp, as Don Quixote had said, but peace itself, and the very tranquillity of Octavius Cæsar's days ; and it was the general opinion that all was owing to the good intention and great eloquence of the priest, and the incomparable liberality of Don Fernando.

When Don Quixote found himself freed and clear of so many quarrels both of his squire's and his own, he thought it was high time to pursue his journey and put an end to that grand adventure whereunto he had been called and elected. Therefore, being thus resolutely determined, he went and kneeled before Dorothea, who would not suffer him to speak a word until he stood up. Standing accordingly, in obedience to her command, he said: "It is a common saying, fair lady, that diligence is the mother of success ; and experience has shewn, in many and weighty matters, that the care of the solicitor brings the doubtful suit to a happy issue. But this truth is in nothing more evident than in matters of war, in which expedition and despatch prevent the designs of the enemy, and carry the victory before the adversary is in a posture to defend himself. All this I say, high and deserving lady, because our abode in this castle seems to me now no longer necessary, and may be so far prejudicial, that we may repent it one day ; for who knows but your enemy the giant may, by secret and diligent spies, get intelligence of my coming to destroy him, and taking advantage of the opportunity we are now giving him, may fortify himself in some impregnable castle or fortress, against which my industry, and the force of my unwearied arm, may little avail, Therefore, sovereign lady, let us prevent, as I have said, his design by our diligence, and let us depart quickly in the name of good-fortune,

which you can want no longer than I delay to encounter your enemy."

Here Don Quixote was silent, and said no more, expecting with great sedateness the answer of the beautiful infanta. The latter, with the air of a princess, and in a style accommodated to that of Don Quixote, answered in these terms: "I am obliged to you, Sir Knight, for the inclination you shew to favour me in my great need, like a true knight, whose office and employment it is to succour orphans and the distressed. And Heaven grant that your desire and mine be soon accomplished, in order that you may see there are some grateful women in the world. As to my departure let it take place instantly, for I have no will but yours. Dispose of me at your own pleasure; she who has once committed the defence of her person and the restoration of her dominions into your hands, must not contradict whatever your wisdom shall direct."—"In the name of God," quoth Don Quixote, "since a princess humbles herself before me, I will not lose the opportunity of exalting her, and setting her on the throne of her ancestors. Let us depart instantly, for I am spurred on by the eagerness of my desire and the length of the journey, and it is said that delays are dangerous. Since Heaven has not created, nor hell seen any danger that can daunt or affright me, hasten, Sancho, to saddle Rocinante and get ready your ass and her majesty's palfrey; let us take our leaves of the governor of the castle and of these nobles, and depart hence this instant."

Sancho, who was present all the while, said, shaking his head from side to side: "Ah master, master, there are more tricks in a town than a beadle dreams of, with respect to the honourable coifs be it spoken."—"What tricks can there be to my discredit in any town, or in all the towns in the world, thou bumpkin?" said Don Quixote. "If your worship puts yourself into a passion," answered Sancho, "I will hold my tongue and forbear to say what I am bound to tell as a faithful squire, and what a dutiful servant ought to tell his master."—"Say what you will," replied Don Quixote, "so your words tend not to making me afraid; if you are afraid, you do but like yourself; and if I am not afraid, I do like

myself."—"Nothing of all this, as I am a sinner to God," answered Sancho; "only that I am sure and positively certain that this lady, who calls herself queen of the great kingdom Micomicon, is no more a queen than my mother. For, were she what she pretends to be, she would not be nuzzling, at every turn and in every corner, with somebody that is in the company." Dorothea's colour came at what Sancho said, it being true indeed that her spouse Don Fernando, now and then, by stealth, had snatched with his lips an earnest of that reward his affection deserved. Sancho having observed this, he thought this freedom more becoming a lady of pleasure than the queen of so vast a kingdom. Dorothea neither could nor would answer Sancho a word, but let him go on: "I say this, Sir," he added, "because, supposing that, after we have travelled through thick and thin, after we have passed many bad nights and worse days, a certain person who is now solacing himself in this inn shall come to reap the fruit of our labours, why need I be in such haste to saddle Rocinante, and to get the ass and the palfrey ready? We had better be quiet, and let every drab mind her spinning, and let us to dinner."

Oh Heavens! how great was the indignation of Don Quixote at hearing his squire speak thus disrespectfully! it was so great that, with living fire darting from his eyes, he cried, in a voice of thunder, and almost choked with rage and indignation: "Scoundrel! designing, unmannerly, ignorant, ill-spoken, foul-mouthed, impudent, murmuring and calumniating blasphemer! How darest thou utter such words in my presence, and in the presence of these illustrious ladies? How hast thou dared to entertain such rude and insolent thoughts in thy stupid imagination? Avoid my presence, monster of nature, treasury of lies, magazine of deceits, storehouse of rogueries, inventor of mischiefs, publisher of absurdities, and enemy of the respect due to royal personages; begone, appear not before me on pain of my indignation." Saying this, he arched his brows, puffed his cheeks, stared round about him, and gave a violent stamp with his right foot on the floor; all manifest tokens of the rage that gnawed his vitals. At those words, at those furious gestures, Sancho was so frightened that he would have been glad

if the earth had opened that very instant and swallowed him. He knew not what to do but to turn his back, and slink out of the presence of his enraged master. But the discreet Dorothea, who now so perfectly understood Don Quixote's humour, said, to pacify his wrath: "Be not offended, good Sir Knight of the sorrowful Figure, at the follies your good squire has uttered; perhaps he has not said them without some ground, nor can it be suspected, considering his good understanding and christian conscience, that he would slander, or bear false witness against any body. Therefore we must believe, without all doubt, that since, as you yourself state, Sir Knight, all things in this castle fall out in the way of enchantment, perhaps Sancho, by means of this diabolical illusion, may have seen what he says he saw so much to the prejudice of my honour."—"By the omnipotent God I swear," quoth Don Quixote, "your grandeur has hit the mark. Yes, some wicked apparition must have appeared to this sinner, and have made him see what was impossible for him to see except by way of enchantment. I am too well assured of the simplicity and innocence of this unhappy wretch, to think that he knows how to invent a slander on any body."—"So it is, and so it shall be," said Don Fernando; "wherefore, Signor Don Quixote, you ought to pardon him, and restore him to the bosom of your favour, *sicut erat in principio*, before these illusions shall have turned his brain." Don Quixote having answered that he pardoned him, the priest went for Sancho, who came in very humbly, and, falling down on his knees, begged his master's hand. Don Quixote allowed him to take it, and, after he had let him kiss it, he gave him his blessing, saying: "Now you will be thoroughly convinced, son Sancho, of what I have often told you before, that all things in this castle are done by way of enchantment."—"I believe so too," quoth Sancho; "excepting the business of the blanket, which really fell out in the ordinary way."—"Do not believe anything of the kind," answered Don Quixote: "were it so, I would have revenged you at that time and even now. But neither could I then, nor can I now find on whom to revenge the injury." They all desired to know what that business of the blanket was, and the inn-keeper gave them a very

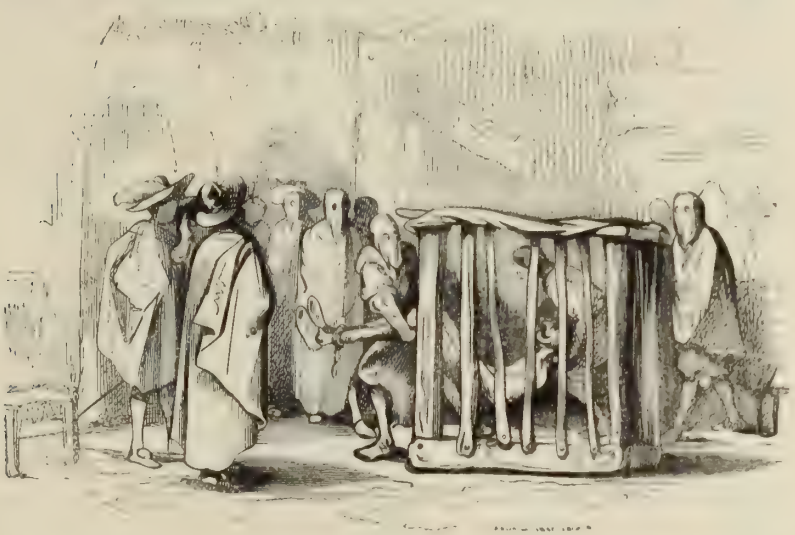
circumstantial account of Sancho Panza's aerial voyages, at which they were not a little diverted, and at which Sancho would have been no less angry, if his master had not assured him afresh that it was all enchantment. Still Sancho's folly never rose so high as to believe that it was not downright truth, without any mixture of illusion or deceit, being convinced that he had been tossed in the blanket by persons of flesh and blood, and not by imaginary or visionary phantoms, as his master supposed and affirmed.

Two days had already passed since all this illustrious company had been in the inn, and thinking it now time to depart, they contrived how, without giving Dorothea and Don Fernando the trouble of going back with Don Quixote to his village, under pretence of restoring the queen of Micomicon, the priest and the barber might conduct him there, as they desired, and endeavour to get him cured of his madness at home. They agreed with a waggoner

who chanced to pass by with his team of oxen, to carry the knight in the following manner: they made a kind of cage with poles, disposed cross-wise, capacious enough to contain Don Quixote at his ease; then, immediately, Don Fernando and his companions, Don Luis's servants, and the archers of the holy hermandad, all, by the contrivance and direction of the priest, covered their faces, and disguised themselves, some one way, some another, so as to appear to Don Quixote to be quite other persons than those he had seen in that castle. This being done, with the greatest silence they entered the room where Don Quixote lay fast asleep, little dreaming of any such accident. Stealthily approaching his bed, and laying fast hold of him, they bound him hand and foot, so that when the

poor knight awakened with a start, he could not stir, nor do any thing but look around and wonder, to see such strange visages about him. Presently he fell into the usual conceit that his disordered imagination was perpetually presenting to him; he persuaded himself that all these shapes were goblins of that enchanted castle, and that, without all doubt, he must be enchanted, since he could neither stir nor defend himself. This was precisely as the priest, the projector of this stratagem, fancied it would fall out.

Sancho alone, of all that were present, was in his perfect senses, and in his own figure; and, though he wanted but little of being infected with his master's disease, yet he was not at a loss to know who all these counterfeit goblins were. But he durst not open his lips until he saw how this arrest and imprisonment of his master was to terminate. Neither did the knight utter a word, waiting to see the issue of his disgrace. This issue was, that bringing the cage



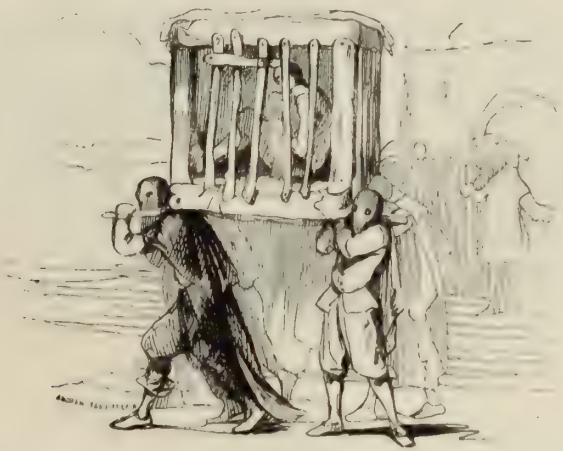
to his bed, they shut him up in it, and nailed the bars so fast that it was impossible to break them open. They then hoisted him on their shoulders, and, as they bore him out of the room, a voice was heard, as dreadful as the barber, not he of the pannel, but the other, could command, saying:

"O Knight of the sorrowful Figure! let not the confinement you are under afflict you; it is expedient it should be so for the more speedy accomplishment of the adventure in which your great valour has engaged you, which adventure shall be finished when the furious Manchegan lion shall be coupled with the white Tobosian dove, after having submitted their stately necks to the soft yoke of Hymen. From that unheard-of union shall spring into the light of the world, brave lion-cubs who shall emulate the tearing claws of their valorous sire. This shall come to pass before the god who pursues the fugitive nymph shall have made two rounds to visit the bright constellations, in his rapid and natural course.—And thou, O most noble and obedient squire that ever had sword in belt, beard on face and smell in nostrils, be not thou dismayed nor afflicted to see the flower of knight-errantry carried thus away before thine eyes. 'Ere long, if it so please the fabricator of the world, thou shalt see thyself so exalted and sublimated that thou shalt not know thyself, and shalt see accomplished the promises made thee by thy noble lord. I even assure thee, in the name of the sage Liaria *, that thy wages shall be punctually paid thee, as thou wilt see in effect. Follow therefore the footsteps of the valorous and enchanted knight, for it is expedient for you to go where ye may both rest: and, since I am permitted to say no more, God be with you; I return I well know whither." Finishing the prophecy, the prophet raised his voice very high, and then sunk it by degrees with so soft an accent, that even they who were in the secret of the jest were almost ready to believe that what they had heard was true.

Don Quixote remained much comforted by the prophecy he had heard, for he perfectly understood the whole signification thereof. He comprehended that it promised he should be joined in holy and lawful wedlock with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose happy womb should issue the whelps, his sons, to the everlasting honour of La Mancha. Firmly persuaded of the truth of what he had just heard, he raised his voice, and, fetching a deep sigh, said: "O thou, whoever thou art, who hast prognosticated me so much good, I beseech thee to entreat on my behalf the sage enchanter who has the charge of my affairs that he suffer me not to perish in

* In the original, *Mentironiana*, a word coined from *mentira*, a lie.

this prison wherein I am now carried, and if I see accomplished those joyous and incomparable promises now made me, I shall account the pains of my imprisonment glory, the chains with which I am bound refreshment, and this couch whereon I am laid, far from seeming a hard field of battle, shall be to me as a soft bridal bed of down. As touching the consolation of Sancho Panza, my squire, I have too much confidence in his goodness and integrity to fear that he will forsake me in good or evil fortune; though it should fall out, through his or my evil destiny, that I should not be able to give him the long promised island, or something equivalent, at least he shall not lose his wages, since in my will, which is already made, I have declared what shall be given him, not indeed proportionable to his many and good services, but according to my own poor means." Hereupon, Sancho Panza bowed with great respect, and kissed both his master's hands: one alone he could not, they being both tied together. Then the goblins took the cage on their shoulders, and placed it on the ox-waggon [241].



[241] The play composed by Don Guillen de Castro, the original author of *the Cid*, on the adventures of Don Quixote, and which appeared between the publication of the first and second parts of the romance of Cervantes, concludes with this enchantment and prophecy. In his play, Guillen de Castro has introduced the principal episodes of the romance, but with a slight variation. Don Fernando is the eldest son of the duke, and Cardenio a simple peasant: and in the end it is discovered that they have been changed in their infancy, which renders the denoûment more probable, for Don Fernando, become a peasant, marries the peasant Dorothea, and the noble lady Lucinda marries Cardenio, discovered to be a nobleman.

CHAPTER XX.

OF THE STRANGE AND UNHEARD-OF MANNER IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA WAS ENCHANTED, WITH OTHER REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES [242].

EFT cooped up in this manner, the cage being placed upon the ox-waggon, Don Quixote thus spoke: "Many and most grave histories have I read of knights-errant, but I never read, saw or heard of enchanted knights being carried away after this manner, so slowly as the tread of these lazy, heavy animals seem to promise. In effect, they are always used to be carried through the air with wonderful speed, wrapped up in some dark cloud, or seated in a chariot of fire, or mounted upon some hippogriff. But to be carried upon a waggon drawn by a team of oxen, by Heaven

[242] Vide note 240 at the beginning of the preceding chapter.

it puts me to confusion. But it may be that the chivalry and enchantments of these our times, may have taken a different turn from those of the ancients; perhaps also, as I am a new knight in the world, and the first who has revived the long-forgotten exercise of knight-errantry, there may have been lately invented other kinds of enchantments and other methods of carrying away the enchanted. What think you of this, son Sancho?"—"I do not know what I think," answered Sancho, "not being so well read as your worship in scriptures-errant; but I dare affirm and swear that these hobgoblins here about us are not altogether catholic."—"Catholic indeed!" cried Don Quixote; "how can they be catholics, seeing that they are so many devils who have assumed fantastic shapes on purpose to come

and put me into this state? And if you would be convinced of this, touch them and feel them, and you will find they have no bodies but of air, consisting in nothing but appearance only."—"Before God, Sir," replied Sancho, "I have already touched them; this devil, for example, who is so very busy here about us, is as plump as a partridge, and has another property very different from what

people say your devils are wont to have; for, as I have heard say, they all smell of brimstone and other worse scents; but this spark smells of amber at half a league's distance." Sancho spoke of Don Fernando, who, being a cavalier of quality, must have smelt as the squire had hinted. "Wonder not at it, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "for you must know that the devils are a knowing sort of people, and, supposing they do carry perfumes about them, they have no scents in themselves, because they are spirits, or if they do smell, it can be of nothing but stinking exhalations. The reason is simple: it is because, let them go where they will, they carry their hell about them, and can experience no kind of diminution of their torments; on the other hand, a perfume being a thing delightful and pleasing, it is impossible they should smell of so good a thing. If you think that this devil smells of amber, either you deceive yourself, or he would deceive you, that you might not take him for a devil."

This discourse passed between the master and the man. But Don Fernando and Cardenio, fearing lest Sancho should discover their plot, he being already on the scent and pretty far advanced towards it, resolved to hasten their departure. Calling the innkeeper aside, they ordered him to saddle Rocinante and pannel the ass, which he did with great expedition. At the same time, the curate struck a bargain with the archers of the holy hermandad that, for so much a day, they should accompany Don Quixote home to his village. Cardenio took care to hang the buckler on one side, and the basin on the other, of the pommel of Rocinante's saddle; he made signs to Sancho to mount his ass and take Rocinante by the bridle, and then placed the two archers with their arquebuses on each side of the waggon. But, before the waggon moved forward, the hostess, her daughter and Maritornes came out to take their leaves of Don Quixote, pretending to shed tears of grief at his misfortune. Don Quixote said to them: "Weep not, excellent ladies; these kinds of mishaps are incident to my honourable profession; and, if such calamities did not befall me, I should not take myself for a knight-errant of any considerable fame; in effect, such accidents as these never happen to

knights of little name and reputation, and nobody in the world thinks of them at all; to the valorous indeed they often fall out, for many princes and other knights, envious of their extraordinary virtue and courage, are constantly endeavouring, by indirect ways, to destroy them. Notwithstanding this, so powerful is virtue that of herself alone, and in spite of all the necromancy that its first inventor Zoroaster ever knew, she will come off victorious from every encounter, and spread her lustre round the world, as the sun does over the Heavens. Pardon me, all-amiable ladies, if I have, through inadvertency, done you any displeasure, for willingly and knowingly I never offended any body. Pray to God to vouchsafe to deliver me from these bonds which some evil-minded enchanter has cast upon me. If ever I find myself at liberty, I shall not forget the favours you have done me in this castle, but shall acknowledge and requite them as they deserve."

While this scene was passing between the ladies of the castle and

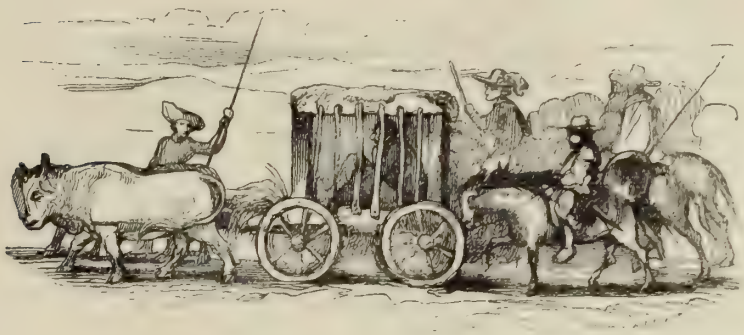
Don Quixote, the priest and the barber took their leave of Don Fernando and his companions, and of the captain and his brother the judge, and of all the now happy ladies, especially of Dorothea and Lucinda. They all embraced, promising to give each other an account of their future fortunes. Don Fernando gave the curate directions where to write to him to acquaint him with what should become of Don Quixote, assuring him that nothing would afford him greater pleasure than to know it. He promised, on his part, to inform him of whatever might amuse or interest him, in relation to his own marriage, and to the baptizing of Zoraïda, as also concerning the issue of Don Luis's adventure, and Lucinda's return to her parents. The priest promised to perform all that was desired of him with the utmost punctuality. They again embraced, and renewed their mutual offers of service.

The inn-keeper came to the priest, and gave him some papers, telling him he found them in the lining of the portmanteau in which the novel of the *Curious Impertinent* was found. "Since the owner," he added, "has never come to reclaim them, you may take them all with you: as I cannot read, I have no desire to keep them." The priest thanked him, and, having unrolled the papers, he saw at the head of them this title: *The Novel of Rinconete and Cortadillo*, whence he concluded it must be some tale; and, because that of the *Curious Impertinent* had appeared to him to be a good one, he imagined that this must be so too, it being probable they were both written by the same author[243]. Therefore he kept it, with a design to read it when he had an opportunity.

Then the curate and his friend the barber mounted on horseback with their masks on, that Don Quixote might not know them, and took their places in the procession behind the ox-waggon, the order of the cavalcade being as follows: first marched the waggon, guided by the waggoner; on each side went the archers with their firelocks, as has been said; then followed Sancho upon his ass, leading

[243] It is, in fact, by Cervantes, and was first published in his collection of *Example Novels*, in 1613. It is the best, not only of those that he called *jocose* (*jocosas*), but according to the universal opinion of Spain, of all his Novels, including those that he termed *serious* (*serias*).

Rocinante by the bridle; the priest and the barber brought up the



rear on their puissant mules, their faces masked, with a grave and solemn air, travelling no faster than the slow pace of the oxen allowed. Don Quixote sat very passively in the cage, with his hands tied, his legs stretched out, leaning against the bars, with as much patience and silence as if he had not been a man of flesh and blood, but a statue of stone.

Having thus slowly and silently proceeded about two leagues, they came to a valley which the waggoner thought a convenient place for resting and baiting his cattle. He informed the priest of his purpose, but the barber was of opinion that they should travel a little farther, saying that behind a rising ground not far on, there was a vale that afforded more and much better grass than that in which they had a mind to stop. They took the barber's advice, and the cavalcade again set forward. The priest at this moment happening to turn his head about, he perceived behind six or seven horsemen, well mounted and accoutred. The latter soon came up with them, for they travelled, not with the phlegm and slowness of the oxen, but as persons mounted on ecclesiastical mules, and in haste to arrive quickly and take their siesta at an inn which appeared not a league off.

The speedy accordingly overtook the slow, and the companies saluted each other courteously. But one of the new comers, who,

in short, was a canon of Toledo, and master of the rest, observing the orderly procession of the waggon, the troopers, Sancho, Rocinante, the curate and the barber, and especially Don Quixote imprisoned in his cage, could not forbear enquiring what was the meaning of carrying that man in that manner. However, he already guessed, by seeing the badges of the holy hermandad, that he must be some notorious highway robber, or other criminal, the punishment of whom belonged to that fraternity. One of the archers, to whom the question was put, answered thus: "Sir, if you would know the meaning of this gentleman's going in this manner, let him tell you himself, for we know nothing of the matter." Don Quixote overheard the discourse, and said: "If perchance, gentlemen, you are versed and skilled in matters of chivalry, I will acquaint you with my misfortunes; if not, I need not trouble myself to recount them." By this time, the priest and the barber, perceiving the travellers were in discourse with Don Quixote, were come close up, in order to be ready to give such answers as might prevent the discovery of their plot. The canon, in answer to what Don Quixote said, replied: "In truth, brother, I am more conversant in books of chivalry than in doctor Villalpando's[244] elements of logic. If therefore, that be all, you may safely communicate to me whatever you please."—"With Heaven's permission," replied Don Quixote, "you must understand, Signor cavalier, that I am enchanted in this cage by the envy and fraud of wicked necromancers, for virtue is more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the good. A knight-errant I am, not one whose name fame has forgotten to eternize, but one of those who, in spite of envy itself, in spite of all the magi of Persia, the brachmans of India, and the gymnosophists of Ethiopia[245], shall enrol his name in the temple of immortality, to serve as an example and mirror of future ages, in which knights-errant may see the track they are to follow if they are ambitious of

[244] Gaspar Cardillo de Villalpando, who was distinguished at the council of Thirty, is the author of a scholastic work, very much esteemed in its time, intituled *Sumas de las sumulas.* Alcala, 1557.

[245] Pliny and all the ancient geographers have placed the gymnosophists in India. But a blunder may be excused, coming from Don Quixote.

reaching the honourable summit and pinnacle of arms."—"Signor Don Quixote says the truth," interrupted the curate at this moment. "He goes enchanted in this waggon, not through his own fault or demerit, but through the malice of those to whom virtue is odious and courage offensive. In a word, Sir, this is the *Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*, if ever you have heard him spoken of, whose valorous exploits and heroic deeds shall be written on solid brass and everlasting marble, whatever pains envy may take to obscure and malice to conceal them."

When the canon heard the prisoner and him that was at liberty both talk in such a style, he was ready to cross himself with amazement; he could not imagine what had befallen him, and all his followers were in equal astonishment. At this moment, Sancho Panza, who had approached them to listen to their discourse, to set all to rights, said: "Look ye, gentlemen, let it be well or ill taken, I will out with the truth of the case, which is that my master Don Quixote is just as much enchanted as my mother. He is in his perfect senses, he eats, drinks and talks like other men, and as he did yesterday before they cooped him up. This being the case, do you attempt to persuade me he is enchanted? I have heard many people say that persons enchanted neither eat, sleep nor speak, and my master, if nobody thwarts him, will talk more than thirty barristers." Turning his eyes on the curate, Sancho added: "Ah! master priest, master priest, do you think I do not know you? Think you that I do not perceive and guess what these new enchantments drive at? Let me tell you I know you, though you disguise your face so well, know that I understand you, though you manage your contrivances so slyly. In short, virtue cannot live where envy reigns, nor liberality subsist with avarice. In spite of the devil, had it not been for your reverence, my master had been married by this time to the infanta Micomicona, and I should have been an earl at least, for less could not be expected, as well from the generosity of my master *of the Sorrowful Figure*, as for the greatness of my services. But I find nothing more true than the proverb that the wheel of fortune turns swifter than a mill-wheel, and that they who were yesterday at the top are to-day on

the ground. I am grieved for my poor wife and children, for when they might reasonably expect to see their father come home a governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, they will see him return a mere groom. All this that I have said, master priest, is only intended to put your paternity in mind to make a conscience of the evil treatment of my master. Take heed that God does not call you to an account in the next life for this imprisonment of my lord, and require at your hands all those succours and all the good he might have done during this time of his confinement."—"Snuff me these candles!" quoth the barber when Sancho had got so far. "What, Sancho, are you also of your master's fraternity? As God shall save me, I begin to think you are likely to keep him company in the cage, and be as much enchanted as he, for your share of his humour and his chivalry. In an evil hour were you with child by his promises, and in an evil hour the island you so long for entered into your pate."—"I am not with child by any body," answered Sancho, "nor am I a man to be got with child by the best king that may be; and though I am a poor man, I am an old Christian; and I owe nobody any thing: and if I covet islands, there are others who covet worse things; and every one is the son of his own works; and since I am a man, I may come to be pope, and much more easily governor of an island, especially when my master may win so many that he may be at a loss on whom to bestow them. Pray, take heed what you say, master barber; for shaving off beards is not all, and there is some difference between Pedro and Pedro. I say this because we know one another, and there is no putting false dice upon me. Touching my master's enchantment, God knows the truth, and let us leave the dung in the corner, for it is the worse for stirring."

The barber would not answer Sancho, lest, by his simplicity, he should discover what he and the priest took so much pains to conceal. For the same reason the priest desired the canon to get on a little before, and he would let him into the secret of the encaged gentleman, with other particulars that would divert him. The canon did so, and rode on before with his servants, listening to all the priest had to tell him of the quality, manner of life and customs of Don Quixote. The curate recounted to him briefly the

beginning and cause of his distraction, with the whole progress of his adventures up to the putting him into the cage, and the design they had to carry him home and try if by any means they might find a cure for his madness. The canon and his domestics were not a little astonished to hear the strange history of Don Quixote, and, when he had heard it all: "Truly, Sir," said the canon, "I am convinced that those they call books of chivalry are prejudicial to the commonweal. Though, led away by an idle and false taste, I have read the beginning of almost all that are printed, I could never prevail on myself to read any of them to the end, because to me they appear to be all of the same stamp, and this to have no more in it than that, nor that than the other. In my opinion, moreover, this kind of writing and composition falls under the denomination of the fables they call Milesian, that is to say extravagant stories, tending only to please and not to instruct, quite contrary to the moral fables which at the same time both delight and instruct. Though the principal end of such books is to please, I know not how they can attain it, being stuffed with so many and such monstrous absurdities. The pleasure, the delight conceived in the mind, must proceed from the beauty and harmony it sees or contemplates in the things which the sight or the imagination sets before it; and nothing in itself ugly or deformed can afford any real satisfaction. In truth, what beauty can there be, or what proportion of the parts to the whole and of the whole to the parts, in a book or fable in which a youth of sixteen years hews down with his sword a giant as big as a steeple, and splits him in two as if he were made of gingerbread? And when they would give us a description of a battle, after having said that on the enemies' side there are a million of combatants, let but the hero of the book be against them, we must, in necessity and in despite of our teeth, believe that such or such a knight carried the victory by the single valour of his strong arm. What shall we say to that facility with which a queen or an empress throws herself into the arms of an errant and unknown knight? What genius, if not entirely barbarous and uncultivated, can be satisfied with reading that a vast tower full of knights scuds through the sea like a ship before the wind;

that over-night she quits the coast of Lombardy, and the next morning arrives at the shores of the country of Prester John in the Indies, or in some other that Ptolemy never discovered, nor Marco Paolo [246] ever saw? If it should be answered that the authors of such books write them professedly as lies, and therefore are not obliged to stand upon niceties or truth, I reply that the more closely fiction resembles truth the better it is, and pleases so much the more by how much the less it has of the doubtful and impossible. Fables should be suited to the reader's understanding; they should be so contrived that, by facilitating the impossible, lowering the vast and keeping the mind in suspense, they may at once surprise, delight and entertain, in such sort that admiration and pleasure may be united and go hand in hand. All this cannot be performed by him who pays no regard to probability and imitation, in which the perfection of writing consists. I have never yet seen a book of chivalry which makes a complete body of fable with all its members, so that the middle corresponds to the beginning, and the end to the beginning and middle. On the contrary, they are composed of so many members that the authors seem rather to design a chimera or monster, than to intend a well-proportioned figure. Besides all this, their style is harsh, their exploits incredible, their amours lascivious, their civility impertinent, their battles tedious, their reasonings foolish and their voyages extravagant, and lastly, they are devoid of all ingenious artifice, and therefore deserve to be banished the Christian commonwealth as an unprofitable race of people."

Our curate listened to the canon very attentively, took him to be a man of good understanding, and correct in all he had said. Therefore he made answer that, being of the same opinion, and bearing an old grudge to books of chivalry, he had burnt all those belonging to Don Quixote, which were not a few. Then he gave him an account of the scrutiny he had made, telling him which of

[246] It is well known that this famous Venetian traveller, returned from India and a prisoner of the Genoese in 1298, drew up, by the assistance of Eustache de Pise, his companion in captivity, an account of his travels. His account was translated into Spain by the *maestre* Rodrigo de Santaella. Seville, 1518.

them he had condemned to the fire, and which he had reprieved, at which the canon laughed heartily, and continued: "Notwithstanding all the ill I have spoken of such books, I acknowledge that there is one thing good in them: the subject they present for a good genius to display itself. In effect, they afford a large and ample field, in which the pen may expatiate without any let or incumbrance, describing shipwrecks, tempests, encounters and battles; delineating a valiant captain with all the qualifications requisite to make him such, shewing his prudence in preventing the stratagems of his enemy, his eloquence in persuading or dissuading his soldiers, mature in council, prompt in execution, equally brave in expecting as in attacking the enemy. The author may here set forth a sad and tragical accident, there a joyful and unexpected event; here a most beautiful lady, modest, discreet and reserved; there, a Christian

gentleman, valiant and courteous; now, an impertinent and barbarous braggadocio; then, an affable, valiant and good-natured prince; he may describe the goodness and loyalty of subjects, the greatness and generosity of nobles; he may shew himself an excellent astronomer or geographer, a musician, or a statesman; and, if he pleases, opportunities will not be wanting for him to shew himself a necromancer[247]. He may successively set forth the subtilty of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the bravery of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the treachery of Sinon, the friendship of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the valour of Cæsar, the clemency and probity of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the wisdom of Cato, and finally all those actions which may serve to make an illustrious person perfect, sometimes placing them in one person alone, then

[247] Like Tasso, in the description of the enchantments of Ismene and Armida.

dividing them among many. This being written in a smooth and agreeable style, and with ingenious invention, approaching as nearly as possible to truth, the author will have wove a web of such various and beautiful contexture that, his work being finished, the perfection and excellency thereof will attain to the ultimate end of writing, both to instruct and delight. Effectively, the unconfined way of writing these books gives an author room to shew his skill in epic, lyric, tragedy and comedy with all the parts included in the sweet and charming sciences of poetry and oratory, for the epic may be written as well in prose as in verse* [248].

* Fenelon possibly wrote his Telemachus upon this hint: at least it is an example of the assertion.

[248] Cervantes gave his opinion on the latter point long before the appearance of *Télémaque* gave birth to the memorable discussion.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH THE CANON PROSECUTES THE SUBJECT OF BOOKS OF CHIVALRY, WITH OTHER MATTERS WORTHY OF HIS GENIUS.

VERILY it is as you say, Signor canon," quoth the curate, "and for this reason those who have hitherto composed such books are the more to blame, proceeding, as they do without any regard to good sense or art, or to those rules by the observation of which they might become as famous in prose as the two princes of the Greek and Latin poetry are in verse."—"I myself," replied the canon, "have been tempted to write a book of knight-errantry, in which I purpose to observe all the restrictions I have mentioned. To confess the truth, I have gone through above a hundred sheets of it; and, to try whether they answered my own good opinion of them, I communicated them to some learned and judicious persons who are very fond of this kind of reading, and to other persons who are ignorant, and regard only the pleasure of reading extravagances,

I met with a kind approbation from all of them. Nevertheless, I would proceed no farther, as well in regard that I looked upon it as a thing foreign to my profession, as because the number of the unwise is greater than that of the prudent; and though it is better to be praised by the few wise, than mocked by a multitude of fools, yet I am unwilling to expose myself to the confused judgment of the giddy vulgar, to whose lot the reading such books for the most part falls. But what chiefly induced me to lay it aside and think no more of finishing it, was an argument I formed to myself deduced from the modern comedies that are daily represented. 'If the comedies now-a-days in fashion,' said I to myself, 'whether fictitious or historical, are all or most of them known absurdities, and things without head or tail; if, notwithstanding, the vulgar take a pleasure in listening to them, maintain and approve them for good, when they are so far from being so; if the authors who compose and the actors who represent them say that such they must be, because the people will have them so; that those which are regular and carry on the plot according to the rules of art serve only for four men of sense who understand them, while all the rest are at a loss to appreciate their merit, and that for their part it is better to get bread by the many, than reputation by the few; thus it would fare with my book, after I shall have burnt my eye-brows with poring to follow the aforesaid precepts, and I should get nothing but the privilege of sharing the fate of the tailor of Campillo, who sewed for nothing and found thread himself.' I have often endeavoured to convince the actors of their mistake, that they would draw more company and gain more credit by acting plays written according to art than by such extravagant pieces; yet are they so attached and wedded to their own opinion that no reason, nor even demonstration, can wrest it from them. I remember one day saying to one of these headstrong fellows: 'Do you not remember that a few years ago there were three tragedies acted in Spain, composed by a famous poet of this kingdom, which were such that they delighted and raised the admiration of all who saw them, as well the ignorant as the judicious, as well the vulgar as the better sort, and that they got the players more money than any thirty of the best that have been

written since?'—'Doubtless,' answered the author I speak of, 'your worship means the *Isabella*, the *Philis* and the *Alexandra*[249]?' 'The same,' replied I. 'They carefully observed the rules of art; pray tell me whether that hindered them from appearing what they really were, and from pleasing all the world? Hence it is clear that the fault is not in the people's coveting absurdities, but in those who know not how to exhibit any thing better. There is nothing absurd in the play of *Ingratitude revenged*, in the *Numancia*, in the *Amorous Merchant*, much less in the *Fair favourable enemy*[250], nor in some others composed by ingenious and judicious poets to their own fame and renown and to the advantage of their performers.' To these I added other reasons at which I fancied he was somewhat confounded, but not sufficiently convinced to make him retract his erroneous opinion."—"Signor canon," said then the priest, "you have touched upon a subject which has awakened in me an old grudge I bear to the comedies now in vogue, equal to that I have against books of chivalry. Whereas comedy, according to the opinion of Cicero, ought to be a mirror of human life, an exemplar of manners and an image of truth, those that are represented now-a-days are mirrors of inconsistency, patterns of folly and images of wantonness. Effectively, what greater absurdity can there be in the subject we are treating of than for a child to appear in the first scene of the first act in swaddling clothes, and enter, in the second, a grown man with a beard[251]? What can be more ridiculous than to draw the character of an old man valiant, a young man a coward, a footman a rhetorician, a page a privy councillor, a king a water-carrier, and a princess a scullion? Then what shall we say to their observance of the time and place in which the actions they represent

[249] These three pieces are by Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola, who, like his brother Bartholemo, succeeded better in lyric poetry than in dramatic. The *Isabella* and the *Alexandra* are to be found in the sixth volume of the *Parnaso Espanol* of Don Juan Lopez Sedano. The *Filis* is lost.

[250] *Ingratitude Revenged* (*la Ingratitud vengada*) is by Lope de Vega; the *Numancia* by Cervantes himself; *the Amorous Merchant* (*el Mercader amante*), by Gaspar de Aguilar, and *the Fair Favourable Enemy* (*la Enemiga Favorable*) by the canon Francisco Tarraga.

[251] As is the case in several of Lope de Vega's pieces, *Urson y Valentino*, *los Porceles de Murcia*, *el Primer rey de Castilla*, etc.

are supposed to have happened? Have I not seen a certain comedy, the first act of which was laid in Europe, the second in Asia, the third in Africa: and had there been four acts, the fourth would doubtless have concluded in America, so that the play would have taken in all the four parts of the world [252]? If historical imitation

[252] This is within a hair's breadth of applying equally to several of Lope de Vega's dramas, *el Nuevo mundo descubierto por Cristoval Colon*, *el rey Bamba*, *las cuentas del grand Capitan*, *la Doncella Teodor*, etc.

be the principal thing required in comedy, how is it possible any tolerable understanding can endure to see an action which passed in the time of king Pepin or Charlemagne ascribed to the emperor Heraclius, who is introduced carrying the cross into Jerusalem, or recovering the holy sepulchre from the Saracens, like Godfrey of Bouillon, numberless years having passed between these actions[253]? If, on the contrary, the comedy be grounded upon a fiction, are we not compelled to see real historical events worked up with a mixture of facts relating to different persons and times, and all this with no appearance of probability, but full of manifest and altogether inexcusable errors? The worst of it is, that some are so besotted as to call this perfection, and to say that all beside is mere pedantry. What shall I say of the comedies upon divine subjects[254]? How many false miracles do they invent, what apocryphal events do they not depict, ascribing to one saint the miracles of another! Even in the plays upon profane subjects, the authors take upon them to work miracles for no other reason but because they think such a miracle will do well, and make a figure in such a place, that ignorant people may admire and flock to see the comedy. Certes, all this is to the prejudice of truth, to the discredit of history, and even to the reproach of our Spanish writers; for foreigners, who observe the laws of comedy with great punctuality, take us for barbarous and ignorant, seeing the absurdities and extravagances of those we write[255]. It would not be a sufficient excuse to say that the principal object of well organized governments, in permitting stage-plays to be acted, is that the populace may be entertained

[253] Lope de Vega had done better still in the comedy *la Limpieza no manchada* (*Purity without a stain*). In it figured king David, the holy Job, the prophet Jeremiah, Saint John the Baptist, Saint Bridget, and the university of Salamanca.

[254] Or *Autos sacramentales*. Lope de Vega made about four hundred of them : *San Francisco, san Nicolas, san Augustin, san Roque, san Antonio*, etc.

[255] I am not quite clear (says M. Viardot in a note,) on what Cervantes founded his eulogy of the foreign drama. The Italians had only *the Mandrake* and the pieces of Trissin ; the French theatre was as yet in its infancy ; the German drama was not even in existence, and Shakspeare, the only grand dramatic author of the age, certainly did not pique himself on that classic elegance which would authorize foreigners to condemn as barbarous the taste of the admirers of Lope de Vega.

with some innocent recreation, and to divert the ill-humours which idleness is wont to produce; that since this end may be attained by any play, whether good or bad, there is no need of prescribing laws or confining those who write or act them to the strict rules of composition, since any play serves to compass the end proposed by it. To this, I would answer that this end is beyond all comparison much better attained by those that are good than by those that are not so; for the audience, after beholding an artful and well contrived play, would go away diverted by what is witty, instructed by what is serious, surprised by the incidents, improved by the reasoning, forewarned by the frauds, made wise by the examples, incensed against vice, in love with virtue. A really good comedy is calculated to awaken all these passions in the mind of the hearer, let him be ever so gross or stupid. Nay farther, of all impossibilities it is the most impossible not to be pleased, entertained and satisfied much more with the comedy which has all these requisites, than by one which is defective in them, as most of our comedies now-a-days are. Nor is this entirely the fault of the poets who compose them, for several of them know very well wherein they err, and are equally well acquainted with what they ought to do. But as plays are made a saleable commodity, they say, and they say right, that the actors would not buy them if they were not of that stamp. Therefore the poet endeavours to accommodate himself to what is required by the player, who is to pay him for his work. That this is the truth, may be evinced by the infinite number of plays composed by a most happy genius of these kingdoms, with so much sprightliness, such elegant verse, expressions so good, such excellent sentiments, such richness of dialogue and loftiness of style, that the world resounds with his fame [256]. Yet, in consequence of his having adapted himself

[256] This happy and fertile genius is Lope de Vega, against whom Cervantes principally directed his criticism on the Spanish drama. At the period when the first part of *Don Quixote* appeared, Lope de Vega had not composed a fourth part of the eighteen hundred pieces *de capa y espada* which emanated from his indefatigable pen.

It must likewise be remarked that at the same period the Spanish drama as yet only reckoned one great writer; Calderon, Moreto, Tirso de Molina, Rojas, Solis, etc., who have far surpassed the contemporaries of Cervantes, have all appeared since his time.

to the taste of the actors, they have not all reached the point of perfection that some of them have, and which they all might. Other authors write their pieces with so little consideration of what they are doing, that the actors are often under a necessity of absconding for fear of being punished, as has happened over and over again, for having acted things to the prejudice of the crown, or the dishonour of families. All these inconveniences would cease, and many more which I have passed over in silence, if some intelligent and judicious person of the court were appointed to examine all plays before they are acted, not only those played in the capital, but all that should be acted throughout all Spain. Without this examiner's approbation under hand and seal, no local authority should suffer any play to be represented in his district. Thus the comedians would be obliged to send all their plays to the court, and might then act them with entire safety. The writers of them, also, would take more care and pains about what they did, knowing their performances must pass the rigorous examination of somebody capable of appreciating them. Finally, good plays would be written, and the design of them happily attained, namely, the entertainment of the people, the renown of Spanish writers and the interest of the players, whom there would no longer be any necessity to chastise. If, moreover, any person, or even the same, were to be commissioned to examine all the books of chivalry that shall be written for the future, doubtless some would appear with all the perfections that you have mentioned. They would enrich our language with an agreeable and pleasant treasure of eloquence; they might even cause the old books to be laid aside and forgotten, obscured by the lustre of the new books, which would be published for the innocent amusement, not only of the idle, but also of those who have most business, for the bow cannot possibly be always bent, nor can human nature subsist without some lawful recreation."

Thus far had the canon and the curate proceeded in their dialogue, when the barber coming up to them, said to the curate: "Here, Signor licentiate, is the place I told you was proper for us to pass the heat of the day, while the cattle may have fresh grass in abundance."—"I think so too," answered the curate. And when he

had acquainted the canon with his intention, he also would stay with them, invited by the beauty of a pleasant valley which presented

itself to their view. That he might enjoy the pleasure of the place, and the conversation of the curate, of whom he began to be fond, and be informed likewise more particularly of Don Quixote's exploits, he ordered some of his servants to go to the inn, which

was not far off, and bring thence what they could find to eat for the whole company, as he resolved to stay there that afternoon. One of the domestics answered that the sumpter-mule, which by that time must have reached the inn, carried provisions enough for them all, and that they need take nothing at the inn but barley.

"In that case," said the canon, "take thither the other mules, and bring back the sumpter."

While this passed, Sancho, perceiving he might talk to his master without the continual presence of the curate and the barber, whom he looked upon as suspicious persons, came up to Don Quixote's cage and said: "Sir, in order to unburthen my conscience, I must tell you something about this enchantment of yours. In the first place, the two men who are riding along with us, with their faces masked, are the curate and the barber of our village: and I fancy they have played you this trick and are carrying you in this manner, out of pure envy, and because they are jealous of you for surpassing them in famous achievements. Supposing this to be true, it follows that you are not enchanted in this cage, but gulled and besotted. In proof of what I say, I would ask you one thing, and if you answer me, as I believe you must, you shall lay your finger upon this palpable cheat, and find that you are not enchanted, but distracted."—"Ask whatever you will, son Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "I will satisfy you, and answer fully to all your questions. As to what you tell me that those yonder who come with us are the priest and the barber, our townsmen and acquaintance, it may very easily be that they may seem to be so; but that they are so really and in effect, do not believe it in any wise. What you ought to understand and believe, is that if they seem to be those you say, it must be that they who have enchanted me have assumed that appearance and likeness. Effectively, enchanters can easily take what form they please, and may have taken that of our two friends in order to make you think as you do, and to involve you in such a labyrinth of imaginations that you shall not be able to find your way out though you had Theseus's clue. Besides, they may have done it to make me also waver in my judgment, and that I may be unable to guess from what quarter this injury comes. For if, on the one hand, you tell me that the curate and the barber of our village bear us company; if, on the other hand, I find myself locked up in a cage, and know of myself that no force but that which is supernatural could be sufficient to imprison me, what can I say or think, but that the manner of my enchantment exceeds all I have

ever read of in all the histories of knights-errant that have been enchanted up to this present time? Thus, you may set your heart at rest as to their being what you say, for they are just as much so as I am a Turk; and as to what concerns you asking me questions, speak, I will answer you, though you should continue asking from this time until to-morrow morning."

"Blessed Virgin!" cried Sancho, raising his voice, "is it then possible your worship can be so thick sculled, so devoid of brains, that you cannot perceive what I tell you to be the very truth, and that there is more roguery than enchantment in this confinement and disgrace of yours? But since it is so, I will prove most evidently that you are really not enchanted. Now tell me—As God shall save you from this storm, and as you hope to find yourself in my lady Dulcinea's arms when you least think of it!....."

"Cease conjuring me," cried Don Quixote, "and ask what questions you will; I have already told you I will answer them with the utmost punctuality."—"That is what I would have you do," replied Sancho. "Now, what I have a mind to know is, that you tell me, without adding or diminishing a title, and with all truth and candour, as is expected from and practised by all who profess the exercise of arms, as your worship does, under the title of knights-errant . . . . . ." "I tell you I will lie in nothing," answered Don Quixote. "Make, therefore, either a beginning or an end of asking; for, in truth, you tire me out with so many preambles, postulatums and preparatives, Sancho."—"I say," replied Sancho, "that I am fully satisfied of the goodness and veracity of my master; that being to the purpose in our affair, I ask, with respect be it spoken, whether since your being cooped up, or rather enchanted in this cage, your worship has not had an inclination to do what no one can do for you.—" — "I comprehend you, Sancho," cried Don Quixote. "Yes, yes, I have often and often had such a mind, and have at this very instant. Help me out of this strait; for I doubt all is not so clean as it should be."

CHAPTER XXII.

OF THE INGENIOUS CONFERENCE BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA AND HIS MASTER DON QUIXOTE.

quoth Sancho, "now I have caught you, this is what I longed to know with all my heart and soul. Confess, Sir, can you deny what is commonly said every where, when a person is in the dumps: I know not what such an one ails; he neither eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps, nor answers to the purpose when he is asked a question; he looks as if he were enchanted? Whence it must be concluded, that they only who do not eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor perform natural actions are really enchanted, and not they who have such calls as your

worship has, and who eat and drink when they can get it, and answer to all that is asked them."—"You say right, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "but I have already told you that there are sundry sort of enchantments; it may have so fallen out that in process of time they may have been changed from one to another, and that now it may be the fashion for those who are enchanted to do as I do, though formerly they did not. Therefore it is useless to argue or draw consequences against the custom of the times. I know and am firmly persuaded that I am enchanted; that is sufficient for the discharge of my conscience, which would be heavily burthened, if I thought I was not enchanted, and should suffer myself to lie in this cage like a coward, defrauding the necessitous and oppressed of that succour I might have afforded them, when, perhaps, at this very moment they may be in extreme want of my aid and protection."—"For all that," replied Sancho, "I repeat that, for your greater and more abundant satisfaction, your worship would do well to endeavour to get out of this prison. I will undertake to assist you with all my might, and to effect it too; that done, you must once more mount your trusty Rocinante, who seems, by his melancholy and dejected looks, as if he were enchanted too: we will again try our fortune in search of adventures; should it not succeed well, we shall have time enough to return to the cage, in which I promise, on the faith of a trusty and loyal squire, to shut myself up with your worship, if perchance you prove so unhappy, or I so simple as to fail in the performance of what I say."—"I am content to do what you advise, brother Sancho," replied Don Quixote. "When you see a proper opportunity for working my deliverance, I will be ruled by you in every thing. But, Sancho, depend upon it you will find how mistaken you are in your notion of my misfortune."

This discourse brought the knight-errant and the evil-errant squire to the spot where the priest, the canon and the barber, who were already alighted, waited for them. The waggoner presently unyoked the oxen from his waggon, and turned them loose in that green and delicious place, whose freshness invited to the enjoyment of it, not only persons as much enchanted as Don Quixote, but as

considerate and discreet as his squire. The latter besought the priest to permit his master to come out of the cage for a while, as otherwise that prison would not remain quite so clean as the decorum of such a knight required. The priest understood him, and answered Sancho that he would with all his heart consent to what he desired, were it not that he feared lest his master, finding himself at liberty, should play one of his old pranks, and be gone where nobody should set eyes on him more. "I will be security for his not running away," replied Sancho. "And I also," said the canon, "especially if he will pass his word as a knight that he will not leave us without our consent."—"Yes, I promise," answered Don Quixote, who was listening to all they said. "And the rather, because whoever is enchanted as I am, is not at liberty to dispose of himself as he pleases, for the magician who has enchanted him can make him that he shall not be able to stir in three centuries: and, if the enchanted should attempt an escape, the enchanter will fetch him back on the wing. This being the case, you may safely let me

loose, especially it being so much to the advantage of you all; for, should you not loose me, I protest that if you do not get farther off I must needs offend your noses. The canon took him by the hand, though he was still manacled, and upon his faith and word, opened the door of his cage, at which he was beyond measure pleased.

The first thing he did was to stretch his whole body and limbs;

then he went where Rocinante stood, and, giving him a couple of slaps on the buttocks with the palm of his hand, he said tenderly:

" I have still hope in God, and in his blessed mother, O flower and mirror of steeds, that we two shall soon see ourselves in that state our hearts desire, thou with thy lord on thy back, and I mounted on thee, exercising the function for which Heaven sent me into the world." Having thus said, Don Quixote, with his squire Sancho,

retired to some little distance, whence he came back more lightsome and more desirous to put in execution what his squire had projected.

The canon gazed earnestly at him, and wondered at his strange and unaccountable madness. He was especially astonished that, in all he said or answered, the poor gentleman discovered a very good understanding, and only lost his stirrups, as has been already said, when the conversation happened to turn upon the subject of chivalry. After they were all set down on the green grass in expectation of the sumpter-mule, the canon, moved with compassion, said: " Is it possible, Signor hidalgo that the crude and idle study

of books of chivalry should have had influence upon you to turn your brain in such manner as to make you believe you are now enchanted, with other things of the same stamp, as far from being true as falsehood itself is from truth? How is it possible any human understanding can persuade itself there ever was in the world that infinity of Amadises, that rabble of famous knights? that there can have been so many emperors of Trebizond, so many Felixmartes of Hircania, so many palfreys, so many damsels-errant, so many serpents and dragons, so many andriaques, so many giants, so many unheard of adventures, so many kinds of enchantments, so many battles, so many furious encounters, so many costly costumes and magnificent apparels, so many princesses in love, so many squires become earls, so many witty dwarfs, so many billets-doux, so many courtships, so many valiant women, and lastly, so many and such absurd accidents as your books of knight-errantry contain? For my own part, when I read them, without reflecting that they are all falsehood and folly, they give me some pleasure; but when I consider what they are, I throw the very best of them against the wall, and should throw them into the fire, had I one near me. Yes, well do they deserve such a punishment, for being false and inveigling, and out of the road of common sense; they deserve it as broachers of new sects and new ways of life, and as giving occasion to the ignorant vulgar to believe and look upon as truths the multitude of absurdities they contain. They have even the presumption to dare to disturb the understandings of well born, well educated hidalgoes, as is but too notorious in the effect they have had upon your worship, having reduced you to such a pass that you are forced to be shut up in a cage and carried on an ox-waggon, as a lion or tiger is carried from place to place to be shewn for money. Come, Signor Don Quixote, have pity on yourself, and return to the bosom of discretion. Learn to make use of those great abilities Heaven has been pleased to bestow upon you, by employing that happy talent you are blessed with in some other kind of reading which may redound to the benefit of your conscience and to the increase of your honour. But if a strong natural impulse must still lead you to books of exploits and chivalries, read, in the holy scriptures, the book of Judges: in it

you will meet with wonderful truths, and achievements no less true than heroic. Portugal had a Viriatus, Rome a Cæsar, Carthage a Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a Count Fernando Gonzalez[257], Valencia a Cid[258], Andalusia a Gonzalvo of Cordova, Estremadura a Diego Garcia de Paredes, Xerez a Garci Perez de Vargas[259], Toledo a Garcilaso[260], Seville a Don Manuel Ponce de

[257] The first count of Castile, in the tenth century.

[258] The Cid was not a native of Valencia, but of the environs of Burgos, in Castile, Cervantes calls him so, because he took Valencia on the Almoravides, in 1094.

[259] A warrior who distinguished himself at the taking of Seville, by Saint Ferdinand in 1248.

[260] Cervantes does not mean the poet, although he was likewise of Toledo, and had passed his life in camps; he alludes to another Garcilaso de la Vega, who distinguished himself at the siege of Grenada by the catholic kings, in 1491. The latter was called Garcilaso of the *Ave-Maria*, because he slew in single combat a Moorish knight who bore, scoffingly, the name of *Ave-Maria* on his horse's tail.

Leon [261]; the perusal of the narratives of their valorous exploits may entertain, instruct and astonish the most elevated genius. This, indeed, would be a study worthy of your good understanding, Signor Don Quixote; having achieved it, you will have become learned in history, enamoured of virtue, instructed in goodness, bettered in manners, valiant without rashness, cautious without cowardice: and all this will redound to the glory of God, to your own profit and to the fame of La Mancha, whence, as I understand, you derive your birth and origin."

Don Quixote listened with great attention to the canon's discourse. When he observed the latter had ceased to speak, after having gazed stedfastly at him for several minutes in silence, he said: "I am to understand, Signor hidalgo, that the whole of what you have been saying tends to persuade me there never were any knights-errant in the world; that all the books of chivalry are false, lying, mischievous and unprofitable to the commonwealth; and that I have done ill in reading them, worse in believing, and worst of all in imitating them, by taking upon me the rigorous profession of knight-errantry, which they teach, because you deny that ever there existed any Amadises, either of Gaul or Greece, or any other knights such as those books are full of."—"It is all precisely as you say," interrupted the canon.

Don Quixote continued: "You also were pleased to add that those books had done me much prejudice, having turned my brain and reduced me to being carried about in a cage; and that it would be better for me to amend and change my course of study, by reading other books more true, more pleasant and more instructive."—"True," quoth the canon. "Why then," said Don Quixote, "in my opinion you are the madman and the enchanted person, since you have set yourself to utter so many blasphemies against a thing so universally received in the world, and held for such truth that he who should deny it, as you do, deserves the same punishment you inflict on those books when you read them, and they vex you. Effectively, to endeavour to make people

[261] Another celebrated warrior of the same period.

believe there never was an Amadis in the world, nor any other of the knights-adventurers of which the histories are full, would be to endeavour to persuade them that the sun does not enlighten, the frost give cold, nor the earth yield sustenance. What genius can there be in the world able to persuade another that the affair of the Infanta Floripe and Guy of Burgundy [262] is not true, nor that of Fierabras at the bridge of Mantible, which fell out in the time of Charlemagne [263]? I vow to God they are as true as that it is now day-light. If they be lies, it must be equally false that there ever was a Hector or an Achilles, or a Trojan war, or the twelve peers of France, or king Arthur of England, who is still wandering about transformed into a raven, and is every minute expected in his kingdom [264]. Will any one presume to say that the history of Guarino Mezquino [265], and that of the law-suit of Saint Grial [266], are fictions; that the amours of Sir Tristan and the queen Iseult, and those of Genevra and Lancelot, are also apocryphal [267], whereas there are persons who almost remember to

[262] The history of Floripe and her floating tower, in which she sheltered Guy of Burgundy and other peers, is related in the *Chronicle of the twelve Peers of France.*

[263] The bridge of Mantible, over the river Flagor (without doubt the Tagus), was composed of thirty arches of white marble, and defended by two square towers. The giant Galafre, assisted by a hundred Turks, exacted from the Christians, by way of toll, and under penalty of leaving their heads on the battlements of the bridge, *thirty couples of hunting dogs, a hundred young virgins, a hundred trained hawks, and a hundred caparisoned steeds having at each of their feet a mark of fine gold.* Fierabras overcame and slew the giant. (*History of Charlemagne*, chap. XXX. et seq.)

[264] As the Jews the Messiah, and the Portuguese the king Don Sebastian.

[265] The history of this knight was originally written in Italian, in the course of the thirteenth century, by the *maestro* Andrea, of Florence; it was translated into Spanish by Alonzo Fernandez Aleman. Seville, 1548.

[266] The Saint Grial is the dish in which Joseph of Arimathea received the blood of Jesus Christ, when he lowered his body from the cross previous to placing it in the Sepulchre. The conquest of the Saint Grial by king Arthur and the knights of the Round Table is the subject of a book of chivalry, written in Latin, in the twelfth century, and subsequently translated into Spanish. Seville, 1500.

[267] The well known histories of Tristan de Leonais and of Sir Lancelot du Lac were also written in Latin, previous to their translation into French by command of King Henry II., of England, towards the close of the twelfth century. Shortly afterwards, the poet Christian of Troy composed a metrical imitation of the two romances.

have seen the Duenna Quintanona, who was the best wine-skinker that Great Britain could ever boast of? This is so certain, that I remember my grandmother by my father's side, when she saw any Duenna reverently coifed, would say to me: 'Look grandson, that

old woman is very like the Duenna Quintanona;' whence I infer that she must have known her, or at least have seen some portrait of her. Who can deny the truth of the history of Peter and the

fair Magalona[268], since, to this very day is to be seen, in the king's armoury, the peg wherewith the valiant Peter of Provence steered the wooden horse upon which he rode through the air, which peg is somewhat bigger than the pole of a coach? Close by the peg stands the saddle of Babieca, the Cid's mare, and, in the gorge of Roncesvalles, is to be seen Orlando's horn as big as a great beam[269].

I therefore conclude that there were the twelve Peers, that there

[268] Written at the end of the twelfth century by the Provençal troubadour Bernard Treviez, and translated into Spanish by Felipe Camus. Toledo, 1526.

[269] This celebrated horn, according to Dante and Boyardo, extended over a space of two leagues.

was a Peter, a Cid, and such other knights as those the world calls adventurers. If not, let them also tell me that the valiant Portuguese Juan de Merlo was no knight-errant, he who went to Burgundy and, in the city of Ras, fought the famous lord of Charni, Moïse-Pierre[270]; and afterwards, in the city of Basil, had an encounter with Moïse-Henri of Remestan[271], coming off from both engagements conqueror, and loaded with honourable fame. Let them also deny the adventures and challenges accomplished in Burgundy of the valiant Spaniards Pedro Barba and Gutierre Quixada (from whom I am lineally descended), who vanquished the sons of the count Saint Pol. Let them deny, likewise, that Don Fernando de Guevara travelled into Germany in quest of adventures, where he fought with Messire George, a knight of the duke of Austria's [272] court; let them say, to conclude, that the jousts of Suero de Quinones, that of the Pass of Orbigo[273], the enterprises of Mosen-Luis de Falces against Don Gonzalo de Guzman, a Castilian knight[274], are all fabulous and ridiculous. While all of them, with many more exploits performed by Christian knights of these and of foreign kingdoms, are so authentic, so true, that whoever denies them, I repeat, must be void of all sense and reason."

The canon stood astonished to hear the singular medley Don Quixote made of truths and lies, and to see how skilled he was in all matters any way relating to knight-errantry. Therefore he

[270] Peter of Beaufremont, Lord of Charbot-Charny.

[271] Or rather Ravestein.

[272] Juan de Merlo, Pedro Barba, Guttierre Quixada, Fernando de Guevara, and many other knights of the court of king John the second of Castile, actually did quit Spain, in 1434, 35 and 36, to visit foreign courts and *break lances in honour of their ladies*. For details of these knightly pilgrimages, the reader may consult *La Cronica del Rey Don Juan el II*, (chapters CCLV, to CCLXVII.)

[273] Suero de Quinones, knight of Leon, son of the grand bailiff *(merino-mayor)* of the Asturias, celebrated, in 1434, on the bridge of Orbigo, three leagues from Astorga, famous tournaments which lasted thirty days. Accompanied by nine other *mantenedores*, or champions, he maintained the lists against sixty-eight *conquistadores*, or adventurers, come to dispute the prize of the tourney. The account of these jousts forms the subject of a book of chivalry, written by Fray Juan de Pineda, intituled *Paso honroso*, and published at Salamanca, in 1588.

[274] *Cronica del rey Don Juan el II.* (chap CIII.)

answered: "I cannot deny, Signor Don Quixote, but there is some truth in what you say, especially in relation to the Spanish knights-errant. I am also ready to allow that there were twelve peers of France; but I can never believe they did all those things ascribed to them by Archbishop Turpin [275]. The truth is, they were knights chosen by the kings of France, and called peers, as being all equal in quality and prowess; at least, if they were not, it was fit they should be so. In that respect they were not unlike our religious-military orders of Saint Jago or Calatrava, which pre-suppose that the professors are all brave cavaliers; and as now-a-days we say a knight of St. John, or of Alcantara, in those times they said a knight of the Twelve Peers, those of that military order being twelve in number and all equal. That there was a Cid and a Bernard del Carpio [276], is likewise beyond all doubt; but that they performed all the exploits told of them is quite another thing. As to Peter of Provence's peg, and its standing close by Babieca's saddle in the king's armoury, I confess my sin: I am so ignorant or short sighted that, though I have seen the saddle, I could not discover the peg, which is somewhat strange, considering how big your worship says it is."—"Yet, without all question, there it is," replied Don Quixote, "by the same token that they say it is kept in a leathern case, that it may not take rust."—"It may be so," answered the canon; "but, by the holy orders I have received, I do not remember to have seen it. But supposing I should grant you it is there, I do not therefore think myself bound to believe the stories of so many Amadises nor those of such a rabble-rout of knights as we hear of, nor is it reasonable that a gentleman so honourable, of such excellent parts and endowed with so good an understanding as

[275] The *Historia Caroli Magni*, attributed to archbishop Turpin, and of which the real author is unknown, was translated into Spanish and considerably augmented by Nicolas de Piamonte, whose work was printed at Seville, in 1528.

[276] Notwithstanding the canon's affirmation, nothing is less certain than the existence of Bernard del Carpio; it is denied, among others, by the exact historian Juan de Ferreras.

yourself, should be persuaded that such strange follies as are written in the absurd books of chivalry are true."

CHAPTER XXIII.

OF THE INGENIOUS CONTEST BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE CANON, WITH OTHER EVENTS [277].

VERY good. A good jest indeed," answered Don Quixote, "that books printed with the licence of kings, and the approbation of the examiners; books read with general pleasure, applauded by great and small, poor and rich, learned and ignorant, gentry and commonalty, in short, by all sorts of people, of what state or condition soever they be; to hear it asserted, I say, that such books are all lies, carrying as they do, such an

[277] The contest had began in the preceding chapter, and the interview between Don Quixote and Sancho, which forms the title of it, had commenced in the chapter before that. Must these transpositions be attributed to the negligence of the first editor, or, on the contrary, to an odd whim of Cervantes? Seeing that this fault is so frequently repeated, I (says M. Viardot) incline to the latter opinion.

appearance of truth that they tell us the father, the mother, the country, the kindred, the age, the place, with a particular detail of every action performed daily by such a knight or knights!! Good Sir, be silent; do not utter such blasphemies, and believe me, for I advise you to act in this affair like a discreet person. Do but peruse them, and you will find what pleasure attends this kind of reading. Bear with me a short time: can there be a greater satisfaction than to see, placed, as it were, before our eyes, a vast lake of boiling pitch, and in it a prodigious number of serpents, snakes, crocodiles, and divers other kinds of fierce and dreadful creatures, swimming up and down? On a sudden, from the midst of the lake, is heard a most lamentable voice, saying: 'O knight, whoever thou art, that standest beholding this tremendous lake, if thou art desirous to obtain the treasure that lieth concealed beneath these sable waters, shew the valour of thy undaunted breast, plunge thyself headlong into the midst of this black and burning liquor. If thou dost not, thou wilt be unworthy to see the mighty wonders enclosed therein, and contained in the seven castles of the seven enchanted nymphs who dwell beneath this horrid blackness.' Scarcely has the knight heard the fearful voice when, without farther consideration, without reflecting upon the danger to which he exposes himself, without putting off his cumbersome and weighty armour, recommending himself only to God and his mistress, he plunges into the middle of the boiling lake; and, heedless and inconsiderate of what may become of him, he finds himself in the midst of flowery fields, with which those of Elysium can in no wise compare. There the sky seems more transparent, and the sun shines with a fresher brightness[278]. Before him there appears a pleasing forest, so green and shady that its verdure rejoices the sight, whilst the ears are entertained with the sweet and artless notes of an infinite number of little birds of the most brilliant plumage,

[278] Virgil has, of the Elysian fields:

Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo.

Æneid. lib. 6.

hopping to and fro among the intricate branches. Here is visible a warbling brook, whose cool waters, resembling liquid crystal, meander over the fine sands and snowy pebbles, out-glittering sifted gold and purest pearl. There he espies an artificial fountain of variegated jasper and polished marble ; farther on he beholds another of rustic work, in which the minute shells of the muscle, with the white and yellow wreathed houses of the snail, placed in orderly confusion and interspersed with pieces of glittering crystal and pellucid emeralds, compose a work of such variety, that art, imitating nature, seems in this instance to surpass her. On a sudden, he descries a strong castle, or a stately palace, whose walls are of massy gold, the battlements of diamonds, the gates of hyacinths; in short, the structure is so admirable that, though the materials whereof it is framed are no less than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold and emeralds, yet the workmanship is still more precious *. And after having seen all this, can any thing be more charming than to behold sallying forth at the castle-gate a goodly troop of damsels, whose bravery and gorgeous attire should I pretend to describe, as the histories do at large, I should never have done? She who appears to be the chief of them all presently takes by the hand the daring knight who threw himself into the burning lake, and without speaking a word carries him into the rich palace, or castle. Having stripped him as naked as his mother bore him, she bathes him in milk-warm water, and then anoints him all over with odoriferous essences, and puts on him a shirt of the finest lawn, all sweet-scented and perfumed; then comes another damsel, and throws over his shoulders a mantle, reckoned worth, at the very least, a city or more. What a sight is it when, after this, he is carried to another hall, to behold the table spread in such order, that he is struck with wonder and astonishment!

* Regia solis erat sublimibus alta columnis,
Clara micante auro———
Materiam superabat opus.
Ovid.

then to see his hands sprinkled with water distilled from amber and sweet-scented flowers! to see him seated in a chair of ivory! to

behold the damsels waiting upon him in marvellous silence! then to see such variety of delicious viands so savourily dressed that the appetite is at a loss to direct the hand! to hear soft music while he is eating, without knowing who it is that plays, or whence the sounds proceed!—and when dinner is ended and the cloth taken away, the knight lolling in his chair, perhaps picking his teeth, according to custom, suddenly there enters at the hall-door a damsel much more beautiful than any of the former, who, seating herself by the knight's side, begins to give him an account what castle that is, and how she is enchanted in it; with sundry other matters which surprise the knight, and raise the admiration of those who read his history! I will enlarge no farther on this head; for from what I have said you may infer that, whatever passage one reads of

whatever history of knights-errant, must needs cause delight and wonder in the reader. Believe me then, Sir: as I have already said, read these books, and you will find that they will banish all your melancholy, and dissipate your spleen, if you chance to be suffering from it. For my own part, I can say that since I have been a knight-errant, I am become valiant, civil, liberal, well-bred, generous, courteous, daring, affable, patient, a sufferer of toils, imprisonments and enchantments; and though it be so little a while since I saw myself locked up in a cage like a madman, yet I expect, by the valour of my arm, Heaven favouring and fortune not opposing, in a few days to see myself king of some kingdom, wherein I may

display the gratitude and liberality enclosed in this my breast. For, upon my faith, Sir, the poor man is disabled from practising the virtue of liberality, though he possess it in an eminent degree; and the gratitude which consists only in inclination is a dead thing, even as faith without works is dead. For this reason I should be glad that fortune would offer me speedily some opportunity of becoming an emperor, that I may shew my heart by doing good to my friends, especially to poor Sancho Panza here, my squire, who is the most honest man in the world; yes, I would fain bestow on him an earldom, as I have long since promised him; but that I fear he will not have ability sufficient to govern his estate."

Sancho overheard his master's last words, and immediately made answer: "Take you the pains, Signor Don Quixote, to procure me this same earldom, so often promised by you, and expected by me, I assure you I shall not want for ability sufficient to govern it. Supposing I had not, I have heard say, there are people in the world who take lordships to farm; they pay the owners so much a year, and take upon themselves the whole management thereof; whilst the lord himself, with outstretched legs, lies along at his ease, enjoying the rent they give him without concerning himself any farther about it. Just so will I do, and give myself no more trouble than needs must, but immediately surrender all up, and live upon my rents like a duke, and let the world rub on."—"This, brother Sancho," quoth the canon, "is to be understood only as to the enjoyment of the revenue, but not as to the administration of justice, to which the lord himself must look. For this, ability, sound judgment, and especially an upright intention, are required; for if these be wanting in the principle, the means and ends will always be erroneous. Therefore God usually prospers the good intentions of the simple, and disappoints the evil designs of the cunning."

"I do not understand these philosophies," answered Sancho; "I only know, I wish I may as speedily have the earldom as I should know how to govern it; for I have as large a soul as another, and as large a body as the best of them; and I should be as much king of my own dominions as any one is of his; and being so, I would do

what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there's an end of it. Therefore let the earldom come, say I,

and God be with ye; and let us see it, as one blind man said to another."—"These are no bad philosophies, as you say, Sancho," quoth the canon; "nevertheless there is a great deal more to be said upon the subject of earldoms."—"I know not what more may be said," interrupted Don Quixote; "only I govern myself by the example of the great Amadis of Gaul, who made his squire Knight of the Firm Island; therefore I may, without scruple of conscience, make an earl of Sancho Panza, who is one of the best squires that ever knight-errant had."

The canon was amazed at Don Quixote's methodical and orderly madness, at the manner of his describing the adventure of the knight of the lake, at the impression made upon him by those premeditated fables he had read in his books; and lastly, he admired the simplicity of Sancho, who so vehemently desired to obtain the earldom his master had promised him.

By this time the canon's servants who went to the inn for the sumpter-mule, were come back, having spread a carpet on the green

grass, they sat down under the shade of some trees, and dined there, that the waggoner might not lose the conveniency of the fresh pasture, as we have said before. While they were eating, they heard on a sudden a loud noise, and the sound of a little bell in a thicket of briars and thorns that was hard by; and nearly at the same instant they saw a very beautiful she-goat, speckled with black, white and grey, run out of the thicket. After her came a goatherd, calling to her aloud in his wonted language to stop and come back

to the fold. The fugitive goat, trembling and affrighted, betook

herself to the company, as it were for their protection, and there she stopped. The goatherd came up, and taking her by the horns, as if she were capable of discourse and reasoning, he said to her: "Ah! wanton, spotted fool! what caprice hath made thee halt thus of late days? what wolves wait for thee, child? Wilt thou tell me, pretty one, what this means? but what else can it mean, but that thou art a female, and therefore canst not be quiet? A curse on thy humours, and all theirs whom thou resemblest so much! Turn back, my love, turn back; for though, perhaps, you will not be so contented, at least you will be more safe in your own fold, and among your own companions; for if you, who are to look after and guide them, go yourself so much astray, what must become of them?"

The goatherd's words delighted all the hearers extremely especially the canon, who said to him: "I entreat you, brother, be not in such a hurry to force this goat back to her fold. Since, as you say she is a female, she will follow her natural instinct, though you take ever so much pains to hinder her. Come, take this morsel, and then drink, whereby you will temper your choler, and in the mean while the goat will rest herself." So saying, he gave him the hinder quarter of a cold rabbit on the point of a knife. The goatherd took it, thanked him, drank, sat down quietly, and said: "I would not have you, gentlemen, take me for a foolish fellow for having talked sense to this animal; for, in truth, the words I spoke to her are not without mystery. I am a country fellow, it is true, yet not so much a rustic but I know the difference between conversing with men and beasts."—"I verily believe you," said the priest; "for I have found by experience that the mountains breed poets, and that the cottages of shepherds contain philosophers."—"At least, Sir," replied the goatherd, "they afford men who have experience. In order to convince you of this truth, though I seem to invite myself without being asked, if it be not tiresome to you, and if you please, gentlemen, to lend me your attention, I will tell you a true story, which will confirm what I and this gentleman (pointing to the priest) have said."

Don Quixote promptly answered: "Seeing that this business has somewhat of the face of an adventure, for my part, I will listen to you, brother, with all my heart, and so will these gentlemen, being discreet and ingenious persons, and such as love to hear curious novelties, that surprise, gladden and entertain the senses, as I do not doubt but your story will do. Begin then, friend, for we will all hearken."—"I draw my stake," quoth Sancho, "and will hie me with this pasty to yonder brook, where I intend to stuff myself for three days, for I have heard my master Don Quixote say that the squire of a knight-errant must eat when he has it until he can eat no longer, because it often happens that they get into some wood so intricate that there is no hitting the way out in six days; and then, if a man has not his belly well lined, or his wallet well provided, there he may remain, and often does remain, until he is turned into mummy."—"You are right, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "go

whither you will, and eat what you can ; for I am already sated, and want only to give my mind its repast, which I am going to do by listening to this honest man's story."—" We all do the same," quoth the canon. And then he desired the goatherd to begin the narration he had just promised them. The goatherd gave the goat, which he held by the horns, two slaps on the back with the palm of his hand, saying: " Lie thee down by me, speckled fool ; for we have time and to spare for returning to our fold." The goat seemed to understand him ; for as soon as her master was seated, she laid herself close by him very quietly, and looking up in his face, seemed to signify she was attentive to what the goatherd was going to relate, who began his story as follows :

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT THE GOATHERD RELATED TO ALL THOSE WHO ACCOMPANIED DON QUIXOTE.

ABOUT three leagues from this valley there is a hamlet, which, though but small, is one of the richest in all these parts. In it dwelt a farmer of so good a character that, though esteem is usually annexed to riches, he was more respected for his virtue than for the wealth he possessed. But that which completed his happines, as he used to say to himself, was his having a daughter of such extraordinary beauty, rare discretion, gracefulness and virtue, that whoever knew and beheld her was in admiration to see the surpassing

endowments wherewith Heaven and nature had enriched her. When a child, she was pretty, and, as she grew up, she became still more and more beautiful, until, at the age of sixteen, she was beauty itself. The fame of her beauty began to extend itself through all the neighbouring villages; what do I say, through the neighbouring villages? it spread itself to the remotest cities, and even made its

way into the palace of kings, and reached the ears of all sorts of people, who came to see her from all parts, as if she had been some relic, or wonder-working image. Her father guarded her, and she guarded herself, for there are no padlocks, bolts nor bars, that secure a maiden better than her own reserve. The wealth of the father and the beauty of the daughter induced many, both the villagers and strangers, to demand her to wife. But he, whose right it was to dispose of so precious a jewel, was perplexed, not knowing, amidst the great number of importunate suitors, on which to bestow her. Among the many who were thus disposed, I was one, and flattered myself with many and great hopes of success, as being known to her father, born in the same village, of untainted christian blood, in the flower of my age, tolerably rich, and of no despicable understanding.

"With the very same advantages, another young man of our village demanded her also in marriage, which occasioned a suspense and balancing of her father's will, who thought his daughter would be very well matched with either of us. To get out of this perplexity, he determined to acquaint Leandra with it (for that is the rich maiden's name who has reduced me to misery), considering that, since our pretensions were equal, it was best to leave the choice to his beloved daughter; an example worthy the imitation of all parents who would marry their children. I do not say they should give them their choice in things prejudicial, but they should propose to them good ones, and out of them, let them choose to their own minds. I do not know what choice Leandra made; I only know that her father put us both off by pleading the too tender age of his daughter, and with other general expressions, which neither laid any obligation upon him, nor disobliged either of us. My rival's name is Anselmo, and mine Eugenio; for it is fit you should know the names of the persons concerned in this tragedy, the catastrophe of which is still depending, though one may easily foresee it will be disastrous.

"About this time, there came to our village one Vincent de la Roca, son of a poor farmer of the same village; which Vincent was come out of Italy and other countries, where he had served in the

wars. A captain who happened to pass that way with his company had carried him away from our town at twelve years of age, and the young man returned at the end of twelve years more in the garb of a soldier, set off with a thousand colours, and hung with a thousand crystal trinkets and fine steel chains. To-day he put on one finery, to-morrow another, but all slight and counterfeit, of little weight and less value. The country-folks, who are naturally malicious, and, if they have ever so little leisure, are malice itself, observed and reckoned up all his trappings and gewgaws, and found that he had three suits of apparel of different colours, with hose and garters to them, but he disguised them so many different ways and with so many inventions that, if one had not counted them, one would have sworn he had above ten suits and about twenty plumes of feathers. And let not what I have been saying of his dress be looked upon as impertinent or superfluous, for it makes a considerable part of this story. He used to seat himself

on a stone bench under a great poplar-tree in our market-place, and there he would hold us all gaping and listening to his accounts of his exploits. There was no country on the whole globe he had not seen, nor battle he had not been in. He had slain more Moors than are in Morocco and Tunis, and fought more duels, as he said, than Gante and Luna, Diego Garcia de Parédès, and a thousand others, and always came off victorious, without having lost a drop of blood. Then again he would be shewing us marks of wounds which, though they were not to be discerned, he

would persuade us were so many arquebus-shots received in several actions and fights. In a word, with unheard-of arrogance, he would *thou* his equals; he said that his arm was his father, his deeds his pedigree, and that, under the title of soldier, he owed the king himself nothing. To these bravadoes I must add that he was somewhat of a musician, and scratched a little upon the guitar, which some said he would make speak. But his graces and accomplishments did not end here; he was also a bit of a poet, and would compose a ballad a league and a half in length on every childish accident that passed in the village. Now this soldier whom I have here described, this Vincent de la Roca, this hero, this gallant, this musician, this poet, was often seen and admired by Leandra, from a window of her house which faced the market-place. She was struck with the tinsel of his gaudy apparel, his ballads enchanted her, and as he gave away at least twenty copies of all he composed, the exploits he related of himself reached her ears. Lastly (for so it seems the deivl had ordained), she fell downright in love with him, before he had entertained the presumption of courting her. As in affairs of love none are so easily accomplished as those which are favoured by the inclination of the lady, Leandra and Vincent soon came to an agreement. Before any of the multitude of her suitors had the least suspicion of her design, she had already accomplished it; she left the house of her dear and beloved father (for her mother is dead), and absented herself from the village with the soldier, who came off from this attempt more triumphantly than from any of those of which he had so arrogantly boasted.

"This event amazed the whole village, and all that heard any thing of it. I for my part was confounded, Anselmo astonished, her father sad, her kindred ashamed, justice alarmed, and the troopers of the holy brotherhood in readiness. They beset the highways, they searched the woods, leaving no place unexamined; and at the end of three days, they found the poor Leandra in a cave of a mountain, naked to her shift, and stripped of a large sum of money and several valuable jewels she had carried away from home. They brought her back to her disconsolate father, and interrogated her concerning her misfortune. She readily confessed

that Vincent de la Roca had deceived her; that, upon promise of marriage, he had persuaded her to leave her father's house, telling her he would carry her to Naples, the richest and most delicious city of the whole world; that she, imprudent and credulous, had believed him, and, after robbing her father had confided herself to the soldier's power the night she was first missing; that he conveyed her to a

craggy mountain and shut her up in the cave in which they had found her. She also related to them that the soldier had plundered her of every thing but her honour, that he had left her in the cavern and fled: a circumstance which made us all wonder afresh.

"Certes, gentlemen, it was no easy matter to persuade us of the young man's continency; but she affirmed it with so much earnestness that her father was in some sort comforted, making no great account of the other riches the soldier had taken from his daughter, since he had left her that jewel which, once lost, can never be recovered. The same day that Leandra returned, she disappeared

again from our eyes, her father sending and shutting her up in a nunnery belonging to a town not far distant, in hopes that time might wear off a good part of the reproach his daughter had brought upon herself. Her tender years were some excuse for her fault, especially with those who had no interest in her being good or bad; but they who are acquainted with her good sense and understanding, could not ascribe her fault to her ignorance, but to her levity, and to the natural propensity of the sex, which is generally in direct opposition to prudence, wisdom and good sense.

" Leandra being shut up, Anselmo's eyes were blinded, or at least saw nothing that could afford them any satisfaction. Mine were also in darkness without light to direct them to any pleasurable object. The absence of Leandra increased our sadness and diminished our patience; we cursed the soldier's finery, and detested her father's want of precaution. At last, Anselmo and I agreed to quit the town and betake ourselves to this valley. Here, he feeding a great number of sheep of his own, and I a numerous herd of goats of mine, we pass our lives among these trees, giving vent to our passions, or singing together the praises or reproaches of the fair Leandra, or sighing alone, and each communicating his plaints to Heaven.

" Several others of Leandra's suitors, in imitation of us, are come to these rocky mountains, practising the same employments; and they are so numerous, that this place seems to be converted into the pastoral Arcadia[279], it is so full of shepherds and folds, nor is there any part of it where the name of the beautiful Leandra is not heard. One utters execrations against her, calling her fond, fickle, immodest; another condemns her forwardness and levity; some excuse and pardon her; others arraign and condemn her; one celebrates her beauty, another rails at her ill qualities; in short, all blame and all adore her, and the madness of all rises to such a pitch, that some complain of her disdain who never spoke to her, yea, some there are who bemoan themselves and feel the raging disease of jealousy, though she never gave any occasion for it, for her guilt, as I have said, was known before her inclination. There is no hollow of a rock, nor brink of a rivulet, nor shade of a tree, that is not occupied by some shepherd, who is recounting his misfortunes to the air. The echo, wherever it can be formed, repeats the name of Leandra; the mountains resound Leandra; the brooks murmur Leandra [280],

[279] Allusion to the poem of Giacobo Sannazaro, who lived at Naples about the year 1500. *The Arcadia* was famous in Spain, in which country several translations of it were published.

[280] One would hardly expect to meet with an imitation of Virgil in the goatherd's tale:

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.

and Leandra holds us all in suspense and enchanted, hoping without hope, and fearing without knowing what we fear. Among these extravagant madmen, he who shews the least and the most sense, is my rival Anselmo, who, having so many other causes of complaint,

complains only of absence, and to the sound of a rebec, which he touches to admiration, pours forth his complaints in verses which discover an excellent genius. I follow an easier, and in my opinion a better way, which is, to inveigh against the levity of women, their inconstancy, their double-dealing, their deceitful promises, their broken faith, finally, the little discretion they show in placing their affections or making their choice. This, gentlemen, was the

occasion of the expressions and language I used to this goat when I came hither; for being a female, I despise her, though she be the best of all my flock. This is the story I promised to tell you. If I have been tedious in the relation, I will endeavour to make you amends by my service. My cottage is hard by, where I have new milk and very savoury cheese, with a variety of fruits of the season, no less agreeable to the sight than to the taste[281]."

[281] Another imitation of Virgil, who thus terminates his first Eclogue:

Sunt nobis mitia poma,
Castaneæ molles, et pressi copia lactis.

CHAPTER XXV.

OF THE QUARREL BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE GOATHERD, WITH THE RARE ADVENTURE OF THE WHITE PENITENTS, WHICH HE HAPPILY ACCOMPLISHED WITH THE SWEAT OF HIS BROW.

LEAVING off at those words the goatherd ceased to speak. His tale gave a general pleasure to all who heard it, especially to the canon, who, with unusual curiosity, took notice of the relater's manner of telling it, in which he discovered more of the polite courtier than of the rude goatherd. Therefore he said that the curate was very much in the right in affirming that the mountains produced men of letters. They all offered their service to Eugenio, but the most liberal of his offers upon this occasion was Don Quixote, who said to him: "In truth, brother goatherd, were I in a capacity of undertaking any new adventure, I would immediately set forward to do you a good turn by fetching Leandra out of the nunnery, in which doubtless she is

detained against her will, in spite of the abbess and all opposers, and putting her into your hands, to be disposed of at your pleasure, so far as is consistent with the laws of chivalry, which enjoin that no kind of violence be offered to damsels. Though I hope in Heaven that the power of one malicious enchanter shall not be so irresistible, but that the power of another and a better-intentioned one may prevail over it. Then I promise you my aid and protection, as I am bound to do by my profession, which is no other than to favour the weak and necessitous."

The goatherd stared at Don Quixote, and observing his bad plight and scurvy appearance, he said to the barber, who sat next him : " Pray, Sir, who is this man who makes such a strange figure, and talks so extravagantly?"—" Who should he be," answered the barber, " but the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of injuries, the righter of wrongs, the reliever of maidens, the dread of giants and the conqueror of battles?"—" This," said the goatherd, "is like what we read of in the books of knights-errant, who did all that you tell me of this man; though, as I take it, either your worship is in jest, or the apartments in this gentleman's skull are unfurnished."—" You are a very great rascal," cried Don Quixote, " it is you who are the empty-skulled and the shallow-brained; for my head is fuller than ever was the belly of the graceless baggage that bore you." So saying he snatched up a loaf which was near him, and with it struck the goatherd full in the face, with so much fury that he laid his nose flat. The goatherd, who did not understand raillery, perceiving how much in earnest he was treated, without any respect to the carpet or table-cloth, or to the company that sat about it, leaped upon Don Quixote, and griped him by the throat with both hands. He would doubtless have strangled him, had not Sancho Panza come up in that instant, and taking him by the shoulders, thrown him back on the table, breaking the dishes and platters, and spilling and overturning all that was upon it. Don Quixote, finding himself loose, ran at the goatherd, who, being kicked and trampled upon by Sancho, and his face all over bloody, was feeling about on all fours for a knife wherewith to take a bloody revenge. But the canon and the priest prevented

him. For the barber, he contrived it so that the goatherd got Don Quixote under him, on whom he poured such a shower of buffets, that there rained as much blood from the visage of the poor knight as there did from his own. The canon and the priest were ready to burst with laughter, the archers danced and capered for joy ; and they stood hallooing them on, shouting *xi, xi,* as people do to dogs when they are fighting[282]. Sancho Panza only was at his wits' end, not being able to get loose from one of the canon's servants who held him from going to assist his master.

At last, while all were in high joy and merriment, excepting the two combatants who were still worrying one another, on a sudden they heard the sound of a trumpet, so dismal that it made them turn their faces towards the way whence they fancied the sound came. But he who was most surprised at hearing it was Don Quixote, who, though he was under the goatherd sorely against his will and more than indifferently mauled, said to him : " Brother devil (for it is impossible you should be any thing else, since you have had the valour and strength to subdue mine), a truce, I beseech you, for one hour; the dolorous sound of that trumpet which reaches our ears seems to summon me to some new adventure." The goatherd, who by this time was pretty well weary of mauling and being mauled, immediately let him go, and Don Quixote getting upon his legs, turned his face toward the place whence the sound came, and presently saw several people descending from a rising ground, arrayed in white after the manner of penitents[283]. The case was, that the clouds that year had failed to refresh the earth with seasonable showers, and throughout all the villages of that district they made processions, disciplines and public prayers, beseeching God to open the hands of his mercy, and send them rain. For this purpose, the people of a town hard by

[282] This passage is quite unworthy of Cervantes, who always displays such mildness and humanity ; he makes the curate and the canon play a part which accords very ill with their character, and he falls into the same error that he subsequently contemns in his plagiary Fernandez de Avellaneda.

[283] The processions of penitents (*disciplinantes*), which gave scope to every species of excess, were forbidden, in Spain, about the close of the reign of Charles III.

were coming in procession to a devout hermitage built upon the side of the hill bordering upon that valley.

Don Quixote, perceiving the strange attire of the penitents, without recollecting how often he must have seen the like before, imagined it was some adventure, and that it belonged to him alone, as a knight-errant, to undertake it. He was the more confirmed in this fancy by thinking that an image they had with them covered with black was some lady of note, whom those miscreant and discourteous ruffians were forcing away. No sooner had he taken this into his head, than he ran with great agility to Rocinante, who was grazing, and taking the bridle and buckler from the pommel of his saddle, he bridled him in a trice; then, demanding from Sancho his sword, he mounted Rocinante, braced his target, and with a loud voice said to all present: "Now, my worthy companions, you shall see of what consequence it is that there are in the world such as profess the order of chivalry; now, I say, you shall see, by my restoring liberty to that good lady, who is carried captive yonder, whether knights-errant are to be valued or not."

So saying, he laid legs to Rocinante, spurs he had none, and on a hand-gallop (for we no where read, in all this faithful history, that ever Rocinante went full speed), he ran to encounter the penitents. The curate, the canon and the barber in vain endeavoured to stop him; in vain did Sancho bawl: "Whither go you, Signor Don Quixote? what devils are in you, that instigate you to assault the catholic faith? Consider, a curse on me! that this is a procession of penitents, and that the lady carried upon the bier is an image of the blessed and immaculate Virgin. Have a care what you do; for this once I am sure you do not know." Sancho wearied himself to no

purpose; for his master was so bent upon encountering the men in white and delivering the mourning lady, that he heard not a word, and, if he had, would not have come back, though the king himself had commanded him. When he came up with the procession he checked Rocinante, who already had a desire to rest a little, and,

with a disordered and hoarse voice, said: "You there, who cover your faces for no good I suppose, stop, and give ear to what I shall say."

The first who stopped were they who carried the image; and one of the four ecclesiastics who sung the Litanies, observing the strange figure of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rocinante, and other ridiculous circumstances attending the knight, answered him: "Good brother, if you have any thing to say to us, say it quickly, for these our brethren are tearing their flesh to pieces, and we cannot, nor is it reasonable we should stop to hear any thing, unless it be so short that it may be said in two words."—"I will say it in one," replied Don Quixote, "and it is this: I order you immediately to set at liberty that fair lady, whose tears and sorrowful countenance are evident tokens of her being carried away against her will, and that you have done her some notorious injury. And I, who am come into the world on purpose to redress such wrongs, will not suffer you to proceed one step farther, until you have given her the liberty she desires and deserves." By these expressions, all that heard them gathered that Don Quixote must be some escaped madman, whereupon they laughed very heartily. Their merriment added fuel to the fire of Don Quixote's choler, for, without saying a word more, he drew his sword and attacked the bearers of the Virgin. One of them, leaving the burden to his comrades, stept forward to encounter Don Quixote, brandishing a pitch-fork whereon he rested the bier when they made a stand. He received on the handle of it a huge stroke which the knight let fly at him, and which broke it in two; but with what remained of it, he gave Don Quixote such a blow on the shoulder of his sword-arm that, his target not being able to ward off so furious an assault, the poor Don fell to the ground in evil plight.

Sancho Panza, who came puffing close after him, perceiving him fallen, called out to his adversary not to strike him again, for he was a poor enchanted knight, who never had done any body harm in all the days of his life. But that which made the rustic forbear was not Sancho's crying out, but his seeing that Don Quixote stirred neither hand nor foot. Believing he had killed him, in all

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haste he tucked up his frock in his girdle, and began to fly over the fields as nimble as a buck. By this time all Don Quixote's company was come up, and the processioners, seeing them running towards them, and with them the troopers of the holy brotherhood with their cross-bows, began to fear some illaccident, and drew up in a circle round the image. Lifting up their hoods, and grasping their whips, as the ecclesiastics did their tapers, they stood expecting the assault, determined to defend themselves, and if they could, to punish the aggressors. But fortune ordered it better than they imagined; for all that Sancho did was to throw himself upon the

body of his master, and to pour forth the most dolorous and ridiculous lamentation, believing verily that he was dead. The curate was known by a priest who came in the procession, and their being acquainted dissipated the fear of the two squadrons. The curate gave the priest an account in two words who Don Quixote was, whereupon he and the whole rout of penitents went to see whether the poor knight was dead or not. They overheard Sancho Panza, with tears in his eyes, speak as follows:

"O flower of chivalry, who by one single thwack hath finished the career of thy well-spent life! O glory of thy race, credit and renown of La Mancha, yea of the whole world, which, by wanting thee will be overrun with evil doers, who will no longer fear being chastised for their iniquities! O liberal above all Alexanders, seeing that, for eight months' service only, thou hast given me the best island the sea doth compass or surround. O thou that wert humble with the haughty, and arrogant with the humble, undertaker of dangers, sufferer of affronts, in love without cause, imitator of the good, scourge of the wicked, enemy of the base; in a word, knight-errant, which is all that can be said! . . . . ."

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At Sancho's cries and lamentations, Don Quixote revived, and the first word he said was: "He who lives absent from thee, sweetest Dulcinea, is subject to greater miseries than these. Help, friend Sancho, to lay me upon the enchanted car; for I am no longer in a condition to press the saddle of Rocinante, all this shoulder being mashed to pieces."—"That I will do with all my heart, dear Sir," answered Sancho, "and let us return home in company with these gentlemen, who wish you well; there we will give order about another sally that may prove of more profit and renown."—"You say well Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "it will be great prudence to wait until the evil influence of the stars which now reigns is passed."

The canon, the curate and the barber told him they approved his resolution. So, having received a great deal of pleasure from the simplicities of Sancho Panza, they placed Don Quixote in the waggon, as before. The procession resumed its former order, and went on its way; the goatherd bid them all farewell; the archers would go no farther, and the priest paid them what they had agreed for; the canon desired the priest to give him advice of what befell Don Quixote, and whether his madness were cured or continued, and so took leave and pursued his journey. In fine, they all parted and took their several ways, leaving the priest, the barber, Don Quixote and Sancho, with good Rocinante, who bore all accidents as patiently as his master. The waggoner yoked his oxen, accommodated Don Quixote on a truss of hay, and with his accustomed pace jogged on the way the priest directed.

On the sixth day they arrived at Don Quixote's village. They entered it about noon, and it being Sunday, all the people were standing in the market-place, through the midst of which Don Quixote's cart must of necessity pass. Every body ran to see who was in the cage, and, when they found it was their townsman, they were greatly surprised. A boy ran full speed to acquaint the housekeeper and niece that their uncle and master was coming home, weak and pale, and stretched upon a truss of hay, in a waggon drawn by oxen. It was piteous to hear the outcries the two good women raised, the buffets they gave themselves, and the

maledictions that they heaped afresh on the accursed books of chivalry, which increased tenfold when they saw Don Quixote coming in at the gate.

Upon the news of Don Quixote's arrival, Sancho Panza's wife, who knew her husband was gone with him to serve as a squire, hastened to meet him. As soon as she saw Sancho, the first thing she asked was whether the ass was come home well. Sancho answered that he was, and in a better condition than his master. "God be praised," replied she, "for so great a mercy to me! But tell me, friend, what good have you got by your squireship? what petticoat do you bring home to me, and what shoes to your

children?"—"I bring nothing of all this, dear wife," replied Sancho; "but I bring other things of greater moment and consequence."—"I am very glad of that," answered the wife: "pray

shew me these things of greater moment and consequence, my friend; I would fain see them to rejoice this heart of mine, which has been so sad and discontented all the long time of your absence."—"You shall see them at home, wife," quoth Sancho, "and be satisfied at present; for if it please God that we make another sally in quest of adventures, you will soon see me an earl or

governor of an island, and not an ordinary one neither, but one of the best that is to be had."—" Heaven grant it may be so, husband," quoth the wife, " for we have need of it. But pray tell me what you mean by islands ; for I do not understand you." —" Honey is not for the mouth of an ass," answered Sancho ; " in good time you shall see, wife, yea, and admire to hear yourself styled ladyship by all your vassals."—" What do you mean Sancho, by ladyship, islands and vassals ?" answered Juana Panza (that was Sancho's wife's name, though they were not of kin, but because it is the custom of La Mancha for the wife to take the husband's name [284]). " Be not in such haste, Juana, to know all this," said Sancho. " Let it suffice that I tell you the truth, and sew up your mouth. But for the present, know that there is nothing in the world so pleasant as to be the honest squire to a knight-errant in search of adventures. It is true, indeed, most of them are not so much to a man's mind as he could wish ; for ninety-nine out of a hundred one meets with, fall out cross or unlucky. This I know by experience, for I have sometimes come off tossed in a blanket, and sometimes well cudgelled ; but for all that, it is a fine thing to be in expectation of accidents, traversing mountains, searching woods, marching over rocks, visiting castles, lodging in inns, all at discretion and the devil a farthing to pay."

While this discourse passed between Sancho Panza and Juana Panza, the housekeeper and the niece received Don Quixote, and having pulled off his clothes, laid him in his own bed. He looked at them with haggard eyes, not knowing perfectly where he was. The priest charged the niece to take great care and make much of her uncle ; and advised her to keep a watchful eye over him, lest he should once more give them the slip, telling her what difficulty they had had to get him home to his house. Here the two

[284] In other parts of Spain, married women preserved and still preserve their maiden-names.

Cervantes, in the course of *Don Quixote*, gives several names to Sancho's wife. In the beginning of the first part he calls her Mary Gutierrez, in this place, Juana Panza ; in the second part, it will be seen that he calls her Tereza Cascajo, then again, Mary Gutierrez, and subsequently Tereza Panza. He calls her, however, most frequently by this latter name.

women exclaimed afresh, and renewed their execrations against all books of chivalry, begging of Heaven to confound to the centre of the abyss the authors of so many lies and absurdities. Lastly, they remained full of trouble and fear lest they should lose their uncle

and master as soon as ever he found himself a little better; and it did actually fall out as they imagined.

But the author of this history, though he applied himself with the utmost curiosity and diligence to trace the exploits Don Quixote performed in his third sally, could get no account of them, at least from any authentic writings. Only fame has preserved in the memoirs of La Mancha a tradition that Don Quixote, the third time he sallied from home, went to Saragossa *, where he was present at a famous tournament in that city [285], and that there befell him things worthy of his valour and good understanding. Nor would the historian have learned anything concerning his death, if a lucky accident had not brought him acquainted with an aged physician, who had in his custody a leaden box, found, as he said, under the ruins of an ancient hermitage, then rebuilding [286]. In that box was found a manuscript of parchment, written in Gothic characters, but in Castilian verse, containing many of his exploits, and giving an account of the beauty of Dulcinea del Toboso, the figure of Rocinante, the fidelity of Sancho Panza, and the burial of Don Quixote himself, with several epitaphs and eulogies on his life and manners. All that could be read and perfectly made out, are those inserted here by the faithful author of this strange and never before seen history. This author desires no other reward from those who shall read it, in recompense of the vast pains it has cost him to enquire into and search all the archives of La Mancha to bring it

* Hence, in his false second part, Avellaneda, took the hint to send the Don to Saragossa.

[285] In Cervantes' time, there was at Saragossa a fraternity, under the patronage of Saint George, which celebrated three times in the course of the year certain tournaments called *justas del armes*. (Ger. de Urrea, *Dialogo de la verdadera honra militar*).

[286] Garcia Ordonnez de Montalvo, the author of *Las sergas de Esplandian*, says, speaking of his book: "It was most luckily found in a stone sepulchre which was discovered deep in the earth in a hermitage near Constantinople, and was brought to Spain by a Hungarian merchant. It proved to be written on parchment, and in such ancient characters that the most learned Greek scholars could hardly decypher it." The chronicle of Amadis of Greece was likewise found "in a cavern called the *palace of Hercules*, locked up in a chest made of a kind of wood incapable of decay, and it was concealed there when Spain was taken by the Moors."

to light, but that they would afford him the same credit that ingenious people give to books of knight-errantry, which are so well received in the world. With this price he will reckon himself well paid, and rest satisfied; and will moreover be encouraged to seek and find out others, if not as true, at least of as much invention and entertainment [287].

The first words written in the parchment which was found in the leaden box were these:

[287] Cervantes had then no idea of publishing a second part of *Don Quixote*.

THE ACADEMICIANS OF ARGAMASILLA[288], A TOWN OF LA MANCHA, ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, HOC SCRIPSERUNT.

MONICONGO[289], ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE OF DON QUIXOTE.

EPITAPH.

" La Mancha's thunderbolt of war,
The sharpest wit and loftiest muse;
The hand which from Gaëta far
To Catay did its force infuse;

" He, who through love and valour's fire,
Outstript great Amadis's fame,
Bid warlike Galaor retire,
And silenc'd Belianis' name;

" He who, with helmet, sword and shield,
On Rocinante, steed well known,
Adventures sought in many a field,
Lies underneath this frozen stone."

PANIAGUADO[290], ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN LAUDEM DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

SONNET.

" She whom you see, the plump and lusty dame,
With high erected chest and vigorous mien,
Was erst th' enamour'd knight Don Quixote's flame,
The fair Dulcinea, of Toboso queen.

[288] In Cervantes' time, the Academies in the largest towns of Spain, Madrid, Seville, Valencia, were scarcely founded. Placing one at Argamasilla, was another sarcasm against the poor village *of which he purposely omitted the name.* Cervantes gives surnames or sobriquets to the academicians of Argamasilla, as was customary in the Italian academies.

[289] Emigrated from Congo.

[290] A word formed of *pan y agua*, bread and water: this is the name given to people on whom alms and victuals are bestowed.

" For her, armed cap-a-pee with sword and shield,
He trod the Sable mountain o'er and o'er;
For her he travers'd Montiel's well-known field,
And in her service toils unnumber'd bore.
Hard fate! that death should crop so fine a flow'r,
And love o'er such a knight exert his tyrant pow'r!"

CAPRICHOSO[291], A MOST INGENIOUS ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN PRAISE OF ROCINANTE, THE HORSE OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

SONNET.

" On the aspiring adamantine trunk
Of a huge tree, whose root with slaughter drunk
Sends forth a scent of war, La Mancha's knight,
Frantic with valour and returned from fight,
His bloody standard trembling in the air,
Hangs up his glittering armour beaming fair,
With that fine temper'd steel, whose edge o'erthrows,
Hacks, hews, confounds, and routs opposing foes.
Unheard-of prowess! and unheard-of verse!
But art new strains invents, new glories to rehearse.
" If Amadis to Grecia gives renown,
Much more her chief does fierce Bellona crown,
Prizing La Mancha more than Gaul or Greece,
As Quixote triumphs over Amadis.
Oblivion ne'er shall shroud his glorious name,
Whose very horse stands up to challenge fame,
Illustrious Rocinante, wond'rous steed!
Not with more generous pride, or mettled speed,
His rider erst Rinaldo's Bayard bore,
Or his mad lord Orlando's Brilladore."

BURLADOR[292], ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON SANCHO PANZA.

SONNET.

" See Sancho Panza, view him well,
And let this verse his praises tell.
His body was but small, ' true,
Yet he had a soul as large as two.

[291] The Capricious.
[292] The Sarcastic.

No guile he knew, like some before him ;
But simple as his mother bore him,
This gentle squire on gentle ass
Went gently Rocinante's pace,
Following his lord from place to place.
To be an earl he would aspire,
And reason good for such desire:
But worth in these ungrateful times,
To envied honour seldom climbs.
Vain mortals, give your wishes o'er,
And trust the flatterer Hope no more,
Whose promises, whate'er they seem,
End in a shadow or a dream."

CACHIDIABLO[293], ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE OF DON QUIXOTE.

EPITAPH.

" Here lies an evil-errant knight,
Well bruised in many a fray,
Whose courser, Rocinante hight,
Long bore him many a way.

" Close by his loving master's side
Lies booby Sancho Panza,
A trusty squire of courage tried,
And true as ever man saw."

[293] The *nom de guerre* of a celebrated renegade, a corsair of Algiers, and one of the officers of Barbarossa, who, in the reign of Charles V., made several descents on the coast of Valencia.

TIQUITOC, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE OF DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

EPITAPH.

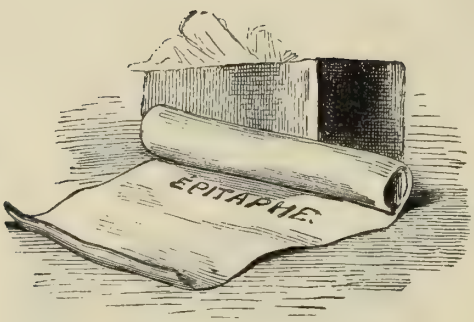
" Dulcinea, fat and fleshy, lies
Beneath this frozen stone,
But, since to frightful death a prize,
Reduced to skin and bone.

" Of goodly parentage she came,
And had the lady in her;
She was the great Don Quixote's flame,
But only Death could win her."

These were all the verses that could be read. The rest, the characters being worm-eaten, were consigned to one of the Academicians

to find out their meaning by conjectures. We are informed he has done it, after many lucubrations and much pains, and that he designs to publish them, giving us hopes of Don Quixote's third sally.

Force altri canterà con miglior plettro[294].



[294] *Orlando furioso*, canto XXX.

Cervantes repeats and translates this verse at the end of the first chapter of the second part:

Y como del Catay recibio el cetro,
Quiza otro cantarà con mejor plectro.

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